

FORTY YEARS'



FAMILIAR LETTERS

OF

JAMES W. ALEXANDER, D.D.

CONSTITUTING, WITH THE NOTES,

A MEMOIR OF HIS LIFE.

EDITED BY THE SURVIVING CORRESPONDENT,

JOHN HALL, D.D.

TWO VOLUMES IN ONE.

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J. W. Alexander.

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## P R E F A C E .

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THE familiar letters of forty consecutive years, out of a life of fifty-five years, and addressed to one correspondent, furnish in themselves the best memoir of their writer. Over every thing in the shape of diary or autobiography, such a series has the advantage of presenting the man in the successive phases of his character and opinions, as well as in their final mould.

Such a correspondence, in the nature of things, must be of rare occurrence. Too many elements must concur to make it otherwise. The incidents of time, friendship, local separation, and the preservation of the letters, cannot be often combined in the circumstances of two persons. Horace Walpole and Sir Horace Mann kept up their intercourse in this way from 1741 to 1786—nearly forty-five years. Bishop Jebb, of Limerick, and Alexander Knox, maintained a “thirty years’ correspondence,” from 1799 to 1831. But though in both of these cases the exchange continued until the death of one of the parties, in neither was it begun in boyhood. In the collection now given to the public, the writer passes before us, in his own undisguised expressions, from the frivolities and crudities of fifteen, to the maturity of his half century. Those who take an interest in his career, have special reason to be pleased that the correspondence took place, and that of all the eight hundred letters which he wrote to his friend, none have been lost, because his

own views and wishes on the subject of Memoirs have been so construed by his family, that they could not have consented to any other form of biography.

The highest advantages of the method adopted would have been sacrificed had the editor, for the sake of producing an appearance of uniformity in his friend's opinions and positions, suppressed the evidence of such fluctuations as every independent and investigating mind is open to. With this view I have suffered to stand some diversities of his judgment, at different times, or in different lights, on points of theology, church order, church policy, slavery, and other topics. His views on some important questions may have been modified, without any trace of the change appearing in the letters; and I have been particularly requested to notice, under this head, that in the last years of his life, he saw the importance of a far stricter rule in observing the Lord's day, and in the allowance of fashionable amusements, than would appear from some occasional statements in these volumes.

And I am sure that I should not have been excused had I at all subdued the light and playful tone in which many of the letters are written, or attempted any amendment of the abrupt transitions and off-hand phrases so characteristic of the unstudied, unrevised expression of the uppermost thoughts at the moment of writing. To have changed his manner would have been as great unfaithfulness to the full delineation of my correspondent, as to have concealed his sentiments.

It may reasonably be expected, also, that there will be accorded to these letters the indulgence almost as claimable for a correspondence of this kind, as for ordinary conversation, of strong, and even exaggerated, language; when every thing in the connexion and style shows that these allowances are due. It would be the highest injustice to throw the private writings of another before the world, if such a consideration as this could not be depended on.

Still, I would not have it understood that I have used no editorial discretion. Scarcely one letter has been given entire ; and I trust that I have so far omitted the personal allusions, which were, of course, frequent in the intimate interchange of our observations, that no fastidiousness will be offended by those which have been suffered to remain. And here I must state that it is only in deference to a delicacy which commands the most sacred respect, that I have excluded many references to the happiness, the comfort, the spiritual benefit, which Dr. Alexander possessed and appreciated as a husband. His whole domestic life, indeed, was a trait in his character and biography, to which even the most unrestricted publication of the correspondence could not do justice.

When I consented to undertake this work, it was with much dependence on the promised assistance of Dr. J. Addison Alexander. But I had scarcely entered upon it, before the state of his health made it improper to communicate with him on the subject, and in a few weeks he had followed his brother to the grave.

I have not felt disposed to introduce into this publication demonstrations of my own personal feelings with regard to my friendship with these beloved men, and under the loss of them both, by almost the same stroke ; yet it affords me a lively satisfaction to believe that the letters, besides their more important results, will be a memorial of that long and affectionate attachment.

The aim of the editor has been to insert only so many notes as were requisite to explain the text, or supply biographical details. The purposes of a memoir are so fully met in this manner through the early commencement of the correspondence, that it is only necessary to prefix, in this place, a sketch of the short period that precedes the first date.

JAMES W. ALEXANDER, the eldest son of Archibald and Janetta Alexander, was born March 13, 1804. The



place of his birth was the residence of his maternal grandfather, the Rev. Dr. James Waddel, in Louisa County, Virginia, on an estate called Hopewell, at the junction of the three counties of Louisa, Orange, and Albemarle, and near the present site of Gordonsville. In the month of December, 1807, his father having resigned the presidency of Hampden Sidney College, and accepted the call of the third Presbyterian Congregation of Philadelphia to be their pastor, the family removed to that city, where their residence continued until July, 1812, when Dr. A. Alexander entered upon his duties in the Theological Seminary at Princeton. During the few years of their home in Philadelphia, James attended two schools—first (in 1809) that of Mrs. or “Madam” Thomson, then that of Mr. James Ross. His principal preparation for College was therefore made at Princeton.

The first school he attended there was the Academy, the principal of which was the Rev. Jared D. Fyler, who was followed for a few months, in 1813, by Dr. Carnahan, and then by the Rev. Daniel Comfort. Then he entered the school of Mr. James Hamilton, afterwards of the University of Nashville. He also had the benefit of the instructions of several private tutors; among whom were the Rev. John Monteith, since of Hamilton College, and the Rev. Thomas J. Biggs, now of Cincinnati. He entered the Freshman class of the College of New Jersey in the spring of 1817, and graduated there in September, 1820.

A portrait is prefixed to each of these volumes. The first is from a painting by Mr. Mooney, taken in 1845, at the age of forty; the second from a daguerreotype by Mr. Meade, in 1855.

## CHAPTER I.

### JUVENILE LETTERS.

1819—1822.

PRINCETON, *May 5th*, 1819. <sup>1</sup>

According to your desire, as soon as I was a little recruited and had got my pen, ink and paper together, I set myself down to scribble away a scrawl to let you know I was safely landed at "Princetown in the Jarsys" at ten minutes after ten o'clock A. M., without having sustained any material injury, except a cut of the thumb, and a little broken-heartedness at leaving—you know what—behind me. I frightened them not a little with my mask, and diverted them as much with my dandies. I have been diverting myself a little with playing on my flute. I must confess I was not fairly out of the city, before I wished to be back again, and I shall not soon forget the delightful hours I spent last week in Philadelphia. I wish you could persuade your mother to let you come up and spend some time here. As I have made you my confidant, I will not say I had a bad pen, &c., but will candidly confess it is the best I can possibly write, and I repose on your honour that it will not be shown to anybody.

PRINCETON, *June 6th*, 1819.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—For such I expect will shortly be your title both from the long faced and crabbed style in which you write, and your parson-like division of your sermon; but

<sup>1</sup> This and a few other letters of the same year are inserted because they are the first in the series of a correspondence which soon took a different complexion. At this date Alexander was a boy of fifteen, and his friend whom he had just been visiting in Philadelphia, was a few years younger. The former was in the Junior Class of the College of New Jersey, the latter was at school.

waiving this subject I proceed to unfold the dark mystery of my not writing to you. Imprimis, you attribute my silence to bashfulness, and you were quite right in your supposition that it was not on that account I had not written, for since my extremely pleasant trip to the city, I have but few grains of that commodity (at present) on hand. I say at present, for I know not in what luckless hour it may return. 2dly. You pretend to think that I have not esteem enough for you to favour you with an epistle. My dear fellow, I am tempted to think that you belied your conscience when you put that sentence down. 3dly. Your letter was so far from being illegible that I think you must have meant what you said as a sarcasm upon my wretched scrawl—but the true, only, and unsatisfactory excuse, which I have to offer, is pure laziness. How far this excuse may go, I know not, but I hope that this letter itself will supersede the necessity of any farther apology, and if you prize my poor scrawl, this will be a little more acceptable on account of its being delayed.

Five of your school-mates have entered College, viz., James Stuart, and Sharpe, the Sophomore class; J. B. Clemson, J. S. Miercken, and J. M. Savage, the Freshman.<sup>1</sup>

PRINCETON, *June 28th, 1819.*

DEAR JOHN,—I was very agreeably surprised this morning by your letter, which I began to fear was never to arrive, and which, as you certainly know, afforded me great pleasure, which I think is sufficiently manifested by my sitting down to answer it immediately. I shall answer what requires it in your own letter first, and then proceed to add something of my own. You ask me to suggest some subjects of debate for your society. I know of none at present except two which have lately been discussed in a club at college, viz.: Is a man bound (by the laws of equity) to fulfil oaths taken to save his life, or when his life is in jeopardy? and Should any one swerve from the truth to preserve his life, or estate? Both these are moral questions, and I should have no scruples of conscience, hindering me from saying No to the former, and Yes to the latter. I cannot think of any now, but if I fall across any I shall let you know of them. The health of my father is much better than it has been for some time, he is at present at Somerville in this State. I have not been very well for a week past, occasioned, I am led to suppose,

<sup>1</sup> Stuart died a Presbyterian clergyman, in 1829. Jacob T. Sharpe is a physician in Salem, New Jersey. Clemson is an Episcopal clergyman in Pennsylvania.

by going into the water too often. I have been to swim every day for a fortnight, in fact it is the only time when I feel comfortable. I hope to see you up here before the *Dog-days*, so that I may have the pleasure of teaching you how to swim. I have wished very much to see a Velocipede but have not been gratified, nor do I expect to be, till I visit the city again.

PRINCETON, *Sunday, August 1st, 1819.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,—As I begin to feel rather ashamed of my neglect, I have dared to face your displeasure with a few lines. I dare say you will think I am out of paper from this specimen, which is really the case, as it is Sunday and there is no other in the house. I expect that by this time you have waxed exceedingly wrothy with your humble servant on account of his long silence, of which he has no very plausible excuse to offer, except a certain—degree—of—laziness—which the extreme heat of the weather has tended to increase.

By the by, the mercury in Fahrenheit's thermometer was yesterday at noon, as high as  $110^{\circ}$  in the shade, and  $112^{\circ}$  in the sun, which, if I am not very much mistaken, is enough to give the yellow fever to every man, woman, and child in the country.

After all this preamble I will proceed to inform you that we confidently expect you up here, as soon as your holidays begin, which I suppose are now near at hand, and that I shall be extremely disappointed if you should fail to fulfil your engagement; I wish you could persuade your mother or some one of the family to accompany you, as I suppose the weather is very unpleasant in the city at this time. I must confess that I am not able to hold out any great inducement to come into this dreary, out of the way, dog hole, except perhaps change of situation and pity towards me who have to stay here five months, without seeing, hearing, or feeling, any thing worth being seen, heard or felt.

I cannot forbear mentioning the happy hours I spent in my short but delightful stay in the city last Spring. I am certain that if you promised yourself half the pleasure which I enjoyed there, you would fly up here as soon as your vacation commenced. But alas, I have no such enticements here for you, as Philadelphia has for me. If your mamma should fear to trust you with me and our Princeton boys, be so good as to inform her that we have some with faces a yard long, and moreover that I will insure your life and morals, for the small sum of one cent.

It is stated by our Princeton astronomers that two comets

are visible at once at 2 o'clock A. M. If it is a fact, I suppose you have heard of it before this; for my part, I think five o'clock is time enough for me to rise without getting up to view the comets. Velocipedes are beginning to be introduced here. I have not seen one yet.

The bell rings for church, and I am forced to go; remember me to all, &c.

P. S.—I had three beautiful flying squirrels for the children, but unluckily the old cat demolished them, and now enjoys a pleasing "otium cum dignitate" in the bottom of the mill pond with a stone round her neck.

PRINCETON, August 23, 1822.<sup>1</sup>

MY DEAR FRIEND,—The agreeable visit of your sisters to our village has forcibly reminded me of the duty, so long neglected by me, of writing to my old friend and correspondent. What I shall have to say will appear in the sequel, for as yet I feel so great a dearth of writing materials in my brain, that I must needs push forward, and let the thoughts arrange themselves *ad libitum*. Since I last saw you, many strange and unex-

<sup>1</sup> The only suspension of this correspondence that ever took place, was from April, 1820, to the date of this letter. It was in this interval that Alexander's mind became engrossed with the subject of his personal religion. The first relief he obtained is described by himself in the following record: "On September 3, 1820, walking across the field, hardly daring to ask for faith or repentance, these words burst upon my mind—'Waiting for the moving of the waters.' I saw myself the impotent man in a moment, and I thought that Christ had been saying to me, 'Wilt thou be made whole?' hundreds of times in my hearing, but now it seemed to be addressed particularly to me. From that moment I felt able to trust my whole hope and life upon the Lord."

At the end of this September he finished his college course, but delayed a public profession of faith until the next year; then the return of his birthday, and the death of a young friend, combined to make him feel the risk of further postponement. He was received to full communion by the session of the Princeton Church, March 30, 1821, and sat at the Lord's table for the first time on the following Sabbath, April 1st.

On the 13th of that month he made a private entry to this effect: "When I look forward to future life, a dreary darkness presents itself. What am I qualified for? I never can, in conscience, embrace any other profession but the 'gospel of Christ;' but alas, where are my qualifications? I never, never can be a speaker." In a note written some time afterwards he says: "I thank God for having shown me that this conviction was in some measure unfounded and hasty. Though I never can be eloquent, yet God's spirit may make me a useful preacher."

The three days, Sept. 15th, 1820, March 30th and April 1st, 1821, he ever afterwards commemorated as times of peculiar humiliation and prayer.

pected things have no doubt befallen each of us, and I have had a goodly share of vicissitudes, painful and pleasant, during the three years just elapsed, but whether any of them could give you any pleasure, I cannot say. I presume I need not tell you that my time spent in college ran sadly to waste; indeed, I cannot look back upon the opportunities of acquiring useful knowledge which I then abused without shame and regret. Like most brainless and self-conceited boys, I undertook to determine that such and such studies were of no importance, and made this an excuse for neglecting them, although the wise of every age have united in declaring their utility. I was foolish enough to suffer almost all my previous knowledge of classical literature to leak out *e cerebro*, and consequently I found myself a much greater dolt when I was invested with the title and immunities of an A. B., than when I entered as an humble Freshman. I had acquired, not a vast amount of erudition, but an insufferable budget of silly opinions, self-conceited views of my own abilities, and innumerable vicious habits, which alone are sufficient to neutralize all the good which a college course can give in the way of knowledge. The labour of the two last years has but slightly repaired these injuries, and I have hardly reached the point which I ought to have attained, at the term of my collegiate race. To proceed with my egotistical harangue, (for I have nothing better to give you,) I have devoted most of my time since to classical reading, and my eyes I think are opened in some measure to those beauties, which, blinded with ignorant self-sufficiency, I was unable to perceive formerly. It is the fashion of this superficial age to decry the study of ancients, and more so in America than in Europe, more among the idle and ignorant coxcombs of this day, than the men of science and taste. I had caught this song at college, and like other *graduated fools* I presumed to laugh at those authors who have been the models of taste, and fountains of polite learning, for more ages than we have lived years. Homer was a favourite butt for my ridicule. I have read the old fellow's Iliad twice through of late, with new pleasure at every opening, and it is my intention if my life be spared, to spend one hour *per diem* for the rest of my life in reading the classics. No doubt, this prosing must be offensive to you; my next letter shall be more taken up about present concerns, as I hope to receive something from you to serve as a cue for my response. If you are curious to know what I am now studying—I have been for some weeks upon metaphysics, another of my old despicable; I now am much enamoured with it. You know, doubtless, that I expect to enter the theological seminary this fall. I anticipate the course of theology with a great deal of pleasure; many of

my best friends expect to enter with me, and the studies are such as suit my taste. Theology is certainly a noble science, inasmuch as its subjects are the most exalted in nature, i. e. the relations subsisting between man and his Maker. "This is that science," says *Locke*, "which would truly enlarge men's minds, were it studied, or permitted to be studied everywhere, with that freedom, love of truth and charity which it teaches, and were not made, contrary to its nature, the occasion of strife, faction, malignity, and narrow impositions."

I did not expect, when I began to write, that I should take up two sheets—but I am proverbially garrulous, and as I shall not put you to the expense of a double postage, I shall continue to run on. I remember with many pleasing associations the time which I spent in your city, about three years ago. The traces of sundry fair countenances remain indistinctly marked upon my memory, and sundry boyish freaks I remember sometimes with pleasure, and sometimes with a little shame. But why should I be ashamed? *Dulce est desipere in loco*, (and the 1st of May and thereabouts is assuredly the proper season if there is such a *locus* in the whole year,) and it is no less sweet to *remember* these *desipientias*. I might indulge in the usual mawkish reveries usual upon such occasions, such as talking about "halcyon days" and "departed joys never to return;" but I will not falsify, I hope to enjoy happier moments than these; I *have* enjoyed happier moments, rendered so by nobler and purer joys than those.

I think it probable, that I shall take a journey Southward in the Autumn, to see my relations in Lexington, Staunton, and other parts of Virginia; my travelling lately has all been towards the North. My health appears to me to call for a jaunt; I have not been *sick*, but my flesh runs from me by degrees, to my great sorrow. A year ago I had a very respectable portion of fat; at present my sharp bones poke out their heads, threatening to pierce the skin. Have I not talked long enough, and incoherently enough, and tiresomely enough, and nos-met-ipsically enough? Farewell. Write, I beg of you. Amicus usque ad aras.

PRINCETON, September 7th, 1822, Saturday.

I received, a few minutes ago, your very welcome letter; and I begin an answer immediately, because I think it probable that a private opportunity of transmitting it will occur during the day. I feel relieved from much embarrassment by the receipt of your goodly two-sheet epistle. You know that a man is in a situation rather awkward when he commences writing to a new friend, or an old one metamorphosed by absence and

years. What shall be my topics? where shall I begin? are the questions which rise in his mind; there is no common ground upon which he may venture, but the ice once broken, all to be done is to seize the cue presented, and swim down the current of your thoughts, wherever they lead you. Now the current of my thoughts is very apt to lead me into dry prosing, or trifling, or some such shoal; still, at all risks, here it goes, neck or nothing. I pray you to be content with whatever may meet your eye, let the partiality of friendship blind you to all faults. And, as I was talking of letter-writing, let me say a few words more upon the same subject. A letter, as I take it, is intended to stand in lieu of an absent friend, to be his proxy in all things, to talk in his stead, and convey his own ideas, in his own style of conversation. Now, so far as the letter is a faithful representative, it is a fair picture of the disposition and sentiments of its author, and its value is to be estimated not so much by the intrinsic weight of the opinions expressed, or the intrinsic excellence of the style, (though these things give it new value,) but by its resemblance to the writer. If the writer be a festive mercurial fellow, and the letter be as sage as an epistle of Seneca, I would not give a groat for it; still I would always have a letter be a vehicle of instruction, (such I am afraid this will not be.) But even this instruction must be given in the same way that its parent would give it *vivâ você*. That letter which is so characteristic as to present its writer to my eyes during the perusal, is worth its weight in silver. And to obtain this excellence, the writer of a letter must be exceedingly passive, and just pen down whatever comes next. So I intend to do, hoping that it will be as acceptable, as if I should indite a profound dissertation.

As this is almost my first letter, I hope you will pardon me for dwelling so long upon epistolary writing. I am not a friend to quotations in general, but as I intend to spin out a long sheet, I cannot forbear giving you one from the prince of letter writers, Cowper. It appears to me to be the very thing. "I am very apt to forget, when I have any epistolary business on hand, that a letter may be written upon any thing or nothing, just as that any thing or nothing happens to occur. A man that has a journey before him 20 miles in length, which he is to perform on foot, will not hesitate and doubt whether he shall set out or not, because he does not readily conceive how he shall ever reach the end of it, for he knows that by the simple operation of moving one foot forward first, and then the other, he shall be sure to accomplish it. So it is in the present case, and so it is in every case similar. A letter is written as a conversation is maintained, or a journey performed, not by preconcerted or premeditated



means, a new contrivance, or an invention never heard of before, but merely *by maintaining a progress*, and resolving as a postilion does, having once set out, never to stop 'till we reach the appointed end." By quotation and otherwise, you perceive I manage to *maintain a progress*, if nothing more. "An interminable preamble," you may possibly exclaim, "What grand display is to be made after all this 'pomp and circumstance?'" I will tell you: I am endeavouring to explain to you the terms upon which this correspondence is to be maintained, upon my part. As my humour is, so will my letter be. If I am grave and sober you may expect at least a *dull* letter. If I have been reading poetry, Cowper, and Thomson, and Shakespeare, and Ovid, as I have been all the last week, you may look for just such a foggy, sublimated, ethereal production as the present.

You mention that your character has undergone little change. No man is the proper judge of his own character. The changes of our bodily frame, and of our mental part, are so gradual and imperceptible, that they appear nothing to ourselves. "Law John! how you have grown!" has doubtless met your ear oft-times from the mouth of some good old dame; and the same exclamation was mentally ejaculated by me, in a higher sense, while perusing your letter. I must say something of my own habits and character. Without being guilty of the enormity of eaves-dropping, I have by various chances heard the opinions of divers persons respecting myself, and if I am to judge of myself by these, I am truly an odd compound of qualities. "He's a tolerably clever fellow," say some; "but very eccentric." I acknowledge that I am a clever fellow, and also eccentric. As to the last attribute, I heartily wish I had none of it, and that my orbit were less elliptical. Like a comet, I am sometimes heated, and extravagant, indulging in untimely mirth; and soon, as you might prophesy, chilled with melancholy. Sometimes I am accused of unseasonable levity, and oftener of moroseness and obstinacy; so that, if I take all the advice which my kind friends so liberally bestow, I shall soon find myself in the predicament of the old man, who with his son carried the ass to market; you remember the fable. I have long since determined to shape my own course, without reference to the opinions of every counsellor; if I can discover the path of duty, I hope I shall muster up courage to tread it. The advice of my parents, and those who have a right to counsel, I shall always deem invaluable. As to my habits, there are some which I cannot but deplore, but which I fear will cleave to me *usque ad canitiem*: among these I rank first, an unconquerable spirit of trifling, and levity; my natural temperament makes me ready at all times,

upon all occasions, for any silly jest—(verbal jokes, I mean, I have no taste for ‘practical jokes.’) Habits of idleness appeared deep-rooted in me when I left college; I have, however, happily acquired a taste for study; so that, as it is my greatest pleasure, I wish I could say that my improvement has been proportional to my labour; I seem to have been very laboriously doing nothing.

I concur with you in your *general* remarks upon education; still I would amend your proposition, by saying that boys are sent too early to *colleges*, instead of “*schools*.” The three or four years spent in college are usually looked upon by the student, and the world, as the top-stones upon the structure of his education. A structure so soon erected, and so slightly, must needs totter under every hurricane. As far as I am enabled to judge from my own experience, I think that boys should leave school, about the age that they usually leave college, i. e. about 18. This indeed does not accord with our present collegiate system, for in that time they would have made a greater progress than boys do in their whole college course. But let the standard of college attainments be elevated far above its present degree. Let the servile work of learning *to read* Latin and Greek be kept to the schools, and even there let it be taught upon some plan which shall not disgust the scholar, and make him loathe those noble authors, which are prostituted to the base purpose of teaching boys their accidence. Let boys be thoroughly versed in the learned languages before they enter any college. This is the plan pursued in most of the European universities. It is absolutely necessary that the student should be able not merely to read, but to talk Latin, before he can enter them. Let the studies of the schools be so diversified, and so suited to the taste of the learner, that he may take some pleasure in them. A school thus conducted, would not, I think, cramp the genius of any boy, but rather add wings to it, and assist its discursive flight. I think it necessary that boys should be sent *early* to school. Habits of idleness soon become inveterate; still, let the studies be proportionate to the scholar’s capacity. Another reason I have for this is, that boyhood is the time when we receive with most pleasure, general knowledge; the lighter kind of knowledge obtained by indiscriminate reading, and which then amalgamates itself with the boy’s previous knowledge, and sticks by him through life. Now where is the person who has much taste for this knowledge, whose education was not commenced early?

To go on with my Utopian scheme. I would have the student learn in college, the higher branches of education—the higher mathematics, if his taste led him to pursue it, the philosophy of

the mind, ethics, natural law, political economy, and the *classics*; not construing and parsing, (for I would have him familiar with them.) but investigating their beauties, drawing from them rules of pure and correct criticism, and thus improving his taste and judgment. Above all, I would have Shakespeare's rule adopted:

“Talk logic with acquaintance that you have,  
 And practise Rhetoric in your common talk:  
 The mathematics and the metaphysics  
*Fall to them as your stomach serves you.*  
*No profit grows where is no pleasure taken.*  
 In brief, sir, *study what you most affect.*”

*September 10th, Tuesday.*

I was unable to obtain an opportunity of sending what I had written on Saturday, and therefore I shall continue to scribble as I have leisure until such an opportunity presents itself. My father returned yesterday, quite ill, from Newtown, Pa. He went on Saturday for the purpose of assisting Mr. Boyd in the administration of the Lord's Supper. He preached in the morning, and attempted it at night, but fainted away. We were very much alarmed when he returned. His disorder is the dysentery. We hope that the disease is subdued by the administration of very powerful medicines yesterday and to-day. He is, however, still extremely weak, and keeps his bed.

I was going on in answer to your letter on Saturday. Your disgust for the ancient classics is by no means wonderful. The method of teaching them in our institutions of learning, is calculated admirably to have that effect. When I commenced studying them after I took my degree, it was merely from a sense of their importance, and not from any love to them. I detested them as most nauseous, and felt disposed to esteem all their admirers arrant pedants, and crack-brained fools.

The words of Byron suited me well,

“May he who will, his recollections rake  
 And quote in classic raptures, and awake  
 The hills with Latian echoes; I abhorred  
 Too much, to conquer for the poet's sake,  
 The drilled dull lesson, forced down word by word  
 In my repugnant youth, with pleasure to record  
 Aught that recalls the daily drug which turn'd  
 My sick'ning memory; and tho' time has taught  
 My mind to meditate what then it learned,  
 Yet such the fixed inveteracy wrought  
 By the impatience of my early thought,  
 That with the freshness wearing out, before  
 My mind could relish what it might have sought,  
 If free to choose, I cannot now restore  
 Its health, but what it then detested still abhor.”

But I still persevered. Mr. Hodge and I devoted an hour each day to the study of the Latin and Greek writers, and continued this practice for eighteen months, during which time we had read several authors: and the effect has been a thorough revolution of my taste. I could now obey Horace's exhortation, and spend my days and nights in perusing these authors, but I do not think the time would be profitably spent. Of late, I have been engaged in reading our English poets, for whom I have a GREAT esteem. Cowper is my favorite among them all. He resembles very closely my other favorite Horace. As it regards pungency of satire, and close and powerful argument, I think these poets are unequalled by any of their own nations. If I except the odes of Horace, and a few blots in the satires, I think they are also parallel as to morals: I mean, of course, to measure each by the standard of the age in which he lived. Their faults are somewhat alike also; an apparent contempt of harmony of verse, where an idea would lose one morsel of strength by gaining in elegance. I hope you will determine not to forswear the reading of these authors as I did when I left college.

*Thursday, September 12th.*

You talk about my crying you mercy on your fourth page: what shall I say upon my ninth? May I presume that you have had patience to read thus far? For want of any thing to say, I tell you as another item in our domestic annals, that as I have not been well, I have been threshing in our barn for an hour, and consider it a very excellent kind of exercise, for cold weather especially.

*Monday, 16th*

I see no reason why I should not continue to write, even though I have nothing to say, until I am able to send this to you. I have avoided saying any thing of my father's health for some days, because I wished to inform you that he was recovered. This I am not yet able to do; he has been becoming weaker and weaker, and though the disease appears to be checked, yet his strength is completely prostrated; he has not sat up since his illness commenced. We believe that he will gradually recover now; but we have been much alarmed. We have, however, had the satisfaction of seeing him at ease under all his pain, perfectly willing to live or die, as the will of God might be.

*TRENTON, November 4th, 1822.*

I came down to this place on Friday last, and the solicitations of friends and other attractions, have kept me thus long, and shall keep me probably some days longer.

I rode down on Saturday with a friend to Point Breeze, the seat of his Ex-Majesty Joseph, or to use his proper title *Le Compte De Surveilliers*. We spent a long time very agreeably, in strolling about his elegant villa and grounds, gazing upon his buildings, and lakes, and bridges, and splendid statues. I felt transported to some of those European palaces which we poor Americans are forced to hear of, with itching ears, without the pleasure of seeing them.

The improvements which are still almost in embryo, display much taste in the planner, whoever he was, and are in a style entirely new to me. He has a daughter lately arrived from Europe, *La Comtesse, &c.*

To go on in the journal style. I heard Mr. Armstrong<sup>1</sup> preach a most eloquent sermon yesterday morning; he is one of my favorites. At night, Mr. Lybrand, the Methodist,—a very good preacher,—the coolest Methodist I ever heard. The Trentonians say that the Presbyterians have got the Methodist preacher, and the Methodists the Presbyterian.

My studies<sup>2</sup> begin on Thursday, then I am in for a six months' siege. I am rather afraid that my health will fail. The college commences at the same time; a great accession is expected.

My father has entirely recovered his health; and rides about the country.

<sup>1</sup> The Rev. William J. Armstrong, pastor of the Presbyterian church.

<sup>2</sup> In the Theological Seminary at Princeton, which he entered at the time specified.

## CHAPTER II.

### LETTERS FROM THE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

1822—1824.

PRINCETON, *November 22, 1822.*

My studies and interruptions and engagements are so numerous as to leave me little time for exercise and recreation, and still less for the less imperative duties of correspondence, &c. Besides, our institution has been in a state of painful suspense and anxiety with respect to the case of Krebs for some days;<sup>1</sup> he is at last taken away, and this left a gloom upon the minds of all of us. On Monday the 18th instant he was first confined to his bed; about Thursday he was seized with a delirium, his fever raged from that time with the utmost violence, and all hopes of his recovery were relinquished. On Friday night the Debating Society was adjourned, and an hour was devoted by the students to prayers for his recovery or his restoration to reason and happy deliverance from this life. During this hour, strange as it may appear, he enjoyed a lucid interval, and though unable to speak, yet by looks and signs he manifested to my father and all who surrounded him his entire resignation to the afflicting hand of God, and his joyful expectation of a happy eternity. Saturday was spent in religious duties in his behalf; on Saturday night his fever abated and left him prostrate as to animal and mental strength; his father and mother arrived on Saturday night, but were not recognized by him until the next day. On Tuesday morning at 1 o'clock A. M., I was called up to see him die, but I declined going into his room. He melted away without a groan or a struggle.

On Tuesday afternoon his corpse was taken in a carriage to

<sup>1</sup> William George Krebs, of Philadelphia, a classmate of Mr. Alexander in College as well as Seminary. He was a member of the Lutheran Church. A biographical sketch, written by his fellow student Mr. Joseph S. Christmas, (himself afterwards so celebrated in the ministry,) is in Dr. Green's *Christian Advocate* for October, 1823.

Philadelphia, accompanied by seven or eight of his fellow students. Perhaps I am wearying you with what dwells so heavily upon my own mind; it may not interest you. I feel it to be a loud call to me to be also ready for this great change. Within three weeks, three of my college classmates have left this world; all of them far more robust, and having the promise of longer life than myself.

My studies are overwhelming, and as we study subjects rather than books, they are unlimited. I feel disposed to read all that I can on each subject, and when I have spent all my time thus, I find that I have only stepped upon the thresholds of these various apartments of science.

I thank you for your intelligence respecting the literary improvements in your city. I shall always rejoice to hear good tidings from the place where my early scenes of pleasure and pain were chiefly laid, and where I received the rudiments of my anomalous education. I always side myself with Philadelphians when New York is brought in competition with it, though I hardly know why. The associations of infancy ought not to bias the reason of more mature age.<sup>1</sup>

PRINCETON, *Theol. Sem.* Last day of 1822.

I wish you all the good wishes which are suggested by the return of this season of festivity, a happy and profitable New Year to you and all your family. You ask for particulars respecting the Seminary, our studies, &c.; and there is no request that I would grant with greater pleasure, for these several reasons: *Imprimis*, I love our institution so much, and am so happily situated in every respect, that I shall not be soon weary of my subject. Secondly, it is an inexhaustible subject, and therefore I shall have no difficulty in filling up this immense sheet. Thirdly, it is a subject on which I am at home, and therefore I shall write with more ease and pleasure. You shall be satisfied as to minutiae, and so you have upon the third page of this epistle a brief but minute register of the members of our Seminary, in print too.<sup>2</sup>

I said I was happy,—never more so in my life. I enjoy good health, good spirits, and I have a most comfortable room, and a most delightful room mate.<sup>3</sup> I never had so great a variety of

<sup>1</sup> His residence in Philadelphia extended from December, 1807, to July, 1812—from his fourth to his ninth year. This gave him a short time to enjoy the exact and thorough initiation into Latin Grammar, for which the school of JAMES ROSS was so deservedly famous.

<sup>2</sup> The annual catalogue, on a folio sheet.

<sup>3</sup> Jared B. Waterbury, now D. D.

excellent company before: Metaphysicians, Wits, Theologians, &c., &c. I have here dearly prized friends, who endear Princeton to me. Books in the greatest abundance, as I have access to six public libraries, as well as my father's. Our studies are not burdensome, and far from being irksome. I saw a letter the other day from an alumnus of this institution to a member of it, in which he says: "My dear C——, you are now enjoying your happiest days, and whether you realize it now or not, you will feel it deeply when you are cast out upon the world." These sentiments are not peculiar to this individual, I hear them from every one who has ever been here. Indeed, the greatest cares I experience, are such as arise from an oration to be spoken, or a tedious lecture. Will you not say with Virgil, *O fortunati nimium sua si bona norint*. I will now proceed to give you some account of my course of life. I rise at half after six. Public prayers in the Oratory at 7. Breakfast at 8. From 9 to 9½, I devote to bodily exercise. From 9½ until 12, Study. 12—1, Exercise. Dine at one. 2—3, I usually devote to works of taste, and to composing. 3—4½ at Lecture. 4½ Prayers. Until tea, at Exercise. After tea, until 12 (at which time I close my eyes) Societies, study, &c.

Perhaps you think I exercise my *body* sufficiently. I find it absolutely necessary to my well-being, or almost to my being at all. You may think, too, that I do not study a great deal; true—and moreover that I need not complain of want of time for correspondence; true, at present I need not complain; I have plenty of time for writing, and general reading. At the beginning of the term, before I had fairly got into the harness, our business appeared too much to grasp; but it is now methodized, and I find that I am quite a gentleman of leisure. To proceed: we recite twice in the week on Hebrew, once on Greek, once on the Confession of Faith, once on Biblical History. Hear Lectures once on Theology, (preparatory to the full and regular theological Lectures,) twice on Biblical history, once on the Criticism of the Original Scriptures, once on Jewish Antiquities. On Monday night, I attend a society for improvement in the criticism of the Bible; President, Mr. Hodge. On Tuesday night, the Theological Society, where every student delivers once in six weeks an original oration. On Thursday night, I am at liberty to attend an evening lecture at the college. On Friday night, Theological Society, where questions in ethics and divinity are discussed. On Saturday night, a weekly prayer meeting. On Sunday we have sermons from our three professors, and Prof. Lindsly,<sup>1</sup> in rotation.

<sup>1</sup> Philip Lindsly, D. D., the Vice President of the College of New Jersey.



The greatest advantage which I experience from being in the Seminary, and this is increased by my being an inhabitant of the house, is, that we live in a kind of literary atmosphere; all the conversation carried on here is of a literary kind; at table, in our walks, and wherever a cluster of us assembles, some lively discussion takes place which causes our time to fly very rapidly and pleasantly away. All our opinions are brought into the arena of free discussion, and we must defend them or relinquish them. Opinions founded upon ignorance, or prejudice, habits and manners which are unpleasant, and almost every eccentricity which is fostered during the course of a private education, is here likely to be rubbed off. So pleasant is my whole course of life here, that I feel not the least desire to go out into the great world.

But amid all my comforts, I am miserable unless when I am enabled to find my satisfaction and contentment upon a broader basis than any thing temporal. I find no substantial unmingled pleasure except in a conscience void of offence; which that I may always possess is my earnest and reigning desire. I know very well how repugnant it is to any one of nice feelings to have religion drummed into his ears, but I feel assured that a *word* in its favour will not offend you. I should be unworthy of the title of friend, if I did not endeavour in some feeble measure to make my friends partakers of the greatest happiness I can conceive of.

My habits have changed considerably since I entered the Seminary. I have bidden farewell to ennui, spleen, hyp., and all that class of old hangers on: also to the flute, to romantic air-castles, and walks in groves, to the company of ladies—item, to poetry, magazines, novels, &c., &c., too tedious to mention.

THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, *January 30, 1823.*

Another month is tapering off to non-entity, and with it closes the first half of our winter term. On Monday next commences a recess from study of two weeks' duration; and, as you know that feelings of leisure and disenthralment are wont to creep over one before the vacation makes such feelings strictly allowable, you will not be surprised to hear that I am doing nothing about this time. Beware of dreaming that I have nothing to do; for since that unwarrantable boast in my last, that I was almost master of my time, I have been punished for my temerity by an influx of duties innumerable. The "pressure of business" upon me has been so mighty for two or three weeks, that my system has been considerably deranged in its bodily as well as mental parts. When I speak of business, I do not mean

to convey to you the impression that my studies, &c., have been the only absorbents of my time, for the pursuits of the class do not necessarily consume many hours of the day; but my mind has been harassed by a multitude of questions in daily agitation, in these metaphysico-theologico-literario walks of science; questions from which I could not in justice to myself turn away my attention, but which have, at the same time, eaten up my vacant hours, and caused a host of unanswered letters to lie in my drawer praying for audience. At the present moment, being 10 o'clock P. M., (more or less,) I feel fit for no severe exertion; my animal spirits have been sucked up by a difficult Hebrew passage, a difficult mathematical query, and a difficult point in morals since tea, so that I am in a very proper state to utter that farrago of floating ideas commonly called when taken in a body, and put on paper, "A Letter." These ideas have been swimming *in cerebro*, I know not how long, crying for enlargement, and I am now arraying them before me on this piece of coarse foolscap, (by the way, the only connecting link between them, so incoherent are they and unsocial.)

My room mate left me this evening. I am now sole proprietor of this my little chamber. View me in imagination, seated in my chum's immense elbow chair, writing by the light of a shaded lamp, heated by a funereal looking stove just before me. Beginning at the south corner of my domicile, you observe first a row of shelves, containing all my little store of books, and many not my own, modestly covered by a gingham veil. In the same corner you may discern my spacious literary throne with all its appendages of drawers, &c. I need not direct your eyes to my scanty stock of chairs. A red desk standing in solemn guise among the sticks of fuel which lie in a capacious box, ready to feed the aforesaid stove. A high stool. A table. A mirror large enough to reflect my haggard features. An assortment of trunks, my own and Waterbury's. Three maps. A wash stand and appurtenances. A solitary picture to decorate my naked walls. A cluster of pantaloons in suspense. An axe and saw wherewithal our wood is cut. And finally, (though not least precious,) near to my room mate's couch is placed my lowly cot, into which wearied nature bids me presently creep. Pardon the vagaries of a half-crazed student. Good-bye, for this night.

*Friday Morning, — 11 A. M.*

I can assure you that I am in no humour for joking this morning. My old complaint the *blues* has come upon me like a strong man armed. Misanthropy is a sin which threatens

at times to destroy not my own comfort only, but that of my friends around me. I despise it, and I loathe it, and yet, paradoxical and inconsistent creature, I hug it to my heart. I cannot say in truth that I hate any thing just now; but truly I am depressed; devoured by spleen, and fostering a crabbed, morose, churlish, silly, girl-like, sinful despondency.

Excuse my never-ending egotism. It is human nature to dwell upon our own real or imaginary misfortunes. It is still unreasonable when so many more luxuriant prospects present themselves for my contemplation.

I rejoice at the hint that you have given me, that you do not feel that unmanly and dastardly antipathy to the contemplation of the noblest of all objects,—the Great First Cause, and of the relations subsisting between Him and us. Why is it that the most sublime of all sciences, the science of man considered as an immortal being, and of God as the author of that immortality, and the only being powerful enough to make it blissful, should be shoved aside on all occasions from the mind's view, and thrust, whenever practicable, into oblivion? Is it because our interest in this subject is small—our personal interest? because these truths are merely speculative, and have no bearing upon our future and present happiness? because the importance of the subject is small? because life is so long as to warrant the hope that a better occasion for considering it will occur? because the addition of years is likely to take away our reluctance to consider it candidly? because we are not at all criminal in neglecting it? because our criminality is lessened by delay? I think that none of these are the arguments which keep us from its investigation. A real though hidden hatred of those truths which condemn us, and curtail our pleasures; a feeling that the gate to heaven is a strait, a narrow gate, and that few enter it on account of various encumbrances, these things keep our minds from viewing the truth aright. Till we are willing to sacrifice pride, vanity, love of fame and pleasure, and all love of created things to the pure unalloyed love of God himself, we must remain without the gate; an agony is requisite to enter it. This is a hard doctrine; but the kingdom of God suffereth violence, and so we are informed from the source whence all our knowledge of these things flows. The Scriptures represent man as a rebel, a lover of himself rather than of God; they command him instantly to repent, and all means are provided to enable him to know God's will. But it is useless to speak of means to attain any end when that end itself is hateful. The man of the world desires to be happy, but he does not desire to be happy in the way of God's commandment, in the way of self-denial,

humility, and godly sorrow and fear. I am not at liberty to say that it is an easy thing to become a Christian. It may be easy to a being, if such there be, who has no sins to forsake, no pride to vanquish; who can, without any reluctance, crucify every evil affection and unruly desire, and live agreeably to the gospel. Some one may say, "Who does this? no man is sinless" granted, but none was ever a Christian who did not *desire* to do it.

Many are prejudiced against the Gospel without knowing what it teaches. No man ever CANDIDLY and PERSEVERINGLY studied the system of truths presented in the Old and New Testaments without finding his belief in them follow. Where there is belief, *real, firm belief*, that belief will result in corresponding *affections*; these affections necessarily lead to a holy life.

THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, 1823, 1st of March.

I was about to congratulate you upon the prospect of your speedy emancipation from college restraints, but when I look back on my own academical career, I can see no ground for congratulation upon leaving it. I cannot picture to myself any situation in which a young man has so much happiness within his grasp as at college, whether I take into view the season of life, the nature of his pursuits, the variety and congeniality of his associates, or the fewness of his cares. You have not, however, had experience of the peculiar cares and pleasures of a genuine college life, but you can no doubt conceive it.<sup>1</sup> I did not myself enjoy it fully, as I lodged and boarded at home during my three and a half years; but so much of my time was spent within those loved old walls, and so delightfully spent that I can never forget it, or think of it, without a melancholy pleasure. I am constrained to own that many of my most jovial hours at Nassau Hall, were spent in a manner not exactly conformable to strict morals, but nevertheless I have there spent what I shall always consider my happiest hours. I often recall a merry circle of careless college blades seated about "the witching time of night" around a Nassau fire, by the way a pre-eminently good one, enveloped in fragrant clouds, enjoying all that flow of youthful hilarity and good humour, which a release from irksome duty engenders. Perhaps I feel too much pleasure in contemplating these old scenes; but in my hours of twilight musing, and castle-building, I often read in a bed of glowing coals, the almost faded story of these old times, and picture to myself the future various destinies of my old friends and classmates. But these joys

<sup>1</sup> His correspondent was in the University of his own city and home.

though they were sweet when I was in the midst of them, vanish in comparison with others which I experienced within those same walls.

It was there that, I humbly trust, my eyes were first opened to see the true value of eternal things; there I first saw with clearness, the awful nature of the rebellion which I was waging against my best friend and sovereign; and I there first determined to give up all hopes of happiness from the world, and to seek it in religion. I need not tell you that my determinations and resolutions have been broken, and unfulfilled, and that I find every day the truth of that solemn declaration, that the carnal mind is enmity against God, and is not, nor can it be, subject to his law. At the time of which I speak, I enjoyed happiness which I can find no words to express, and which has been lost only because I have so often returned to seek my consolation from mere earthly enjoyment. There cannot certainly be on earth any greater pleasure than to see without doubt, oneself condemned justly by God's law, and at the same time saved *freely* by the sovereign mercy of God in Christ. The satisfaction which I then felt in committing all my cares and concerns, my soul and body, into the hands of a Saviour whose infinitely lovely character I then saw, I never expect to receive from any other source. I remember that at that time, I looked back with unspeakable astonishment at the carelessness and indifference with which I had viewed the realities of another world; with what calmness I could contemplate all the particulars of my unfeeling ingratitude to God, and I remember that I then thought, that if at any time I had seriously and soberly considered these things for one hour, I could not have viewed them any longer with apathy. The friendships which I formed under these circumstances, are the closest and most tender I have ever known; and I feel attached to these friends in a way which I never knew any thing about before. Perhaps you may ask, "Does religion make you happy?" Alas! If I possessed religion in its purity, unalloyed, I should be perfectly happy; but I do not; my soul is still attached to the beggarly elements of this world, and I fear to say that I am a Christian. But this I can say: When I feel most deeply the force of divine truth, that is, when I feel myself most deeply a lost sinner, when I see the hellish blackness of sin, and the infinite loveliness of the divine character, then I feel most happy. I have known seasons when I could willingly have given up my life, and departed to enjoy the most unspeakable raptures of the heavenly state; when I could so unreservedly devote myself to God as to be willing to live or die, to go to the ends of the earth, or dwell in obscurity just as he pleased, to say ex

animo, Thy will be done, and at such times, I have felt more unmixed bliss in one half hour than in a month as I commonly spend it.

No reasonable excuse can be given by any man for not loving supremely the most adorably perfect being in the universe. God calls upon all men now to repent, and has sanctioned his command by most terrific threats, and alluring promises. But I need not tell you these things. You have doubtless heard them urged powerfully and repeatedly, and I am but trespassing upon your patience.

THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, *April 10th*, 1823.

I should commence by making an apology for writing on so ungain a piece of foolscap, if I had not a kind of dim remembrance of having sent you my ideas in the same homely vehicle once before. It is large, it suits my unmanageable pen, and above all it is at hand; so that you may consider it as a predilection of mine, and judge of the letter by the contents. And judging of it even in this way, I fear that you will have to exercise much clemency to suffer it to pass. I can assure you that after having spent a day in investigating Hebrew roots, one feels little energy of mind or body; and moreover there is such a stagnation hereabouts at this time, that I can promise you nothing interesting. The trustees of the college met yesterday and on Tuesday, for the purpose of electing a president.<sup>1</sup> Professor Lindsly was chosen President, and the Rev. Jared D. Fyler, of Trenton, Vice President in case Mr. Lindsly should accept his appointment. Mr. Lindsly requests four weeks for deliberation, which the Board have granted. They will meet at the commencement of the ensuing session, to receive Mr. L.'s final answer. It is generally supposed in this place that he will not accept the office. You probably know that he has lately received an invitation to the college at Nashville, Tennessee: they have made him very good offers, and many of his friends think that he will go to that institution.<sup>2</sup>

The college has dragged along rather lamely during the past winter. It has had no president, no regular professor of Mathematical and Physical science, and the tutors are young and inexperienced. Mr. Lindsly's administration has gained universal approbation, as far as I can learn, but what could one man, even of Mr. Lindsly's talents, do when clogged by so many

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Ashbel Green had resigned the presidency in 1822.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Lindsly having declined the appointment, Dr. Carnahan was elected, and filled the office for thirty years.

disadvantages? The college has scarcely ever, during the last fifteen years, received a greater addition to its numbers than at the beginning of the last session. I scarcely ever visit the college—indeed there is nothing there to interest me except the *Whig Society*, to which I pay an occasional visit. My time passes so happily and so busily up here, that I feel not the least disposition to leave my domicile. When I walk for exercise, I usually plunge into the thick woods to the east and south-east; I am fond of such roaming, especially at this season, when nature is beginning to resume her verdant drapery. I have indeed lost much of the *romance* which formerly entered so deeply into my character; but I still like to indulge sometimes in moonlight reveries, and rambles through dark and melancholy groves, or to catch the sweet breath of rising morn upon some gentle hill; but I am soon ejected from any such elevations of fancy by the sober realities of *life as it is*. The great pressure of studies, and the solemn prospect of the responsible duties which I expect before long to assume, dispel those airy visions which will sometimes rise before me in the shape of multiform delightful scenes of “fairy-land.” A dark cloud of melancholy sometimes casts a shade over my horizon, but it is only for a moment; my greatest struggles are with a childish levity, and love of joke, and quip, and jollity, which I would gladly leave behind me in the regions of boyhood. My native loquacity leads me to give you a long letter, even full of egotism, in preference to sending you a short abstract of the floating news; all that floats here has been afloat until it is putrid and unfit for transportation. A few days since, we had a visit from David Brown, a Cherokee, who is one of the new converts from Paganism; he has been two years in the foreign mission school at Cornwall, Connecticut, and is now taking a course of theological lectures at Andover. He is genteel in his manners, has an agreeable expression of countenance, his face about the hue of my own, not quite so mahogany as most of his tribe. His attainments in literature are truly astonishing, when his opportunities of acquiring knowledge are taken into consideration. He expects in about a year to return to that part of his tribe which lives upon the Arkansas, where he hopes to preach the gospel. He manifests great zeal in the cause which he has espoused, and his piety is apparently such as to put to shame the majority of white professors. When I look upon such a person, changed so radically in opinions, and temper, and practice, and consider how little could have been effected in this way by mere moral suasion founded on natural principles; I am constrained to say, that the gospel is the wisdom and the power of God. To civilize these wandering

tribes in any other way, than by Christianizing them, I am more and more convinced would be impossible; and I rejoice in the hope that every relic of barbarous idolatry and superstition will soon be extirpated by this holy religion.

Do you read Dr. Green's *Advocate*? He has devoted a large portion of its pages to the productions of our students. In the last number "the Dissertation on Types," on "the Style of the New Testament," and the "Death of Rebecca," are the effusions of some of my acquaintances. As for me, supposing that I could produce any thing not intolerable, my time is so engrossed by study, that I have no leisure for such attempts. I have bidden a reluctant farewell to poetry, classical reading, and indeed every department of general literature.

PRINCETON, 12th July, 1823.

Since the close of the vacation I have been striving hard to find a little recess from stated engagements, in which I might answer the communications of my friends. But our studies, now much increased, and the press of business on me as an individual, and a very variable state of health, have not left me one hour in which my mind was sufficiently disengaged to sit down at writing. This letter, if I am not greatly mistaken, will be eminently dull, and in that respect be a good representative of its author, who is superlatively so just now, in consequence of being pent up all last evening in a close, crowded, hot room, in attendance upon our Friday night debate. The discussion was peculiarly interesting, and ably conducted, and engaged my close attention for nearly three hours; which was so much the worse for me, as the excitement produced by it has been now succeeded by its usual consequent, a grievous stupidity and head-ache. In our societies, one of my greatest pleasures is to observe the development of uncommon characters, a satisfaction which our institution affords in a high degree, as it embraces specimens of every variety of American temper and manners which is not inconsistent with religion. We have the Yankee and the Kentuckian, the clown and the cit, the baccalaureate and the backwoodsman, the fastidious critic just emerged from a long confinement in the schools, and the rough unshapen child of nature fresh from the plough. Few countries whose inhabitants have branched out so generally from one stock as ours, have their different provinces marked as strongly by characteristic peculiarities as the United States. Politeness is a thing known only nominally among students—I speak of the formulas of the *bon ton*. By mutual consent, we deal plainly with each other, and waive the observance of fashionable etiquette. This gives us



a better opportunity of discovering character. The garb of worldly politeness is so uniform as to hide in great measure individual peculiarities. Were I to seek for the soul of true politeness, I should look towards the South, but it would need the external polish of our own Middle States to make it perfectly suitable to fine taste. Nothing new in this stagnant pool. I am almost deliquesced by the oppressive heat; if I am suffering so much at a window in a current of air, what must the reapers suffer whom I see in the harvest fields around, all this day? I sometimes wish I had the Schuylkill here for the purposes of bathing; in lieu of it, I have to walk a great distance to swim in a little turbid stream, or to be content with the shower-bath. I am glad to see a new edition of Erskine's evidences; for clear and irresistible argument, and for elegance and originality, commend me to Erskine.

PRINCETON, 29th August, 1823.

You have begun to think, if I augur rightly, that your Princeton correspondent is either strangely indolent, or wilfully neglectful, or perhaps both. Neither, I can assure you, if he knows himself. An imprudent application to study during the first weeks of this summer, and a neglect of regular exercise, entirely unnerved me, rendered studying highly perilous, and drove me from my books to wander hither and thither in quest of health and spirits. This has been my business for a month or two past; and if you know any thing of the feelings of a genuine hypochondriac either by report or experiment, you need not be informed that I felt little like handling a quill, and least of all like writing a tolerable letter.

The amusements of several little excursions have, by the permission of a watchful Providence ever kinder than I deserve, restored me to my usual health, and I am just beginning to resume my regular studies. I was upon the Atlantic, and perhaps laved by its surges at the same time with yourself, and heartily concur in all your praises. I know no recreation comparable to a sea-bath; the excitement produced by the conflict with the surf, the stimulating effects of the salt water, and the healthful invigorating sea-breezes, have a better effect on me than all the nauseous potions of all the quacks in Christendom. My visit to Long Branch was peculiarly agreeable from the concurrence of a number of circumstances. We had fine weather, fine company, good accommodations, a season unusually fresh and verdant, and a spot of country (about Shrewsbury) which for richness and fertility is second to none in this state. I was surprised to find upon the high ridges of the Middletown hills, which are a contin-

uation of the Navesink chain, numerous beds of marl, abounding with shells and other marine remains which indicate the alluvial nature of even those lofty eminences. But in connection with this, I was still more astonished to see the relics of a mammoth, lately dug out of a low piece of marsh ground in Poplar Swamp, a spot which must undoubtedly have been redeemed from the ocean. These bones were discovered within a few feet of the surface, in good preservation, but are now rapidly mouldering upon exposure to the atmosphere. One of the teeth weighs three and a quarter pounds, and the knee-joint according to my hasty measurement is two feet in circumference. It is probable that I shall pass the ensuing winter in Virginia. I feel it to be a duty to sacrifice my plans and inclinations to the acquisition of some hardihood of constitution. I congratulate you upon your enlargement from collegiate restraints, although I cannot hope that you have bettered your condition, if your college course has been as devoid of care and uneasiness as my own. Your feelings upon the occasion are natural, for the day of one's graduation is, so to speak, the day of initiation into the toils and mysteries of manhood. You speak as though your future pursuits were entirely undetermined. This is well; the danger in this age is of hurrying prematurely into the bustle and responsibility of public life. You appear to think of devoting a year or two to private study. If this is your plan let me exhort you to procure as many restraints and *stimuli* as you can; either by the superintendence of some literary friend, or by associating some companion in your studies. This I say upon the supposition that your character and feelings are like mine, and like most young men. It is difficult for one who feels himself entirely at leisure to exercise that decided resolution, and persevering self-denial without which it is impossible to make literary attainments. From experience which is now the subject of bitter regret, I know that the temptations to gratify imagination and taste and idle curiosity at the expense of mental discipline are almost irresistible.

I shall not ask forgiveness for suggesting, what has no doubt suggested itself to you, the importance of forming moral as well as intellectual character at this critical point of time. Religion, that bug-bear of the thoughtless and the voluptuary, and the laughing-stock of "the many" who know it only by name, is after all that can be said, the only safeguard to virtue, and the only source of real tranquillity of mind. Aside from the peace occasioned by the quelling of an angry conscience, and the release from fears of future evil, the positive joys of religion are truly unspeakable. The lofty and sublime contemplations, the solid and rational hopes, the intimacy with Him who ruleth over all,

the remedy for every care which piety professes to afford, and which its votaries say it does afford, surely are sufficient recommendations to one who looks beyond the outskirts of this limited world.

PRINCETON, *September 22, 1823.*

The present week, of all weeks in the year, is a week of commotion and anxiety to me, as it is one of jovialness and satisfaction to thousands of my fellow Jerseymen. The noise, and bustle, and dust, and novelty which strike the senses on our commencement day, and even for several days before and after it, give my irritable fibres a most villanous agitation. You have witnessed one of our annual literary Saturnalia, if I remember rightly, and if so need not be told how this town appears more like the Amphycetionic council of all our American Bedlams, than of the lovers of science and letters. I am writing this letter, be it known, with the expectation of tearing it to pieces, as I hope to see you here at our holiday, and to be delivered from the necessity of addressing you in the imperfect language of ink and paper. However, as the second cord to my bow, I am delivering my mind of its present scum, which I have in mind to send in case we should not have the pleasure of seeing you here.

*Tuesday, September 23.*

I was prevented from concluding my letter yesterday, and have discovered from your classmate [T. L.] Janeway, that we shall not have the pleasure of a visit from you to-morrow. It was unwelcome intelligence. I was hoping to have had the pleasure of meeting you here at this season which presents more novelty and interesting speculation to a stranger than any other. I should have been glad of the opportunity of introducing you to the ancient and honorable fraternity of "American Whigs." Janeway has received a hereditary predilection for the Clios, and has (I think very properly) followed its dictates. My old college friends, and our family acquaintances, are already pouring in upon me. It is gratifying, as you will find hereafter, to meet after the lapse of two or three years, even those companions in study who were never intimates or confidants. Some of my co-bachelors have outstripped me in a variety of ways. Some (proh scelus!) have been guilty of matrimony. Some are on the verge of the same gulf. Some are licensed man-slayers. One or two have already begun to fill some space in the public eye as lawyers, in the south. The pleasure of our meeting has, however, received a damp from the recent intelligence of the death of Edward Thomas, captain's clerk on board the "John Adams."

He was graduated with me, and pursued legal studies for about two years. He was a young man of uncommon acuteness and vigour of intellect, and of promising abilities as an orator; and though singular and eccentric in some of his habits, was generally esteemed by his acquaintances. He is the sixth of the class of 1823 who have departed this life. A call so loud to me to be ready to depart also, has roused my sluggish mind to look around me for a moment; but alas the return to slumber is so much more natural to wicked man, that I am led to think that in most cases, the repetition of such alarms, unless effectual at first, seems only to deaden the feelings to all their influence. Death is not dreadful to me now; what new terrors may be disclosed by the dark and melancholy scenes of a sick chamber, and the more dark forebodings which are the harbingers of this imperial destroyer, I know not. My life and virtues and merits are so utterly destitute of having any value, intrinsic, or as purchasers of immortality, that, were my hopes based on them in any degree, I would be willing to take the shortest road out of this life. But I do daily see an increasing glory in that Saviour who was once to me an object, to say the least, of indifference, which declares him to be my ground of confidence, and my only source of joy. I confess that few, very few of my thoughts are fixed on him; I say few with reference to the degree in which I ought to fix my eye upon him, but joy, real and unequivocal joy, I never have, or expect or desire to have in any other.

Shall I leave this point? Perhaps the only effect on you is a revulsion of feeling such as I have myself experienced from a similar cause. I am far from wishing to obtrude my own notions or emotions upon any friend; and I know from experience, too well the impolicy and absurdity of recommending religion *pugnis et calcibus*, to cram my hortations down any man's throat. But I do wish to let our correspondence assume something more than the reserved Antarctic character of two shopkeepers. If there is any thing in religion which renders it unfit for communication, or repugnant to social confidence, or which like Free Masonry is not to be hinted at, or spoken about except in consecrated houses, away with it out of the earth! I would be the first to lift up both hands in execration of so icy and dissociating a principle. But I know it to be something far different. I know that there is not any exercise of those affections (which are ever seeking exercise somewhere) so truly social and endearing as the exercise of them upon the enlivening truths and realities of Jesus Christ's gospel. I know that there is an exquisite satisfaction in that kindly feeling which Christianity encourages and keeps alive. And I know that had this side of the picture met

my eye some years ago, instead of the harsh lines which are sometimes foolishly exhibited, that I should not have so long like a condemned criminal shrunk and retreated with such mental imbecility from all that bore the stamp of religion. Godliness is profitable for *all things*; having the promise of this as well as the coming life.

*Thursday.*

This letter, you must begin to think, is long in finding a conclusion. I was turned out of my room, on the day before yesterday, to make space for a stranger; and, as this was done while I was abroad, this letter was shut up among my other effects until this afternoon. The dampness and coldness yesterday prevented such a multitude of persons from assembling as we are accustomed to see. Our village was consequently comparatively quiet. I have seen however several persons bearing sad marks of the frolicking last night. For any particulars relating to the exercises of the day, I refer you to Janeway, who, I believe, was a constant and attentive observer.

I am entirely run out of spirits by the continual excitement of the last two or three days. My Virginia bubble is exploded. I shall expect to spend the next year, Providence permitting, in my old course of seclusion. I am, upon the whole, glad of this disappointment. Although no one can be more fond of travelling than I, yet the pleasing retirement and warm attachments of our seminary have so enchained my affections that it was like tearing apart my heart's fibres to think of going away.

PRINCETON, *October 23, 1823.*

The openness and candour with which you have met my proposals of a new set of topics for our correspondence, have gratified me very much. I rejoice to find that the important interests of religion have gained so much of your attention, and would beg you not to suffer this attention to decrease or to remain without increase. To come more directly to the points of inquiry suggested by you. I entertain no shadow of a doubt that a patient and scriptural method of seeking God's favour was never yet fruitless. Indeed, while I profess to have faith in the word of God, no truth can be plainer; it rests on the immutable word of Jehovah. The pursuit may be a dark and tedious and discouraging one, and yet compared with the glory of that "*αμάρταντων τῆς δοξῆς στεφανον*," which is the prize held forth, how do all these labours dwindle to nothing. Among a host of Scripture passages, look at these: Ps. lxxxvi. 5. Joel. ii. 32. Rom. x. 12, 13. The search must be indeed most sincere. Compare

the petitions which you have offered to God for this great favour with what you may conceive to be the cries of one pleading for his life, and then compare the temporal and the eternal life. Deut. iv. 29. Jer. xxix. 13. For encouragement, for truths calculated to awaken as well as to soothe the conscience, for advice and direction infinitely more infallible than that of a fellow worm, fly to the precious volume of God's word. There, be assured, a prayerful, indefatigable, daily search will open to you supplies suited to all your necessities. I would have you believe not one tittle of what, after diligent examination, you find not there. But then that holy book is to be approached without prejudice or prepossession. Let me use the words of Chalmers, "We must bring a free and unoccupied mind to the exercise. It must not be the pride or the obstinacy of self-formed opinions, or the haughty independence of him who thinks he has reached the manhood of his understanding. We must bring with us the docility of a child if we want to gain the kingdom of heaven. There must be no garbling of that which is entire, no darkening of that which is luminous, no softening down of that which is authoritative or severe. The Bible will allow of no compromise."—"If we could only abandon all our former conceptions, if we felt that our business was to submit to the oracles of God, and that we are not called upon to effect a reconciliation betwixt a revealed doctrine of the Bible and an assumed or encogitated principle of our own,—then we are satisfied that we should find the language of the New Testament to have as much clear, and precise, and didactic simplicity, as the language of any sage or philosopher which has come down to us." (Chalmers' Evidences, last chapter). Our reverence for the Bible is truly hypocritical when we are content to study it with less assiduity than a thousand things which we may know and eternally perish. I trust that I shall yet rejoice with you in the words of Is. xxv. 9.

I wish to discourage no one from the acquisition of any language. My remark to Janeway<sup>1</sup> was meant to have special reference to the *το διδακτον* of French works. I cordially concur with you and with the whole republic of letters, as to the inadequacy of a translation to convey the beauties of literature. I must still confess that after dabbling for six years in French literature, I find my ardour quite cooled as to the exquisite richness of that department of letters: and this has been the result with most of my acquaintances who have studied the language. However, go on—no language is to be despised, especially one which opens the door to so vast a range of authors as the French.

<sup>1</sup> Supposed to be unfavourable to the study of the French language.

The exercise of mind too, which the study of language affords in comparing words and idioms, has a powerful influence in rendering our ideas precise and definite.

When you next happen to be in a book store please to price any small editions of Demosthenes and any of Xenophon's or Plato's works. I prefer German editions; and those which have the Greek text without notes or version.

PRINCETON, *December 8th*, 1823.

Your last letter has been lying unanswered for a month, and would probably lie a month longer, if I should wait until my mind is sufficiently free from occupation to leave me in a fit state to write a letter. I have indeed hours of release from study, but after a day of close confinement to metaphysical or ethical subjects, I confess that I feel less inclined to nothing than handling a pen. If you have ever spent three or four weeks in thinking

"Of Providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,  
Fix'd fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute,  
And found no end in wandering mazes lost,"

you may conceive of the mental exhaustion which I now experience. Clarke and Leibnitz, Hume and Brown, have led me an enchanting, but dangerous flight through the clouds of speculation by day, and have danced before my brain in the phantasms of the night. It is my satisfaction to know after all the mortification consequent upon a view of the inscrutable nature of many questions in morals, that the path to heaven and perfect unalloyed enjoyment of the truth is open to the humblest and simplest child of Adam. The New Testament, while it inculcates a system unparalleled for its sublimity and consistency, is obscured by no sophistical refinements, and defies the attempts of philosophy to complete or systematize it more fully. The general impression left by an hour's humble reading of God's word is unlike the effect of any other work. It is a feeling of calm submissive tranquillity. I am inclined, therefore, to think that nothing tends so directly to the formation of a truly Christian character as the continual, prayerful, unquestioning perusal of the Scriptures. They do not present naked doctrines; they are addressed to the natural feelings, and they affect our hearts imperceptibly but powerfully. Let me pray you to be a diligent student of this holy book. He who takes delight in the Bible *must* imbibe its spirit; and its influence, I think, is all-powerful. After the learned prating of philosophers, the sweet and modest words of inspiration fall on my ear like melody.

Wednesday, 10th.

A goodly chasm in the epistle! and yet, I assure you, left without any possibility of remedy, by the variety of engagements which pull me hither and thither. Besides the recitations of this week, which force me to read about 600 octavo pages, I have to sit four hours in our Theological Society two nights in the week; and have now on hand, preparation for debating on next Monday night; item, an oration to be transcribed and committed for Tuesday, and one to be composed and committed for Monday. Except as it interferes with pleasant extra duties, I do not complain of this; it is infinitely preferable to an *ennuyeuse* vacation in which I begin and leave unfinished a thousand different things. Your situation in the city is truly enviable on one account,—the facilities afforded by it for the reasonable and convenient purchase of books. Many valuable works are knocked down at occasional auctions to persons who cannot at all appreciate them, and who get them for almost nothing. Our seminary is very full—our numbers more than 100. College rather thin. I dropped two sermons of Dr. Lindsly's into the office for you.<sup>1</sup> They would give more pleasure to one who discerned his characteristic manner, as we do, in every paragraph; I think they will please you, however, from the untamed vigour of the style. Our temporary teacher of Chemistry, Mr Halsey, has come to hand, and is commencing operations.<sup>2</sup>

PRINCETON, December 29, 1823.

Your full letters are always welcome, and with the general principles of your last I am inclined to coincide. The venom and unhallowed fire which have sometimes characterized the controversies of Christians I can heartily agree with you in deprecating. The wisdom of the serpent is more sought after in this day by many than the mildness of the dove. I can also from the heart subscribe to the doctrine that "secret things belong to God," and that those only are to be set up as necessary tenets which God has revealed to us in his sacred oracles.<sup>3</sup> Polemics, I fear, will not abate in their virulence among the soi-distant lovers of truth,

<sup>1</sup> "Improvement of Time. Two Discourses delivered in the chapel of the College of New Jersey, December, 1822."

<sup>2</sup> Luther Halsey, D. D., Professor from 1824 to 1829.

<sup>3</sup> His correspondent had quoted Bishop Watson's sentence—"En codicem sacrum—here is the fountain of truth. Why do you follow the streams derived from it by the sophistry, or polluted by the error of men?"



“Till warned, or by experience taught they learn  
 That not to know at large of things remote,  
 From use obscure and subtle, but to know  
 That which before us lies in daily life  
 Is the prime wisdom ; what is more, is fume,  
 Or emptiness, or fond impertinence :  
 And renders us in things that most concern  
 Unpractised, unprepared, and still to seek.”

*Paradise Lost*, B. 8.

While I would adhere to these opinions with all the powers of my soul, I would still desire to maintain a firm and unshaken zeal for the truth of the scriptures. It is not the “contending for the faith once delivered to the saints,” which is reprehensible, but the manner of contending, so unholy and so repugnant to the spirit of the gospel. God forbid that I should conceive that one truth, even the least, of that system which he has revealed is unimportant, or undeserving of strenuous exertion for its maintenance. To our limited vision many doctrines may appear destitute of any practical bearing, as some parts of the animal fabric seem useless ; and yet, so impious would it be to charge God with inculcating doctrines which might or might not be believed with equal security, that as to the symmetry of the Divine plan, I should say—

“If from the chain a single link you strike,  
 Tenth or ten thousandth breaks the chain alike.”

The creed of professing Christians was originally brief and simple. All creeds are barriers erected against error, and of course must grow and change with the phases of heresy. The primitive confession of faith was one sentence, (Acts viii. 37.) The symbol called the Apostles’ creed grew out of the necessity of the times, and was reared as a defence against those who denied the Godhead or the real passion of Christ. The Athanasian creed as it stands in the *English* Liturgy is still more complex, and our own formula being directed against a variety of opponents is quite a volume. Many of its clauses ought to be expunged, as referring to Catholic tenets, and peculiar errors, from which we are now sufficiently guarded. “The purest churches under heaven,” says our Confession, “are subject both to mixture and error,” and therefore I should not feel secure in adopting every sentiment of our church, while I consider the system called Calvinistic, as the only system founded on the obvious meaning of the Bible, the only system reconcileable to a sound philosophy, and the most consoling system to one who feels himself a lost sinner. I say this after having once risen against the doctrine of Rom. ix. 15, with all the enmity of a rebellious heart. I trust

that God has convinced me that no "foreknowledge of my conduct" was his motive for rescuing me from the slavery of sin; (alas, had this been the case, my conduct would have secured me eternal wrath,) and that "not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began." I wish to impose my private sentiments on no man; as I have already said, go to the Bible, and believe not one word which is not there written. But I entreat of you, let not metaphysical speculations, or prepossessions antecedent to inquiry, forestall your judgment.

PRINCETON, 26th January, 1824.

I know how to sympathize with you in your late disappointment, [a journey.] It is the twin to one which occasioned me some disquietude last autumn, and which I have not yet ceased to regret. Whether from the early associations produced by an ancient collection of travels, over which I used to pore in my first reading days, and which tinges with old remembrances my air-castles and my dreams to this day, or from some causes more latent, I do not profess to know, but there is in my character a restless, burning desire for peregrination, an anxious expectation of some opportunity to rove beyond seas and mountains. Such feelings, as wild and romantic, I have endeavoured to quell; and yet in all my studies the thought floats up, (and especially when I read or think of foreign countries,) that I am preparing to wander, at some day, far from home. Our wishes are not always proportioned or accommodated to our character and abilities, and perhaps the sooner this whim is crushed, the better. But all transmarine voyages apart, my wish to visit Virginia, the old dominion, the land of my fathers, my own natal soil,—to see the ruin (now a barn) in which my grandfather preached, the valley where I first saw the sun, the mountains where my father spent his boyhood, and where the Alexanders are "rife" even now; this wish I would not, and cannot repress. As to Greece, your second topic, it has all my heart. I have just been reading the report of Webster's noble speech, [on the Greek revolution.] It is apparent that he has laboured to keep under all undue enthusiasm, and that his sentiments instead of out-running the popular feeling, have, as expressed, fallen far short of it. This man has commanded my highest admiration by what he has at times exhibited to the public.

The language of modern Greece, from what I can learn, has changed more as it regards idiom and construction, than in single words. The Romaic is modernized by the peculiar use of

the auxiliaries and prepositions, and has lost that force which *declension* strictly so called, conferred on the old Greek. The most satisfactory piece I recollect on the subject, is in a No. of the *Quarterly*, some years back. *The Pilot* they are reading this moment down stairs. I have been in old times so whirled and crazed by novels, that I try to keep clear of the vortex, though I generally skim *this* class of books.

The *North American Review* is likely to keep up its reputation and merit. Mr. E., it is hinted, finds the sphere of clerical and even literary influence too small for his ambition. He is young, handsome, and fascinating, conscious of mental force, and well-informed as to his high character, and he intends, as is said, to make a launch into the political world. His studies for some years have had a leaning this way, and general policy has engrossed his pen, with a few exceptions.

Boston and Cambridge, which may be considered as, in an eminent degree, the seats of literature in America, are daily increasing their claim to this character. The men who enjoy the rich and sinecure professorships in the university find time and means abundant to woo the muses. Rational religion, in this sense of the term, lays too slight a hold upon the heart to excite great zeal for their tenets, and they appear before the world as literati, rather than as Christian ministers.

I do desire to see learning prosper, to be learned myself; I desire to be happy in the good things of this world, so far as consistent with virtue; I desire to commend Christianity to the world by all that charm which courtesy and cheerfulness can give to as rude a piece as I,—yet I could curse myself, (however unfaithful I may be now, or alas may be hereafter,) if I thought that I could ever consent to make merchandise of the cross, by bartering it for aught of earth. My wish is, in my humble measure, to make every effort tend to one point, the establishment of Christ's kingdom on earth, and in the hearts of men. And O that future devotedness might take the place of the worldly spirit that has, and does prey upon my peace. It would give me unfeigned joy, my dear friend, to see you brought to this noble stand which I wish we may both reach,—to renounce the joys, honours, cares of the present life, for the sake of living for God. Our only excuse, our only inability is our guilty, low, irrational love of the world and of self. God demands our hearts this moment. As a sovereign he thunders his requisition, as a father he whispers pardon, reconciliation, assistance. And what shall we mention to Him as the object of our preference to his service? Pleasure? gain? ease? glory? Life is a vapour, and we know it. Joy is fleeting. Let us determine, at least, to per-

ish in search of God. I trust you suspect me of no wish to lead you to any system. Read God's word, without comment, without prepossession, without cavil.

PRINCETON, *February 24, 1824.*

Instead of being in the lecture room, my proper place at this hour, I am squandering away the time at home, and among other matters commencing to spin out something which may pass for a letter. I thank you for your last; for the length of it, and the information which you were so kind as to communicate. In addition to what I have already learnt from you, I should like to have this problem resolved, viz.: How could the "Allgemeine Litteratur Zeitung von Leipzig" be got at,—on what terms,—and with what hopes of regular transmission? You speak of having the small-pox near you, and among you;—we have had two cases in Princeton but its progress has, I think, been effectually stopped. One of our students has been very near death with the bilious colic, but has recovered. In the near prospect of death, he manifested great joy in the hope of soon meeting face to face the Saviour whom he had taken as his portion. Death, to him, seemed despoiled of all that is terrific. Bucknall, another of our students, is lying extremely ill with what appears a rapid consumption. Little hope is entertained of his recovery. So many friends, companions, and classmates have sunk around me, that I seem most loudly called on to be ready also, as being ignorant of the day or hour when my soul shall be demanded. Would to God that I might be excited to do what is remaining to be done with all my might,—to become more holy, and to strive not to be taken from the earth without having done any thing for the benefit of my fellow-men. My qualifications for the ministry are so slight and defective that I shudder at the thought of being in eighteen months invested with that sacred office. So much ignorance, inexperience, and immaturity, seem ill to befit the character of a teacher and pastor. The truth is, I feel too young; and could I dispose of my time profitably, I should be glad to intermit my regular theological course for a year or two. Dr. [J. P.] Wilson I have a great curiosity to hear, and if I should ever come to Philadelphia shall certainly make it a principal point in my memoranda to go to his church. Philadelphia would certainly lose a bright and shining light at his death. Apropos of preaching,—have you read [Edward] Irving? He has certainly been shamefully misrepresented by the tribe of angry critics; and yet with all his originality, and all his occasional strength and pathos, he makes me unspeakably splenetic with his nauseous affectation of obsolete words and man-

ner, and his contempt for all logical method. Whoever compares him with Robert Hall, (the most eloquent and classical writer of the age, if my judgment is taken,) will see that mighty power, and a style rich and elegant, and matter original and weighty, are not inconsistent with the strictest observance of rhetorical rules, and the strictest conformity to the polite usage of language.

Mr. — has thrown the gauntlet, as you have probably seen, into the peaceful camp of the Quakers, and challenged them with something of the old Cameronian spirit. Although I think that Quaker error ought to be opposed, and that the Quaker arguments do receive their answer in one and another part of his book, yet I see more wit than argument in his work, and more levity than becomes subjects so solemn, and a community so respectable. However, it will uncover the nakedness of Quakerism, I trust, to some of the rising generation, and make them ashamed of the mysticism which they have hitherto swallowed without knowing why or wherefore. I hope your progress in French is satisfactory. The pittance of knowledge which I once had is fast leaking out, as all knowledge that is neglected, must. I need some stimulus greater than any which I now enjoy to make me read French; I hardly open a French author once a month. To acquire a good knowledge of the language would be a strong inducement for me to spend some time in your city. My intimate friends in Philadelphia are very few at present. You are my only regular correspondent; and to knit, in my own name, all the old family acquaintances, is what I shall never attempt. Hutton of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum is a particular and inestimable friend, and with him I believe the list ends. Any thing favourable in the literary world?—in your city? You have probably read Sprague's ode for the Shakespeare jubilee. That production seems to me the best lyric that I have ever seen from an American pen. It breathes the spirit of Collins and Gray. I wish to see American literature take a start. I long for the time when our productions shall be truly *American*, not slavish copies of Transatlantic works, but impressed with the national character. Our forests, and mountains, and waters, surely furnish scenes second to none that European poets and romancers have hackneyed, and our mighty works of nature might, I should suppose, inspire a feeling as ethereal as ever prompted the Theban Pindar. On this score I can quarrel with Sprague.

New magazines, they tell me are afloat in both our great cities. I hope you will not let the New Yorker outdo you. I believe that, as far as enterprise is concerned, the New York magazine has its advantage in its proximity to the "land of notions."

The Lethean influence of Quakerism in your town is, I fear, almost as inimical to the Muses, as the commercial turmoil of New York; yet if Philadelphia cannot support a better monthly publication than either Blackwood's or Campbell's, [London *New Monthly*,] which, *me judice*, are the merest froth conceivable, then my notions of Philadelphia talent are amazingly out of the way. The great difficulty in America appears to be, that literary men must (from pecuniary motives) be professional men, and must needs give all their labour to their professions. In Europe there are literary men of leisure, by scores, who write for periodical works. The compensation made in England for compositions are sufficient to feed poor authors.

PRINCETON, *March 17th*, 1824.

You have begun the law. Success to you, and all your future clients. I am not one of those who suppose the profession of the law incompatible with the strictest integrity, although I think, what I believe no one denies, that its dangers and temptations are considerable. The general principles of politics and jurisprudence you will no doubt find agreeable; indeed, I should like very well to glance at the subject myself for a few months. We are fond of sketching fancy visions of future life. Where is it probable that you will turn your face after being admitted to practise? Do you expect to continue a Philadelphian, or do you banish all such queries? If you retort the question, as it would be natural to do, I must say, that my mind is in suspense. My constitution calls for a Northern climate. Lower Canada would suit me: my feelings and prepossessions would lead me southward, but slavery appals me: literary considerations make the Middle States alluring, though I can't say that this latitude fits my temperament. The wants of the church point out a large expanse of territory to the South and West, and I confess that (as the Quakers say) I *feel a drawing* to those three sister States north of the Ohio, where slavery has not set her foot. Is it probable that we shall ever appropinquate? Wherever I may go, I trust that duty and a desire of usefulness will sway me. If my life is spared, it is not improbable that I shall spend two or three years in itinerating. I feel daily my need of personal converse with the world which is to be the theatre and the subject of my future operations. The clown, the mere student, the bookworm, though vastly learned, is no more fit to produce a moral than a political revolution; yet this is what we aim at. I am happy to observe by the public prints, as well as by private information, that extemporary preaching is becoming more and more common, even in the frozen East and North, and that the

opposition to the cold, unnatural, modern way of pleading with dying sinners, is increasing. Lawyers are not often heard to complain of an inability to extemporize, nor should a clergyman; and he who does is unfit for the pulpit. This change is peculiarly consolatory to me. I never expect to be able to read a sermon with any life; and as to committing to memory, I would rather write ten sermons than get one by heart. Upon this ground, I reckon our debating societies among the most interesting and important institutions about our Seminary.

*Monday, 22d.*

You may judge how little I am master of my own time by the abrupt manner in which I left what I had written; I shall now endeavour to finish. I observe that I spoke of *itinerating*, on the other page: my reference was to land-journeying, and I forgot to make any allusion to my dreams of transmarine peregrination, which event is always to be excepted in my calculations. Four years hence — and where shall we be? what manner of persons? how employed? If the impenetrable curtain which screens the future could be drawn aside, we might see some astonishing and unexpected change. It may be that the grave may then contain my mortal part, or the depths of the sea; or care and affliction may have eaten out all hopes of terrestrial peace, or a thousand other results, now unthought of. All things here suffer change, all things created are fleeting, God only remains. My dear friend, shall we not attach ourselves to this only support which can sustain the final shock? Is it not desirable, is it not wise, to “lay hold on the strength of God”? Small as our experience is, it ought to have informed us that the joys of this world are sweet and fascinating only in the pursuit, and that supposing and granting that they were exquisite in possession, they fade away like the tints of morning clouds. This you have heard, no doubt, until, perhaps, you are weary of it. And yet if these things do not affect us *now*, when the heart is susceptible, when its fibres are not entwined so closely as they shall be around the world, when we have not become intoxicated with pleasure and glory, is it to be hoped that they will affect us when the storm and hurricane of life is maddening us? Pardon me for saying that I consider the present moment of your life a most critical moment, pregnant perhaps with eternal consequences. You have made election of a profession, and expect very soon to enter upon its active duties. Now I do not say that by becoming a lawyer you put yourself out of the reach of religious influence, or that the moral influence of your calling will be directly injurious to virtuous principles; but I say, with

confidence, that in all probability, every successive step you now take will lead you further from a reasonable hope of salvation. I am speaking of human probabilities; we are not to take God's special dealings into our calculations. Do you find the love of honour leading you *now* from the consideration of the self-denying gospel? How will it be when ambition shall have received ten-fold strength from the continual fuel presented to it? Does multiplicity of business exclude prayer and devotion *now*? Look at the whirlpool of every lawyer's cases. Do you find your heart becoming more insensible to religious motives? Believe me, it is but the presage of more dreadful indifference. In this matter there is no stationary point. Hearts do not amend by indulgence, sin loses no power by having the reins given to it, the world becomes no less fascinating, God is not appeased by continued defiance. Refer to the situation of any lawyer, one, for instance, whose circumstances you could wish your own, and say candidly, does that situation afford advantages for the cultivation of piety, such advantages as you *now* enjoy. This very hour is the best possible season which remains for you. I press this motive because it is one which struck terror once to my soul, and opened my eyes to the dangers of my situation.

PRINCETON, April 13th, 1824.

Your long letters are always welcome, and I thank you for using that goodly sheet of foolscap; we are neither lovers nor courtiers, and may therefore venture to lay aside the gilt-edge now and then. The only complaint I intend to make with regard to your last is, that it is too much in the style of an apology. Did I say any thing in the way of expostulation or rebuke upon your commencing legal studies? Assuredly, however my pen may have slipped awry, nothing was further from my intention. I do most sincerely approve of your choice, and can say heartily "*Macte novâ virtute puer, sic itur ad astra.*" Were not my services most manifestly claimed in another field, I should make election of the same business. My views on the subject I cannot express more comprehensively than in the words of one of the first lawyers in New York. "It is hard," he lately said to a friend of mine when speaking of his son's becoming a lawyer—"It is hard for a lawyer to enter into the kingdom of heaven, and those who have tried, as I have, the vexation, and overwhelming pressure of an extensive practice, will confess that it is fraught with temptation and danger." But I leave this subject; above all, I shrink from disputing about it. You will pardon me for wishing to keep controversy, at least, out of our



letters. Two years' continual sparring, in clubs, in debates, in the chamber, in the grove, at every corner, upon every knotty point in Divinity, have produced in me a satiety of argumentation. Private controversy has never resulted in my own change of opinion, and I am confident that I never convinced another. Pride is too strong to suffer candour to have its perfect work. You, no doubt, feel as I do, knowing that disputation must shoulder out all the other ingredients of our epistles. Somewhere I have read some saying of somebody's, that lovers are never tired of each other's conversation, because they are forever talking of themselves. I claim no experience in love matters, but I believe that the principle is correct. How naturally do we slide into discourse about ourselves, and our concerns! Grant me permission to talk of myself, and I will talk forever. After this confession you may understand, even if you cannot pardon my egregious egotism. And I ask no privilege which I am not willing to grant with interest, thinking with Horace, that

"Aequum est  
Peccatis veniam poscentem reddere rursus."

You cannot gratify me more than by expatiating on your concerns, your habits, character, you may descend to the colour of your coat, or the tie of your neckcloth. According to my principles of letter-writing, a letter ought to be the mirror of its author; if he is a bad man, why let the epistle be so too; and let an egotist go on endlessly *de carissimo seipso*. I was gratified by the communication on Hume's death before I suspected you of being its author. Go on, I pray you, in this useful and delightful exercise of the pen. The friend who writes the "Student's notes," must be, truly, a valuable acquaintance. I had figured to myself a classical bachelor of some forty years as the writer of those pieces. There seemed to be evidences of maturity and sober judgment which pointed out the experienced author. As for me, though I defile many fair sheets, yet my abortions seldom satisfy me sufficiently to induce me to publish.<sup>1</sup> And indeed, to be praised without being known, seems so faint a stimulus that it would scarcely repay me for the transcription. When I can profit myself or others, I shall not be backward in plying the quill.

<sup>1</sup> But he, as well as the two other lads, had begun to amuse himself with writing for newspapers and magazines. I detect his hand in the "Christian Advocate," at least as early as February, 1824, in the article signed *Cyprian*, and he had hardly refrained so long from taking advantage of the literary columns of Mr. Walsh's "National Gazette." It was to that journal the series entitled "A Student's Notes" was contributed. They were ascribed to William B. Reed, then an under-graduate of the University of Pennsylvania.

This day is a day of penance to me, coming round once a month, being the day on which I have to commit a speech to memory; the most odious task in the whole circle of my duties. I never expect to commit a sermon, but must creep somewhere into the backwoods where unwritten discourses will be tolerated. Do you find me dull this morning? My sleep was unquiet last night, as it always is after an extraordinary excitement of the nervous system. I am often guilty of spending too many of my evening hours in "furious gossip," which produces a kind of mental inebriation, as delightful *pro tempore*, and as shocking in its effects as the hilarity of the wine-bibber. My circle of acquaintance in the Seminary is contracted, but I have somehow managed to glide into a cluster of congenial souls, the like of whom, for genuine, friendly, social feeling, and for mental elasticity and vigour, I have never seen before, and never expect to see. If you wish to see me in some of my happiest moments, picture me in imagination lolling in a cushioned elbow chair, surrounded by about six or seven whom I can name, pouring forth, or drinking in without the slightest reserve, the fresh and new-born thoughts, that such excitements may be supposed to generate. If I ever knew the pleasures of social life it has been here; if I ever heard eloquence, it has been here.

It is commonly said in Virginia, that the "Alexanders are a tonguey race." Let me have a long epistle, and let it be any thing that floats uppermost in the cerebellum. I fear I have given you the scum to-day. I have been much pleased with *Hodgson's* letters upon America; one candid and Christian traveller at least.

## CHAPTER III.

### LETTERS WHILE TUTOR IN COLLEGE.

1824—1825.

PRINCETON, *April 21st*, 1824.

It is my expectation to leave Trenton to-morrow at 6 A. M. in the steamboat, for your city. Without more ado I give you the state of the case. A week ago nothing was further from my intentions, but a few days since I was astounded by the information that the trustees of the College had elected me mathematical tutor. This was the more extraordinary as I have already twice, in the most peremptory manner, refused the office; and as the proper complement of officers is now in the faculty, the appointment is *extra*, and at an unusual time. When I heard it, last Wednesday, my feelings instantly revolted, and I said No with the most perfect determination and confidence. Upon weighing all circumstances, however, and finding upon consulting with my friends that they all, without exception, urged my acceptance, I have determined to enter upon the duties at the commencement of next session. As I have formerly said to you, my youth will permit me to spare two or three years from my theological course, with advantage: I feel, and my friends feel for me, that my mind needs maturing before taking upon me the character of a minister. It is, after all, an odious situation, and I expect it to be, by far, the most trying and mortifying that I have ever been placed in. Yet trials, and self-denial, and mortifications I must expect in almost every situation. I need to be buffeted about a little to call forth what little energy and firmness I may possess. As the session commences just as that of the Seminary closes, I must take my vacation now, or not at all: and my lank and sallow cheeks demand some speedy recreation. It has been long since we saw one another, and each of us has, probably, undergone much change. As for me I fancy that in the prominent traits both of the outer and the inner man, you will find me

much the same boy as ever. I am no son of Anak, and have altered little in dimensions. There was indeed once some glow and bloom of health upon my face, which has departed. I confess, with the confidence of friendship, knowing that it is not exposing myself to ill-timed raillery, that melancholy has secretly and deeply preyed upon my spirits, more than my most intimate friends would judge from my demeanour. Often, the unnatural and excessive gaiety of my manner has been accompanied by bitter gnawings at the soul. From this I suffer less than formerly; nothing at present. My temperament is such that I am susceptible of the most deep emotions of pleasure as well as pain to a great degree, but the pleasure is generally succeeded by a proportionable depression.

PRINCETON, *May 14, 1824.*

Your communication by [James] Weatherby [of the Seminary] which I received this morning, admitted me to something very like a *tête-à-tête* with you. A letter, as the thought just now strikes me, should be as nearly as possible the transcript of one's common-talk; or perhaps a better description of a good, that is an acceptable letter, would be that it is a soliloquy in black and white, penned with the freedom of a private meditation, yet written for the eye of another, with whom the disclosures it contains, are just as safe as in their native bosom. It is for answering this description that I like your letters; and, by adhering to the same rule, I have occasionally disgorged to you some of my splenetic moanings. You must take me just as you find me; I don't ask you to pardon my failings; criticize them faithfully; but, prythee, bear with them. When I speak of melancholy to *you*, I speak of it seriously, and of melancholy in its truest and most appalling shape; not the puling, pensive, pleasing reveries of a moon-struck lover, or a young, novel-reading, boarding-school Miss; but that deep and horrible over-clouding of the soul, which none can understand but those who suffer it, which can be described only by faint and insufficient similitudes, which, until my nervous system received a violent shock, I never knew, and which I do sincerely wish you may always be able, as I never shall,—to laugh at. Nervous irritability (I am not *com-* but *ex-*plaining) I have got in a very fair way by right of primogeniture, and have increased by neglect of proper recreation and exercise.

You know how closely body and soul are united, and how mental and corporeal changes go hand in hand. But perhaps you do not know—and may you never—what it is to feel the *whole man* in a state of distressing disorder, without knowing whether

the body has communicated the distemper to the mind, or the mind to the body; to feel the tremulous agitation of the whole material fabric of nerves, and the accompanying and more intolerable agitation of spirit, depression, blues, hypochondria, or what you will. Will you smile when I say that to shake off this state of soul—I call it so, for the suffering of body is trifling—is no less impossible than to shake off a fit of the stone? One is equally with the other a disease. Call it, if you please, a disorder of the imagination, and say that it is whim and folly. Granted; and yet it is no less dreadful, far more mortifying, equally beyond the influence of mere resolution. When a withered arm can stretch itself out for relief, then may a diseased mind heal itself. Could I once determine to be placid and cheerful, and so effect a change in the mental state, the cure would be already complete. Enough as to the physiology of the case—now for its reality in my own person. I am more easily excited to pleasure or pain than most persons. My joys are excessive; sometimes a little frantic. The same susceptibility makes me liable to depression from circumstances which would scarcely for a moment ruffle the feelings of some; and to depression, sometimes, which has no perceptible cause without. To compare levity and melancholy in a moral point of view, is comparing two sins equally repugnant to the mild placidity and cheerful calm which the truths of the gospel produce on a heart that is exercised aright. The latter afflicts *my* conscience least, because it is what I loathe, and what I would as joyfully shun as I would a delirium, and which it is just as much in my power to avoid. *Undue* mirth is a fault which brings with it, to me, its punishment, in the shape of the vapours which follow in its footsteps. Perhaps the words I may have used in a former letter convey to your mind an impression not exactly correct. Forebodings of future pain or misery are not often the subjects of my thoughts, but there comes over my soul, I can no otherwise describe it, a cloud, a blackness, a horror, which tinges every object without or within with a certain indefinable, vague, and terrific darkness; which absorbs the powers of the soul, and seems to concentrate all the faculties upon some hideous *something*, or *nothing*, and waste the mental energy in empty musing. I am sometimes months without such a visitation, and sometimes weeks with little else; and my condition has been somewhat this for a week past. But peace—let us rise into daylight.

I might write you a great deal of loose gossip, were it not for my pressing business, and my very, very kind acquaintances, who are too obliging to wait for any hint to come, and too dull to take any hint to go, and who never think of such a query as

“Is he at leisure?” I am indeed laid under the necessity of husbanding every hour. I have scarcely looked at mathematics for a year, and am expected to take the tuition of the Sophomore class, who have been at Algebra all the winter, as well as to induct them into geometry, and the Freshmen into Algebra. The preparation requisite is by no means slight. It is something more than what might enable one to undergo a strict examination upon the several subjects. The instructor must hold himself in continual readiness to detect every error, as soon as made, and to enter immediately into every variety in the mode of demonstration or solution. And, by the bye, the intensity of attention which this will require, in the recitation-room, will equal hours of study in the closet, as to exhaustion of spirits, as well as to improvement of the mind in fixed habits of thought.

The examination of the Theological Seminary is now going on. From this, I am now, as having no further connexion with the Seminary, exempt. Our printing press, though a little thing, is yet a mighty wonder here. The children, great and small, are turning up their eyes, and expanding their palms at the novel sight of “PRINCETON” at the foot of the title-page of a “Report” just printed.

My real troubles commence, unless Providence interpose in an unexpected manner, next Thursday. Then may you expect to hear of cracker-firing, of scraping (do you understand?) of finking, of door-bolting, of ducking, of rope-tripping, of window-breaking, of all the petty vengeance which unruly striplings wreak on their hapless instructors. My colleague in the tutorship, Mr. Samuel K. Talmage,<sup>1</sup> made a speech at the Bible So-

<sup>1</sup> Now President of Oglethorpe University, Georgia. In a public letter, written in August, 1859, Dr. Talmage says: “We were placed on terms of very intimate intercourse and communion as fellow-tutors during the year 1824. He had become pious since we had parted as students, and I now saw much of his inner life, as he disclosed it but to few. He had grown graver in manner, and somewhat prone to pensiveness of spirit. To the public eye he seemed retiring and apparently distant. But when with a friend in a retired walk, or in the *abandon* and intimacy of private personal intercourse, he was the most cheerful of companions, abounding in playful remark and discriminating observation. He had a keen relish for the humorous, and a nice appreciation of the virtues and defects of his fellow-men. He had a perfect horror of cant, pretension, bigotry, exclusiveness, and was himself remarkably free from all these failings, thus imparting an irresistible charm to his intercourse with friends.

“His piety was, even at that period, deep toned, and remarkably advanced for one of his age. He was at times overwhelmed with a sense of sinfulness, and has told me that often he could scarcely refrain from crying out in the college chapel from an awful sense of guilt before God, under the pungent appeals of the beloved Professors of the College and Theological Seminary, although he was sitting on the stage before the assembled students as one of the Faculty.”

ciety anniversary in New York. How long shall it be before our turn comes?

What think you of the presidential squabble? Jackson brightens wonderfully. His recent letters—I mean his recently published letters, set the man's character in a noble light, and command my highest respect.

*Saturday.*

My boasting is generally fatal to my hopes, by throwing me off my guard. That cold, or a lineal descendant from it, has come upon me like a strong man armed. I have tried the valiant mode, of defying the cough, and going through thick and thin in spite of it, and the effect has been to fix it deeply in my lungs. I am now reduced to terms of submission, and am driven to the humble mode; i. e. sitting by the fire, keeping out of the wind, drinking teas and slops, and eating pectoral medicaments of various kinds. This regimen, together with an approach to starvation, promises to release me.

The title of an old Scotch song furnishes a key to many of my actions—"For lack of gowd." My temptation to covet greater affluence is small, while I am at home; and even in your city, where baits are hung out everywhere, I presume that habit would soon make me able to withstand their influence. When I look around me at those who have silver and gold always *in promptu*, I cannot perceive that they are one whit happier than myself. Is —, think you, more comfortable and easy, than when his only fortune was his tongue, his whiskers, and his front of brass? These thoughts you will doubtless be wonderfully surprised at, for their originality.

I would not call myself an admirer of the "Lake school of poetry," but I have seen passages in the works both of Coleridge and Wordsworth which have breathed the true spirit of poetry, and gone home—I know not and ask not why—to my inmost soul. If these lines<sup>1</sup> are not to be found in the "Sybilline Leaves," or perhaps in the "lines upon the vale of Chamouny," which I have not *ad unguem*, you will find there much that is cast in the same mould. It would be difficult to extract from the Lake-poets a longer passage than this without involving some of their "littlenesses," to use one of their own words, yet a good *delectus* might be culled out of them of such isolated morsels. If this little scrap, which, like the mutilated Torse, shows the hand of a master, is American, so much the better. Tell —

<sup>1</sup> Referring to some twenty lines of an anonymous quotation on Niagara. They proved to be the American Brainerd's.

"The thoughts are strange which crowd into my brain," &c.

that Mr. [Moses C.] Searle [of the Seminary] is within nine inches of my elbow; has just played and sung the old favourite "O years are flown," &c., and "Suppliant" this moment. We have not heard his violoncello since Aunt — left us, and George Potts [when in Seminary] used to make one in all our little concerts. The absence of the distant friends was more deeply felt than the presence of those at hand, and music has a power to bring back old recollections with a life peculiar to itself. The scene was not altogether to my liking. I am not fond of tears, and to me there is no "bliss" in them; they are at best a *quid pro quo*, a less evil for a greater, a price paid for getting rid of grief, or the swelling outrageousness of grief. Yet just now with my mother overwhelmed, my father to a considerable degree melted, Mr. Searle weeping, or something like it, and Bill looking amazingly comical between an attempted smile and an unaccountable quivering about the lower lip, premonitory, in some cases, of a "cry," I felt not a little incommoded, and read with might and main in an obsolete newspaper that happened to be within reach. "*Launce's*" dog in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* was not more consummately hard-hearted.

Reed ["Student's Notes"] certainly is a fine writer. But do you not see a very close imitation of the mannerism of his favourite Gibbon? It is natural that he should glide into the same style, from continual intimacy, but there seems to me a studied copying of the gorgeous and protracted simile, the measured and rhythmical structure of sentences, and the elaborate circumlocutions of the great Heathen. He writes in a manly and eloquent manner, notwithstanding imperfections, which those who cannot equal him may discover.

My fears are not slight, that I shall, in these misanthropic walls, become "the mere student," and forget my duties to those without, as well as neglect to cultivate the society of the amiable and the tender. If I live until next Autumn, I shall, probably, be even more a clown than I now am, and need an evolution of six weeks among softening scenes to bend and mollify me.

*Sunday, 11 o'clock.*

I am left at home while the rest of the family have gone to church. My hours, in my present condition, are likely to hang heavily upon my hands, therefore a little serious talk with you will be both interesting and proper. My melancholy—I commence at the old point, for, you know, it is a physical impossibility to start from any other point than that in which the body is found at the moment when the motion commences;—my melancholy, if I may compare great things with small, and pre-



tend even to the blemishes of a great man, is described to a tittle by Cowper, in one of his letters cited in the "May Advocate."<sup>1</sup> Like him, I find my bitterest ruminations so wrought up with fantastical thoughts and phantasies, that I am forced to laugh at my own creations, when I feel miserable enough to hang myself. That *tall fellow* whom he describes so happily, stands preëminent in my chamber of thought, and utters his eternal cry like the most pertinacious shad-woman.<sup>2</sup> Like him (P. S. you will see by reading the letter that I am wrong) I can be gloomy, yea wretched, without being sober, and the transition is oftener easier from hypochondria to levity, than to seriousness. Like him I find religion, and religious thoughts, not the causes or the concomitants of melancholy, but its surest remedy. When the promises of Scripture can be brought to bear, as I thank God they have sometimes been, upon my troubled mind, they have never, never failed to diffuse a calm and a sweet content which makes the Gospel more valuable, *as to this life*, to me, than it would be under different circumstances. Yet infatuated creatures that we are! that which we know, and have tasted to be the chief and only good, how ready are we to neglect and abandon! A hymn of Madame Guion, (whom the world calls fanatic,) translated by Cowper, impressed me deeply this morning. Among other lines, these :

" Long plunged in sorrow, I resign  
My soul to that dear hand of thine,  
Without reserve or fear ;  
That hand shall wipe my streaming eyes ;  
Or into smiles of glad surprise,  
Transform the falling tear.  
My soul's possession is thy love ;  
In earth beneath, or heaven above,  
I have no other store ;  
And though with fervent suit I pray,  
And importune thee night and day,  
I ask thee nothing more."

Of sorrow she says :

" It costs me no regret, that she,  
Who followed Christ, should follow me ;  
And though, where'er she goes,  
Thorns spring spontaneous at her feet,  
I love her—and extract a sweet  
From all my bitter woes."

<sup>1</sup> The extracts in the "Advocate" were from the "Private Correspondence" of Cowper, first published by his kinsman, Dr. John Johnson, in 1824.

<sup>2</sup> "My thoughts are clad in a sober livery, for the most part as grave as that of a bishop's servant. They turn, too, upon spiritual subjects; but the tallest fellow and the loudest amongst them all, is he who is continually crying out with a loud voice, *actum est de te ; peristi.*"—*Letter to Newton.*

Does it amuse you to hear *me* talk of *sorrows*? I confess that to complain would be a heinous ingratitude in me. I have had perhaps more external favours and forbearance at the hand of Providence than most persons, and I do desire to thank God; but still, there is a world within, a world that seems as vast and wonderful, and inexplicable as that without, to one who has the habit or the disease of poring inward upon it. And here, whether from imaginary fears (though these are not my great tormentors) or conflicts between inclination and duty, between a restless, ambitious, proud, and giddy soul, and a principle that strives to keep down its gigantic writhings, and labours to repress the upheavings and desperate agonies of effort, in the earthy spirit, which oftentimes gets the upper hand, and crowds under the poor weak element of piety, and triumphs in a mighty rage—here in the inner man, when the gale of hilarity, and the bustle and hurricane of business is blown over, and when religion, through sinful neglect, is not at work to make this ocean smooth,—“when,” as Hurley<sup>1</sup> says, “I am brought to face at night, or in solitude, that phantom self, which all day long I have laboured to avoid; what can be conceived more horrible!” Enough, far, far too much am I drivelling to you of this. I grant you a truce. I was going to say, just when the unruly quill took the bit in his mouth and ran away with me, that no thought has within a day or two, struck me more forcibly than this—“why do we not live as we know most assuredly we ought to live?” Why do we not obey the imperative call of duty, of gratitude, which commands us to love God with all our soul, and reiterates the extent of this demand, with all our *strength*, &c.? Why despise the call of interest? Godliness, says Jehovah, who cannot lie, (and O my slight experience enables me to say Amen with exultation,) is profitable for *all things*, having the promise of the life which now is, and that which is to come. *I know* that the love of God in the heart does fill and satisfy it, partly by filling that void which, I know as surely, ambitious thoughts, or glorious success, or wealth, or pleasure can never fill; and partly by repressing and quenching a thousand vain desires which give us incessant and fruitless anxiety. I have been ambitious—What do I say? I am this moment, in spite of God’s law, ambitious to a high degree. What has been its fruit? Am I happier? Do I not still, and will I not forever be gasping after something yet to come? something which never can come? Will fame gratify me? Will universal honour give me peace? Will a conquered world make *me* more content than my insane name-

<sup>1</sup> A Roman Catholic preacher whom he had heard in Philadelphia.

sake of Macedon? No! my experience, and universal testimony, and the word of Jehovah thunder, *No!* Did you ever read the life of Henry Martyn? If you have not, upon the strength of our friendship, I charge and entreat you to do so. My present perusal of it is about the sixth, which for me, who seldom read any book through, is strong proof of esteem. If there is on earth or on record a character which I love more than that of H. Martyn, I know it not. To meet *him* in heaven is a wish that burns intensely in my heart.

Upon taking the highest honours at Cambridge, an honour which ennobles a man in the eyes of the whole British nation, and gives him a name in the whole world of letters, and for which he had for four years laboriously toiled—he said: “I have grasped this bubble *honour*, and it vanishes in my hand,”—and thenceforward renounced the world and himself, and became a self-denied and honoured servant of God. Could I tread in his steps, I should feel no envy for the highest potentate, or the greatest scholar upon this footstool. And why cannot you and I, as well as Martyn, take up our cross and follow Christ? It is not that the gate is not thrown wide open. Every page of Scripture gives the lie to such a thought. It is solely because the way is so strait, that our worldly pleasures, our gods, our palpable enjoyments, (which lie close to us and are therefore appreciated,) our joys which are merely terrene cannot accompany us.

I have sometimes been inclined to murmur at the idea that we must *deny ourselves*, that we must give our *whole souls* to God, that it is impossible to “love the world” without being “the enemy of God,”—and to shrink from that yoke which, to my dim eye, seemed to bring no indemnity for the loss of good things; but the demands of the Scripture are inexorable, and it is not until we are willing to receive the whole truth and to obey it, that we can pretend to be willing to be saved. It is not because the gate of entrance is inaccessible, that I have felt my stubborn soul unwilling to strive to enter in. It is because it is too low for my pride, and too arduous for my indolence. “Believe,” is a price too small, and “Work out your salvation with fear and trembling,” a labour too great for unsanctified human nature. Is it instruction as to what we are to do that we need? He that has his Bible needs nothing else. Is it assistance in doing what we know is duty?

“Were half the words thus vainly spent,  
To heaven in supplication sent,  
Our cheerful song would oftener be,  
Hear what the Lord has done for me.”

Cowper.

Monday, May 17th.

Dr. ——— preached last night; the general impression left by his performance, was that his manner was by far too light for the pulpit. I think so too. He prayed that God would destroy and eradicate “*that cursed superstition*” (Popery) from South America. Such language I think not only unchristian, but upon his own principles, without foundation. The popish creed does contain, shrouded in great superstition, I confess—but still it does contain, the great fundamental saving doctrines of the Bible. Better far would it be to curse those doctrines which many in our communion hold, to wit, that every thought of man is an immediate effect of God’s efficiency; that every blasphemous thought is, as much as every pious thought, caused by God’s immediate agency. From my soul I could curse such blasphemy as this.

NASSAU HALL, No. 25, May 21, 1824.

This is my first letter since I came into this house. I have indeed, time for nothing but the incipient duties and preparations of my new situation. I can promise you but few such voluminous reports as my last epistle. So fully am I occupied with little arrangements relative to my own accommodation and the admission of students, that I have not been at our house since yesterday morning. It requires all the effrontery which I can assume to fill my gown with any kind of effect, to sit in the focal point of vision before a hundred carping young gentlemen, on the scaffold yelep’d the stage, to march through the congregation at the foot of the refectory steps with manifold tokens of respect, and then to march at their head, and sit in state at the upper end of the long college table, &c., &c. However, in all such matters, when a thing *must* be done, I am fond of putting the best face upon it, and—“neck or nothing” going forward. I have never gained any thing by shrinking, although few have oftener made experiment of it, and shrink I will not, though my head should be the price of daring. If you wish to view an original character, and gain a study for future sketches, come hither, and I will show you my *valet de place* James McCarrier, a true born Emerald, whose delight is rendering services, and who knows no greater happiness than to be kept constantly running, and doing. The addition to college is small—6 or 7; it is seldom that a greater number is added at the commencement of the summer term. The examination of even this small band was tedious—an hour being consumed upon each. You will no doubt be pleased with the specimen of Princeton typography on the other side.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Proposals by Borrenstein for publishing a weekly paper under the title of “The Princeton Religious and Literary Gazette.”

I foresee one thing with pleasure, that occupation is ousting melancholy thoughts and musings from my mind. I have so much *real* matter for anxiety, that the creations of fancy find little room. Love and regards to those who love and regard me.

NASSAU HALL, *May*, 1824.<sup>1</sup>

When I tell you that six hours and a half is the least portion of every day which I devote to Mathematics,—and I exclude the time of recitation,—you will be ready to pardon me for writing no more. My classes, the Freshman and Sophomore, have both made considerable progress in algebra, and the problems in Bonnycastle, especially in the last editions, are truly formidable. I am visited, too, by my hopeful youth from time to time, in order to be consulted respecting difficulties. These things require labour. Yet my motto shall ever be, *Perseverando*, or as my friend and servant Jemmy McCarrier would render it, “Wid patience and perseverance, a man may open an oyster, dear, wi’ a rollin-pin.” Add to these things such items as these. With us tutors, is left all the discretionary power for preserving order. No one can change his room without our permission,—or go to the tavern, or leave the bounds in study hours, or leave the refectory, or have a meal sent out to him, or take his seat after grace, or get a letter on Sunday, &c., &c., unless we give him leave. Besides going through the college thrice a day on a round of inspection, it is our rule to send for every student who fails to come voluntarily, and render an account of his absence from his chamber. This week, it becomes my duty to preside in the refectory, to conduct morning prayers in the chapel, and two prayer meetings connected with the college, as well as to have the more minute supervision of the students, and to take care that the edifice is never, for any time, left without one officer.

I should like if I had time to enter into a more free discourse with you upon Calvinism, than we have yet had. I think the matter may be talked over more satisfactorily, with less partiality and passion, and more probability of adhering to the subject, and attaining a conclusion, on paper, than *vivâ voce*; and therefore, I avoided all mention of the matter at our last interview. I rejoice that you seem little disposed to cavil, and sneer. Too many use invective instead of argument, especially against the doctrines of our church, which, somehow or other, like their propagator himself, are “despised and rejected of men.” A dis-

<sup>1</sup> I insert the simple, incontrovertible statements that follow in this and other letters, for the benefit of such sciolists, young and old, as the boy to whom they were originally addressed.

torted view of Calvinism is often held up as a target, at which the Arminian discharges his arrows with great pomp and complacency, and marches off with his victorious laurels, won from those who hold no such doctrines as those which he opposes. With you, I find no such doctrine as that of *fate* in the New Testament, nor did any ever pretend to such a discovery, as far as my information extends. Yet like some whom you name, after reducing matters to certain ultimate principles, I am guilty of referring much that is inexplicable to the unsearchable ways of God; and I do it in common with Arminians themselves, who, unless their knowledge of human power be pitiably meagre, must yield up many points as beyond their ken; with Socinians themselves, who, professedly rejecting all mystery, are still saddled with doctrines which they cannot thoroughly explain, and from which an escape to professed infidelity cannot entirely save them. I am willing to say, with Cowper,

“ Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-failing skill,  
He treasures up his bright designs,  
And works his sovereign will.  
Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan his work in vain :  
God is his own interpreter,  
And he will make it plain.”

I know that doctrines in themselves true and important may be made instrumental in doing great evil; and if there are those concerning whom you speak, although I own that I know not whither to go in search of them, I doubt not that in their hands this doctrine must produce an ill effect. But if you mean to ask whether the belief of sovereign, unconditional election, leads, from its nature, to want of fervour in piety and preaching, I would not hesitate a second to say *no*, with full assurance of being able to sustain my negative by a host of examples. I would not propose this as a test of the truth of a doctrine, although if victory over an opponent were my aim, I would ask no better ground. Look around you, and answer to your own self, your own inquiry. Think you that the Arminian clergy are the most ardent men, or that they evince more zeal than our own preachers? Was Luther indifferent to the soul's interests of men when he thundered so nobly for God and truth? and yet he states the doctrine with a harshness which I dare not imitate. Was Martyn, was Newton, were Dr. Scott, Edwards, Davies, devoid of anxiety for the welfare of men? Was Whitefield, who traversed the earth in seeking the lost sheep; or Brainerd, whose labours in a solitary wilderness terminated his life, destitute of

fervid benevolence? Yet all these men did assert most stoutly the hateful doctrine of election, even that "God hath chosen some, in Christ, unto everlasting life, out of his mere free grace and love, without any foresight of faith, or good works, or perseverance in either of them, or any thing in the creature, as conditions, or causes moving him thereunto, and all to the praise of his glorious grace." And what shall I say more, for time would fail me to tell of Eliot, and Buchanan, and Schwartz, and Ward, and Carey, and Marshman, and (as I should say if speaking to one of my own belief) of the great teacher and defender of the doctrine, the zealous and indefatigable apostle of the Gentiles. Indeed, if you inquire who they are that in every place are most zealous for the Lord of hosts, you will find them men who delight to dwell upon God's sovereignty, and man's guilt and impotence. The Methodists, to be consistent, ought to cleave to these doctrines, for they do hold, and contend for the sister truths of abounding grace; and the fervour of their zeal may be attributed to the influence of these doctrines. Upon *this* principle, I proceed in forming my own opinions. The Bible speaks the truth. The Bible teaches this, or that—ergo, This and that are true. The syllogism is reversed with many persons. Thus they argue: The Bible speaks nought but the truth. This or that doctrine is not the truth. Therefore, the Bible does not teach this or that doctrine. I speak logically for conciseness. The major of the first syllogism I have proved to my own satisfaction. If I had not, I would cease to give myself any trouble about religion. The minor is, to me, clear as day; and I have been forced into it by stress of absolute conviction. I ask for no further proof. Explanation I may require, but it would seem most philosophical, first to discover what the Bible does say, and then to ask why it does say so. Now all metaphysics apart,—although all metaphysics, as I have no doubt a brief study of the controversy would convince you, bears with full power in favour of Calvinism. *Read your Bible.* If you believe it firmly to be the word of God, you are fully prepared to commence the investigation. If you do not, without scruple, without the figment of a doubt, fully rest on it as a rule infallible, then cease, I pray you, to query with regard to doctrine. You cannot be satisfied as to the truth of a proposition, until you have a plenary reliance upon the testimony. Examine your reasons for believing the Bible to be God's word. What are they? Unless you can answer this satisfactorily to your own mind, pause, and investigate this base of all religious argumentation. Suppose that you should meet in the Bible this day, such a text as this, "He that sinneth *once*, shall forever be damned, and that with-

out the possibility of atonement or rescue." How would it affect you? Would you believe it? If you continued to inspect the page, and still continued to find these words, and could find no escape or evasion, would you believe them? If not, then your confidence in the Bible is yet wavering. I hold myself ready to believe all and every the contents of the Bible. On reading such a text as that which I have made, I should, no doubt, be startled; I might doubt whether I understood it; I might suspect it to be an interpolation; but as soon as this doubt should be removed, so soon should I believe that proposition. The Unitarian, in such circumstances, says,—it is false, therefore God has not said it; therefore, though how it came there, I am unable to explain, yet believe it I will not. Evidently he is now tearing up the foundations of all his previous creed. He has proved, or he ought to have proved to his own mind, that the Scriptures are the word of God, and that all which they contain is true, or he ought to have some infallible touchstone by whose aid to discriminate between the true and the false. To make our own limited views and knowledge this touchstone, is obviously irrational; for thus the Hindoo who reads the Bible would reject the unity of the Godhead; the Mussulman would reject the spirituality of the Christian paradise; the lover of sin would denounce the doctrine of eternal punishment; and every carnal heart would answer against God, and say, "Why hast thou made me thus?" Our only firm footing is here.

A book comes to us purporting to be a revelation from God. Examine the proofs which it brings to substantiate this claim. If they are incontrovertible, believe the book, and believe every word in it. If they are insufficient, burn the volume. Now I think that the Bible tells me that there are three persons in the Godhead, and I believe it, as I believed my father when he told me that the earth moved round the sun, although my senses flatly contradicted it. And I think that God tells me in the Scriptures that "he hath chosen us in Christ before the foundation of the world,"—"*that* we should be (not *because* we should be) holy, and without blame before him in love." I cannot read Rom. viii. 30, and doubt whether sanctification be the cause of our election, or election of our sanctification. So 2 Tim. i. 9. We are "*created* in Christ,"—the expression is a notable one—"unto good works, which God hath ordained that we should walk in them." Can those works thus foreordained be the foundation of our election? Say so, and you embrace a difficulty liable to all the objections which can be urged against our doctrine. In the third chapter of the confession of faith you may find my creed on this subject. This is, what our church calls it, a high mystery, and



yet not more so than a thousand other credible truths. And as to its repugnance to reason, I see it not. Does the certainty that an act will take place destroy the liberty of the agent? Yet this certainty is what God's decree secures, and it does no more.

However, as I shall never cease to say—read your Bible; and if you read it candidly, I care not what else you read not. This simple means led Luther, and Calvin, and Melancthon, and Hamilton to the truth, from the corruptions of popery. This simple means brought the candid and pious Dr. Scott from Socinianism to Calvinism. And God's word has never failed to enlighten those who peruse it with sincerity.

*June 1st.*

The first of May I spent in your company, free from all cares, and all regular employment; this day finds me as closely chained to business as was ever a galley slave. Yet business is my balm, the *panacea* for all my ailings, and therefore I never can complain of the greatest amount of active useful labour, which it is possible for me to undergo.

I have been reading Irving's orations again; particularly the latter parts of his Argument, and my admiration for the man increases with every nearer view. If any living writer may be said to think for himself, Irving is that man: and even if he often draws hasty and incorrect conclusions, who would not pardon them, when the general character of the work is so manly and independent? His affectation ceases, already, to appear so to me. His defence of eternal punishment is one of the most commanding arguments I ever read.

None of the casualties which you mention have yet befallen your tutor. Indeed, matters have proceeded, as yet, very swimmingly. There has been no act of the faculty this session calculated to excite the indignation of the young gentlemen, and until that takes place we may expect peace and safety. Open disrespect has never been shown to any of the present tutors during the eighteen months which they have spent here, and although, out of doors, and behind their backs, I have heard them reviled, and calumniated, and ridiculed, yet they tell me that they have never, even in the times of highest excitement, met with any thing short of external courtesy. I can certainly say this much for the manners of our students, that I never received more universal and continued deference from any persons whatever. I know, from my own recollections, that even when young men talk in the most braggadocio style, and vow eternal vengeance on their teachers, they are as meek as lambs in their presence. You would smile at the difference in the manner of a young man

when he struts among his mates in the campus, and when he comes, with all possible humility, to ask leave to go into the town, or to be excused from recitation. Our laws are so well digested, and our discipline so exact, that, except in cases of general rebellion, no student dares to offer indignity to any officer. The faculty are always united in supporting their own authority, and the trustees in backing the faculty; and dismissal or expulsion is what no young man, however depraved, will hazard for nothing. Their tricks are tricks of fear. They are done always under cover of darkness, and are generally such as it would disgrace them among their own comrades to avow. As to personal danger, I believe that a park of cannon would not keep me from what I think is my sworn duty. Strength of nerve I have not, but I am mistaken greatly if I dare not face any danger which these walls can ever harbour. Every student who falls under discipline, as many must, looks on the person who exercises it as his personal enemy; and hence, rancour and hatred I *do* expect. Every one who is guilty and suffers punishment, makes up the best story possible, to clear his character; and as the faculty make no official statements, these accounts from the culprits are those which gain currency. So that calumny and contempt I expect. Yet I know that the straightforward line of duty never led man wrong. I may suffer in a thousand ways, but if I am permitted to act conscientiously, then may I say, *Integer vito*, &c. I think—for I use the confidence of friendship—that without vain boasting, I can say, that my determination is to make the rule of duty my only rule in my new station. College popularity is a wind that is forever shifting, you know not why or wherefore, and it seldom long fans the faithful officer. For so changeable a thing, and a thing so worthless, let me never go a hair's breadth out of my way.

You speak with justice of the formality of ministers. It is a woeful truth, and it is with shuddering that I anticipate adding myself to the venerable corps which contains already so many drones. Yet there are those who, bating the inevitable imperfections of nature, are what their Saviour directed them to be; and perhaps the reason why they seem to be so few is, that they do not seek the glare and bustle of publicity, and pompous anniversaries. My own favourite Moravians do seem to have caught some of the apostolic spirit.

Your notions respecting the conduct of professors of religion, as far as you have clearly defined them, seem to contain a great deal that is true. Christians do, too much, connive at the levity and thoughtlessness of the world, although I think that, *cæteris paribus*, whatever is lawful and expedient for a non-professor, is

lawful and proper for a professor of religion. It is every man's duty to love God, and therefore all the self-denial and obligations resulting from this love are the duty of every man. A *profession* of faith, is merely one of these resulting duties. God forbid that I should say aught in exculpation of our brotherhood; our guilt is rank; yet I sometimes think that the "world" who keep not *one* commandment, take an inconsistent pleasure in criminalizing the "church," who endeavour to obey in some. As for myself, I feel a daily compunction for my failings. There cannot, surely, be a human creature less satisfied with himself than I. In religion, in moral principle, in every branch of attainment and character, I see myself far, far below what I desire to be, and often can I enter into the spirit of the Apostle's remarks, Rom. vii. 14-25. I confess that I see very little in the selfish, secluded, torpid devotion of the monk, which savours of the glowing, expansive, ever *active* piety of the Apostles. I know too much of solitude to have very romantic ideas of the piety which is generated by it. Spleen and moroseness gain more rapid growth in the cell, than benevolence and humility.

Cicero comes next upon the docket. It requires no great independence of soul to think him a master in eloquence. This I do, and my conviction of his just claim to that character, increases with every new approach towards familiarity with his writings. I do not, it is true, rise into the raptures which some affect, and which a few may feel, and for this simple reason, I am not sufficiently versed in the Latin language. Every Frenchman who has been in America six months, knows more of English than I do of Latin; and yet who would set up such a man as a judge of the merits of Shakespeare? And believe me, the peculiar circumstances which render the latter writer obscure, exist in a threefold degree, with regard to the orator. Yet his invectives against Catiline, and especially the peroration "Pro Milone," I have felt, and felt in a manner that assured me how powerfully his words must have smitten the souls of those who listened.<sup>1</sup> Demosthenes I have never felt, and yet I dare not suspect a moment, that he was not a noble orator. I do not profess myself able to judge. I cannot feel the Greek language, and I can hardly feel the Latin. But the claims of these men do not rest on what may strike *us*, nor even on the universal suffrage of scholars, (I say universal, for with the exception of a few wrongheads, who would rather broach a new lie, than submit to

<sup>1</sup> In May of this year, he contributed to the National Gazette, ("from the portfolio of a solitary student,") an article on "Cicero de Amicitia;" and in July, another on "Middleton's Life, and Melmoth's Epistles of Cicero."

believe an old truth, I know none competent to judge who have dissented,) the effects, the unparalleled effects at the time, declare beyond all contradiction how eloquent, how superhuman were their powers.

Aikin's lines upon Melancholy, &c., have much reason in them. *I know*, as to my own case, that placidity of mind is the sole preventive and remedy. "Is not this like saying that ease of body is the best preventive of rheumatism?" Not exactly. Quiet of mind, equally removed from the intoxication of company and the intoxication of study; the medium between jollity and spleen, it is in the power of a man to whom belongs "*mens sana in corpore sano*" to preserve. This quiet is to be found, not in the bustle of life, not in the palæstra of literary ambition, not in mystic ravings, not in that most variable and tyrannous of all pursuits, authorship, but in a life of gentle, virtuous, regular business.

I have been confined to the house almost all this day, by the rain, so that I get more time than usual for writing. But when I do sit down to write, after the fatiguing, but pleasing studies of the day, my pen and my thoughts move heavily, and remind me of men whom I have seen walking home after gorging at a great dinner, hardly able to draw one foot before the other. For want of something better, I send you some lines which accompanied a bouquet, sent last summer to a little girl:

Perhaps these flowers, so fragrant now, and fair,  
 Culled from their native stalk with nicest care,  
 Ere thy young hands have touched them, or thine eye  
 Has hailed the promised gift, shall fade and die.  
 Thus, ev'n in tasting, vanish all our joys,  
 Frail as our clay-built frame, mere transitory toys.  
 These various petals, bright as clouds of eve,  
 From God's creative touch their hues receive;  
 These tints so exquisite, this gorgeous frame  
 So richly coloured, from his pencil came.  
 Yet heaven-born as they are, and to the sight  
 Of wond'ring eyes, too sweet to know a blight;  
 Still must they fade, their season is a span  
 Brief, gay, and brilliant, like the life of man,  
 Seen, like a flash, through midnight clouds to quiver—  
 A moment brightly seen—then gone forever.  
 Use wisely then these flowrets, while they last,  
 Quaff all their sweetness—or if thou canst cast  
 Some charm about their evanescent bloom,  
 That may prolong their day,—postpone their doom—  
 Or perpetuity to odours give,  
 Formed but a little season fresh to live,—  
 This do—and kindly, from the withering breath  
 Of blasting heat release these heirs of death.  
 But shall no tender wish my gift attend?

Yes, dearest ——, thy early, unchanged friend,  
 Prays from his inmost soul, that every grace  
 These emblem flowers can picture—in thy face,  
 Thy form, thy manners, and thy opening mind,  
 In sweetest harmony may be combined ;  
 And by some charm of richest heavenly dew  
 Guarded from all that withering blasts can do.  
 And when from Earth transplanted, may'st thou bloom  
 In a new Paradise beyond the tomb.

Do you ever read Wordsworth? I should very much like to get a copy of his Lyrical Ballads. I wish the men who so belabour him in their critiques, would borrow from him a little of that rare originality and poetic fire which sometimes shine out among his quaint and childish thoughts. Have you ever skated? Then read this:

“ So through the darkness and the cold we flew,  
 And not a voice was idle : with the din,  
 Meanwhile the precipices rang aloud :  
 The leafless trees and every icy crag  
 Tinkled like iron : while the distant hills  
 Into the tumult sent an alien sound  
 Of melancholy, not unnoticed, while the stars  
 Eastward were sparkling clear, and in the west  
 The orange sky of evening died away.”

O I feel it! I feel it! and it breathes into my soul all the soft recollections of just such a scene, a long, long time ago, when I was all sport and frolic. This accurate description, whether of objects of perception or consciousness, is, after all, what most enters into my heart. Here is a quotation that will bear studying, and I confess it moves me not a little. [Then followed the familiar lines, beginning :

“ Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting.”]

June 7th.

Had a cracker about two o'clock on the night before last ; it was exploded at the prayer-hall door, which it burst open, about 25 yards from my head. I was not certain what it was that had awakened me, until my room was filled with powder-smoke, which came in through the glass ventilator above my door. No bones broken yet. Indeed the *physical* inconveniences of my station I do not regard one straw.

If you see a man in Philadelphia dressed in a Tartan plaid frock coat, with a cape,—note him. He is a captain in the regular service of the British. By his costume you may know him to be eccentric, but you must see him more closely to know all about him. He is a man of considerable property, living

upon full pay, a bachelor, on an indefinite furlough, and yet is as economical as a miser, and as laborious, in teaching a school, as a pauper, and all from a purity and benignity of motive that I have hardly ever known in any other man. I know him to have given \$2,000 in private charity during the last year. He lived thirteen years in India, is a thorough master of the Telinga, Hindoostanee, and Persian languages, and more than all, shows in the fervour of his conversation, and the beneficence and kindness of his life, that he is a sincere Christian. If you wish to see benevolence personified, see Capt. —.

NASSAU HALL, June 19, 1824.

I think I shall throw up *gazetteering*. It is my desire, I confess, to leave something behind me that may testify, after my death, that I have not been altogether a useless stock in this world; but ten years will not be too much to spend in secret meditation before thinking of such a thing. If I die within that time, God's will be done. If I live, I shall be able to have matured my crude and now only germinating notions, and to judge what may, or may not, do good. Hear a short translation from *Herder*, a German philosopher: "With the greatest possible solicitude avoid authorship. Too early, or immoderately employed, it makes the head waste, and the heart empty, even were there no worse consequences. A person who reads only to print, in all probability reads amiss; and he who sends away through the pen and the press, every thought, the moment it occurs to him, will, in a short time, have sent all away, and will become a mere journeyman of the printing office, a *compositor*, "ein blosser Diener der Druckerey, ein Buchstabensetzer." This, from a fortunate author, has weight.

NASSAU HALL, June 21, 1824.

The one simple question with me is, "what says the Scripture?" Unless we become as little children, we cannot enter into the kingdom of God, and in no point is the unquestioning humility of a child of God more put to the test, than in receiving doctrines which even in apostolic times, were rejected and opposed. Very few Pharisees ever came to Christ and those who did, were not wont to inquire of him how far his doctrine tallied with their preconceived opinions, but simply to believe. I beg you to remember, that I do not stake myself to answer for all, nor for any of the faults of Calvinists; I am not desirous in the slightest degree, of vindicating God's character against those who choose to accuse his doctrines of inconsistency with any doctrine whatever of free-will, or free-agency. "If any man will do his

will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God," and I know not that he has anywhere promised to make plain, to a mind that is unwilling to obey his first commandment, those decrees which he has of his good pleasure chosen to reveal. "All the disputes between us and the Arminians may be reduced to these two questions: 1. Is God dependent upon man, or is man dependent upon God? 2. Is man a debtor to God, or is God a debtor to man?" Please to ponder upon them. According to Arminianism, as I have heard, grace has the name, but free-will has the game. But enough: and to use the words of the same minister whom I last quoted, "One moment's communion with God is worth all the controversial writings in the world"—and this communion I would fain have you to know.

[After mentioning what he considered his spiritual declension, for the last six months, the letter continues.] But I thank his name that he has caused the solitary reading and devotion of this my privacy to arouse me to some sense of the realities of religion. My determination now is this—and may God prevent my falling again by the hands of my adversary—henceforward to "seek the righteousness of God," "knowing that all other things shall be added unto me." "Henceforward let no man trouble me, for I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus." I can enter with a sweetness which I never before experienced, into these words, Gal. iii. 8-19, and address them fervently to you. And, my dear friend, let me exhort you from a heart that knows no insincerity upon this subject, to seek, or rather *accept* that righteousness of God which he condescends to offer. "What am I to do?" say you? This is the work, saith Jesus, which he requireth of you, to believe on him whom he hath sent. If you wish to know what belief is, and what conversion is, I could not refer you to a better answer than that of one of the sailors on board the Thames to [Rev. C. S.] Stewart. See last Advocate.<sup>1</sup> Truly the wind bloweth where it listeth, and ye hear the sound thereof, but cannot tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth. So is every one who is born of the Spirit. You have turned over the Bible, and you have, I can say, without oracular insight into your heart, you have tried various ways of becoming pious; you have done this and that, and are perhaps wondering where that change so much spoken of is to be found. You have sought relief to your mind by endeavouring to shrink from those doctrines of God's sovereignty which you cannot but

<sup>1</sup> "It is not any thing you have done or can do. It is only believing and trusting to what Christ has done: it is having your sins pardoned and soul saved, because he died and shed his blood for sin, and it is nothing else."

see in the literal text of almost every book in the New Testament. Now answer to your own conscience; I do not assume the part of a questioner, or ask for an answer—Have you any free-will to be a Christian? If you have, why then, I am ready to cease inquiring of you; for this unanswerable question stares you in the face, Why am I not holy? If your heart is like mine, it is a sink of uncleanness, and so long as you endeavour to conceal this from yourself, you do but err. If you are able, from being dead in trespasses and sins, to raise yourself to life, (forgive the solecism; it lies in the absurd doctrine,) then why ask for assistance any longer? Arise and stand up in the perfection of Christian character. Look back on your past life, and tell me how many free acts you ever did. Did you ever do one thing, or take one step, which was not the effect of some preceding view or feeling? If you have, name it, and I will grant you the freedom of your will. Can you will to be everlastingly miserable? Sit down and try; and then say whether your will is free: if it is as much dependent on motives as the wheels of a watch on the spring, it is about as free. If it is not absolutely and literally *independent*, in all possible cases, to call it *free* is nugatory. The carnal mind, believe me, is enmity against God, and is not subject to his will, neither indeed can be. You must be born again. You may marvel, as did Nicodemus; and yet if I have told you earthly things, and you believe not, if the first doctrine of the Bible is beyond your comprehension, how shall you believe if I tell you of heavenly things? how shall the inscrutable and eternal things of God be clear to you?

Are you desirous of being converted to God, or does your pride cause you to reject the humbling terms of the Gospel? The gate of the kingdom is strait, and pride must crouch low before that little wicket gate can be entered. Now, answer conscience, and not me. Suppose God to judge of your desire to be converted by the means which you use, and the earnestness and importunity with which you use them, what do you suppose would be his estimate of the anxiety which you manifest? Answer to him, how many times you have earnestly sought in his word for the means of salvation. Ah! have you not oftener asked of man? or have you asked at all? I feel no hesitation in saying here as elsewhere, Go straight to the Scriptures. Secularians may squabble as they please, yet I have no fear in directing any one to go to the fountain head, the Bible. You may say that you have. How many days did you ever devote to it? how many anxious nights? If the body, instead of the undying soul, was in peril, you would scarce think of aught beside. Remember the word is *strive* (*αγωνίζετε*) to enter, &c. And I pre-



diet that unless your eyes are opened by his Spirit that you will find no sweetness there; therefore pray, and that not in half-earnest, for that wisdom which he has promised to give to all who ask.

NASSAU HALL, *July 10, 1824.*

I begin by informing you that I have finally been humbled by the *prostration* of my own will, which has been since birth free only to evil, to the point of entire submission to God. I have been a false and hypocritical professor, but God has in mercy brought me to a view of my utter impotence, of the justice of the law which would condemn me to eternal wrath, and of my being helpless in the hands of an Almighty Avenger. Henceforward, my single aim is, to submit myself to God as an instrument in his hands to be used for what he chooses. Death would be a release, should it come this instant; and except to do God's work, I desire not to breathe another moment. You talk of election, &c. Depend upon it you will ever sink into an abyss of perplexity and deeper and still deeper confusion, until you renounce a dependence upon your own powers of intellect. Spiritual vision or faith is as different from intellectual vision or mere belief (in a human sense) as their objects are diverse. The one is conversant with naked speculations which might forever play about the head and communicate no spark of heat. The other is the gift of God. If any man will do the will of God he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God. Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and you shall be saved, and a part of this salvation is a knowledge of the truth. Christ is "made unto us knowledge," when you have received power to be the son of God through him, then shall you see in him all that it is necessary for you to know. Read 1 Cor. i. 18-31. It is the Spirit that teacheth. 1 Cor. ii. 6, 7, and 10 and 14. If you wish to understand these things let me direct you to the Scriptures. Quere. How many days did you ever devote exclusively to the prayerful reading of the Bible? And how great is the probability of your understanding it until you dig in it as for choice treasure? And how great is your anxiety on the subject, if you have never given even a week to the book? Are you not more fond of reading human discussions on the subject, than of going to the fountain-head? Do you not often dispute in your own mind certain propositions before you have had them fairly defined? Are you not a little afraid of finding certain doctrines in the Bible if you should search it too closely or candidly? If this doctrine should stand out prominently as a declaration of the word of God, "God will damn all men;" would you believe it? If God should thunder

it in your ear would you believe it? If you would not, then you would be making God a liar; the very essence of that unbelief which keeps us from him. You wish to believe not as the word of God, but as the word of man; not because God says it, and you humbly credit whatever he says, but because it is demonstrated to you. At this rate you may become a grand skeptic, but never a Christian. If you do not come to the Scriptures with a mind equally willing to believe one thing as another, you come with a bias, you come without believing it to be the word of God, and you come in vain. Now observe, I assert nothing to be believed upon my *ipse dixit*, or that of any human creature. Please to read over in connexion, without stopping for any difficulties, or quarrelling about any doctrine, the gospel by John; read it three or four times; and if you do not see that the Scripture is clear and consistent, and plain, too, if we were not blinded by the God of this world, then I forfeit my character.

NASSAU HALL, *September 20, 1824.*

You have here another prospectus of another Princeton work which I trust will prove honourable to us, and useful to the cause.<sup>1</sup> The election of our next Professor of Languages is a matter of considerable interest to us at this time. I would hope that it might be Professor Patton, of Middlebury. He is a ripe scholar in modern as well as ancient languages, has made his researches upon the European continent, and in his private manners is said to be highly interesting.<sup>2</sup>

You suggest to me to write something on "Irving." The fact is just this, I should like to do it very well, but I feel no motion that way at present. I have not that enviable self-command which enables some men to decree that they will do this or that, and then sit down and effect it. I must take myself when I am in the notion of it. I must humour myself. Most of my scribbling is done at single sittings, and *currente calamo*. When I am full of a particular subject, and find that the ink will run, I usually drive the quill to its utmost, which is sometimes only ten lines. That I ever finished any thing, I dare not aver. I count those productions happy which have a beginning and an end, and of course are fit for the press. I would almost engage

<sup>1</sup> The hope has been abundantly realized, for the work referred to was the *Biblical Repertory*, the publication of which was begun in 1825, and is still continued, under the same editor, with the second title of "Princeton Review." The original proposals are "for the periodical publication of a collection of dissertations, principally in Biblical Literature. By Charles Hodge, Professor," &c.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Robert B. Patton was elected.

to send you beginnings of essays enough to make your fortune, if you will only tack bodies to them. The enclosed tractate I did intend to purge and perfect, and perhaps make the first of a series, but for reasons like those above, I can't promise. If Walsh takes it, very well; if not, it may sleep among its brethren.

I pray you if you are going to write to me about La Fayette, that you will find out something new, or something that he is doing *himself*. I hear a great deal about what they are doing to him, taking him here and taking him there; but it might be the College shoe-black as for any life or character that there is in it. I am heartily sick of it, and make a point of skipping every column in the paper which has his name in it.

PRINCETON, October 2, 1824.

From amidst all the delightful confusion of vials, porringers, spoons, bowls, boxes, and the other paraphernalia of a sick room, with a head muddled with a week's debauch upon opium, and my whole person redolent with Castor oil and ipecacuanha, with griping, with retching, in short among all the little *agrémens* of a confinement with the dysentery, I am (by stealth) inditing you an epistle. On the day of La Fayette's transit, I was seized, after having had the honour, if honour it can be called, when conferred on all, of handling his fist, and gorging myself at what they were pleased to call a cold collation. I trust that I am getting well now, although I feel a lamentable feebleness in all my limbs, and a weakness in body and in brains. I scarcely know why it is, but so contrary is my disposition, that the occurrences of life operate upon me in a manner seemingly opposite to their natural tendencies. I am never less solemn than when on a sick bed; perhaps, in this case, because I have been drunk with opium all the time. I know that I ought to feel the solemnity of the occasion, but it is all the reverse. On the contrary, in the crowd, and in the *fête*, in the merry circle, I am most ready to have a long face, to feel a great vacuity, and to be deeply impressed with the emptiness of the world. Amongst other memorabilia of this siege, witness the following:

AD J. W. A. HEXAMETR. 5.

Crede mihi, juvenis docilis, me maxime tædet  
 Audire ægrotum esse virum, tam longe celebrem.  
 Pulveribus (quid tu Anglicè vocas?) te cumulârint,  
 Et medicus, veneranda materque, Aneliza, niger Ned.  
 Nunc spero finemque, quem tibi sero dederunt.

J. A. A.

PRINCETON, *October 27, 1824.*

I am safely arrived at home, and find myself surrounded by all those peaceful enjoyments which one never relishes so much as after a short absence. I have little to communicate to you in the way of news or adventure. My passage in the steamboat was like most other steamboat passages, tedious and uninteresting; enlivened a little, however, by the company of two or three Spanish Americans, with one of whom, a young fellow from Cuba, I contrived to scrape an acquaintance. He was going to Mr. Brown's school at Lawrenceville. He informed me, probably erroneously, that it was the purpose of the Colombians to blockade Havana within three weeks. I have read "Redwood," and am much pleased with it. I think it may well rank with the Pilot and Pioneers. As a novel, it undoubtedly excels either, the style is chaste and beautiful, and the conversations as natural as any I have seen. Yet in description of scenery it is much inferior to Cooper's works. I still think that it scarcely merits the wonderful encomiums of the British Critics. I can assure you that Princeton is an exceedingly dull place in vacation, and I am forced to study with all my might as a refuge from ennui. I am looking between the covers of some Italian books, and intend to revise my German. It seems to me that Walsh's Gazette is very barren of any thing literary. I wish you would take up your pen. I know you will retort the request and therefore have my answer ready. I have thought of it repeatedly, and invoked the Muse, demon or what not, until I am despairing of ever again being in a writing mood. Surely there is nothing more thoroughly beyond the reach of a man's volitions (Dr. Johnson to the contrary notwithstanding) than the ability to write, not verses merely, but prose. I can think of no subject, and when I get a subject, I can engender no ideas.

NASSAU HALL, *November 17, 1824.*

I am now safely lodged in my cell in College, unmolested by the shrieks of children, or any form of domestic broils. And never did I feel so unspeakably listless, and insufferably lazy, as at this present time. Think yourself favoured if you get from me any thing like an intelligible or coherent letter. There is as yet no Freshman class, and I have but one class to instruct, and that upon a subject which I have attended to before, so that my labours are greatly diminished, and my diligence is inversely as my leisure. I have as yet done nothing like real and regular study. I have read Chaucer until I was tired, and then Jeremy Taylor, and then Brown's Philosophy, that poem under the guise

of Metaphysics, and then taken a nap, or ruminated over the coals of a hickory fire, or scribbled somewhat of crude nonsense in my Book of Scraps, and thus pass my days. I must try to give you my notions of these several books. With Chaucer I have been highly gratified—excepting of course those grossly indelicate passages which should never have seen the light. There is a wonderful degree of natural incident, and simple, accurate description in his poems. Some of his tales are highly amusing, and some very tender and pathetic. The *Knights tale* is an admirable Romaunt, full of delightful strokes of native feeling. The *Nonne's Preestes tale* is an admirable piece of humour, in which a cock and hen moralize in wondrous manner. The second *Nonne's tale* is a highly wrought Catholic legend, yet sweet and moving. The *Prioress's tale*, has some passages of great beauty. The little Christian martyr, walking through the canton of the Jews, sings loudly :

“ As I have said, thurghout the Jewerie  
 This litel child, as he came to and fro,  
 Ful merily than wold he sing and crie  
*O Alma Redemptoris!* ever mo.  
 The swetenesse hath his herte persed so  
 Of Cristesmoder, that to her to pray  
 He cannot stint of singing by the way.”

As to the dialect, though perplexing at first, it soon becomes familiar. The Sermons of Bishop Taylor have been ranked among the finest prosaic specimens of imaginative writing. I never read any works which exhibit such an unrippled flow of easy, luxuriant thoughts, and rich illustration and similitude. There is nothing in modern writing like him. Irving reminds one of him. And by the way, I have had with me a friend just from Europe who heard both Chalmers and Irving. He gives the former greatly the preference. Brown's Philosophy you ought certainly to read forthwith, if it were only as a specimen of magnificent writing. He unites qualities which rarely meet in one individual; clearness of thought, and patience of analytic investigation, and strong unbiassed judgment, with the most rich imagination and the purest fund of eloquent and appropriate language. I do not envy the taste of the man who would lay down his work for any novel that ever was written. Pent up as I am within these walls, and chained still more closely by *ennui*, I seldom exert myself so much as to visit in the town. There is a club, consisting of all the literary gentlemen and clergymen of the place, which I have the privilege of attending, but this is not just the thing. The Round Table, too, has its weekly meetings, but the social circle I have not. There are many

things which seem to conspire to make me an eremite. One of the principal temptations is the great facilities afforded to me for reading, as it regards leisure as well as books. Our libraries are abundant and always accessible. How it is with you I do not know; but I find it hard to prevent the dribbling away of much of my time upon periodical works and literary journals. We counted thirty journals the other day, taken by the individuals of the faculty. Our college library takes the four principal reviews, many scientific journals, &c. &c. I lounged away an hour this morning over the prize essays in the Cambridge Classical Journal, instead of studying Mathematics. It is a purpose (half-matured indeed) of mine to write a series of essays for Walsh, upon modern Latin poetry. The field is one comparatively novel, giving an opportunity for some research, some historical, biographical, and critical investigation, and one which to scholars I should suppose would prove interesting. What think you of it? I suppose you have read "Butler's Reminiscences." The book highly delighted me a year ago, and I see that you have had a very new edition of it in your city. The rules which he mentions as having guided his literary pursuits are admirable. I have had some addition made to my labours this afternoon by the arrival of a Freshman, which with a couple of private scholars in Mathematics will just about double my engagements.

NASSAU HALL, *December 6, 1824.*

I have not opened Blackstone since I saw you. The necessity of a unity in my pursuits has determined me to confine myself to theological reading—at least to the allied subjects.

I am glad that you have taken Brown in hand, the second volume I admire most, especially his remarks on, and indeed his whole theory of simple suggestion. His ideas upon virtue also pleased me very much. The lectures upon the emotions I thought less satisfactory than the rest of the work. After all, my ideas of the practical importance of metaphysics are very low. The only part of Brown which I should think absolutely useful, is the latter half of the third volume. I am, nevertheless, fond of the science; it is never dull to me. I have read no works on the subject which please me more than the articles Logic, Metaphysics, and Moral Philosophy, in the New Edinburgh Encyclopædia, written by Gordon of Edinburgh to whom Irving dedicates,—also a review of Stewart's Dissertations several years ago, in the Quarterly.—It was Brown's Cause and Effect which Fisher reviewed.<sup>1</sup> He promised a review of the

<sup>1</sup> Professor Fisher of Yale College, in the "Christian Spectator" of New Haven.

Lectures, but died before its completion. Brown's disquisitions upon touch are by no means satisfactory to me, although in the particular point of which you speak, I should think him correct. I have just concluded "Halyburton's rational inquiry into the principles of the Deists"; a heavy work, but one which displays in a masterly manner the nakedness of the Deistical creed. I am about to commence reading Edwards on the Will, a work of which some parts formerly had greatly pleased me, and which Calvinists always refer to as triumphantly decisive on their side. Chalmers, in one of his late works, mentions Edwards as the greatest of all metaphysicians; and Dugald Stewart is said to have declared that he was afraid to finish this work, lest he should become fatalist. Have you ever read Berkeley's Minute Philosopher? I recommend it as one of the most interesting books I ever read.

By the modern latin poets, I mean all such moderns as have written latin poetry, such as Vida, Casimir, Buchanan, Heinsius, Milton, &c., &c. This project I must of necessity abandon, as I have not the works of any of these excepting Buchanan. I am now almost ashamed to propose any thing more. I hope, however, ere long to transmit some sheets to you. My present monastic seclusion is truly delightful to me; uninterrupted leisure, and every facility for study, make it in all things such a situation as it would be criminal in me not to be satisfied with. Such, however, is the tendency of man to discontent, that I am continually looking forward to something in prospect; the ministry, settlement, actual labour, &c., &c., although I am firmly convinced, when I think seriously on the subject, that I shall never in this world have better means for happiness.

In French, I have lately read some of Voltaire's silly romances, *L'Ingenu* and *La Princesse de Babylon*; some of *Les Oraisons funèbres de Bossuet*, and *Sermons de Massillon*. The last of these are my favourite. I have read some of Bourdaloue and La Flechière, but they do not please me. I dare not promise myself the pleasure of a visit to Philadelphia within less time than four months. Handell's Messiah would be no slight inducement. Spring may have its charms, but winter is the season in which I delight. It is not merely because I always enjoy much better health, but because of the numerous domestic and social enjoyments of this comfortable season. And whether sitting among the lively circle at our fireside at home, or as I now do, by my own solitary but cheerful blaze, with my table spread, my candle lighted, my elbow chair adjusted, I feel nearer to contentment than in any other situation. When the nights are clear, I generally take a solitary walk about ten o'clock; this

stirs up one's romantic feelings, braces the nerves, quickens the pulse, and prepares for a sweet sleep and pleasant dreams. As you may suppose, I am cast entirely upon my own resources for entertainment; my visits at home are necessarily flying calls, and my books and pen furnish most of my amusement. After hard study, Shakespeare or Horace or the Waverleys while away an hour.

NASSAU HALL, *December 24, 1824.*

We have had some serious disturbances in the college, originating in a rupture between the two societies, and which, we were apprehensive, would end in a battle-royal; we have however seen the conclusion of it, and are in peace. There is something wonderfully inflammable in the nature of young men, which is fostered and promoted by the manner of living together, here adopted. A feeling of resentment or indignation communicates itself like electricity, and what I most wonder at, is that we have not more riots. Mr. Hodge's new work will appear on the first of next month. I have been hard at work for some days, translating some German-latin for him. I am endeavouring as much as I can to concentrate my efforts towards a direct preparation for the active services of the pulpit and congregation, reading theology, and trying to write sermons. I tried my abilities at preaching the other night at the preaching society of the Seminary, in presence of most of the ladies of Princeton. It was the first regular sermon I ever wrote. I received a very sweet affectionate letter, not long ago from Mr. Summerfield; he is stationed at Baltimore for the winter. There is a Christian simplicity about all that this man says and does, which greatly charms me. Are Indian rubber shoes for ladies to be got in your city, and at what price?<sup>1</sup> My present course of reading is not of such a nature as would be likely to interest you in the recital. Edwards on the Will, I have concluded, with great admiration of the author's profundity and acuteness, and yet with the opinion that he is unguarded in his use of language, and that his book is liable to great misrepresentation.

I am now at the *Theses de Theologia Naturali*, by Alfonzo Turretine of Geneva, a successor of Calvin, but an Arminian, an elegant and learned writer.

NASSAU HALL, *January 11, 1825.*

To be busy, is to be happy; thus says my experience; and yet this forenoon is drawing to a close without my having done more than to "clear my decks for action," as the sailors say.

<sup>1</sup> I let this item stand for the sake of noting the date at which the article inquired for was still a novelty.



And herein I find the advantage of a strict methodical division of time, which precludes the tedious discussion of that most momentous of all questions, "What shall I do next?" Wesley's rule is a capital one: "Have a time for every thing, and do every thing at its time." Such have been my meditations upon the loss of this morning. And now, to your letter. Dugald Stewart's dissertations I have read with much satisfaction. You will find that the Quarterly abuses his work, as much as the Edinburgh praises it; in this, as in most cases, I think *veritas in medio jacet*. I have not read Playfair's dissertation, although my father estimates it much more highly than Stewart's. I suspect that the rumours respecting — have their origin in his being what is called a Hopkinsian, *i. e.* a New England Calvinist. One of the main disputes among our clergy has reference to the question, "Whether Christ died for all men, or only for those who believe," and which in my opinion is a mere logomachy.

Did you read the representation made to Congress by Mr. Benton, respecting the inland trade with Mexico? It interested me very much, as all does which relates to our communication with Spanish America. I should have no objection to take an exploring tour upon that route. In looking forward upon my future course in life, I am often filled with great anxiety. There is more in our profession to give occasion to this than in others. Physicians and lawyers can generally make election of a situation for life; they need wait for no caucusing of old women, and no contested calls. They are not liable to be tossed from Dan to Beersheba without a settlement, or to submit to the indignity of setting up as candidates, and then being refused. For instance, I have not the most remote notion of my future settlement, whether I shall pitch my tent in a city or a desert, in New York or Missouri, in France or Paraguay. In truth, all that reliance upon Providence which we profess is thus brought to the test; and perhaps viewed in this light it is a useful discipline. You may think it both affected and fanatical, but I certainly see very little in this world worth living for, except to be public benefactors. This is not the result of any peculiar exercises, but arises from my daily experience of this fact, that earthly enjoyments excite, but cannot gratify; that I am daily pursuing some expected good, of which I am daily disappointed. The labours of the ministry excite most of my wishes and desires; and I confess, that to serve God in the Gospel of his Son, is the only desirable thing which I have in view. Yet I find myself daily entering with ardour upon the same pursuits which have already deluded me a thousand times. There is little new among us. An Atheneum is in projection, and will probably succeed. We

have an anatomical lecture, in addition to our other literary exercises. The first number of Mr. Hodge's new work is issued, and has a fine appearance. I am also almost ashamed to tell you that we are brooding again upon the addled scheme of a Princeton newspaper; we have some hope that it may yet succeed. As to my reading, I have despatched Butler's *Analogy*, an immortal work for its power of argument and depth of original thought; also Dr. Hartley's *Evidences of Christianity*, decidedly the best work on the subject which I have seen, and contained in the 5th volume of Watson's tracts. Either of these books would make you a good Sunday's entertainment. I generally keep a volume of the British poets upon my table, to read "between meals." With all my attention, I am unable to see any thing in Dryden to raise him to the eminence which he has attained. His versification is undoubtedly fine, and he occasionally flashes out into exquisite elegance, but in general he is one of the dullest of poets. His prose, I think, cannot be too much extolled. He, as well as Milton, Cowper, and Cowley, give the lie to the saying "that no poet can write prose." Appearances seem to indicate that all our fears are to be realized with regard to the election of General Jackson. I suppose, in that case, we must try how loyally we can support his administration. Be it known to you that I have not yet relinquished that deplorable habit of smoking the weed. I have an idea that it suits my constitution very well; and under cover of such a notion as that, a man may do any thing.<sup>1</sup>

FROM MY CELL, NASSAU HALL, *February 26, 1825.*

The success of John Q. Adams has pleased me as much as it can have done you. As to William, when he could no longer disbelieve the report, he left his beard to grow to a lugubrious length in token of his chagrin. My only fear is that the tranquil and equitable administration of our President will be somewhat *ennuyante*. I am, like other scribblers, well enough pleased with the reception of my essay.<sup>2</sup> It is one of those things which attract some attention among the good folks of Princeton, and it is amusing to hear their various conjectures as to the author.—*Byron* (to follow the items of your letter) is an author whose imagination and genius command my respect, and whose principles call forth my detestation. With all his powers, however, he is often pitiful and grovelling. *Childe Harold*, in my

<sup>1</sup> Notwithstanding this salvo, the habit proved seriously "deplorable," when his health compelled him to relinquish it.

<sup>2</sup> An article in the *National Gazette*.

view, stands far above the rest of his poems, and is the only one which will deserve the name of a classic. He seems to have been the victim of a scepticism which rather gave scope to his unhappy feelings and his perverted sensibility, than encouraged him in loose and merry libertinism. I have sometimes fancied that in his gayest passages I could discern the forced smile of a man whose sins were a heavy burden. There is no *talk* small or great in this corner of the world. Dr. Romeyn is dead—very suddenly. Dr. Milledoller is to succeed Dr. Livingston in the Theological chair at New Brunswick. Upon the 22d I had the pleasure of being fastened into my room at 2 A. M. and hearing the bell rung, horns blown, and the like noises for a season. I wish I had something interesting to send down to you, but there is an entire dearth. There is a court lately instituted among the students which affords them a good deal of talk and amusement. Addison acts as Clerk.

Have you ever read Madame de Staël's *Germany*? She has been well denominated *par excellence* the genius of her age. It is a work full of deep thoughts which, wonderful to tell, strike you as true and yet as new acquaintances. It is a most pleasing exercise to the mind to be engaged in the perusal of such a book. She wanders continually from her subject, but ever with her reader's full consent. I read her essay on the "influence of literature on society" with less pleasure. *Anatomy*—This has been my amusement for some time; with the assistance of some dry bones, and some elegant engravings by *Lizars* of Edinburgh, I have obtained a pretty good insight into Osteology. I should like the opportunity of attending a few dissections.

You talk about a sermon. What sermon? Well: let it be any sermon. Perhaps you mean one of my sermons; permit me to say that I am afraid it would do you very little good. My thoughts are so inefficient with regard to my own habits and practices, that I have very little hope that they will be more effectual when consigned to paper. Nothing to which I put my hand ever dissatisfies me so much as sermon writing. I am enough chagrined after every effort of this kind to throw the thing in the fire. Whatever complacency I may feel in any thing else, my sermons are truly mortifying to me. The ideas seem of the most unspeakably trite and shallow kind. As a *sermon*, you could not be pleased with one of mine. Let me recommend you to one Chalmers, or to good old Davies: as my composition you cannot need it, after having so full a specimen of all that I can do in that department. I could fall to work now and finish the sheet with an exhortation; and if I thought that I could induce you by it to come to the rational determination of seek-

ing an interest in that salvation which you must *know* to be paramount in its claims to all other things, I would gladly do so; but after all the unanswerable arguments of Dr. Wilson, and all the pungent appeals of Mr. Skinner, what could I say? Why has religion crept out of our letters so entirely? Perhaps it is my fault. I am indeed glad that we have got clear of polemics, but I am by no means satisfied in conscience at letting the whole matter rest. You surely know me well enough to give me notice when my advances on this subject are unpleasant, and with this safeguard I wish you would let me know how far your resolutions have been matured by all the excellent instructions which you have from the pulpit. Like the other gifts of God, religion is put *mediately* in our power; and while the established means are neglected, we must stand self-convicted. Let me beg your devout attention to these things.

I received a letter the other day from an old friend, who is very calmly awaiting death with the consumption. In him, as in many others, I have an instance of the power of religion to despoil death of his terrors. It is perhaps foolish to express such unfounded anticipations, but I have long looked forward to an early death, and in truth I see no reason to deprecate it, unless it be, that I might act a more faithful part in future.

NASSAU HALL, *March 22, 1825.*

I preached another sermon last night, [a Seminary exercise,] with as little satisfaction to myself as ever I experienced. I do sincerely hope that I shall conjure up a little more life when I come to the real work. And now to say a little upon the very interesting topic which has often entered into our correspondence, I mean the matter of personal piety, permit me to say that you are mistaken if you suppose that I will under present circumstances exhort you to a mere use of means, however assiduous and sincere, as the mode of securing salvation. I will not say to you as a minister of your city once said, "Go on, persevere, be encouraged, I have known a woman seek Christ six and thirty years, and at last find him." No: this I consider at once unscriptural and cruel. I say, repent and believe. Do it now: delay not a moment; and instead of being encouraged, be alarmed at the awful truth, that every day you remain impenitent your burden of guilt, and your lot of wrath increases. Without *faith* it is *impossible* to please him; and whatever you do before repentance is odious in his sight. Though you should weep tears of blood, and macerate your body by prayer and fasting, nothing would rescue you from the curse until you submit to God. Compare this statement with Scripture, and "judge ye

what is right." Do you say that you cannot pray aright, &c. ? Let me quote from a work of the excellent Andrew Fuller a passage in point: "What shall we say then? Seeing he cannot repent, cannot find it in his heart to *endeavour* to repent, cannot pray sincerely for a heart to make such an endeavour;—shall we deny his assertions, (viz. of inability,) and tell him he is not so wicked as he makes himself? This might be more than we should be able to maintain. Or shall we allow them, and acquit him of obligation? Rather, ought we not to return to the place where we set out, admonishing him as the Scriptures do, to *repent and believe the gospel*; declaring to him that what he calls his inability is his sin and shame; and warning him against the idea of its availing him another day." I can fancy you rising in revolt against such doctrine: I remember when my heart was stoutly and bitterly set against it; and yet no sooner had I gained any knowledge of the truth and of my own heart, than I was convinced that nothing prevented my submitting to the righteousness of God, but a wilful, wicked, stubborn aversion to his most holy law, and to the humbling terms of salvation. I know that I can in no way evince the sincerity of my friendship more, than by dealing thus plainly with you. I do greatly fear that your present views will lead you to a kind of hardened indifference which naturally grows more and more hopeless, and is but the prelude to eternal death. The repentance I urge (*μετανοια*, a change of mind) is a solemn and cordial determination of soul, to renounce sin as a thing odious, loathsome, and damning, and to embrace the service of God as infinitely excellent and desirable. I entreat you to make this most reasonable of all determinations. Make it this very day. What but a wilful enmity to God's holiness can induce you to delay? How can you venture, deliberately, to put off the solemn dedication of your heart to God even until to-morrow?

NASSAU HALL, *April 2, 1825.*

You are right in your supposition that ministerial functions will suit me better than the tedious business of teaching. I say this with great pathos, as our semi-annual examination commences on Tuesday next.<sup>1</sup> Waiving the considerations of duty and religion, the active labours of preaching, &c., will be to me peculiarly interesting; and I trust that while I live, I shall be enabled to give myself "*wholly* to these things," according to the Apostolic injunction.

Law's "Call" is a book read by vast numbers of people. It

<sup>1</sup> He spent part of the vacation which followed, in a tour to Niagara.

is a *sine quâ non* among the Methodists; and while there is much in it to which I must except, I consider it a beautiful specimen of moderated asceticism. Gibbon says of the author, that he preached not a word more than he practised. Since you are dipping into practical works, let me recommend the following to be put on your catalogue, all of which are excellent, though far inferior to *Law* in style. Baxter's "Call to the Unconverted; Edwards' "Sermons," (Pres. Jonathan,) such as are addressed to the unconverted; Davies's *ibid.*; and "The Life of God in the Soul of Man," by Scougal, a book which was blessed to the conversion of Whitefield. Let me suggest, too, the propriety of allotting a certain portion of time for such reading, and adhering rigidly to your plan. We need every constraint to pin our minds down to a subject naturally unpleasant. Our [Princeton] paper, or, as it is pompously yclept, the "American Journal," *de omnibus rebus, et quibusdam aliis*, has commenced its course. To-morrow, if a cold the twin of that incubus I had last spring will permit me, I hope to sit down at the table of the Lord in commemoration of his death. We expect an addition of nine or ten new members. With proper sentiments and affections, such seasons cannot fail to be among the happiest and most sacred of a man's life. Such they have sometimes been to me, and oh that you would cast in your lot with us, and taste and see that the Lord is gracious. You are undoubtedly convinced that your defect is a defect of heart, and not of understanding; that you view divine truth in what Bacon calls "a dry light." Now to remedy this let me exhort you to force your mind to the solemn and daily contemplation of those subjects which seem most calculated to excite tender emotion, viz., your aggravated sins, the mercy and love of Christ, &c., &c. This contemplation is best of all attained in prayer, therefore cry mightily unto God for a "new heart" and a "right spirit"; bearing in mind all the while that your solemn and tremendous obligation to keep the whole law is no whit diminished, and that you do nothing satisfactory to God until you believe in Him who has kept the whole law for you.

NASSAU HALL, *May 21, 1825.*

I have just come from a room full of laughing girls, who had most of the accomplishments which make girls interesting—laughing, simpering, assenting, languishing, bridling, blushing, capering, &c., &c., to the end of the chapter *de laqueis femininis*: yet I return to my room with as deep a shade—not on my brow, (for there my bitterest thoughts seldom wear any wrinkles,) but over my mind. But why do I tell you this—except to indulge that strange egotism which talks of self, and seeks for sym-

patry where it is least deserved. The bloom of the opening summer has less charms than usual for me, and I am denied even the comfort of a fireside, and a friend, where to unveil my strange—and you will say—irrational gloom. I can easily imagine to myself the clusters of black coats, who clog your streets, [the General Assembly,] and the crowds with itching ears who run after a favourite preacher. To me, Philadelphia would be doubly dull at this crisis; I should choose to make my visits at a more quiet season; and if matters and things go on smoothly, I flatter myself with the expectation of spending some Sunday with you, during the ensuing summer.

I have exchanged mathematics for the classics, in which it has now become my duty to instruct. Horace has usurped the place of Euclid, and I have devolved the *xs* and *ys* to my friend Aikman.<sup>1</sup> As far as mere ease is concerned, it would have been much more agreeable to have stuck to the old track, which a year's toil had made familiar.

NASSAU HALL, *May* 28, 1825.

Niagara marks an epoch in my history. Its thunders will always rise in my recollection when sublimity is mentioned. I have said, and like to say little about it, because I find all words which *I* can use utterly inadequate to convey my ideas. I have seen many drawings, and read many descriptions of Niagara, but nothing produces any thing like the true impression, except a little *morceau* of poetry [by Brainard] you once sent me, and the description by Howison in a back volume of Blackwood.

You seem desperately *ennuyé*. Read Gibbon's autobiography again; it rouses me like a bugle: or Boswell's Johnson, or Butler's Reminiscences: or sit down to hard study. Add a few grains of mathematics, and a *quant. suff.* of Lee's Pills—and you are a sound man.

I keep myself alive by constant delving: four or five hours a day at languages; relieved by a little Biography, and a little Mineralogy, with which last study I have been amusing myself a little. Any thing which you can communicate upon the subject will be interesting. No scientific book has ever interested me more than the Geological Essay of Cuvier.

Did I mention to you the pleasing acquisition I have made of a new acquaintance in Lieut. David Hunter, U. S. A., of Fort Snelling, near the Falls of St. Anthony? He is the most agreeable soldier I know. We met at Gen. Porter's, Black Rock, and travelled in company. He has resided nearly three years, 700 miles from any permanent white settlement, among the Sioux

<sup>1</sup> The late Rev. Alexander Aikman.

Indians. From him I learnt more of that region than I have ever got elsewhere. I have a huge desire to cross the ocean, "but when, or where?"—"Audax omnia perpeti, Gens humana ruit per vetitum."

NASSAU HALL, *Wednesday, June 8, 1825.*

For a month or two my mind has been in a state of painful vacillation between the wish to leave my present situation in autumn, and my desire to prolong my course of study, in compliance with the wishes of my father and friends. The peculiar circumstances of our profession render the future a gloomy void. In Canada or Missouri, in Maine or Florida, I *may* be found three years hence—but in which of these directions I shall go, no human soul can form any reasonable conjecture. For myself—as to situation, I am perfectly indifferent; always provided that I escape a large city. I am not averse to commencing with a Virginia Mission, though I have no idea of ever settling there. I should greatly prefer a high northern latitude; yet even there the summer (to me the trying season) might be intensely hot. I am too lazy ever to be a profound preacher; too desultory in my studies to secure rigid mental discipline; too whimsical to be contented; too cool and sleepy to be popular; too cautious to be efficient. With these rare qualifications, I can swim down the stream of life as well in one bark as another. To see me after dinner, gazing drowsily out of my window, with a book, mayhap upside down, or lounging among the silent walks of the vicinity, with my colleagues,—one would scarcely prognosticate much with regard to my future usefulness. I have so long acted on that delectable adage of Shakespeare's,—“No profit grows where is no pleasure taken,”—that I suffer my days and nights to flit away with scarce a memorial left in my memory or understanding. Writing is an unfailing amusement; but as to writing about Niagara, I should just as soon think of writing upon Milton's Paradise Lost. All my writing, too, goes now into our own journal. My principal rambles at Niagara were on the Canada side. Under the sheet of water at Table Rock, I was silly enough to go some distance with no increase of satisfaction. The Niagara River was high at the time, though probably not at its *maximum*. I have been informed, however, that an increase of water, by making the inequalities of the rock less, diminishes the sublimity of the cataract. Brock's Monument I thought a pitiful thing—by no means equal to your shot tower.

PRINCETON, *June 21, 1825.*

Let me, for want of something better, tell you what I have



been doing this morning. At a quarter before 5 o'clock, skipped out of bed with uncommon alacrity, and set out upon an exploring expedition in company with my good friend, Prof. Halsey, and Mr. Finch, member of the Brummagem Geological Society, a Henglishman, and a natural Istorian. Through lanes, and woods, and marshes, and meadows we made our way to a stream called Pretty Brook, alias Petty's Brook, which is the principal branch of Stony Brook. We traced this stream a mile or two, catching mussels, terrapins, bull-frogs, et hoc genus omne, picking weeds and flowers to which I found sesquipedalian names attached, examining the "red sandstone formation" (observe my proficiency) upon which Princeton is situated, and wading through puddles, and rivulets, until my feet were soaking. To variegate the scene, we went in to bathe in a mill-pond,—swam for about forty-five minutes, and taking up our baggage, reached the college at 9 o'clock. Sipped six cups of tea with the professor, looked very knowingly over a new invoice of minerals, and found myself at 10 in No. 25, where I now sit waiting every moment the three Freshmen. Having despatched a passage of the Anabasis, (I use the word in the double sense of finishing and murdering,) I proceed to answer your letter. As to inducements [to remain in Tutorship] they are many. I cannot ask more retirement, pleasanter company, greater literary and religious advantages, access to books, contiguity to the cities, competent support, good air—in fine, all externals that can make a man contented, than I have now, and have too, in the very bosom of our own family, and amid my most pleasing early recollections. As it respects the money matters, with my present \$400, board, fuel, servants, library, &c., I am in a better situation than many ministers who have a wife and family to boot. In truth, nothing but a deep conviction of duty will take me from Princeton—my second birth-place—the birth-place of all within me that can distinguish me from a mere animal. The year just closed, has been the happiest, beyond comparison, in my life.

I have been turning my attention towards Mineralogy and Geology as a matter of amusement. I wish you would do the same; it would give us something to talk about, render travelling more interesting, and keep us alive in the warm months. You have great facilities, and the Schuylkill minerals are noted. We might accommodate one another by an exchange of specimens, though, by the by, I have none to barter. Some pieces of Talc and Mica from your vicinity would please me. Is there such a place as the Adelphi Mills—some such name, four miles from Philadelphia? I am told that there are fine specimens of graphic granite there, &c., &c. I have just read in addition to

Cuvier, Hayden's Geological Essays, am digging into Cleaveland, omitting for the present his Crystallography, and comparing the minerals here with his descriptions. I hate to be alone, and want your countenance. We have lately received for our Mineralogical cabinet a box of Italian specimens, presented by R. Lenox, Esq., of N. Y. They contain, besides volcanic productions, many beautiful petrifications of fish, perfectly preserved, and of flowers so distinct, that you would think them artificial castings; also an extensive *hortus siccus* of Italian flowers. Mr. Halsey has already added about 250 articles to the cabinet, and is every day turning in something new. We expect to get Dr. Hosack's likeness to adorn the room where his donations are deposited. He is one of the few Alumni who remember Alma Mater.

Summerfield has indeed gone to his rest; for truly I never doubted less with regard to any man's salvation. He bore the insignia of a crucified Saviour too manifestly and constantly, to leave any doubt as to his union with him. I have two letters from him which I prize, as you may suppose, with a reverence and affection most peculiar. In my view of his character, his public performances, remarkable as they were, form a part far less prominent than his private manners, virtues, and Christian amiability. I never expect to see his like.

PRINCETON, July 4, 1825.

On this day of tumult and outrageous mirth, I am glad of an opportunity to escape, and have a little discourse with you, even on paper. I confess that I have not patriotism enough to get drunk on this joyful anniversary, or to take pleasure in seeing others so; or discernment enough to trace the connection between the exultation of freemen, and the squibs, cannons, and brutal sports of a mad populace. You have, however, a situation infinitely more favourable for speculations of this nature. The — you mention cannot be from Kentucky—we never had such a man. If it is — from —, a lank, thin, limber-kneed man, with a face just like Voltaire, (in Lavater,) and a voice which in prayer, preserves an unvaried monotone—I know the man, staunch in his orthodoxy, a born Polemic, yet, unless changed, as void of taste as of politeness; yet pious, zealous, harsh, imprudent, studious. I have never been so fully sensible of the beauty of Sir William Jones's style, as in a late perusal of his anniversary addresses to the Asiatic Society—a series of learned and interesting discourses, worthy of the character of that great man. An old Seminary friend, Theodore D. Woolsey, the profoundest classic I ever knew, is about to sail for Europe: he has

been two years tutor in Yale, [afterwards President.] Waterbury is going on a Bible Society agency through New England. Christmas is married to Miss Jones of New York. Your humble servant is busy in preparing for an ordeal before the presbytery of New Brunswick at their August meeting. I hope, as I have already told you, I believe, to pay a visit this autumn to my native State, to climb the blue mountains upon which my eyes were turned almost as soon as they were opened upon any thing, to see friends at the head of families, who were infants when I was last among them, and to search for the graves of my ancestors, and the spots where their youthful days were passed.

My dreams of a transatlantic pilgrimage still float, almost daily, in my disordered imagination. My thoughts begin to rove, and before I know what I am doing, I find myself at London, Oxford, Göttingen, Florence, Constantinople, Alexandria, or Jerusalem. What is to be done with such a truant fancy? I fear that in a paroxysm I shall beg Southard [Secretary of the Navy] to give me a chaplaincy on some armed vessel—bah! what am I talking about? I shall be sufficiently schooled out of these vagaries by one year's labour in the backwoods.

Pray can you recommend any of the steel pens which are advertised? I shall want such a utensil in travelling. On Friday last 34 carriages (stage coaches and hacks) passed through Princeton on their way to New York. What mania possesses your citizens? Hogan, the Ex-Catholic, is building a mansion (*on dit*) near Trenton. He came on Sunday, a few weeks ago, to Chief Justice Ewing, and requested him to sign some instrument of writing which he brought. Mr. Ewing told him that it was not his custom to transact secular business on the Lord's day, and that it would be moreover invalid, and dismissed the pious Greek priest until a more convenient season.<sup>1</sup>

PRINCETON, July 16, 1825.

The *Guest* [Lafayette] spent last night in this place. A number of ladies were presented to him, and a supper, the best our village could afford, provided. He seemed much fatigued, and retired as soon as possible. This morning early he set out for Point Breeze to break his fast with M. le Comte de Surville. There is very little afloat in the way of literature which has much interested me. I have been reading "Townley's Illustrations of Biblical Literature," 3 vols., 8vo; a work which for solid entertainment I can most heartily recommend. I was led

<sup>1</sup> Hogan was a Roman Catholic priest in Philadelphia, who became notorious by his resistance to the authority of his bishop, which led to a public and bloody collision between the partisans of each.

from the title to expect nothing amusing, but have become almost an antiquary by reading it. Indeed, I have always been conscious of a propensity to look over old books, relics, and monuments. I was very much gratified in ransacking an obscure corner of our Library, to find two little manuscript common-place books of Dr. Witherspoon, containing various memoranda in his own handwriting, skeletons of sermons, &c.

My Grandfather, James Waddel, once preached in a little brick church in Orange county, Va.; his predecessor was one Mungo Marshall, whose tombstone was erected near the church. At this time, there is not one brick of the edifice upon another; and my mother brought me a fragment of the tomb, which the villanous wagoners have broken to pieces. This is very near the spot of my nativity.

PRINCETON, August 6, 1825.

I feel raised from the dead by the favourable change in the temperature; during the reign of that scorching heat, I could scarcely be said to live. After all possible stripping, ventilation, and refrigeration, I could only succeed in gasping and blowing over a book. A gentleman of your city who has spent the last year principally in the tropical parts of South America, told me this morning, that in lat.  $4^{\circ} 57'$  North, he *suffered* nothing equal to the last attack of hot weather.

I see many notices of new works, but have seen and read none of them. Indeed, the nearer I approach the actual labours of the ministry, the more deeply am I impressed with the importance of giving myself *wholly* to its great concerns. Life is so short, my knowledge of subjects strictly belonging to my calling so slender, the work so great, and opposition so varied and strenuous, that I can scarcely forgive myself for wandering among a thousand things interesting, indeed, and instructive, but then irrelative to the grand scope of my ministrations. Putting *pastorum* for *vatum*, I may appropriate the lines of Horace,

Denique sit quid vis simplex duntaxat et unum.

Maxima pars vatum, (pater et juvenes patre digni,)

Decipimur specie recti.

I am willing deliberately to sacrifice the character of a man of science, of taste, of varied and elegant accomplishments, with all its ease, honours, and emoluments, for that of a "man of God thoroughly furnished unto all good works"—a character which is to be sought in the study of the sacred volume. In the recesses of the mountains I shall probably be immured, where ardent piety and sound theology will be the qualifications most in request. The old copy-book adage contains volumes of mean-

ing, *Time is short, but Art is long*: and the one department of Art, which under God I intend to devote myself to, is the art of fishing for men.

I was apprehended on Tuesday last by the Reverend Presbytery of New Brunswick, and kept under arrest four hours; during which time I was put to the question, regarding my knowledge of Ecclesiastical History, Theology, and Hebrew—and made to read two exercises upon passages of Scripture previously appointed.

On Monday, 8th instant, the examination of the Senior class [college] takes place, which continues a week—more or less. After that time six weeks of less anxiety ensue before the commencement.

I suppose entering upon the cares of this world, and departing from your relatives and home, is a thing which you put far away. No man need desire it. It begins to assume a serious aspect to me. Yet the cause in which I go forth is one which ensures me every encouragement. Never for a moment have I regretted that religion has been my choice, or that the ministry is to be my profession. My sole regret is that I have manifested so little devotion in the cause, and spent no more time and labour in forming a character suitable to the work. With regard to the whole matter, I can testify that the greatest happiness I have ever enjoyed has been in the exercise of religious feelings; and that all other sources of pleasure have in the end proved worse than nothing. I regret, therefore, that you have never made the serious and sincere resolution to renounce all worldly things—as a portion—and to devote yourself to God. I know, too, that difficulties must increase, and that five years hence, unless a callous and confirmed indifference shall preclude all such considerations, you will confess, if God has not renewed your heart, that you are tenfold more unable than now to obtain a proper spirit. I can say nothing new. But let me entreat you, as one not without some experience in these things, to have recourse to those means so often urged upon you; and above all, in view of your confessed alienation from God, to relinquish sin, and embrace the religion of the cross. You know that I speak what is reasonable; that your acts may be such, is my earnest prayer.

PRINCETON, *August 21, 1825.*

Since my examination I have found time to turn over the "History of the French Church" by Chas. Butler—a very entertaining collection of biographical and historical notices. For simple chasteness and perspicuity of style, perfect transparency,

I do not know his equal ; and in sketches of character, I cannot but consider him a master. Perhaps his subjects prepossess me in his favour. Biography has always been my favourite reading : in this I include all such developments of manners and mind as one finds in correspondence, in anecdotes, as well as formed characters. No kind of study so excites my enthusiasm. One example is more to me than discourses innumerable. This I find in the Scriptures forcibly exemplified. The history of wars and revolutions, and discoveries, are eminently dull to me, except so far as I find in them individual traits of character portrayed. The history of opinion, and of mind, is all that takes much hold of my feelings. For this reason, I never could join in the enthusiastic admiration, common to most learned men, of Gibbon, and Hume, and Robertson ; while the histories of Roscoe, and Middleton, and even the Biographical dictionary, are delightful. I am sure that no works have had so much influence upon my religious feelings, as those which give the lives of pious men. The memoirs of Martyn and Brainerd are my continual advisers. I have this month read with high satisfaction the Memoirs of Andrew Fuller, and Samuel Pearce, of the Baptist church. The latter of these had a soul of heavenly mould ; and the man who can fail to love, when he reads his life, can have little sense of the beauty of holiness. Is there any thing in the Philadelphia library which would be of advantage in studying extensively the Ecclesiastical History of the Protestant Churches in Europe, during the eighteenth century ? I should feel thankful for the names of a few books. What is there that will give one a tolerable idea of South America,—its present state,—geographical divisions,—the revolutions,—their rise, progress, and issue ? I am always alive to this subject.

I should feign if I did not say, that I do earnestly desire to see you act with decision upon those religious truths which you profess to believe. Instruction, it would be very silly for me to attempt. You already anticipate all that I would say. You know the connexion between means and end. You know the power of truth. You believe the peculiar power of God's truth as revealed in the Bible. You know the efficiency of prayer and reflection. Now one word : If you fail through *any* defect, however small, in the use of these—all apology is shut out. Let me recommend the "Force of Truth," by Scott—and the life of Brainerd.

PRINCETON, *September 12, 1825.*

Nothing in our correspondence lately has given me more satisfaction than the resolution you express in your last, with

respect to desultory reading. This bane of real study, (*haud inexpertus loquor*), is opposed no less to the true enjoyment of letters, than to deep proficiency. There must be a stretch of mind to give the highest intellectual pleasure; and continuance at one department of study is necessary, if we would engender that happy enthusiasm which ensures success. None of my studies have afforded me more gratification than those which I have pursued with a strict method, and with an attention almost undivided to my peculiar branches. I have merely looked at Hopkinson's defence.<sup>1</sup> To confess the truth, I am unable to lash myself into any warmth of interest in these details: it would be quite as refreshing to me, to peruse the commodore's log-book. I rejoice, however, in his acquittal. My reading has of late been purely theological, if I except a little dipping into some of the unequalled descriptions of the "Faery Queene." "Horsley's Tracts against Priestly," I thought the most triumphant confutation I had ever read, until I fell upon "Magee on the Atonement," which I may safely declare gave me as much delight as any book I have ever seen, of a speculative kind. The nakedness of Unitarianism is there exposed with the most invincible argument, and the keenest satire. "Outram on Sacrifices," "Sermons de Durand and Bourdaloue," "Claude sur la Composition," &c., have taken up some of my time. I was at a friend's house the other day, where I heard a young lady from New York sing in exquisite style, "Like the gloom of night retiring;" you may be sure that my mind reverted to the *soirée* in — Street. I soon go beyond the reach of music, among the mountain tops of Virginia, except such music as the north wind plays among the recesses of the hills. Look upon the map of Virginia at the smooth face of the counties Bath, Greenbrier, and Monroe, and you will see how I shall be cradled among the cliffs. Is there any fast, festival, or high day in any of your Popish places in the city, shortly? I have as you know a great hankering after such things: and I have been so lamentably disappointed in my various attempts to hear Harold preach, that I feel willing almost to travel forty miles if I had the certainty of so doing.<sup>2</sup> Apropos of Popery. My good friend and correspondent, Etienne Frontis, formerly of the Seminary, is now preaching in Monroe county, Michigan. He gave notice a few weeks ago that he would preach in French. The priests took the alarm, and threatened excommunication to any who should

<sup>1</sup> Of Commodore Stewart, then before a court-martial.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Harold was for many years the most prominent Roman Catholic clergyman in Philadelphia; and not only as an orator, but as a polished gentleman.

go near the heretic. On Sunday morning the Priest, (Bellami,) who is just from France and knows not a word of English, preached on the subject; said the Protestants were divided into hundreds of sects, used a corrupt and false Bible, and that no good Catholic would go. Frontis made his discourse almost entirely from Scripture quotations, using the Catholic authorized version of *De Sacy*. Twenty of the Catholics heard him. The next Sunday Bellami said it was a pack of lies, that he was *un ministre de démon*, and the like gentle expressions, and excommunicated five persons. In the evening, at vespers, he looked round, and saw one of these men in his usual place; he threw off his vestments, and called on the people to turn out the heretic. "Turn him out yourself," said a loud voice from the crowd. Two men pulled off their coats to assist the priest, but the culprit, who had hitherto requested them not to interrupt his devotions, put himself into an attitude of carnal defence, and threatened to knock down the first who should touch him. None ventured on so stubborn a heretic. This excommunication was done by order of the Bishop *Richard*, who lives at Detroit, is a Jesuit, and a member of Congress from that territory.

I find it rather difficult to obey you with regard to disbelieving all reports of the yellow fever. We have some stories quite plausible of the existence of that malady in your city. However, I trust it will prove false. There have certainly been several cases in New Jersey, and at Bristol. It requires, I believe, some rare symptoms to indicate yellow fever to your Board of Health.



## CHAPTER IV.

### LETTERS WHILE A LICENTIATE.

1825—1827.

NEW BRUNSWICK, *October 19, 1825.*<sup>1</sup>

Where should I be but in New Brunswick? Here therefore I am, attending the meeting of the Synod of New Jersey, and enjoying the company of one or two friends. On returning home, I spent part of a day, and might spend many, in looking over the library of Professor Patton, which I had never before seen. In his own department, (languages,) his collection is superior to any thing I ever saw. He has the best editions, ancient and modern, of *all* the classics; and every book which can be named affording any facility in these studies. I found there also a uniform edition of the whole range of *Italian* literature; and all the German writers of eminence. Among other curiosities which his residence in Europe enabled him to pick up, he showed me a *Danté* of A. D. 1497, and an immense work containing views of all the ancient ruins of Rome. His collection of Atlases and Plates is noble indeed. I went to Freehold on Saturday and preached twice. The only business of importance which has presented itself as yet to the Synod, is the case of two complaints; one is from the congregation of Wall street, N. Y., against the Presbytery of Elizabethtown, who have refused to put their call into the hands of Dr. McDowell: another is the appeal of —, who has been suspended from the ministry of the Gospel.

20th.—Mr. Hamilton, of Newark, preached a very long sermon last night upon Slavery.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Alexander was licensed as a probationer for the ministry, October 4, 1825, by the Presbytery of New Brunswick in session at the village of Cranbury. His trial-sermon was on John iii. 3. The first discourse, under his license, was preached in the lecture-room of the Cedar Street church, New York, on the 8th October, from Jeremiah ii. 19. On the next day, which was Sunday, he repeated the sermon in one of the churches of Brooklyn, and preached in the Cedar Street church from Galatians ii. 16.

HOME, *November 14, 1825.*

I am so shortly to bid adieu to Princeton that I am more sensible than ever of the pleasures it has afforded me as a home. Since I saw you, I have been called to preach every Lord's day ; and as this has always been out of Princeton, it has laid me under the necessity of riding up and down continually. Brunswick detained me a willing prisoner during the session of Synod ; thence I went to Freehold—Trenton—Lawrenceville—Cranbury—and have just arrived here, after riding in the face of a cold November storm.

From your letter, you seem to be truly alive in Philadelphia. Surely you have no excuse for not being orators, when so much eloquence is sounding in your ears. I have been introduced to a Dr. Barber, an Englishman ; but as he is of H. M. navy, it cannot be the lecturer [on elocution] of whom you tell. Griscom, you remember, speaks at some length of Thelwall and his system. I have no faith in these systems—being of the creed "*Orator nascitur*" &c. The Seminary has commenced with more than a hundred students ; among the rest a coloured man from Schenectady—a very sensible, genteel personage. Our Legislature gave me amusement while I was in Trenton. The motion for an adjourned "*Setting*" (so the mover proposed it) was lost. I saw Seixas and his [deaf and dumb] pupils there, seeking patronage. Some of our Princeton folks have petitioned for a bank. What next ? The proposed canal [Delaware and Raritan] will come, it is thought, within a mile and a half of Princeton. We are pleased with the thought of being able then to get Lehigh coal, with less expense of transportation.

My departure towards Virginia is fixed (*Deo volente*) at the 1st December. I feel not a little anxious with regard to my future course. Yet two things support me : 1st. I have devoted myself to a good work, and am willing to be spent in it. 2d. I am under the care of a merciful Providence, by which all things will be conducted aright. Something of my own insufficiency I feel—deeply feel—and sometimes am conscious of an ardent desire to live only for the work of Christ : but alas ! my ordinary tempers and manners savour little of the cross. Yet I know the excellence of what I try to preach, and am ready at all hazards to proclaim it, and recommend it to others.

BALTIMORE, *December 5, 1825.*

The introduction you were so good as to give me to Mr. Laussat<sup>1</sup> has proved a source of much satisfaction : his company

<sup>1</sup> Antony Laussat, then a student of law, and afterwards a member of

rendered agreeable the passage which would otherwise have been almost insufferable. To him I refer you for all the curiosities of our journey, viz., the circus riders, the odd and ludicrous disputes of the stage coach, the enlightened Senators, &c., &c., to the end of the chapter on steamboat adventures. On arriving here I went to Barnum's great establishment, which, extensive as it is, sinks to nothing in comparison with a new hotel which he is erecting, and which is larger than the New York City Hotel. After breakfast, I went to the house of the Rev. Mr. Nevins. He resides in a very large and handsome mansion in Belvidere street. No one could be more cordial and friendly than he has proved himself. On Sunday morning I heard Mr. Nevins preach, and there is no man living, whom, with my present knowledge of men, I should prefer to him as a preacher after my own heart. In the afternoon I filled his pulpit, and at night that of Dr. Glendy. At the latter place, I was pleased with discovering, after sermon, Mr. Laussat. Had I discovered him before, I should have felt less at ease. Last night I was inveigled into an address at the Monthly Concert of prayer.<sup>1</sup> Baltimore surpasses my highest expectations. I looked for much splendour in this great emporium and thoroughfare, but so much elegance, and neatness, and commercial bustle, and public improvement, I was not prepared to find. And the people whom I have as yet seen, are in manners and kind attention, superior to any *class* of persons I have ever known. There is something in the dialect of the Marylanders, especially as it flows from female lips, which is truly enchanting, being a golden mean between the curt and succinct enunciation (*ut ita dicam*) of the Yankee, and the full-mouthed rotundity and carelessness of the Virginian. It is worth your while to come to Baltimore, were it only to see the painting by *Paulin Guerin*, presented to the Cathedral here by Louis XVIII. Nothing in the arts ever so transfixed me. It is the taking down Jesus from the cross. The Cathedral itself I take to be the noblest piece of ecclesiastical architecture in the United States. It has a noble simplicity of design which enables you at a *coup d'œil* to apprehend its vast expression of sublimity. It is filled with paintings. The Unitarian synagogue which stands opposite is elegant. The Exchange contains a large hall or dome similar in its impression to the interior of your Bank. The Atheneum, Masonic Hall, Court House, Washington Mon-

the Philadelphia bar, but removed by death at an early period of what had already become a distinguished career. He died in 1833.

<sup>1</sup> On Wednesday of the same week he preached in the lecture-room of the First Church, and on the following Lord's day twice in the Second Church, (Dr. Glendy's,) and once at the Orphan Asylum.

ument, and Monument in honour of the battle, &c., are all, in their several details, truly interesting public works. I am in suspense with respect to my movements; shall probably go to Washington next Monday, and thence on through Fredericksburg to Petersburg. Mr. Laussat kindly called, but I was so unfortunate as to be absent. If you write within a week, please to direct here, to the care of the Rev. Mr. Nevins.

PETERSBURG, *December 23, 1825.*

When I came into Virginia, it was with little notion of the manner in which my time would be engrossed by necessary business, and constant avocations. Scarcely had I reached this place, before I found myself under commands to hold forth at the rate of five or six times in the week; and in addition, there is hardly a day in which nine or ten hours are not taken up in giving and receiving visits; and these not your short, formal city calls; but *bona fide* visitations, a houseful at a time, enlivened by the peculiarly abundant good cheer of this bountiful land, and the copious flowing of rum toddy, and the like refectations. Could you see me galloping in the neighbourhood upon a high-blooded horse, in company with fellow equestrians, and a carriage load of beauty and vivacity, you would declare that all the Virginian in me had been at once resuscitated and matured. Corn bread and bacon, oysters and hominy, and toddy, dining out every day, and tongue wagging every hour, have kept my blood well in motion. But you wish to hear something of the country. Petersburg, as you know, is the county seat of Dinwiddie, situated upon the river Appomatox. It is an old settlement encircled by hills on almost every side. Population 8,000, and thickly built upon very uneven ground. In external appearance it would strike you, like most Southern towns, as squalid and slovenly: yet there are not a few very splendid mansions in this vicinity. The principal trade was once in tobacco; this has now been transferred to Richmond; and the markets here are chiefly stocked with cotton, which is becoming the staple article among planters here. As to society; I am free to declare, that I have never so enjoyed social and Christian intercourse in my life, as here. Without trying it, you can have no conception of what Southern hospitality means. After all my preparations and previous knowledge, I find myself daily surprised with the winning cordiality and kindness of the people. And this not merely in expression and words. Every house seems at once a home, and every individual devotes himself heartily and with manifest satisfaction to your service. If you look for splendour, you would be disappointed, except in the particulars of servants'

attendance and diet. The tables of the seaboard Virginians are worthy of their fame. I am sometimes almost disconcerted with the multitude of servants waiting at table. Four of us were attended the other night by at least six genteel waiters. An old bachelor of great wealth, who is laid up with the gout, gives me the freedom of his spacious mansion, where I walk in and out at my pleasure. I should feel no hesitation at any time to take a horse and servant from his premises, and ride out ten miles to dinner; and such a liberty would evidently gratify him. There are in my uncle's [Dr. Benjamin H. Rice] congregation about twenty-five young men, who profess religion, and are more active in the cause than many ministers. From this you may judge what the people in general are; and you will not judge too favourably. Among these are rich merchants in the Liverpool trade, lawyers, and physicians. The number of agreeable and pious ladies is remarkable; and the easy access to everybody's house and heart, more free than I had ever expected in my fondest hopes. A man who comes here, must come with some equestrian skill, or expect to get his neck broken. I have to ride through narrow passes in the hills, going to make visits in the country, where you would suppose a horse could scarcely balance himself, and on steeds which seem to be trained to curvet and run away. Let me assure you that I have been more than once in "bodily fear." Labour is growing upon me. I am engaged to assist my uncle for a month, and have as much regular duty as though I were actually settled. This is well: it fills my thoughts, and directs my attention to the work of my vocation; and my daily experience is, that the world has fewest cares, and my heart purest peace, when I can in some measure live among earthly things without expecting my pleasures from them. Never shall I regret having made religion my choice, though it is every day my lamentation, that it has through my wilful inattention and unfaithfulness so little moderated my worldly affections, and lifted me above sublunary joys.

PETERSBURG, *January 27, 1826.*

You can have little idea of the manner in which I am pulled from post to pillar, or you would not wonder at my long silence. In Virginia, we pay longer visits, and more of them, than I have ever known anywhere else: and as much of my business consists of visiting among the people, especially the members of the church, I find my hours running away from me. Question. What news in Petersburg. Ans. None of any importance since the fire, which consumed about 50 houses. A number of attempts have been made within a few weeks to fire the town; which are

traced to the negroes. One woman has confessed, and is in gaol. Item. The noted Wm. B. Giles, after having proposed himself as a candidate for the Senate and the House of Representatives, has been foiled in both attempts. Dr. Crump, of Cumberland, is elected to fill the place of John Randolph. *Quest.* 2d. What strikes you as being new or remarkable? *Ans.* The whole face of society exhibits an appearance very different from what one perceives in the North. Slavery of itself is enough to stamp a marked character upon the Southern population. The number of blacks which I met in the streets at first, struck me with surprise, but now every thing has become familiar. When I consider how much of the comfort, luxury, and style of Southern gentlemen would be retrenched by the removal of the slave population, I can no longer wonder at the tenacity with which they adhere to their pretended rights. The servants who wait upon genteel families, in consequence of having been bred among refined people all their lives, have often as great an air of gentility as their masters. The comfort of slaves in this country is greater, I am persuaded, than that of the free blacks, as a body, in any part of the United States. They are no doubt maltreated in many instances; so are children: but in general they are well clad, well fed, and kindly treated. Ignorance is their greatest curse, and this must ever follow in the train of slavery. The bad policy and destructive tendency of the system is increasingly felt: you hear daily complaints on the subject from those who have most servants. But what can they do? Slavery was not their choice. They cannot and ought not to turn them loose. They cannot afford to transport them; and generally the negroes would not consent to it. The probable result of this state of things is one which philanthropists scarcely dare contemplate. I cannot (to change the subject) say enough of the freedom and cordiality with which the social intercourse here is conducted. You must come and see for yourself. The money which in the North is spent upon the houses and furniture, is here laid out upon the table. I presume that no people in the world "live higher" than the Low Virginians, or Tuckahoes, and by these terms I mean all who live on this side of the Blue Ridge. There is a suavity and grace in the manners of gentlemen of the first rank in this State, and a peculiar fascination in their elocution, which you will understand better if you have ever seen Tazewell, Clay, or John Randolph. The ladies have a frankness which surprises a Northern man at first, and leads him to think that he is receiving special condescensions, when nothing more than common civility is intended.

The trade of Petersburg received a dreadful blow from the fire

of 1815, in which five hundred houses were destroyed; and is daily suffering from the transfer of the tobacco trade to Richmond. The chief dependence now is upon cotton, the culture of which is becoming an object of attention here. About 30,000 bales of the new crop have already come into town. The number of commission merchants here is very large, in proportion to the population. I suppose half only of the heads of families here are Virginians. The trade is maintained by Yankees, Irishmen, and Scotchmen. I find my time taken up altogether by my duties as a preacher. There is no toleration here for reading sermons; so that my extemporaneous powers are called constantly into requisition. My business is one altogether delightful. In proportion to the zeal with which I devote myself to religion, I ever find my happiness increase; and I cannot but hope, that after having so long thought of religion theoretically, you will at length cast in your lot with us, and taste of the sweetness of piety, as a matter of experience and practice. I need not pretend to say with how much joy I would hail you as a Christian brother, if not a brother in the ministry of reconciliation. Will you not give these solemn claims a new hearing, and will you not seek grace to overcome those bonds which fasten you to the world. Of the guilt and danger of impenitence, it is needless for me to warn you; but let me say, Why will you not determine, immediately, and at all hazards, to beseech of God to grant you the influences of his Spirit? <sup>1</sup>

CHARLOTTE COUNTY, VA., *May 19, 1826.*

If you wish to know where Charlotte Co. lies, let me tell you that it is to be found in that rich plateau of Southern Virginia which has the fine Roanoke for its boundary on the south, just where that river is formed of the Staunton and the Dan. It is, moreover, the county of John Randolph, that greatest of oddities; for while I account him a great genius, an orator absolutely unrivalled in America, a ripe scholar, aye, and a *consistent* politician, I cannot help thinking him crazed. He arrived last night at his residence (Roanoke) in this neighbourhood, having travelled from Washington on horseback in two days, and after looking at his multitude of horses, he set out, about 8 o'clock, on his return to Washington. He has between three and four hundred negroes, who are treated with great kindness, and regard him with a feeling allied to adoration. This is a rich and fertile

<sup>1</sup> He remained in Petersburg until the middle of March. From the 19th of that month until the 9th of April, he was preaching in Richmond; on the 11th he preached in Petersburg, and on the 16th preached his first sermon in the church at Charlotte Court House, of which he was afterwards the pastor.

region, producing great quantities of prime tobacco, and, of course, growing wealthy. The manners of the people are plain, frank, hospitable, and independent; proud of their Virginianism, and all its peculiarities. I suppose that no set of people in the world live more at their ease, or indeed more luxuriously, so far as eating and drinking are concerned. No farmer would think of sitting down to dinner with less than four dishes of meat, or to breakfast without several different kinds of warm bread. It is, moreover, (I speak of this county,) a moral country; no gambling, no dissipation or frolicking. The spring, with all its freshness, has opened upon us, and the early fruits are pouring in abundantly. The face of the country exhibits no great variety; indeed, the forests of pine in many places obstruct the prospect altogether. All my moving from place to place is on horseback; and I ride from sixty to seventy miles in mere visits to the people whom I serve.

I wish you would pay a visit to this part of the world. It is a region through which no great road passes, and of course hardly any travellers; whoever visits it must come on horseback. I am about two days' ride from Richmond. Mr. Randolph is the Magnus Apollo of this county. Every one knows and fears him. His power of sarcasm and invective is such that no one pretends to contradict him. He has three several plantations in this county, all of them extensive. His horses (I mean those which are never used) are worth, I suppose, about \$8,000. In conversation he is exactly what he is in the Senate; and from almost every one you will hear some of his repartees, or sarcasms. I think the Southern people begin to manifest some disposition to uphold Jackson in the next election. I have never yet met with a friend of Adams in this State. *Nota bene.* If you see my mother in Philadelphia shortly, I commission you to take her to some *good* miniature painter, and have her likeness. I want it small and portable, so as to be carried about my person. I leave the style to your taste. Remember, it is not to be framed for hanging up. Take notice, no "quaint device" of playthings in the hand; either bird, bible, or book, bodkin or barnacles, (I have seen them all.)<sup>1</sup>

RETIREMENT, CHARLOTTE Co., *January 26, 1827.*

I have been waiting with anxiety to hear from you, and have

<sup>1</sup> In June of this year, Mr. Alexander visited Baltimore and Petersburg, and returned to Charlotte before the end of the month. In July he preached frequently at Lynchburg, and in August at Lexington and other places in the county of Rockbridge. After this he was ill with bilious fever. He then made a visit to Princeton, and was in the Charlotte pulpit again November 26.



at last concluded either that I have made a mistake in our reckoning, or that you have never received my last letter. It is strongly impressed upon my mind that I wrote to you from Fredericksburg. I hope that you will bring about the usual equilibrium by a speedy reply to this letter. Were I to commence with the topic most current here, I should speak of Mr. Randolph. His recent defeat has filled this county with chagrin, and he will be returned for the lower House without competition. All the freeholders hereabouts treat the subject as if it were their own personal cause. How different just at this moment are our situations! You are enjoying all the recreations and delights of a great city, with such a multitude of attractions as to leave no excuse for ennui; I am almost a hermit, with no near neighbours, with no variety of scene. If I could for a little while drop into Carey & Lea's, [bookstore, in Philadelphia,] or even walk down Chestnut street, it would act as an elixir. I am ashamed that I have nothing to communicate to you; but this is the lamentable case. You must answer this letter in mere charity, and give me something to think about. I wish particularly to hear what Mr. Ridgely [a fellow-student in Seminary] is doing, where he preaches, &c.; also the state of your congregations, the ministerial squabbles, (horresco referens,) and such matters as you know I take an interest in. I should be glad to hear of any new books, or literary intelligence. You can scarcely imagine what a dearth of reading there is here. I am tempted to send on for a supply of books, but scarcely know what to order, and have not yet received any of my salary. I think that our friend John Q. [Adams] is gaining ground in Virginia, though not in this quarter. Everybody in these parts hates him, hates the Panama measures, hates Clay, hates roads and canals, hates internal improvement, and abominates the tariff. General Edward Carrington is the only man who dares to lift up his voice here in favour of the Administration: he speaks at almost every assemblage of people, though without support, and without converts. If you love shooting, come here; and without going off this plantation, you may bag your four dozen quails a day, with an occasional wild turkey. Pheasants and rabbits also abound. An acquaintance of mine has caught more than twenty foxes this winter, and is now following his hounds with great zeal. Who are to be the writers for this new ["American Quarterly"] Review? What European Magazines are republished in Philadelphia? Any new French books of interest? Remember me to all inquiring friends, and very affectionately to your own family, and believe me,

With sentiments of very distinguished considering, your most obedient servant.

RETIREMENT, CHARLOTTE CO., VA., *February 16, 1827.*

I have just returned from *Halifax*, the county which lies between Charlotte and North Carolina, and have little else to tell you than some of the varieties of the trip. My visit was principally to the family of Mr. Bruce, to which I beg leave to introduce you. His house is noted for its hospitality, and presents to the *bon vivant* as great temptations as can well be found in Virginia. At Mr. B.'s, we seldom sat down to table, during the week I spent there, with less than ten strangers. I also visited Gen. Edward C. Carrington, who has a seat upon Dan River, (which with the Staunton forms the Roanoke.) Gen. C. lay sick nine weeks in Princeton during the last war, having received a ball in his arm at Sackett's Harbour. He is a scholar and a gentleman, and has large possessions. The information which he has acquired in his travels in Europe, renders his conversation highly interesting. He is bold enough to advocate the cause of Adams and patriotism in the midst of this perverse and Jacksonian generation. Let me not forget to mention that Mr. Bruce proposed as a toast, at his table on Thursday last, the health of J. Q. A., which he, I, and about three more drank with right good will. You ask me what I am doing. It is a question soon answered: preaching, riding, visiting my charge, and studying, principally Hebrew. I have read a good deal of French lately, and also twelve books of the Iliad in Greek. I would try to write for the Quarterly, but I do not know what to review. Every thing becomes stale before it reaches me. The crocus and Persian iris are in bloom, and the frogs begin to sing, so that you may judge of the difference of climate. If nothing unforeseen occur to prevent, I shall be ordained on the 2d March. The solemnity of such an investiture is well calculated to excite some deep solicitude. Never did I feel more than at present my unfitness for the office. There is a frivolity and worldliness in my character, most remote from the sanctity of the Gospel. In my best moods, I feel great delight in its duties, and can with all my soul recommend its doctrines and spirit to all whom I love.

## CHAPTER V.

LETTERS WHILE PASTOR IN VIRGINIA, AND UNTIL  
HE LEFT THE STATE.

1827—1829.

RETIREMENT, CHARLOTTE CO., VA., *March 13, 1827.*

We are now enjoying spring in all its sweetness. I am sitting with opened windows, into which the "sweet south" is breathing. Our gardens are redolent with vernal fragrance. The time of the singing of birds has come, and no country can boast of more charms in this respect than Virginia. The wood lark, and the mocking-bird are songsters of the first order. Read a graphic description of the latter in Wilson's Ornithology. They are sometimes taken to the North in cages, but in that case you seldom hear the rich gushing of their natural strains, as when they sit among the hawthorn bushes, and pour out melody for hours. The ploughs are all now in motion, and with this there arise many agreeable associations. This day I am twenty-three years old; and the recurrence of a birth-day when properly viewed gives occasion for many solemn reflections. How much of my life has passed fruitlessly! How little have I done in forming an elevated character! How many have been eminent public benefactors at this age! I feel as if my religious proficiency had been small indeed, compared with that of many whom I could name. Let me beg of you also, at this interesting period of your life, to ask seriously, what stand you intend to take with regard to the all-important matter of religion. In church matters I have some encouragements. My congregation, though small, is increasing, and I have reason to believe that the attachment which the people manifest is real. Mr. Randolph is daily expected at Roanoke. The citizens have determined to send him to Congress. I hope to hear him speak on the first

Monday in April. His silence has been remarkable during the last session.

I do not think it by any means incumbent upon me as an Adams man, or consistent as a preacher, to talk much about politics; but I am sorely vexed from day to day at the enormities of the opposition. My ears are forever ringing with the cant which has become so current on this subject. There is some show of reason, I must confess, in the arguments of the politicians here. The tariff forces them to pay more for many articles, and repays them with no advantage.

On the 3d inst. I was ordained to the work of the gospel ministry by the Hanover presbytery. A number of clergymen and a vast concourse of the laity were here present. More than thirty strangers lodged at this house on one night. It was a solemn service, one which I hope long to remember with feelings of awe as well as gratitude. Since that time I have been on a visit to Prince Edward [County] to assist a neighbouring preacher. I there saw such an instance of solitary life as I never before witnessed. Mrs. Spencer, a woman of nearly eighty years of age, has lived the life of a hermit for about thirty years. Her residence is a little log hut, at a distance from any other habitation, and she suffers no living being to remain with her during the night, or for any long period during the day. Her victuals are cooked about half a mile off, and sent to her once a day. She is crooked and withered; dresses always in white linen, and in the oldest fashion. Her whole time is spent in reading the Scriptures, singing, and prayer. Visitors sometimes have to remain nearly an hour at her door, before she concludes the prayer in which she may be engaged. She is the most unearthly being I ever beheld; her conversation is pleasant and rational; and her religion seems to be unfeigned and ardent. You may judge of the difference of climate, when I tell you that our fruit trees were in bloom, and many trees in leaf on the 10th instant. For about six weeks we have had weather of very mild temperature. Mr. [John C.] Calhoun passed through our county on the 11th inst. on his way home. On last Monday, when two or three thousand people were assembled at the court-house, we had several "stump speeches," as they are called. I think this mode of addressing the populace well calculated to advance popular eloquence; while it gives great room for the influence of demagogues. Two of the persons who spoke, were men of talents, and even eloquence. It is here that some of Mr. Randolph's most brilliant essays have been made, and his style of oratory has given a character to that of the people.

CHARLOTTE, *April 10, 1827.*

I do not remember in any "letters from the South," a description of a Virginia court day, and as I know of nothing which exhibits in more lively colours the distinctive traits of the State character, I will employ a little time in sketching a scene of this kind, which presented itself on Monday the 2<sup>d</sup> of April. The court of Charlotte Co. is regularly held upon the first Monday of every month, and there is usually a large concourse of people. This was an occasion of peculiar interest, as the elections for Congress and the State Legislature were then to take place. As the day was fine, I preferred walking, to the risk of having my horse alarmed, and driven away by the hurly-burly of such an assemblage. In making my way along the great road which leads from my lodgings to the place of public resort, I found it all alive with the cavalcades of planters and country-folk going to the raree show. A stranger would be forcibly struck with the perfect familiarity with which all ranks were mingling in conversation, as they moved along upon their fine pacing horses. Indeed, this sort of equality exists to a greater degree here than in any country with which I am acquainted. Here were young men, whose main object seemed to be the exhibition of their spirited horses, of the true race breed, and their equestrian skill. The great majority of persons were dressed in domestic, undyed cloth, partly from economy, and partly from a State pride, which leads many of our most wealthy men, in opposing the tariff, to reject all manufactures which are protected by the Government. A man would form a very incorrect estimate of the worldly circumstances of a Virginia planter who should measure his finances by the fineness of his coat. When I came near to the village, I observed hundreds of horses tied to the trees of a neighbouring grove, and further on could descry an immense and noisy multitude covering the space around the court-house. In one quarter, near to the taverns, were collected the mob, whose chief errand is to drink and quarrel. In another was exhibited a fair of all kinds of vendibles, stalls of mechanics and tradesmen, eatables and drinkables, with a long line of Yankee wagons, which are never wanting on these occasions. The loud cries of salesmen vending wares at public auction, were mingled with the vociferation of a stump orator, who in the midst of a countless crowd was advancing his claims as a candidate for the House of Delegates. I threaded my way into this living mass, for the purpose of hearing the oration. A grey-headed man was discoursing upon the necessity of amending the State constitution, and defending the propriety of calling a convention. His elocution was good, and his arguments very plausible, especially when he dwelt upon

the very unequal representation in Virginia. This, however, happens to be the unpopular side of the question in our region, and the populace, while they respected the age and talents of the man, showed but faint signs of acquiescence. The candidate, upon retiring from the platform on which he had stood, was followed by a rival, who is well known as his standing opponent. The latter kept the people in a roar of laughter by a kind of dry humour which is peculiar to himself. Although far inferior to the other in abilities and learning, he excels him in all those qualities which go to form the character of a demagogue. He appealed to the interests of the planters and slave owners, he turned into ridicule all the arguments of the former speaker, and seemed to make his way to the hearts of the people. He was succeeded by the candidate for the Senate, Henry E. Watkins, of Prince Edward, a man of great address and suavity of manner; his speech was short but pungent and efficient, and although he lost his election, he left a most favourable impression upon the public mind. We had still another address from one of the late delegates, who proposed himself again as a candidate. Before commencing his oration, he announced to the people, that by a letter from Mr. Randolph, he was informed that we should not have the pleasure of seeing that gentleman, as he was confined to his bed by severe illness. This was a sore disappointment. It was generally expected that Mr. R. would have been present, and I had cherished the hope of hearing him once in my life. It would give you no satisfaction for me to recount to you the several topics of party politics upon which the several speakers dilated. We proceeded (or rather as many as *could* proceeded) to the court-house, where the polls were opened. The candidates, six in number, were ranged upon the Justices' bench, the clerks were seated below, and the election began, *viva voce*. The throng and confusion were great, and the result was that Mr. Randolph was unanimously elected for Congress, Col. Wyatt for the Senate, and the two former members to the Legislature of the State. After the election sundry petty squabbles took place among the persons who had been opposing one another in the contest. Towards night a scene of unspeakable riot took place; drinking and fighting drove away all thought of politics, and many a man was put to bed disabled by wounds and drunkenness. This part of Virginia has long been celebrated for its breed of horses. There is a scrupulous attention paid to the preservation of the immaculate English blood. Among the crowd on this day were snorting and rearing fourteen or fifteen stallions, some of which were indeed fine specimens of that noble creature. Among the rest, Mr. Randolph's celebrated English

horse Roanoke, who is nine years old, and has never been "backed." That which principally contributes to this great collection of people on our court days, is the fact that all public business, and all private contracts, are settled at this time. All notes are made payable on these days, &c., &c. But you must be tired with Charlotte Court; I am sure that I am. I have succeeded in getting a reading room established in our little hamlet. We are just beginning; have subscribed for the American Quarterly, the North American, Edinburgh, Quarterly, Westminster, Blackwood's Magazine, United States Literary Gazette, Christian Observer, with a number of newspapers. This will superinduce the odours of literature upon our desert. If you will not come, I must proceed to give you a topographical description of this estate of Mrs. Le Grand's upon which I live.<sup>1</sup> If you will take the trouble of looking at the map of Virginia, you will see the village in which our court-house stands marked Marysville, and a little to the west of it a small river called Little Roanoke. Mrs. Le Grand's estate runs from the court-house southward about three miles, and in breadth is much less. On the north it reaches to the village. On the south and west it has little Roanoke for its boundary. On the west it is bounded by an estate of Mr. Randolph's called Bushy Forest. It is nearly level throughout, the few elevations being very inconsiderable. Most of the land is covered with thick forests, intersected by many roads. The most fertile portion is the flat land, through which the stream above mentioned runs. The central part is in the highest state of cultivation.

I must pause to tell you (what you certainly could never find out of yourself) that the birds are making melody this day in a manner more exquisite than usual. Be it known to you, as a matter of the utmost importance, that I am a most enthusiastic admirer of the singing of birds, and that I live in a region where I enjoy this sort of pleasure in perfection. I often stop for half

<sup>1</sup> In the "Life of Archibald Alexander, D. D.," Dr. J. W. Alexander, relating the first pastoral settlement of his father, says: "His residence was in the county of Charlotte, at the house of Major Edmund Read. And by a remarkable coincidence, one of his sons, the first settled in the ministry, dwelt in the same house thirty years afterwards, and enjoyed the hospitality of the same Christian lady, Paulina Le Grand, formerly Mrs. Read. Here, at the mansion still known as Retirement, about two miles from the Court House, Mr. [A.] Alexander resided three or four years." (Chap. viii.) The letter of April 10 contained a diagram of the dwelling and grounds of "Retirement." The coincidence of the father and son having their first pastorates over the same congregation, has been in a measure extended to the third generation—the eldest son of Dr. J. W. Alexander having been called to supply the same pulpit.

an hour to listen to that most capricious, sweet, jovial, fascinating musician, the *Mocking-bird*. Whatever may be the case with the European mimic, it is by no means true of ours, that he has no originality. I have never heard the song of any bird comparable to his, and I watch his habits very closely. He is to be found about sunrise upon the topmost twig of the highest tree, swelling and throbbing with the gush of melody, pouring out a stream of song, infinitely varied, of clear, liquid notes, trilled with inimitable rapidity, and wayward changes. No other bird ever excites my laughter; but his imitations are so exact, and so surprise the other birds, that I am often beguiled into a hearty laugh, in my solitary walks. And I have other favourites. The beautiful *Red-bird* I have never seen elsewhere. It is of a light, taper shape, of the deepest crimson, except a circle of black velvet on each side of the face. The melancholy *Whip-poor-will*, which begins its monotonous cry at twilight, though its note is not pleasing, has the power of making me listen often for a long time. And even the *Buzzard*, that foulest of fowls, has such a grace and majesty in his sailing among the clouds, that I almost forgive him his diet and his stench. If you were here *in propria personâ*, you would be ready to ask what I am doing, and what I am reading, and how I employ myself. I am sure I speak in moderation when I aver to you, that I have not enjoyed two days of uninterrupted study for the last two months. Riding, riding, riding—like a horse in a ferry-boat, an endless round. I am really losing all habits of study; and you may expect to see me coming on some of these days to the Assembly, with my elbows out, feathers in my hair, and the stupid look of a chimney-sweep.

I have been looking over Burke's works again, and especially his *Reflections on the French Revolution*. Surely he is the prince of English writers. His description of Marie Antoinette is the most delicious morsel in our language. And then the profundity of his reasoning, the political sagacity of his views, the rich contexture of his language, all render him the most fascinating and commanding of writers on Government. And now let me wind up this overgrown affair, by telling you how sincerely I am thine.

CHARLOTTE, *May 13, 1827.*

The General Assembly I suppose is now in session. Mr. Maxwell<sup>1</sup> is a member of it, he who attracted so much notice last year by his Bible Society speech. I hope he will make himself heard among you. He is, in my judgment, the very best

<sup>1</sup> The late Wm. Maxwell, Esq.



orator I know anywhere. I have never heard Tazewell, with whom he maintains a successful competition at the bar. Mr. Maxwell is a man of wealth and influence, and he casts both with great effect into the scale of Christianity. He is, though a native Virginian, the faithful and fearless champion of the oppressed Africans. For a publication of his on this subject, the Norfolk people menaced him with an application of tar and feathers. When he avowed himself the author of the paper, which was published anonymously, his opposers shrunk away before a character so universally revered. He is a bachelor, lives in good style, has an elegant library, is a most agreeable companion, and a finished scholar. I had the pleasure of meeting him recently at Petersburg, and afterwards of accompanying him to Norfolk, and there spending a short time at his house. I am sorry that you did not visit Norfolk. The situation of that town is inferior to that of none in America, as a seaport. The bay and roads afford a roadstead of the safest and most beautiful kind. The town, however, is in a low condition. Richmond has intercepted the trade in the staple commodity, the yellow fever has depopulated it, a recent fire has left it in a state of dilapidation, and the loss of the Colonial trade has almost completed its ruin. They still hope for better times. The Dismal Swamp canal, which is in progress, will open to it all the rivers which fall into Albemarle Sound. It must then become the great cotton market of Virginia and North Carolina. Their navy yard, already extensive, is to be greatly increased. I saw there two seventy-fours, a frigate, and a sloop of war. A naval hospital is commenced upon a large scale. It was with feelings of reverence that I passed the ruins of old Jamestown. The remnant of the old church tower is still visible, overgrown with ivy. Large trees are growing within the church walls. There is but one habitable dwelling at the place, and I saw ploughs moving among the tombs. This is certainly the most venerable spot in our country. I thought of Raleigh and Smith, and more than all of the generous Pocahontas. By the by, I have met with many persons who trace their origin to this squaw. Much as I admire my own name, I think that the noble James River should still be called the Powhatan. I have seen its formation in the mountains, its impetuous torrent among the rocks of the Blue Ridge, its turbulent passage among the cliffs above Richmond, its broad majestic flow beyond, and its sublime expansion between the Capes, and at each successive view have felt new admiration at the mighty flood which welcomed the first adventurers of the 17th century.

I have just received a letter from Mr. [Professor] Hodge, who

is at the University of Hallé. He spent the winter in Paris, and gives a most glowing account of the literary advantages of that city. Sixty or seventy professors lecture gratuitously, and a library of 700,000 volumes is open to every one. At Hallé there are professors enough to fill a pamphlet, and about eleven hundred students.

CHARLOTTE COUNTY, *June 2, 1827.*

I have looked for no book with more avidity of expectation than the life of Napoleon, and I do not join in the lamentation of those who regret that Sir Walter has given so large a share of his labour to the incipient measures of the Revolution. Never has such a spectacle been set before the world, as in the convulsive efforts of the French nation to put an end to tyranny. Never has there been exhibited such a union of physical and intellectual greatness, with the lowest and most debasing passion. The leaders of the Revolution fascinate us into admiration at their energy and daring, while their atrocity fills us with contempt and abhorrence. Danton, Mirabeau, Marat, Robespierre, Hebert, Cloutz; such were the comets which first astonished, and then consumed the nation. The *Liberty* whom they adored, would have her emblem in a gigantic goddess, whose brow and glance are fired with the enthusiasm of genius, while the lower visage is that of the brute, the satyr, the fiend.

STATE OF VIRGINIA, COUNTY OF CHARLOTTE, }  
PARISH OF CORNWALL, *July 3, 1827.* }

Alack! when shall my ears cease to be molested with endless harangues upon tobacco? I declare it to be the most fertile subject known among men. The glossary of the planters would compose a volume, and their discourse is stark naught without an interpreter. What would you understand by such slang as this? "Have you *primed* your *crap*, Col. Gouge?" (Every man is on the army list.) "No, sir, I had to *clod* in May, and my 'bacco in the low grounds is *fired*." "I sent my last *crap* to Farmville; they made a *break*, and said it was *funked*, *too lean*, and *fired* too much. It was *struck* too soon, and was in *nice order*." "Well, I've got through *priseing*, the weather was so *givvy*, that the tobacco was in *high order to come and go*," &c. *What have you been reading?* A. I have been reading the 2d No. of the American Quarterly, also *Mad. de Stael's* French Revolution; a work of great originality and force, yet unjust to Bonaparte, idolatrous to Necker, and full of Anglomanie. No American can read without delight her eulogy of the good La Fayette: also *George Buchanan's* Latin poems, of which the

great Scaliger said "Buchananus unus est in tota Europâ, omnes post se relinquens in Latina poesi." His version of the Psalms is probably the most elegant that ever was made in any language. But in his other poems the real character of his mind shines forth. His satire is at once bitter and ludicrous, and in his attacks upon the Franciscans, I discern the boldness of his countryman and acquaintance John Knox, united with Virgilian elegance, and a power of invective all his own. It has been said of the three Roman satirists, "Horatius ridet, Juvenalis verberat, Persius jugulat." Now, Buchanan does all three in regular succession; he taunts, he scourges, he annihilates. I had no idea of the enormous and unutterable vices attributed to the monks, until I read his poems. As a specimen of the dialect used by the instructor of James I. take the following sentence. A. D. 1570: "Thair is a certane kynd of Beist callit Chamœlion, engenderit in six cowntreis as the Sone hes mair strenth in than in this Yle of Brettane, the quhilk albeit it be small of corporance, noghttheless it is of ane strange nature," &c. He was the friend and correspondent of Roger Ascham, Tycho Brahe, Beza, Grotius, &c. I have also read again such of Cicero's works as I own; greatly longing to possess them all, and in good truth might I tell thee my desire, I would fain have all the Roman writers, so rich are they in goodly matter, and adorned after so shining a manner with every device of wit and similitude. What is called the *Regent's edition* would suit me very well. I have also read some of the works of Rapin, Pascal, De la Houssaye, in French; of Owen, Baxter and Boston, Bates and Cecil, in English; Mairistricht, Mark, Witsius, in modern Latin, and Calvin, Dwight, and McDowell, in modern English. Item, Peter's Letters, [by Lockhart,] and a course of Mathematics. *Ques. 2. What have you written?* 1. Letters. 2. A few pieces for Rice's Magazine,<sup>1</sup> signed Atlanticus, Quis, M. R——n, and one anonymous intitled "The Minister of Christ." I have *not* written a single sermon since I have been in Charlotte, though I have composed more than a hundred. *Ques. 3. How do you spend your time?* Here is my *plan* for days which I spend at home, not always adhered to. Rise at 4; shower-bath; dress; shave; a walk or exercise in the garden; family prayers at 6; breakfast  $\frac{1}{4}$  before 7; read Scriptures; a lesson in Hebrew; Greek Testament in course with commentaries; Old Testament with commentaries; cursory reading of Greek Testament; English Bible; preparation for sermons; theology; German; I have luncheon at 11, dinner at  $2\frac{1}{2}$ ; after dinner I expatiate, read

<sup>1</sup> "The Virginia Literary and Evangelical Magazine," edited by the Rev. Dr. John H. Rice, from 1817 to 1829.

every thing, ride, walk, lie on the grass, &c.; tea at 7; family worship at 8; bed at 9.

On June 16th we had a visit from Mr. Tucker, Professor of Moral Philosophy, &c., in the University of Virginia. He is a native of Bermuda, and has been on a visit to a brother who lives at Charlotte Court House. They have at the university some 170 students. Blatterman's school is most frequented. Poor old Williamsburg has about 15 students; Hampden Sydney about 80, and Washington college about 40. I take a lively interest in the improvements of our country, notwithstanding my being hemmed in with political heretics.

“Faithful among the faithless only found.”

*Milton (aside).*

I take no trouble to conceal my sentiments, although I enter into no disputes. Although I hear incessant eulogies of General Jackson, yet I am utterly at a loss to discover among the wagon-loads of chaff which they pour forth about him, one grain of real qualification for the Presidency. The temperature is canicular, tropical. I remember not any suffering from heat so great as I now experience. The direct rays of the sun are far more oppressive than any thing I have felt in the Middle States, or even on the other side of the Blue Ridge. Accept my congratulations upon your entrance into the practical arena of litigation. May you prove false the assertion of Burke, who while he acknowledges that legal science strengthens the mind, says, “but it is not apt, except in persons very happily born, to liberalize the mind exactly in the same proportion.” Or rather, will I say may you prove that you are one thus happily born.

CHARLOTTE COURT HOUSE, *August 25, 1827.*

I have only strength enough to write a mere note. My mind and body are racked with the lingering distresses of a bilious fever, shorter (as yet) but more violent in its immediate symptoms, than that of last summer. Through the mercy of God, I am spared again (I hope) to praise him more sincerely, and serve him more faithfully. Death has been viewed by me as a precious entrance into eternal bliss. My dear and early friend, I have only strength enough to say, devote your heart, your life, your all to the blessed Jesus.

The physician thinks me altogether free from *disease*, nothing now but *resuscitation* is needed. I think I am well, unless imprudence bring on a relapse.

*29th, Tuesday.*

Very much improved. Fever gone, and only weakness and irritation of bowels remaining. An inundation almost unex-

amplified has just swept away half the river crops of tobacco. Some \$50,000 loss to our planters.

I shall, Deo volente, write soon again. You may say confidently that I am better.<sup>1</sup>

PRINCETON, *March 19, 1828.*

The 6th No. of the Philadelphia Monthly [Magazine] reached us yesterday. It frowned such dullness upon the title-page that I did not dare to read it. *Me judice*, these *general* discursive essays about science and literature are insufferable. Why do not some of you pounce down upon some of the elegancies of either department, and afford some leaven to the stupid mass? But hold, I am incompetent to judge, and far too splenetic to censure with candour. Pray inform me how you and the practice agree. Does the magnificence and awful grandeur of the divine science of law, as developed and exhibited within the walls of your courts, stupefy you with amazement? Or have you wrought yourself into the belief that a cross-examination is the purest occasion of attic wit, and a feverish court room the arena for eloquence? Alack! The world looks barren to me. I am unable to face its calculating and censorious actors. I am too inert to be useful: too greedy of knowledge to digest any for use. Unworthy of the holy calling which has separated me nominally from the world, I have too much of worldly attachment to be bold and decided in my Master's cause. I am such a one as needs a task master through life: left to myself I am a mere butterfly, sipping at every flower. Divine mercy has again-and again spared me; and I still wonder for what end, so useless do I appear to myself.

PRINCETON, *April 4, 1828.*

It is a pleasant thing to me to look back and see how long and uninterrupted has been the correspondence instituted between us in boyhood; and equally delightful to have a friend with whom I can make a happy and welcome exchange of many thoughts which burden the mind when retained, and which cannot be revealed to all the world. I count upon your known forbearance when I undertake another letter in my present exile from the busy world. These old scenes encourage no inquiry: they reward it not when made. Were I able to walk through our dull street, I should see a few well-known faces which predict a total barrenness of all intelligence, a few college lads, newly initiated into the mysteries of academic strut and arro-

<sup>1</sup> After this apparent recovery a relapse took place in the latter part of September; but he was able to reach Princeton on the 9th October, and there he passed several months under a severe continuance of the same disease.

gance, and a few dames whose catechetical and commiserating visages hold out no sign of enjoyment to one, who for six months has endured the visitation of "How do you feel? Pain in your side? Pale! Bloated! Put out your tongue. La! how moping," &c., &c. Were I to corner myself with some of the old ladies, I might indeed learn some of the antiquities, as that Gen. Washington had his hair clubbed at the battle of Princeton, &c., &c.

The news of Princeton is as follows: A mineral spring has been discovered; that is, as in similar cases, a hole in the mud has been discovered which possesses rather more nastiness than the common water, which tastes like a gunwashing, like a blacksmith's tub, like a what not. I have no fondness for these terrene slops; it will afford many walks, however, for the boys and girls.

I have read "Sketches of Persia," and have been much amused, but Morier's several works on that interesting country are incomparably more entertaining and instructive. I long to read Bishop Heber's books. [Travels in India.] Of American literature, I observe nothing which attracts me. We certainly have no poet, and I tremble for fear that W. Irving has not made Horace's inquiry as to his Life of Columbus "*Quid ferre recusent, quid valeant humeri.*" Dr. Miller is writing a book upon ruling Elders, in opposition I suppose to Dr. Wilson, who has been publishing for several years on the same subject in the Christian Spectator of New Haven.

We hear occasionally from Mr. Hodge, who is at Berlin. He talks of the low state of religion, and the abounding prevalence of fantastic systems of metaphysics. I long to visit Europe, but have no prospect of ever going thither. It is a boyish wish, which perhaps will die away if I should ever have a family.

Addison has just completed the Koran in Arabic, [he completed his nineteenth year this month,] a work which few have attempted in America. He has added Spanish and Italian to his list of languages.

I should relish highly a visit to Philadelphia: but my coat of rusticity has now as many folds as the shield of Ajax. I am surprised to find upon enumeration how few actual acquaintances I have in your city. Still there is no place where I would rather live, while I know my utter incompetency to fulfil the duties of a city pastor. It is my happiness as a son to see my dear parents, and their family enjoying health and happiness. These are favours which demand new recognitions of God's holy and beneficent care. May you also long enjoy such blessings, with the richer satisfaction of pure confidence in our blessed Redeemer.

PRINCETON, *May 6, 1828.*

After taking so sudden a departure from the hospitalities of Philadelphia, it seems right that I should hasten to make reply to your last letter ; and have only to complain that the mail is about to depart, leaving me but short space to frame an epistle. To-morrow I expect to go to New York, in company with Mr. Kirk, and thence probably to New Haven and Boston.<sup>1</sup> The country is as lovely as the sweet and genial breath of spring can make it. From the window where I sit, I look upon fields covered with a rich and sudden verdure, and upon orchards in their fullest bloom. Something, however, has so chilled my nature, that I have none of those delightful emotions which I used to experience, when I carried Thomson's Seasons on my long walks, and found a pastoral scene in every grove.

PRINCETON, *July 18, 1828.*

In consequence of delay in answering your last letter, I found myself cut off from the opportunity of doing it at all, as I was afraid to direct to Petersburg, lest you should have left that place, and as you did not communicate to me the intended length of your visit. Like yourself I am about to excuse, but in a different direction, and set out to-morrow for Long Branch. My situation is superlatively *ennuyante*. Without a charge, without regular labour, or the stimulus of definite prospects, I suffer much from the increase of indolent and melancholy musings. As soon as summer is fairly over, I expect to revisit Virginia, with the view of winding up my concerns there, and then looking around me for some situation suitable to my talents and inclinations. It gives me pain to look about me, and see how little there is which could interest you in the repetition. Princeton knows few changes, except changes of weather and of servants. Mr. Gibson is building a house and a barn ; Mr. Voorhees, a store ; Mr. Joline's Cato has come back ; we have got a new cow. These are the principal articles of news. In politics there is a slight change among some of the old Federalists, whose eyes are opened to see the treachery of John Q. A., and who are endeavouring to make his preference of the Democrats, and his old renunciation of Federalism, a ground for their changing sides, and espousing the cause of Jackson. This attempt to revive ancient feuds is too late, and the influence of such men as Jos. Hopkinson, &c., will weigh with the Federalists of New Jersey. The cause of Mr. Adams is sustained, as I fully believe, by the great mass of enlightened and sober men. As for myself, I

<sup>1</sup> The trip extended to Andover, Albany, and the Catskill Mountains.

admire the man for that simple dignity which has marked all his proceedings. How pitiful are the Southern recalcitrations against the tariff! They remind one of the pet of a child who will not eat his dinner, because he is forbidden the use of certain articles. I have only just finished Scott's *Life of Napoleon*. It is a fine history, but evidently a most hurried production. I admire the candour of Sir Walter; who, as an Englishman and a Tory, might have been expected to have great prejudices against Napoleon. I have also read the "*Fair Maid of Perth*." The court scenes, and the Highland part of the story, I think very dull, but Henry Gow and his neighbours are equal to any thing he has yet written. Especially after those pitiful stories in the first of the *Canongates*, we have reason to be agreeably disappointed. Have just finished Pollok's *Course of Time*. Without making him equal to Milton, as some of the English reviewers have done, I admire his work exceedingly. There is much grandeur of thought, great simplicity of language, and at times the discovery of a satiric vein, which place the author in a high rank among contemporary poets.

I have sent a piece to Littell for his projected "*Remember me*," [an "*Annual*":] it is hard to say whether I should be most mortified by seeing it in print, or by having it rejected. It is a sort of *Tale*: scene, *Athens*: date about A. D. 100–112.

Addison has finished *Ariosto*, and is now at *Boccaccio*. He has read about half of *Corneille*, which I have also read. In Spanish, Addison began with *Don Quixote* and has read it over and over.

PRINCETON, *August 28, 1828.*

The peregrinations in which we have both been engaged, have made sad infractions upon the ordinary regularity of our correspondence. This I the rather regret, as you are at present my only regular correspondent. I am obliged to you for your letter from *Utica*, and I should have answered it, had I not supposed that your journey would have been more rapid than it has proved. You will have heard that I have visited your city since you last saw me. My pleasure was greatly abridged in consequence of your absence, as I was without a *Cicerone*, and involved in a very different sphere from the agreeable little circle of friends with whom I commonly hold intercourse in *Philadelphia*. My time at present hangs rather heavily upon my hands. Being in that amphibious state between actual labour and total idleness, without a settlement, and yet subject to the constant demands of persons who need preaching, I feel myself very much impaired in mind and spirits. Surely I am losing all that romantic sentimentalism which used to sweeten even my ordinary walks, and



create a fairy world in moments of idleness. In the month of October I expect to revisit Virginia, to close my connexion with an affectionate and beloved people, and shall, with leave of Providence, return about the first of the year, with the hope of finding a resting place nearer home. I already feel that it is deeply injurious to a young man to be so long in forming permanent connexions. The habits acquired in this changeable sort of life are peculiarly adverse to mental improvement and maturity of character. I have read nothing very interesting of late. Vivian Grey is an amusing, but most incoherent and extravagant book. If his pictures of Germany are correct, it is certainly the most crazy country upon the globe. The German language has been an object of my attention, at intervals, for some time. I am still very far from being able to read it with any comfort: yet I am encouraged by the report of its rich literary stores to persevere in my application to it. As to politics, the Jackson men around us are nearly frantic. Meeting upon meeting, where the demagogues disgorge the *crambe recoccta* of "Coalition, Tergiversation," &c. The attempt to draw off the Federalists from the Administration has had some effect: yet my hopes are still strong that Adams will be re-elected.

A new society connected with the college has been formed, called the Philological Society, to which Prof. Patton has given the use of his choice and extensive Library. We heard to-day from Mr. Hodge—date 28th July, London. He expected to sail on the first of August, so that we expect him almost daily. He has transmitted a large collection of books for the Seminary, principally works in German upon Theology and Criticism. The heat and the drought take away all the vigour of my system, and have influenced this letter by their terrifying powers. Excuse my dullness, if you cannot sympathize with it, and believe me, as heretofore—Thine.

PRINCETON, October 4, 1828.

As to my future course in life, I am able to speak only negatively; I shall never seek a settlement south of the Potomac unless driven to it by necessity. As to Trenton, the place has no charms for me; yet in my present circumstances I must do something, and the unanimity and cordiality of the call to that place, in the absence of all other "openings," cause me to look with some favour upon the situation. It would be no small satisfaction to me to be placed within a few hours' sail of Philadelphia, and I might expect to be a more frequent visitor to your city. I am weary of the sickly sympathy manifested for that miscreant Shelley. Surely the just indignation of the public towards a hireling Atheist and seducer, deserves a better name

than persecution. His unintelligible poems can never redeem a character such as his. I am glad to see some signs of an interest in German literature, manifested in the article [in Philadelphia Magazine] on Schiller; I should be still more pleased to meet with some of his works. I have recently read some of them with great satisfaction. The other members of the Weimar quaternion would be fit subjects for as many articles, viz.: Goethe, Herder, and Wieland. The articles which appear from time to time in the American Quarterly upon German literature, certainly manifest a familiarity with the subject; but they are too vague and superficial. Instead of being reviews of the celebrated works, or sketches of character, they are such loose table talk upon the subject in general, as might be taken down in short hand from the conversation of any German scholar.

I have just read the whole of Molière's Comedies. Those which are in prose would all be considered farces among us. They are certainly as amusing as any thing I have ever read. My reading at present is principally theological, which, though interesting to me, does not afford the same subjects for conversation or correspondence as some lighter studies. I have been toiling through some recent specimens of German Infidelity, which Mr. Hodge has brought over, and am also reading a more evangelical work, Neander's Ecclesiastical History.

I suppose Archibald in the plenitude of his Jacksonianism has informed you that Princeton is ornamented with a Hickory pole, in the most conspicuous part of the village. It is strange to see with what phrenetic zeal the Hickories are traversing all the country. Invasion or civil war could scarcely produce a greater fermentation among the populace. My fear is that New Jersey will give her vote for the Chieftain; and indeed, further, that he will be our President. Among the novelties of New Jersey there is an attempt to institute a school, in which some hours of every day are to be spent in agriculture, or other manual labour. This is somewhat upon the plan of Fellenbergh, and seems to be well adapted to the wants of our country. The principal agent in this scheme is Mr. Monteith, late Professor of Languages in Hamilton College. We have had a rumour here that a Brazilian squadron had been in Long Island Sound apparently with hostile intent, and that the Hudson and other vessels were despatched upon this business; but as the papers contain nothing on the subject, it is probably a false report. I have tried to respect the South American Governments, but in vain. Their bravery is a sort of animal courage, and their independence mere lawlessness. Greece seems destined to be divided among the beasts of prey which have been so long sitting in judgment

upon her fate. But you are not likely to feel great interest in my political speculations. I have been reading Milton's prose works with great delight, and I specially recommend to you his speech for unlicensed printing, if you have never read it. My time passes on in a very dull manner. I have had to preach every Sunday, without stimulus enough to lead me to the preparation which is my duty. I rise about seven, and spend most of my time in studying German; walk a little in the woods, and along the brooks, visit none, and have no company, no correspondent except yourself. My health is generally pretty good, and I have as yet escaped the bilious attack which I have had some reason to dread.

RETIREMENT, CHARLOTTE CO., VA., *November 16, 1828.*

What I shall ever find to fill this portentous sheet, is yet to be determined, and I hope you will judge of its merits by measurement, and send me an equivalent. On my return to Virginia, I found the whole population in a ferment upon the subject of the Presidential election. Jackson is carrying it with a high hand, and there seems little doubt among the politicians here as to his election. Mr. Randolph attended the assemblage here, dressed in a coat of Virginia homespun, and leather breeches, whipped his servant in the public court-yard, and uttered some oracular predictions. It was the 5th of November, and he said, "This is the anniversary of the gunpowder plot, and I hope we are doing that which will blow the 'school-master' sky-high." The pecuniary embarrassments are very great in this region,—five failures within a few months in this county. A rise in some articles, as wheat and whisky, promises something for the valley and the mountains. There is no longer any doubt that a convention will be called in Virginia, which will establish universal suffrage, and probably remove the seat of government to Staunton or Charlottesville. My sentimental journey to Virginia might interest you, if I had not given you the same details more than once before. I found some agreeable young ladies on board the Norfolk boat, who had spent some time in Scotland, and was introduced to a sensible young Englishman, who gave me much entertainment and information. The dirty, gloomy, ugly town of Petersburg presents the same appearance as it did three years ago, when I entered it for the first time. I now perceived that I was in Virginia by the gangs of negroes, some with burdens on their heads, others driving wagons of cotton and tobacco, women arrayed in men's hats, and children with scarcely any raiment at all. I preached five times in Petersburg, and came "up the country," by the mail route, in company with Mrs.

Taylor of Petersburg, sister of Judge Marshall, a lady of genius and information. I expect never to see so many persons so rejoiced to meet with me, as appeared at the little church last Sunday. It is painful indeed to leave friends so cordial and sincere, but I believe I am pursuing the path of duty. I enjoy here a delightful retreat from the world, and suitable opportunities for study, if I had such books as I desire. For my solitary walks, I have a boundless range, affording many varieties of rural prospect, and I indulge myself in many woodland rambles. In such a retirement, however, I feel the need of some extrinsic excitement which might urge to continued exertion: the total absence of this, and the stagnation of mind consequent upon this want, convince me that I shall not lose by going forward a few steps nearer to the busy world. I hope to be able to indulge my writing propensities, as I shall be nearer to the vehicles of thought and literature, and may perhaps stumble upon some department of knowledge, in which I may be useful. If I can sufficiently lash up my indolent powers, I will prepare a review for Walsh, and if the *Monthly* still survives, perhaps communicate some morceaux to its columns. If you have any pamphlets or papers of any sort, pray send them hitherward, where there is a perfect destitution of such provender. Saxe Weimar's travels proved dull enough. It is plain that a man may be a duke and yet have very little nobility in his thoughts: he is too much like Miss Wright,—not a spark of genius or life, nor even amusing German mysticism. I am very sure I could make more reputable travels in Germany, and would actually do it, if his Highness or anybody else would pay my bills. The "Remember Me" will have been quite obsolete before I get a glance at my famous production. In case the man gives any quid pro quo, I shall try my luck for another number. Having been lately engaged in reading a *Life of Erasmus*, it has struck me that I might spend some months profitably upon the biography of some eminent man, but cannot make any selection from the rolls of fame. Melancthon, Sir Walter Raleigh, and Grotius have danced before my imagination without leading me to any decision. I have also projected a translation of Milton's *Latin Correspondence*, which has never yet appeared in an English dress.<sup>1</sup> I have in readiness for the *Christian Advocate* a small essay upon "Christian Old Age."<sup>2</sup> The noted Mr. Nettleton spent most of the last summer in an adjoining county, (Prince Edward,) and

<sup>1</sup> This last project was taken up by his correspondent, and the translation was published by Mr. Littell, in April, 1829.

<sup>2</sup> Printed in the April number of 1829. In the August number he gave a "Sketch of the Life of Cyprian."

was made the instrument of a wonderful reformation. Multitudes of irreligious persons have been brought into the church, and among the rest some of the most respectable professional men in this region of country. In the church next to mine, 118 have professed religion during the last few months. This revival still continues, and is extending itself in the counties of Lunenburg, Cumberland, and Buckingham. The Theological Seminary at Hampden Sidney is about to have a new professor [Biblical Literature] in Mr. Goodrich, who was educated at Princeton, and who has been acting as teacher for a year or two in Prince Edward. They have about 120 students in the University [of Virginia.] Dr. [R. M.] Patterson [of Philadelphia] was received with much cordiality [as Professor.] I have just heard of the death of Noel Robertson, a young preacher who was with me in the Seminary. He left North Carolina for the sake of his health, but has been cut off when he supposed that he had found a salubrious climate. How affecting a monition to myself! I see clearly that those men are the happiest who are most entirely devoted to a religious life, and who not only profess religion as I do, but exemplify it in their daily conduct.

CHARLOTTE, *December 9, 1828.*

Since I wrote I remember that Butler has published a life of Grotius, and just now I am so taken up with preaching and visits T.T.L., that I can scarcely find time to put pen to paper. If spared to reach Trenton, I may hope to have most of my mornings in my study, and this will be to me a sort of Paradise. When I preach in the week, it steals away a whole day, and a single visit is sometimes nearly as bad. Most cheerfully will I relinquish to you the Latin Letters of Milton; I feel almost certain that they have never been translated, and you will find it, I think, a pleasant and a popular enterprise. They are certainly difficult, and often obscure from the frequency of recondite classical allusions, but it is the same obscurity which pervades all his compositions. Of the history of his correspondents, I fear little can be known. From the various biographical dictionaries within your reach, and from attentive perusals of his memoirs and the history of his times, something may be gleaned. I take higher ground in favour of translations than you seem willing to assume. Good translators are among the greatest benefactors of the age. The great Mosheim gave the impulse to German literature, by translating the Essayists of England, and the immense work of Cudworth; and if I live to learn German, I intend to set about the business in good sober earnest. We may translate works truly great, useful, and popular; we can

write originally little above mediocrity. Wieland and Schlegel have both translated Shakspeare; Bishop Marsh has translated Michaelis, and a great work of Eichhorn remains unknown to most of us because no one has been bold enough to turn it into English. I had just been reading [Rev. John] Newton when your letter came, and was pleased to find your opinion coincident with my own. The constant correspondent of Cowper could not be an ordinary man. His letters, though numerous, I think his best productions. If you wish to be delighted, get Hayley's Edition of all Cowper's Letters in five or six 8vo vols. : probably in your library. I have been reading the original Letters of Abelard and Heloise, which have set the characters of these great and unfortunate people in a better light than Pope's amorous and fiery epistles. I am indeed strongly tempted to think that the poor ——— became a true penitent. If you wish to read a beautiful, lucid, and unanswerable piece of reasoning, read Paley's *Horæ Paulinæ*. In the October number of the *Biblical Repertory*, you may see a translation of mine from Rosenmüller. Mr. Hodge has applied to me to review the life of Erasmus, which he put into my hands, for his work, [April, 1829.] This will prevent my undertaking it for the *Am. Quarterly*. Yesterday I saw a family of blacks who were suing for their freedom in the superior court of this county. It was delightful to see the joy and exultation of the poor creatures when they succeeded. They seemed to think that nothing now remained for them but to eat, drink, and do nothing for the remnant of their days. I have been reading Miss Hannah More's works. There is an unaccountable prejudice against that good and useful woman. I esteem her to be the best of female writers, and had she written on a subject more consonant with popular taste, than those she has chosen, I have no doubt she would have attained as great celebrity as Madame de Staël. The latter is truly great, but the evident straining after point so common to French writers is peculiarly displeasing in her works. Mrs. More's best work in my judgment is her "Hints towards Forming the Character of a Young Princess;" a book which convinces me that she was well qualified to treat that difficult and interesting science,—the philosophy and ethics of history. I must confess that she is sometimes deficient in vivacity, and always in brilliancy, but her thoughts are always reasonable and profound, and her aim towards practical good. The question *Cui bono?* is one appropriate to all our literary toils. Especially in composition I think it should be more my endeavour than it has heretofore been, to do something which may be profitable. The thought of benefiting our contemporaries is one which ought to excite the most sacred

ambition, if such an expression may be tolerated. "For what am I living?" ought indeed to open our eyes to those practical duties which arise out of our social relations. This is undoubtedly very new to you, and perfectly original. I venture the thought because it has recently dwelt much upon my own mind.

The die is indeed cast, and Adams must trudge. I am determined now to suspend my judgment, until I can see what measures the General will introduce. Can you guess who will form the cabinet? I have thought of Van Buren, Benton, Hayne, and McLean. I hope to be able to look in for a short time upon the great people at Washington. Perhaps you may desire a trip about the same time, and meet me there. I cannot tell you how much I admire your city life. If, for instance, I had the command of the "Library" which you have, I should think it worth \$500 a year. No subject and scarcely a book to which you may not have immediate access. But my duty as well as interest is to learn contentment with the exact situation in which I am likely to be placed. To be near you, so as to correspond not by letter merely, but by personal interview, will be a peculiar pleasure. I am young, but the friends of my childhood are strangely scattered. With the exception of Kirk, you are the only one that adheres. *Our* friendship has been made more secure in my opinion by its eminent sobriety; it has been free from romance and sentimentality. I know that you would be much overpowered if on meeting you I should give you an embrace, and tell you how greatly I loved you: yet such is the friendship of many. Some have thus caressed me, who do not at this moment care one straw for me, or my interests. I rejoice in any thing which promises your return to your Latin classics: though you have probably become rusty, yet you may be assured that six months occasional reading will renew your ability to read them with pleasure. Try the experiment with Cicero's Offices, and I ensure you that you will find the task a delightful one. What I have learned of Latin has been preserved not by classical reading, but the perusal of Latin works on Theology. The classics are more in your line than mine, and I hope you will pursue the study. Strange as the idea may at first appear, I believe that a series of essays upon some of the less familiar classics, as Seneca, Lucan, Plautus, or Pliny, would be a work quite *new* and interesting to the *Scavans* of our country. Let your ink take some such channel. I expect to leave Charlotte upon the 17th inst.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> He preached his farewell sermon at the Charlotte church, December 28, from John xvi. 23.

## CHAPTER VI.

### LETTERS WHILE PASTOR IN TRENTON.

1829—1832.

TRENTON, NEW JERSEY, GREENE STREET, NEAR }  
HANOVER STREET, *January 16, 1829.*<sup>1</sup> }

What chiragra has disabled that faithful hand of yours which so seldom gives just cause for complaint? Now mark it well—if you should have written to me, before this shall have been received, you must consider this gratuitous epistle as an answer to the said writing. My first business in my new lodgings is to write this epistle. I am peacably inducted into my very pleasant little study facing a retired street, within five minutes' walk of my church, and convenient to the tavern, barber's shop, and post office. I have no shelves, desks, or any array of literary appointments as yet; and as to my ill-fated books, where are they? The Delaware has broken up to-day with prodigious violence, and some damage to property. Our little town is improving in manufactures. M. Sartori has brought over from France a complete apparatus for calico printing, together with experienced artificers. A dam across the river is talked of, and the Canal bill is before the Assembly. Upon next Tuesday an important suit in chancery is to be called up, brought by the manufacturing company of Paterson against the Morris Canal Company; the former charging the latter with withdrawing the waters of the Rockaway River from their manufactories.

In fulfilling my office as pastor, I am called every day to visit a young girl of seventeen in the last stage of consumption.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Alexander was elected pastor of the congregation at Trenton in the autumn of 1828. He accepted the call, and preached his first sermon Saturday, January 10, 1829, preparatory to the Lord's Supper on the following day. The Presbytery did not meet for his installation until February 11. On that occasion his father presided, Dr. Miller delivered a discourse, the Rev. Mr. Cooley gave the charge to the pastor, and the Rev. Mr. Perkins, of Allentown, the charge to the congregation.



You know the flush of uncommon beauty, and the brilliancy of eye which sometimes characterize the countenances of those who are the victims of this hopeless disorder. These are in an eminent manner exemplified in this interesting creature. She was a belle, and one of the most thoughtless, and it was her sin and folly to defer preparation for death until the last hours of her life. In consequence of this she had suffered unspeakable pangs of remorse and apprehension, and my sympathies have been awakened by the appeals of this lovely yet dying penitent to me a feeble instrument, for some ground of hope. After many struggles, I cannot but hope that she has found secure rest in an unconditional surrender of herself to the mercies of God in Christ. No less than four young ladies within my limits are apparently dying with pulmonary complaints.

I have a notion of undertaking a history of New Jersey. Such a work is in great demand, and I am at the very fountain-head of information on the subject. I can have free access to all the old State papers. I have not got myself at all fixed yet, but am *progressing*, (see Webster in loco.) Pray did you know that *bridegroom* ought to be spelt *bridegoom*? See Webster's Dictionary again. If you ever get sight of a Dutch grammar please to buy it for me.

TRENTON, *January 24, 1829.*

It is difficult for me just at this time to enjoy as much leisure as I wish, as I have many visits to make, and have set out with the determination of writing at least part of my discourses. My father was here upon the 22d, and preached a sermon upon Intemperance. The legislature adjourned to attend, but not more than a dozen of them were present, much as they needed it. I mentioned to you in my last, the case of an interesting girl who seemed to be dying. She has now departed with great increase of hope in her last hours. I preached a discourse over her remains. Such scenes as these make me sometimes feel the vanity of all things below, and the importance of being more wholly devoted to preparation for eternity; but alas! the impression is too often momentary. My church numbers about two hundred and fifty communicants, but I think this is rather more than the number really attending with us. The Chief Justice (Ewing) of the State, is one of my main supporters, and Mr. Southard will soon be a hearer. Under the new circumstances I feel a greater stimulus to what may be called the external or literary part of preparation, than I ever experienced among my simple flock in Virginia. If you have never read Dunlop's History of Roman Literature, make it your business to peruse it immediately. It

is at once learned and entertaining, enthusiastic and profound. At this time a company of Indians are the lions of Trenton, on their way to your city. As you have probably ventured very little into the palpable obscure of the German metaphysics, let me give you a single paragraph from a work which I have been reading; it refers to Fichte, one of the most popular of the followers of Kant. "The philosophy of Fichte speaks thus: I do not assume as a postulate that I am immortal, but I know it immediately, or intuitively, and I act as an immortal being, as an absolute and practical *Ich* (I), I am myself immortal; I have eternal life in myself, and God is in me, and united to me, while the absolute *I am myself* and God as an absolute *self*, can be nothing else than the absolute practical *Ich*, which is the object of thought. According to Fichte I am at every moment of my practical existence *God within*; for God is nothing else but what I am. Kant *believes* that there is a God: Fichte is intuitively certain of it, because his God is nothing else than the idea of his *Ich*." What think you of this? Surely the hospital would be the proper place for such philosophers, and yet all Germany is enamoured of such notions. Since I commenced this farraginous letter, my books have arrived, to my inexpressible joy. No husband ever greeted his wife more gladly after a six months' absence. My books are indeed my treasure, and limited as their number is, they are dear to me, as being the source of my greatest enjoyment. My study is my Paradise; and when evening has closed in upon me, and I find myself seated by a sparkling fire, with no threatening of interruption, and with a mind at ease, I envy not the autocrat of all the Russias.

TRENTON, February 17, 1829

I have been reading German until my head tingles with the echoes of harsh and sesquipedalian words, yet I leave the study with regret, because I find it more and more an interesting language, opening to me immense stores in every department of literature. The history of human opinion is one of the most agreeable of all subjects, and I have been reading an excellent history of Theological Science, by Professor Stäudlin of Göttingen. I have often given you a schedule of my daily employments; take the following for the present: it is my plan, but I need not say that I vary more or less every day, in practice. Rise at 7; breakfast at 8; study Original Scriptures, Theology, and Sermons until dinner at 1; afternoon spent in visiting; tea at 6; and then meetings, visits, reading, writing, &c., &c., until 11 or 12, when I creep into my cold bed. So far as I can learn any thing of my people, they seem disposed to treat me well, and

are very much such a flock as I like to serve. There is intelligence enough to afford me some stimulus, and as I generally observe a regular theological method in the succession of my morning discourses, I am enabled to make my reading in divinity a preparation for the pulpit.

I am desirous of investigating what is commonly called the "Revival of Letters," especially in its relations to the Reformation. You may render me great assistance by referring me to books, and answering occasional queries on the subject. Be so good as to keep a quire of paper for such notes. For instance, What book is written expressly upon this subject? When did the revival of literature begin to take place? by whose means? What names are most distinguished in this great revolution? What books refer to it? Are any of the Latin works of Petrarca in your (Philadelphia) library? any ancient life of Petrarca? What can you find about Peter D'Ailly, (1425,) his works and influence, (in Latin Petrus de Alliaco?) John Gerson, Nic. v. Clemange. Laurentius Valla. Marsilius Ficinus. Ludovicus Vives. Any facts, or references, or books, will be gratefully received. I am in no great hurry, and as you read you may find some important items. In Noah's "Enquirer" of the 18th inst., I see a notice of the Anniversary of Tom Paine's birth-day, on the 29th ult., by the Society of Free Inquirers. It is a horrible outrage upon the moral and religious public. It would seem, however, to be punishment enough to be pilloried as they are by name, in their own account of their orgies. The Canal bill in this State, I apprehend, will either fail, or be encumbered with conditions never to be fulfilled. Our lower House of Legislature have just adopted a new school-system, similar in its leading features to that of New York. So far as attendance upon public worship, &c., is concerned, I am encouraged more and more every week; and am peculiarly comfortable and happy in my private circumstances.

If there is such an old-fashioned thing in any of your stores as an hour-glass, or a half-hour glass, (I prefer the latter,) oblige me by buying it for me, as I have a penchant for such a piece of furniture. I am just reading Irving's Columbus for the first time, with much pleasure. I esteem it the first of American classics, and can never be affected enough to join in the clamour against his crystal flow of purest English. The moral solemnity of Columbus's character, never before struck me; his perseverance, his noble confidence in truth, his stubborn resistance of every opposition. Our unfortunate Bombastes, Joel Barlow, showed some judgment in the choice of a subject, but he puffed it up like a bladder, and painted it like a butterfly, and even

American vanity could not keep up the bubble. I cannot express to you how much I loathe French poetry. Amazing! that a nation of taste should persevere in writing epics to the tune of—

“’Tis the voice of the sluggard, I heard him complain  
You have waked me too soon, I must slumber again.”

E. g. “Quel besoin si pressant avez-vous de rimer?  
Et qui diantre vous pousse à vous faire imprimer?”

John Wesley says, in one of his journals, that you might as well undertake to play an oration upon the jews-harp, as to write a heroic poem in French. Have you access to the following works? viz.: “Joh. Hen. Maii Vita Reuchlini.” Humphry Hody’s “De Græcis illustribus literarum Græcarum in Italia instauratoribus.” “Museum Helveticum,” (vol. iv., p. 163;) also any good history of the invention of printing, and its effects? You see my eye is fixed upon my great work, [see p. 122.] It shall not exceed three 4tos, wire-wove, hot-pressed paper, russia gilt. J. Murray, Albemarle st., price six guineas to subscribers, dedicated to the hon. John Hall, sen., Chief Justice of the United States.

TRENTON, *March 2, 1829.*

Mr. Walsh<sup>1</sup> seems much delighted to find a divine so truly wedded to his own system of Christian benevolence as Dr. Onderdonk shows himself to be. I cannot but consider the address of the Rt. Rev. gentleman one of the weakest defences even of that groundless scheme. Will he pretend to say that our country is not as well supplied with the means of grace as Palestine was when Paul went to the Gentiles? We *have* begun at Jerusalem, we still maintain our great force at home. The missionaries to the heathen are not one in a thousand of the teachers of religion. At what point shall we begin to send the truth abroad? when all at home are truly converted? Upon this principle the heathen will never be brought to God without a miracle. It is not true that we rob the cause of home missions by maintaining foreign missions; nor are the supporters of the latter indifferent to the former, for generally speaking, the money for sustaining both comes out of the same pockets. As to that truly Walshian sentence about “the proclivity of our country to the centrifugal and romantic,” it is a proclivity which finds its precedent in the Christianity of the apostles. The school system lately adopted by our legislature, promises more for the good of New Jersey than any thing which has been known for a long time in our State. It owes its passage to the zeal and labour of a single man,

<sup>1</sup> In his opposition to foreign missionaries, on the ground that home duties were neglected.

Rev. Robert Baird, who has been keeping the subject before the minds of the people, in newspaper essays, for some months. If we aspire to *usefulness*, I know no way in which we can promise ourselves so much real success, though without noise or eclat. I have been advised to write a Commentary for the use of Sabbath school teachers, and I have the subject under consideration. It must soon be decided, or I shall be anticipated by some more rapid genius. I lecture to the teachers every Thursday evening, and bestow more preparatory labour upon this, than upon any of my services; it is by far the most delightful of my employments.

The Delaware is closed with ice, and the weather still savours more of winter than of spring. The suffering poor among us have excited some commiseration, and subscriptions are now in circulation for their relief. I have been reading Hare's Chemistry, and am greatly attracted by his wonderful mechanical ingenuity. Since leaving college, this is the only book which I have read upon the subject. Surely it would be profitable for us to review those studies, which we profess to think so important in the education of others.

TRENTON, *March 26, 1829.*

I have abandoned my literary projects, and have determined to set about a brief commentary upon the historical parts of the New Testament for the use of Sunday school teachers. The importance of such a work must be at once obvious. It need not be mentioned. If no one anticipates me I hope to be thus in some degree useful. I write in a straggling and tremulous manner, for I had a chill last night, and after sitting up until one, at your review,<sup>1</sup> and eating no breakfast, I am totally unfit to put pen to paper. I have read the documents upon the Panama mission so far as they have been published, and cannot perceive that they add much to Mr. Adams's reputation for wisdom. They set that scheme more in the light of a chimera than any thing I have before seen. From the review of Irving's new work, ["Conquest of Granada,"] I am not disposed to expect much from it. Mere battles are interesting to me only in real history, and not often there. I have no doubt that the reading which has been rendered necessary by your late undertaking, has impressed upon your mind the truth that biography is one of the most fascinating studies, and that the lives of the most eminent men have generally been written in a very slovenly manner. Let me recommend to you to set about the life of some eminent literary

<sup>1</sup> Of the translation of Milton's letters for the American Quarterly Review, June, 1829.

character. You may be sure of readers, if you make a proper selection. Amidst all the changes of public taste, biographies have been popular in every age. The life of Sir Walter Raleigh is so nearly connected with our own country's history, that it might be made a very attractive work. Gibbon once undertook the job, if I remember right.

TRENTON, *April 4, 1829.*

Those same letters of Milton are, in my opinion, as frothy a set of articles as I ever read. Suppose we publish *our* familiar letters; I am sure that the correspondence will be much more entertaining. I am truly ashamed of the stuff I have written as a Review, but do not see how I can amend it; it is quite short, and has little reference to the work, which indeed scarcely admits of extracts. I spent last evening at the house of Dr. Belleville, a French physician, who has been fifty years in this country. He is a devoted follower of Voltaire, but otherwise a venerable and estimable man. He is intimate with Surveilliers, and supposes that he will publish an extended narrative of the events of the revolution and empire, in which he took any part. He represents the ex-king as a truly amiable man, of a literary turn, spending much of his time in his splendid library of French and Italian works. The Doctor showed me two very exquisite French prints of Joseph's daughters, presented by themselves. I have just been to a meeting held by Mr. Case, a Methodist missionary from Upper Canada, with some Indian converts. Mr. C. is a man without pretension, but is an honest-hearted and pious missionary, and I was sincerely gratified. Judge [Bushrod] Washington and his lady are here. There has been nothing very interesting in the Circuit Court.

TRENTON, *April 8, 1829.*

I have been reading John Adams's Defence of the American Constitution, and have found it a very interesting work. I am especially pleased with his abstract of the history of the Italian republic, which I have never found so clearly given in any other book. It has almost set me upon studying Italian, and reading Machiavel, Guicciardini, Malavolti, &c., in the original. A general survey of all history, with reference to the principles of our constitution, would be a great and useful work. It seems to me that our Colleges ought to have lectures upon that very subject. The simple principles assumed as fundamental by Adams, have really cast a new light upon all the history I have read. The annals of all nations seem to be a commentary upon the doctrine that the three primary forms of government must be so tempered

and balanced in every government, as to check the extravagance of each. My translation from Rosenmüller, and Review of Scholz, have appeared in the Biblical Repertory.

TRENTON, *May 4, 1829.*

I entertain lively anticipations with regard to the results of your introduction to the modern Johnson, [Mr. Walsh.] There are few men in our country whose acquaintance would be a greater prize. May you have many profitable and pleasant hours in his conversazioni. I hope that you will come forth from the den of lions, unscathed as Daniel. I have some curiosity to know how many letters I have written to you.<sup>1</sup> I have the most of yours, but among my various peregrinations some of them have been lost. I am unable to accept your invitation to dinner on the 5th, yet I will drink to the continuance of our correspondence in *water*, the only beverage to which I have access. Judge Gould's letter is in my view one of the most just and most severe castigations that Mr. Adams has received. Not that I love J. Q. A. less, but that I love Federalism more. I have been reading Terence lately with much pleasure. He is the only Latin poet in whose writings I have ever found simple pathos. I might except some of Virgil's sad descriptions, but in the case of Virgil, the pomp of the verse, and the artificial epithets, detract from the effect. In the *Andria* and *Hecyra* of Terence, there are some of the most charming touches of deep feeling. Erasmus knew Terence and Horace by heart. Who ever could say as much for Milton or Pope? I have seen a man who could repeat four books of *Paradise Lost*.

I am fully persuaded that there is no department in which a man may be so sure of arriving at eminence as in the modern languages. All my study of this kind has been for amusement, and yet I am surprised at my own progress, and convinced that one who would devote himself to the subject, might in five years have the choice of authors in German, French, Spanish, Italian, Dutch, and Portuguese. A scholar in modern languages may take what department he chooses, read always what is entertaining, and yet have the reputation of a great linguist or critic.

If I had the access which you have to libraries of French and Italian works, I should make these languages a main object; but where one must buy every book, at an exorbitant price, the private student labours under great disadvantages. Will you oblige me by purchasing "A selection from Italian prose-writers, with translations according to the Hamiltonian system"? My

<sup>1</sup> This was the ninety-ninth.

reasons for wishing this is, that my greatest difficulty in languages arises from the particles, and little words, especially auxiliary verbs, and oblique cases of pronouns, as well as adverbs and conjunctions which have various meanings. These may all be learned in a week's time from a living teacher, or a very literal translation. I find no books so well adapted to take away the darkness of a new language as travels and biography. I wish to get Goldoni's life by himself, if it can be procured separately. Is the life of Boccaccio at a moderate price? Quere. How should we exist if so separated as to have our correspondence by letter broken up? After ten years' use it has become with me almost a necessary of life. I have just read Carter's travels, [in Europe,] and like it well, with two exceptions. 1. He is forever foisting in the classics, reading Catullus on the grass; Horace in the diligence; Virgil passim: while he betrays wonderful ignorance in some simple points of antiquity, does not know what a Hermes is, which Kennet might have taught him, and denies the well-known tradition of Luke's having been a painter. 2. He compares every thing with New York, and makes out the latter to be the greatest city in the world.

TRENTON, *May* 11, 1829.

With this, my hundredth letter, accept my warmest congratulations and wishes for the continuance of our correspondence. A catalogue of our many topics would be quite extensive. I am often amused when I call to mind the freaks of fancy which used to enliven our early letters. By the bye, did I ever tell you that I remember having seen your first attempt at epistolary writing? It was a letter to your aunt, now deceased, who received it while she was on a visit to my mother.

When I have another inspiration I will patch up something for the [National] Gazette. I will translate some classical excerpts, to be incorporated among his own, if he will accept them; likewise a brief memoir of the celebrated Buchanan. In your library hours, look me out a few hints, particularly opinions of scholars as to his latinity and poetry. I have Johnson's works, but cannot turn to the compliment which I remember he pays to Buchanan. Mayhap it is in *Bozzy*. Have you seen any book upon Italian literature, which takes the same view of it which Dunlop does of Roman? Prof. Ticknor, of Harvard, has furnished the Spanish student with a useful manual of this kind. I have been reading over the last twelve books of the Iliad, Terence's Eunuchus, and have got half through Plautus. Spring has some hard struggles with the winter, which seems disposed to adhere to the throne, being made arrogant, I suppose, by so long



a reign. There is a good deal of verdure about Trenton; yet I sigh for the open country, and remember with regret the tracts over which I could expatiate in Virginia, the forests, the streams,

“The mossed oaks  
Which have outlived the eagle.”

Yet I should be loth to have you suppose that I am discontented. In no place I think, except Princeton, could I be more at ease. There is no sort of liberty more precious in my eyes than the liberty of visiting only when and where you please. Now this is what a Pastor cannot enjoy. He must visit all his people; and if he does this faithfully, he is cut off from almost every other out of door's work. In Princeton I scarcely ever went anywhere oftener than necessity drove me. You may conceive how little qualified I am for indiscriminate visits. I am averse to making new acquaintances, and fond of sitting at home, while I have an exquisite relish for the society of one or two whose pursuits are congenial, and with whom I can live without any mask of ceremony or dignity.

Mr. Southard is very much broken; stoops like a man of seventy, and seems melancholy. If he recovers, he will probably be our next Governor. My old room-mate Waterbury has removed to Portsmouth, N. H. Kirk has abundant encouragement at Albany; great increase of numbers in his church.

TRENTON, *May 15, 1829.*

Dull—headache last-night—exceedingly Mondayish. Read Schiller's *Don Carlos* on Saturday, and do not hesitate to pronounce it the finest tragedy I ever perused. Am reading *Wallenstein*, which is considered his *chef-d'œuvre*. Also the *Decamerone* of Boccaccio. The *Biblical Repertory* is likely to become a more important work; a number of clergymen have determined to establish it as a theological review.

Lafayette's hogshead of dirt<sup>1</sup> is, I think, unworthy of the good sense he has always manifested; it is in genuine French taste, however. As a testimony of his affection for America, we cannot but receive it respectfully. He might have requested to be interred at Mount Vernon, which would have been more truly honourable.

*May 26.*

Rain, rain, rain. I had intended to rise very early and take a walk upon the banks of our delightful river, but am weather

<sup>1</sup> He sent for a quantity of the soil of the United States for his private cemetery.

bound. Leigh Hunt's book is exceedingly amusing. I have half a notion to write my own life. Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria* is a book that will amply remunerate you for any hours you may spend over it. I do not know whether I mentioned to you that Attorney-General Berrien will deliver the annual oration before the Societies at Princeton. You will inform me of what is to be seen in the Academy of Arts, and as soon as possible any very interesting business before the [General] Assembly. I have finished "Wallenstein," which is in three parts; it is a drama of intense interest. Schiller approaches in style to the highest flights of Shakespeare, and produces much of the same deep and personal interest in the fortunes of his heroes, that is experienced in reading Scott's most commanding works. I have tried to admire Corneille, but I need no force to fill me with wonder at the powers of the great German poet. Mr. [Rev. I. V.] Brown's High School [at Lawrenceville] has opened with thirty-six scholars, his buildings are in rapid progress. His "French gentleman" is Mr. Louis Hargous, the best Frenchman I have ever seen, and one who is a most accurate and well-read English scholar; his "Native of Germany," is C. J. Haldemann, a lawyer and P. D. of Heidelberg, a pupil of the celebrated Dr. Paulus. His principal teachers are Rev. L. Leake, of N. J., and his son George Brown. It will be a good school.

TRENTON, *June 27, 1829.*

Presuming that you will be able to redeem time enough from your review of the "Egarements" and your musical reflections to perstringe a sheet of foolscap, I take my pen to inform you that I am not in good health, and hoping that these lines will find you not in the same. Bile, bile, bile! thou chief of mysteries! The old women tell of the stomach's being full of bile, and how it gets into the blood and eyes, and makes the face yellow. The doctors talk of secretions and excretions, of structural and functional derangement of the liver. I shall probably be forced to go to the springs before long. If you are disposed to go in company, it would add much to my satisfaction; yet my jaunt would probably be simply to Saratoga and Ballston, without many divergent steps. I have really no time nor spirit at present for writing for Walsh. This laborious commentary takes up as much time as an extensive and critical work would do; for while the results are very simple and concise, I am under the necessity of collating a number of works, and am forced "depromere magno acervo." Have you read Cadwallader Colden's letter on Masonry? It is the most conclusive argument which I have seen on the subject, and the more weighty as coming from a mason of high standing.

I visited Mr. Brown's school, and am much pleased with his arrangements, while I cannot but think there is something visionary in the new-fangled gymnastics. Boys, if kept at it as a part of their work, will soon be glad to exchange climbing a mast, and vaulting over a wooden horse, for climbing cherry-trees and playing at ball. The suffrage of all ages is in favour of some of our traditional games, and if I mistake not, even in Greece and Rome, to the example of which we constantly defer, children were left to the freedom of their own will, with regard to their sports. Military exercises, if they could be introduced without the military spirit, would be a happy improvement in physical education, and riding, fencing, (to which you will add dancing,) and the ordinary athletics, have stood the test of centuries. The most important change in the new German system is the increase of teachers, as connected with separate rooms for the various classes. This ought to ensure competent instruction in every branch, and give a variety to the daily course which is highly desirable. The modern languages I hope to see taught in every respectable academy, to which I would certainly add *facilities* for music and drawing. This discourse is doubtless edifying, and is occasioned partly by my desire to fill the sheet, and partly by the interest which I happen to be taking at this time in the subject. [Pause—during which I have lectured upon John v. 17-30.] There is in Schiller a memoir of the Marechal de Vielleville, who made a great figure in France during the reigns of Francis I. and Henry II. It is one of the most stirring pieces of old chivalric history which I have ever read. In a different line it excites the same sort of interest with the life of Cellini, and is quite a romance in itself. If there were any way of publishing it, I would translate it; but it is too long for a magazine, and too short to be put by itself. It is 147 pp. very small duodecimo.

TRENTON, *July 6, 1829.*

I preached a 4th of July sermon yesterday from Deut. viii. 10-20; read the passage. The 2d company of State Fencibles [of Philadelphia] was present; they came up to celebrate the 4th, which they did by trudging about in the mire, and ducking themselves thoroughly. I went directly on to Princeton on Tuesday, and there remained until Friday. My health is quite comfortable, and I still hope to get through the summer without any serious attack of my annual complaint. Cold work at Saratoga, I guess. It would be delightful now to make an excursion to Quebec. I am half resolved to undertake it. Our friends have a charming week before them, without fear of being roasted or

suffocated. Wordsworth, among many silly affectations, has a number of splendid passages. He makes one love nature, and directs the attention to a thousand neglected objects of every day's occurrence; while there is a purity and a benevolence in all his thoughts which are rare and charming.

My feeling of good-for-nothing-ness is such that I would gladly spend my whole time for some weeks in riding about the country. It is an excuse for doing nothing, while it occupies the mind, and dissipates ennui. William delivered, or was to deliver, an oration at Harlingen (a Dutch village in the hills north of Princeton) on Saturday last. There was no celebration in this place; indeed, this town is evidently in its dotage. The houses totter, and even our church-steeple has a paralytic tremour, whenever the bell is rung. The very river loses its animation as soon as it reaches Trenton, and in some lanes the grass contends with the pavement. Heigh-ho! I sigh for the greenness and variety of Princeton. Perhaps the change is solely in myself, age creeping on, animal vigour decaying. Some gray hairs variegate my head, and I have a monitory decay of the teeth, and trembling of the hand. I beg leave to say that you have no business to be remaining in Philadelphia during the summer. You ought to strike out some untrodden path, where no tourists have ever roamed. Make a classical tour through Maryland. Go to the west end of Lake Erie. Spend a week at Cape Henlopen. Take ship with me for Newfoundland. Niagara is as common as a Navarino hat, and Saratoga is no better than a beer-stall. I have a great desire to go to Cuba, not just at this season however. Have you obtained for me the chaplaincy at the Navy Yard?

Mr. Randolph reminds Mr. Walsh (29th ult.) of "the beautiful birds of the Spice Islands, they must fly against the wind." How aptly might Mr. R. retort that there are certain birds that always fly *with* the wind, "from what quarter soever it may blow." In Mr. W.'s tirades against the enlarged charities of the day, and his exclusive plea for our own poor, he reminds me of an occurrence recorded in John xii. 4, 5, not that I would insinuate that the cases are parallel. It is the glory of Christian benevolence that it is discursive, and makes itself felt beyond the little circle of home. After all I acknowledge that there may be, and perhaps are, too many divergent channels of charity.

A clear day—how nature seems to rejoice! The humming birds are already at the creeper which runs over my window, and I hear songs on every side; quaker women walk about "in glory and in joy;" horses are taken to bathe in the river; carts of hay crowd into the streets; babies paddle about in the mud-puddles; these are the rural sights and sounds which I now per-

ceive. O for a breeze from the kennels of Water street, [Philadelphia,] or a glimpse of lowly Willing's alley, or the proclamation of raspberries; or any thing to make me think I was in the midst of a bustling city. Among the attendant benefits of war, it ought to be mentioned that it burns up dismal old towns, and makes room for new ones.

You will consider this as an answer to the letter which you have written to-day. It and its precursor are so long, that you must confess yourself in debt, though they contain nothing.

TRENTON, *July 15, 1829.*

You might keep up an interesting series of translations of the notices of American literature in the "Révue Encyclopédique." Mr. Walsh would furnish you the *Révue*, and, I suppose, be glad of the articles. If I were a cit I should do it myself. In the [German] *Conversations-lexicon*, I am informed that Joseph Bonaparte occupies the late seat of Gen. Moreau in Pennsylvania, that the two great national works of the U. S. are Marshall's *Washington*, and Wirt's *P. Henry*. I have just read Goethe's *Goetz von Berlichingen*, with vast delight. It has all the excellences of *Ivanhoe*, in dramatic form. You can get an idea of the subject from Scott's synonymous abortion. Goethe was an idolater of Byron, though he justly charged the latter with stealing largely from him. Among Americanisms insert the following: "*Slatted over.*" Illustration: At last Middlesex court, a woman giving evidence against her husband, testified that he "slatted her over;" this she repeated many times. The daughter also testified that he had several times when angry "slatted her over;" and all the witnesses concurred in declaring that he frequently "slatted her over." Bench and bar were non-plussed. No light could be thrown on the mystery. At last W. C. A. asked one of the grand jury whether this was a provincialism of South Amboy. He said it was partially so, being confined in its use to the "Devil's half-acre," where it meant "push her." I imagine that Webster's dictionary will never be current. The plan of citing *names*, instead of *passages*, is unsatisfactory and unfair.

CAPE ISLAND, [CAPE MAY,] *August 4, 1829.*

After a beautiful sunrise, we have now a heavy storm of rain, brought up with a S. b. W. wind. This gives me an hour of leisure for writing, whereas I should otherwise have been at sea about this time. A party of us had made arrangements to take a pilot-boat for Cape Henlopen, but were afraid of a storm. We had between forty and fifty passengers on our way down, and although we encountered a squall, all things went off pleas-

antly enough. On landing I found that we were to be under conduct of the renowned Aaron Skellinger, who figures in the various characters of wagon-driver, boat-builder, superintendent of Sunday school, precentor and leader of fishing parties. We took lodging at the smallest and least fashionable house, and I have had no reason to repent my choice. The company is quiet, the attendance good, and the fare even sumptuous. Mrs. Bennett, our hostess, is the mother of Hughes who keeps the "Big House." We have here Judge Hallowell of your city. I have never spent so many pleasant hours at any place of summer resort. The beach is delightful, and the company very agreeable. Mr. Duncan of Baltimore, Dr. Collins of Washington, Mr. Latimer of Philadelphia, and several Baltimore ladies, are those with whom I chiefly consort. The usual walks and rides are taken, the ordinary quantity of fish, oysters, crabs, terrapins, lobsters, and game is consumed, and I take the surf twice every day, viz. : at 4½ A. M., and 6 P. M. Occasionally I have tried it at noon. Preached last Sunday at the Cold Spring Church, where a good portion of the strangers attended.

A great majority of the men about here are pilots. Upon the two capes they reckon eighty. It interests me very much to talk with them about their adventures. It was but a few minutes ago that I saw two of them pass through a raging surf to reach a boat which lay beyond the breakers. The face of the country gives me an agreeable surprise, as well as the people, who have that happy mediocrity and thrift which are so conspicuous in New England, whence the settlers of Cape May migrated. A number of very remarkable cures have been wrought by the salt water this season, especially in cases of rheumatism. A gentleman from Kentucky who came here upon crutches, gave them to his landlord at his departure. This place is in my estimation incomparably above Long Branch, and I have scarcely experienced a single moment of ennui or disappointment since my arrival. I have, however, regretted every day that you did not accompany us. To-morrow, if the day is fair, we propose going over to Cape Henlopen and Lewistown, and on Saturday, with leave of Providence, I shall meet you in the "gude town."

From the freshness of the air, and the frequency of sea breezes, I have been exempt from all suffering from heat; during the noon-tide, however, I read; have made out to finish Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, an untranslatable and fascinating romance. It reminds me of the characteristic excellences of *Tristram Shandy* and *Gil Blas*, and abounds in a delicate naïveté and in luscious descriptions. I am now groaning over the *Sorrows of Werter*, an unprincipled book, but one which has been barbarously cari-

catured in the English version. I have also read a number of Luther's Letters, some of which are gross to a degree.

TRENTON, August 24, 1829.

Quid rei? that is to say, What is the matter? Are you absent, or sick, or has some calamity really befallen you? N. B. I have just read Capt. [Basil] Hall's Travels, and have had many hearty laughs over it. I am not disposed altogether to condemn the work, as Mr. Walsh and Stone [Commercial Advertiser] do. He gives us rough handling, it is true, but then it seems to be the expression of honest John Bullism. If our eyes were but open, we might learn some important lessons from his strictures. Inter nos, I accede to many of his political doctrines, and join in his abomination of absolute democracy. He certainly deserves our praise for his suppression of all names, except when he speaks in commendation. My Commentary is done up, that is, supplanted by a work nearly complete, of the same kind, by Rev. Albert Barnes, of Morristown.

TRENTON, September 14, 1829.

I have been rather dilatory in consequence of a press of business which has entirely prevented that quiet state of mind in which one desires to write a letter. Our opinions of Capt. Hall just crossed one another, and I am pleased to find that we do not altogether differ about his merits. If you abstract all that he has said concerning our government, what remains will be rather commendatory. Addison has consigned to me his papers and notes upon Sacred Geography, and I have been engaged in finishing the book, [for Am. Sunday School Union,] so that we shall have it between us. The labour has been very irksome. I spent twelve hours last week verifying the texts of Scripture referred to, by looking for all of them. The mere geographical part is interesting, although it is discouraging to find how little is really known of the site of many ancient places. I was invited to preach at the Tenth Church [Philadelphia, then without a pastor] on the 12th. "Qui bene latuit bene vixit." Had a very pleasant interview of three or four hours with Skinner and Christmas. The death of Mr. [Rev. Matthias] Bruen, is a severe stroke to the church and to his aged father. He was eminently useful as a member of the public religious associations of New York. I am told that his library is one of the most splendid in America. There is a Miss \_\_\_\_\_ from \_\_\_\_\_ here, who is one of the most intelligent young ladies I know. Approaching a little to the *bas-bleu*, she has gayety and wit enough to throw a little charm around the formidableness of her learning. It is really a treat to be with her.

*O si sic omnia!* (viz. feminae.) There is a peculiar force in what Dr. Johnson said of Mrs. Thrale, if I remember aright: "Thrale is a good creature to sit by; she understands what you say." I have been trying for some time to pay a visit to your city, but have been sometimes unwell, sometimes day and night at Geography, sometimes necessarily at Princeton, and at present without a decent pair of pantaloons. I will send you a couple of pieces by Addison and myself for Walsh. [Gazette.] We propose to continue writing in Co. [under signature of *Didymus*.] Addison pretends that he is completing his review. [J. A. A. reviewed Mohammedan History in the American Quarterly Review, March, 1830, and the Gulistan of Sadi, and Anthon's Horace, in September, 1830.]

Pray do you know any thing of Vertot's History of the Knights of Malta? I have lately seen it very highly extolled, especially in a piece of Schiller's. Item. Does your library contain "The Travels of Theodore Ducas, by Mills"? Again, for what price can Mitford's History of Greece be obtained? N. B. Gibbon's Rome may be imported from Germany in 12mo, 12 vols., good paper and print, for 6 Rix dollars, (\$4.20.) I have seen a specimen. Dr. Livingston's Life was taken by *A. Gunn*, (as appears from the advertisement.) I want the book, having a great veneration for the character of the good old Dr. He was to the Ref. Dutch church what Bishop White is to the Episcopal, except that he had incomparably more learning and eloquence. I shall ever remember him as the best specimen of the ancient school of clerical manners.

TRENTON, *September 23, 1829.*

Mr. Walsh has got an honourable advantage of the scurrilous writer in the National Journal. That paper is taking too much the ground which the Telegraph occupied while it was in the opposition. Mr. W. certainly deserves the credit of being dignified and courteous, whether right or wrong. I am in no respect, however, more pleased with the present powers. Read the new Post-Office decrees, as an illustration of the grammatical rule touching the use of "shall" and "will." Mr. ——— has been some days in Trenton. He spent several hours with me last evening. I should imagine from his language that the New Haven school approximates more towards German liberality, or rather indifference to doctrine, than any community of Theologians out of Massachusetts. He said, for instance, that he viewed the verbal coincidences of the first three gospels, as arising from the copying an original oral gospel, which long passed from person to person; that we must admit that the Bible contains a Mythology, as well as a Theology. You are aware that the lat-



ter hypothesis is that by means of which the German Neologists explain away all the miracles. I beg that you will come on to commencement, at least to hear Berrien's speech. Our trustees seem to have no power to supply the two vacancies in the faculty of the college. I propose that we apply for the appointments: I will teach language, and you chemistry. I have always thought—to speak seriously—that a situation as Editor would suit your tastes and talents remarkably well. But how or where? If Mr. Walsh wanted a partner, and you could turn your coat, that would undoubtedly be the place, but of either of these contingencies I have no expectation. A weekly journal, purely literary and scientific, ought to find patronage in your city; something which should have the excellences of Museum, the weekly Reviews of England, and the literary part of Walsh. Is there no publisher who would enterprise such a thing, and assume the pecuniary responsibility? This might perhaps be out of the line in which you wish to move; if so, you must either become author, or Jackson man. By opening your mouth foully for the Administration, you may be made consul at Martinique, by the time that —— has been done over by the climate.

This is one of those gloomy days which makes a man willing to keep close within doors. At such times, I find myself less disposed either to converse or make any special exertion, than when the sun enlivens all nature. I have no reason to complain of low spirits, a malady of which I scarcely know any thing at present; but there is often a sort of pettishness and ill-humour, which is produced in equal degrees by a long beard, a dirty shirt, or nasty weather. I have been reading Schiller's History of the Thirty Years' War in Germany, in which Gustavus Adolphus, Oxenstiern, and Wallenstein were so much celebrated. It is a masterpiece of history, and abounds especially in distinct and striking portraits of great characters. His Lectures on Universal History are also very fine; though they abound in infidel sentiments. When I can get a copy to suit me I intend to read the Odyssey; and am about going over Terence, which I have already studied at long intervals. If I had access to a complete library, I should attempt the ancient historians, in translations. To toil through the original would be to me a mere waste of time. The article on Cromwell [Christian Spectator] by [W. T.] Dwight is very boldly and ably written, but perhaps goes too far, as it is intended to show that he was a genuine patriot, and a sincerely pious Christian. Still I believe that the general opinions of Cromwell are far too dark, being drawn from the suspicious representations of royalists. As if unwilling to judge

nim by his deeds, some of which are bad enough, they attribute even his good actions to hypocrisy.

TRENTON, *October 14, 1829.*

You have seen the appointments made by the trustees for Princeton college. In Mr. Vethake [Natural Philosophy] they have a great acquisition. Every day or two I have been hoping to visit Philadelphia, but obstacles have continually risen up. Just now, the sudden death of one of my people, and the apparently mortal disease of another, must detain me. Mr. Berrien's discourse exceeded all expectations. It was not profound, and contained few indications of comprehensive grasp of mind, or creative genius, yet from its exquisite polish it will appear well in print. Mr. B.'s manner is the most perfect specimen of artificial oratory I have ever witnessed.

How is it that Texas has just been discovered to be so remarkably fertile and valuable? In Darby's Gazetteer I find it represented as a barren waste, almost entirely destitute of spring water, and destined forever to be a wilderness. This, I suppose, is to be the Panama question of the Jackson cabinet. I understand that Gov. Giles is publishing an opinion that a separation of the Northern from the Southern States would be highly advantageous to the latter. In such an event, which is no longer improbable, it is to be wished that you and I may not have migrated south of the Potomac; Faxit Deus! By way of a Hindoo idol, in the last Philadelphian, we had an exact copy of the Ephesian Diana; see Calmet's Dictionary.

You ask me my opinion about preachers. I think that of the 17th century, John Howe and Barrow are the first; and of the 19th Robert Hall, whom I prefer to any sermonizer I have ever read. His sermon entitled "Modern Infidelity Considered," is unequalled. For deep pathos, Samuel Davies is surpassed by none, but he often sins against good taste. I am reading Gough's History of the Quakers, and am more and more convinced that George Fox was the true progenitor of the Hicksites.

PRINCETON, *October 24, 1829.*

It is probable that a letter from you lies unopened in the post-office at Trenton, as I have been absent a week at Synod, which met at the delightful town of Newark, and from which I returned last night, much exhausted with late and early sessions. On Monday's afternoon boat I expect to take passage for Philadelphia expecting to leave it upon the succeeding day for Richmond. I may spend a few hours with you. A partial engagement has been entered into by the directing committee of the

Biblical Repertory and Theological Review [its additional title] to make me editor, (I still residing in Trenton.)

TRENTON, December 4, 1829.

Yea: it is not to be dissembled that I feel a very lively satisfaction in finding myself in my own den, by my own fire, dipping into the accustomed inkstand, and listening (as I do this moment) to the clock of my own church. This pleasure is enhanced by finding a welcome, where I expected a scolding,<sup>1</sup> and by renewed assurances of regard from my people; a regard which I reciprocate more cordially every day. In hours of discontent, I sometimes wish myself a thousand leagues away, and fancy that no one has so many perplexities; but the difficulties which afflict me arise, I am sure, from my own culpable indisposition to be faithful, and whither could I fly, where a slothful and evil heart would not make me unhappy? Once I have had experience of the wretchedness of leaving an affectionate people, and the experiment is one of which I crave no repetition. Unless, like ——, I could *départ*, without notice to quit, or any premonitory grumblings, I should scarcely sustain the mortification of declaring such an intention. At the house of Chief Justice Ewing, I saw to-day, in a frame, the original letter of acknowledgment sent by Gen. Washington to the ladies of Trenton, after his triumphal entry. It hangs very appropriately under a print from Sully's "Passage of the Delaware." The worshipful Legislature of our State have adjourned until January 1st. A bare probability that the Canal Bill will pass. About half of this town has just changed hands, by the recent sale of the real estate of the late Abraham Hunt. The manufactures of the place are in the "sear and yellow leaf." Sartori's calico factory has expired. Page's cotton factory has finally stopped. The Wells's, proprietors of the only remaining and principal manufacturing establishment, have gone to Pottsville. The prospect is lamentable. Unless the canal should be made, and should be profitable, the place is gone at once, and the final blow will be struck by the removal of State business.

I have turned over in my mind many times, since I saw you, the case of Doddridge, as exhibited in his Correspondence,<sup>2</sup> and have been much puzzled to come to any conclusion as to the bearing which these new revelations have upon his religious character. Perhaps he was not a pious man at all, when he wrote that letter, and flamed out in such exorbitant affection. Perhaps

<sup>1</sup> He had spent the month of November in a visit to Charlotte Court House, Virginia.

<sup>2</sup> Diary and Correspondence, then lately published by his great-grandson.

a grain of wheat might have existed amidst the bushel of worldly chaff, and these may be the worst specimens of his whole life. Perhaps he was just such a frivolous, inconsistent, volatile clergyman, as one you wot of, who sometimes fears that his religion is a mere name, and whose conversation and life are a daily source of mortification and compunction. It gives me pain to be forced to look at the nakedness of a Father in Israel, as it does to read that vile calumny of the infidel ———, upon the Father of his Country. May we not gather from these and other such testimonials the truth, that we over-rate the greatness of our predecessors, and that the sages and Christians of former days were fallible and human, like ourselves? (See Ecclesiastes vii., 10.)

Suffer me to give you a French pun which I had from Mr. Hargous. A celebrated café of Paris, much frequented by the provincials during the revolution, had the sign of John the Baptist, under which was "*Au grand Saint Jean Baptiste.*" The authorities informed the publican that saints were now abolished, and that the sign must come down. He replied that it would ruin him, as everybody knew it by that name; but after some study changed the face into that of a monkey, and the inscription so as to have the same sound, "*Au grand Singe, en Baptiste.*"

I observe that Martin, whose illustrations of Milton have attracted our attention, is mentioned as the greatest master of design in England: he was brought into notice by West. If you should see offered in the shops any single engraving from his paintings, I should like to hear of it. Delightful wintry weather, and proposals for a snow. If the sleighing should be good, you will do well to come up before Christmas. Next Thursday is Thanksgiving Day, by order of the Governor, a sort of movable feast which comes in place of saints' days. I recommend the foregoing epistle as a specimen of connected and systematic thought, natural arrangement, and artful transition.

TRENTON, December 25, 1829.

You have expressed my sentiments precisely with regard to Summerfield's Life [by Holland.] Not one description of his manner of preaching! not a word which conveys the slightest idea of that which we all remember as the most striking thing about him; if we except a few newspaper squibs. If it were not for what the book contains of his own, I would not harbour it. The two letters which I have, are after all as good as any there.

There is a young man by the name of Winchester, from Baltimore, in the Princeton Seminary, who is one of the best speakers I have heard there. In case of a want in your city, it might be advisable to give him a trial. The Spruce streeters

will show much ignorance of such matters if they continue to search after old men, or antiquated young ones.<sup>1</sup> Addison is much pleased with his new employments, [with Prof. Patton in his lately established school.] The school promises to succeed beyond expectation.

Whatever the advantages of early rising may be, there is one gratification which it affords, viz., the delight of sitting in your chair, with fixed and staring eyes, perfectly content to indulge in meditation, as comatose as a cat, and even at times purring for very pleasure; in a word, asleep with your eyes open.

TRENTON, *December 26, 1829.*

In your newspaper scheme, as in all that concerns your welfare, I feel sincerely and deeply interested; and let me say in the gross, all that you have asked, I will do—so far as my ability reaches. But do not expect too much: remember that I am pulled hither and thither, that I now have much anxiety about the Repertory, and make allowances for the moments of lassitude, ennui, and good-for-nothing-ness which are occurring from time to time. As to the name I concur, [“Morning Journal.”] It is simple and significant. A hyper-critic might perhaps see some tautology in it, but it is good. As to literature, you are certainly right in not making it prominent at the *first*. I shall keep a sheet always ready for scraps, and contributions to your Balaam-box. I have recently heard a gentleman of intelligence say that during the wars of Napoleon, Duane [of the “Aurora”] was distinguished above all his contemporary editors for the extent and accuracy of his geographical information, and so arranged his foreign extracts, and his comments, as to give his readers a clear view of every great movement of the campaigns. Generally speaking, the foreign news is so huddled together, that it is almost impossible to arrange it into a whole, even with much study. This evil is much diminished where an editor will take the pains to give, in a sentence or two, by way of coup d’œil, the result of his readings. Nothing from abroad is more interesting than views taken by foreigners of American manners, men, and measures. I am always pleased, also, to have in addition to the mere facts, extracts from the Editorial treatises which so much abound in London papers. Bow-street trials are not to be despised, and indeed I suppose you are already convinced that you must be very unfastidious, so as to please “the many-headed monster.” There are even artifices which an editor may and must use, however undignified he might consider them under

<sup>1</sup> The Rev. Samuel G. Winchester was called to the Spruce Street congregation shortly after the date of this letter, and was installed May 4, 1830.

other circumstances. He may frame a paragraph so as to introduce a quotation, and he may find Ayscough's Index no despicable auxiliary.

There is no literary labour which brings a man so much before the heterogeneous mass of human society as the editing a newspaper. Other writings may be said to pertain to one class of judges, but you write for the democracy at large. In this your views must be somewhat like those of ancient Greeks, who read their productions to the populace. I am far from thinking, however, that there needs to be any sacrifice of independence or integrity in an editor. A sop may here and there be thrown to the barking Cerberus, but even this monster may be appeased by the "golden branch" which Eneas carried.

If you are short of "horrid murders" and "shocking accidents" and "awful dispensations!!!" I can furnish them by the gross, as I have been reading Schiller lately, and have my imagination sufficiently wrought up.

I suppose you begin with the new year; and I wish you a happy year of it. You may, if you are going to take party ground, make a very good article upon Branch's message, [Secretary of Navy,] showing that all his recommendations which are of any value were made before by his predecessor. The New York Commercial is in my view a very good model. Mr. Walsh is always dignified and able, but always in buckram.<sup>1</sup>

TRENTON, *February 17, 1830.*

A bill legalizing horse-racing has gone through second reading in the House. Lobby members very brisk, some for railroads, some for canal, some for oysters, some for race course, or as one of our members endorsed it on his bill *rase corss*. Apropos of spelling, I saw an endorsement on a file of bills: "An act to abbolish prisoners for debt, in certin cases. Posponded." I certainly approve of the wisdom of the house in *posponding* any bill so cruel in its purposes. If you alight in any way upon any papers relating to Institutions for the *Blind* or the *Deaf and Dumb*, let me have sight of them, as I am engaged in collecting upon these subjects. I have been applied to, to write an article upon "Prison Discipline" for Dr. Lieber's *Encyclopædia [Americana.]* An odd subject surely for me.

I am in some difficulty about the Hebrew accents, those I mean which are used as musical notes. Stuart refers to the following books. Will you inform me whether they are in any of

<sup>1</sup> During the six months that the daily newspaper referred to in this letter was under the editorial direction of his friend, Mr. Alexander was a frequent contributor to its columns.

your libraries, and whether any musical notes are given? *Jablonskii Præf. ad Bib. Heb.* § 24, and *Bartoloccii Bibliotheca Rabbinica*, Tom. iv., p. 431.

I am very much discouraged as to my ever being of much use in the world, from a mortifying conviction of my very great fickleness of purpose, or rather perhaps I ought in justice to myself to say, variableness of feeling. A subject or an enterprise deeply interests and engages me for a month, and then before I am able to do any thing practically, I have come under the influence of a new passion which urges me in another direction. It is humbling to say so, but I really believe myself to be a visionary. Just at this moment, I am very much impressed with a sentiment which I cannot express otherwise than thus: "It is the duty of some men to devote their attention to the relief of the temporal miseries of mankind." Let me explain. I do not exclude spiritual beneficence; I do not mean that a man should become a knight errant; but I verily think that Christians are not touched as they should be with human suffering, bodily suffering, privation, &c., &c. Now, if a few men would concentrate their thoughts upon this, write upon it, paragraph upon it, influence the press, talk upon it, in a word Clarksonize, I believe great things must be done. In reading the N. T. I have recently been much struck with the fact that *all* the miracles of our Saviour were acts of benevolence, and usually in *relief of human bodily distresses*. Now, the thought has powerfully come over me, Am I, and are Christians, acting in any degree like their master? I have recently preached upon the subject from Heb. xiii., 3. I have an idea that the amount of effort now put forth in Christendom would produce a hundred times as much real good, if it were systematized and properly directed. Perhaps this crude thought will not be lost upon you. It may serve to gender cogitations of your own and to direct your scissors.

TRENTON, June 7, 1830.

I feel, I am sure, more tenderly than ever, the obligations of that friendship which has so long and so happily subsisted between us. My regret is, that your loss is such, that condolence and counsel are the most that the kindest friend can offer. Believing, as we both do, that all human affairs are under a most wise and holy ordering, our *judgment* may rest in firm assurance that all is right; we may be convinced that it ought not to be otherwise. To school the heart is more difficult, but I believe it to be possible through the application of the same truths. Let me earnestly beg of you, then, to seek by prayer and the reading of the Scriptures, that acquiescence in the will of God, which

you will find nowhere else. And let me suggest that you strive to obtain, not merely the mitigation of natural sorrow, but that instruction which God so plainly means to convey by this dispensation. After all, "the heart knoweth its own bitterness," and to every adviser, you may perhaps be forced to say with Job, "miserable comforters are ye all." For this reason, then, it is the dictate of wisdom to cease from man, and go directly to the fountain of all grace and consolation. There are many topics of worldly condolence which will occur to you—as the contrast with the heavier woes of others, the deliverance of your beloved partner from all sorrow and languishment—but the aching void will still remain, until you apply to the great origin of all good, and have the love of God shed abroad in your heart. O let your strongest efforts be put forth, at this seasonable time, to obtain the gift of God, and eternal life. Your mind labours under conviction of human inability, without a due apprehension of the correlative truth, that the grace of God is ready to supply your defect of power. In the January number of the *Biblical Repertory*, p. 113, you will find an article on the means of repentance, which I think would tend to remove some of your difficulties. When your mind will bear such exertion, give it a perusal. It is, I believe, usually found that when any person sets about this work, with a real desire to be reconciled to God, he does attain the object of his endeavours. This is what you need to make you happy under the adversities which you have so early begun to suffer. Now it is with you (strange as the expression may seem) a favoured time, and I do think that the door stands open through which you may enter to eternal joy. My dear friend, give yourself to these thoughts, bring your mind to dwell upon the presence of Jehovah, the selfishness and evils of your heart, the necessity of regeneration, and the mercy of God in Jesus Christ. Only seek this as earnestly as we seek worldly satisfaction, and you shall assuredly find.

By a coincidence surely unsought by me, I am just preparing to go on to Virginia to be married.<sup>1</sup>

TRENTON, *July 13, 1830.*

You will be disposed to excuse my delay in answering your last, if you will consider the great burden of calls and ceremonies which lies on me at this time. My mind often reverts to you and your bereavement. While I do not pretend to understand the bitterness of the cup which you are called to drink, I

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Alexander was married at the residence of Mr. Carrington, near Charlotte Court House, on the 18th June, to Miss Elizabeth C. Cabell, daughter of George Cabell, M. D.



believe I can much more understandingly than before, speak of the endearments of the marriage state. With a dear friend by my side who can sympathize with me in all the varied feelings which I experience, I can form a better conception than formerly of what your loss is. Yet again I say, "the heart knoweth its own bitterness." It is not to renew your grief that I touch on this topic, for I would gladly, if I could, divert your mind from the remembrance of those painful scenes, but there is a profit in affliction, which is to be obtained only by consideration of the cause of sorrow. My hope is that in this valley of humiliation, you will be instructed and led to surrender yourself to God. It would give my wife and me very great pleasure to see you in Trenton. We are living in the very humblest manner; some of my friends think too much so for my station, but it is absolutely necessary.

Mr. Southard has been making a speech at Newark, which was attended by a vast audience, is greatly admired, and will be printed. I should like to introduce you to him. He is one of the most agreeable companions I have ever found, and pays us far more attention than we could ever demand of him. His popularity in this State is rapidly rising to its former acme.

The cause of Temperance has received a great impulse in our town: our Governor, Chief-Justice, Attorney-General, Senator, and many leading members of the bar, are decided advocates of the new measures. Addison is about to buy the whole 1001 Nights, in the original Arabic. He has completed for Patton a revision of Donegan's Greek Lexicon, comparing every word with Schneider's ditto.

Under my present circumstances, it would be strange if I were unhappy; it will still be gratifying to you to know that I enjoy a degree of satisfaction far above my fondest expectations. Let me not forget, however, that all human joys are fleeting, and that before another year I may mourn under a sad reverse, by loss of health, or a thousand possible occurrences. This is a truth which I am sure is deeply impressed upon your mind. May you not only find out the inadequacy of the "broken cisterns," but come to "the fountain of living water."

TRENTON, *July 27, 1830, 2½ P. M.,* }  
 97° FAHRENHEIT IN SHADE. }

I went on Tuesday to New Brunswick to hear Mr. Wirt's oration.<sup>1</sup> The air was ovenish, the assembly large and highly respectable, the speech two hours long, apparently extemporaneous,

<sup>1</sup> At the commencement of Rutgers College.

and a noble specimen of polished, patriotic, eloquent speaking. The subject might be thus stated: "The mental and moral discipline demanded of American youth by the peculiar character of the age and country, with principal reference to patriotic manliness, integrity, and decision of character." There was a strong touch at the times. I came back quite sick, and spent one or two days in bed. Such a continuance of torrid weather I have never felt. Let me beg of you, if you have not already done so, to fly from the city for a few weeks. I have never felt so entirely good for nothing as I do at this time; I am desiccated and toasted to that degree that I feel like a dried animal, and almost look for my skin to crack.

I am projecting, under my father's guidance, a large work, say two vols. thick 8vo, title undetermined, but something like this, a "Biographical and Bibliographical Dictionary of Theology," or "Theological Biography and Bibliography," intended to furnish, in alphabetical order, a sketch (brief) of the life, and a list of the books, (with some estimate of their value,) of all writers on Theology. The thing is new, plainly a desideratum. What say you to a partnership? You may, by aid of Library, &c., assist thus: Look through all the Biographical Dictionaries within reach, note *names* of authors, book where their history may be found, and digest the same into an index. Also furnish the short articles, without reference to order in the first draught. It may be expected to occupy several years of smart labour.<sup>1</sup>

Trenton is remarkably healthy thus far. Should our hopes in this respect be realized, this may be recommended as the pleasantest summer retreat upon the Delaware. Bristol and Burlington are pretty pictures from the water, but the dullest and most intolerable places on earth. Trenton is homely, but well situated, and affords a greater variety of pleasant drives in its vicinity than *any* place I know. House rent is just nothing here, and it is almost as near (by steamboat) to the city, as Bristol or Burlington. The movements of the Jacobin party calling themselves (often *lucus a non* &c.) the "Working Men," give me unfeigned alarm, more than any threats of disunion, or violence of mere party rage. If we love our country, something must be done. It will not do to despise so formidable an array. They are indeed, with us, not the *dregs*, but in the exercise of their elective franchise, the *primum mobile* of this nation. The Godwinism, Owenism, *sans culottism*, (aut quocunque gaudent nomine,) which possesses them, may ruin us. Could not a series

<sup>1</sup> This project was not executed. I do not know what progress was made in it.

of "Letters to Working Men" be put in some popular Journal, commending honest labour, asserting the rights of mechanics, &c., but unveiling the naked deformity of this levelling system? Could not you serve your country, by doing something of the sort? It would be arduous, but by so doing, you would deserve well of posterity. No better work, I truly think, could just now engage any honest patriot. If I could, I would try, but I cannot.<sup>1</sup>

I am well and happy, and I desire to be thankful; the only source of inquietude at present is my apparent want of usefulness among my people. *Nemo ab omni parte beatus*; and when I compare my lot with that of many others, I am ashamed of my ingratitude. May we learn, my dear friend, to look for peace and comfort in something higher than even the innocent joys of life. This is the lesson which it is so easy to inculcate, but so impossible, I had almost said, to practise. In suffering my affections to cling to earthly objects, as I lament that they do, I feel that I am laying up for myself future miseries. God alone can reveal himself, so as to "call us away from earth and sense."

TRENTON, *August 23, 1830.*

I consider the manifesto of the Cherokees as a very moving paper. After all, iniquitous as the proceedings have been with regard to this injured people, yet considering the manner in which their tribes always pine away from contiguity to the whites, I am strongly inclined to think that their separate existence will be prolonged by their translation beyond the Mississippi. I have been reading Voltaire's correspondence with the King of Prussia, but I shall read no more. Never have I seen such horrid blasphemies in print; chiefly, however, in the letters of Frederick. Voltaire is more cunning and reserved, and says just enough to draw out the sentiments of that incarnate fiend, who glories in Atheism, and justifies — *ex professo*. Three young Spaniards called on me to-day, asking for alms; they had a statement drawn up in very good Latin, which I found was written by one of them, who passed for a doctor of medicine. They were modest, well-looking fellows. The *generous* Joseph Bonaparte lately had a poor fellow apprehended, tried, convicted, and cast into prison, for having stolen from him *six silver spoons!*

<sup>1</sup> This plan was at length executed by himself in a series of articles furnished to the *Newark Daily Advertiser*, under the signature of *Charles Quill*. The first series, of forty-six papers, was collected in a volume entitled "The American Mechanic," and published by Perkins, of Philadelphia, in 1838: the second, of forty-five papers, was issued by the same publisher in 1839, under the title of "The Working Man."

he who gained his wealth by abstracting the treasures of Spain, and rifling the churches which fell in his way. He proposes to remove, as the railroad will pass directly through his estate.

TRENTON, *September 7, 1830.*

Which end of the newspapers must a man begin at to get the order of events in the new revolution? I have read so many accounts, in such varied arrangement, that the jumble is inextricable. Is such a thing as a map of Paris attainable? It is like to be interesting at this time. Is there not a striking coincidence between the history of French and English liberty? thus:

Charles I.	Louis XVI.
Civil war.	Revolution.
Cromwell.	Napoleon.
Charles II.	Louis XVIII.
James II.	Charles X.
Constitution.	— ? —

My sanguine hope is—using these lights of history, and the parallel strikes me even in its *details*—that the French will settle down upon a limited monarchy, with a liberal charter, annual parliaments, just representation, and universal liberty of conscience. France would then be a glorious land. So mote it be! I have just been inditing a pompous piece of fustian upon the new French Revolution, to be spoken by a lad on the night before commencement, bearing in mind the direction once given to my brother, by a similar applicant, on a like occasion. “What sort of a speech shall I write you?” “Oh! a real *bombastic* one, just like your own.” Mr. Frelinghuysen is here at this time, full of the subject of Temperance. He is a singular instance of a man zealously devoted to every good enterprise, without the slightest eccentricity. I am told that the state of frenzy at Charleston between the nullifiers and their opponents is truly alarming; so much so, that Judge Grimke has resigned his seat on the bench, that he may go to the State Legislature. I hope Mr. Walsh’s word of exhortation appended to his remarks on the Revolution in France may not be lost upon them. I wish you could give us another call, during the pleasant season of autumn. I cannot (as we read in story books) ask you to come into the country for fruits of the earth, for you have the richest supply in your city. Give me leave to say, nevertheless, that there is some enjoyment in partaking of them nearer to the place of their production. I am reading Broussais’ *Physiology* at this time. The medical men make such a noise about his

‘revelations,’ that I wish to find out what he has revealed, and whether any light is thrown upon the “glorious uncertainty” of medicine. I came up in the boat with Vethake, who is just from France. He says that in all the shops and cafes where only one paper was taken, it was anti-ministerial; hopes much from the improved notions of the French respecting liberty; thinks the present movement got up neither by Jacobins nor Bonapartists; that the latter are very few; the Duc d’Orleans a universal favourite (of V.’s, perhaps because he was professor of mathematics in Switzerland.)

TRENTON, *October 1, 1830.*

Notwithstanding the criminal apathy of my heart in the concerns of immortal souls, I experience a lively pleasure in the comfortable assurance afforded by your last letter, that you have joined yourself to the Lord in an everlasting covenant. It is not enough, according to the Scriptures, “to believe with the heart,” unless also we “confess with the mouth the Lord Jesus.” May the Lord ever be with you, enriching your soul with the graces and consolations of the Holy Spirit. I am convinced that many of us suffer exceedingly from having very low views of the heights of religious joy which are attainable in this life. I have been this morning to see my neighbour ———, who has just been raised up from the jaws of death. I had scarcely supposed it possible for one so uniformly pious and exemplary to receive so great an accession of spiritual life and peace. His views of the Saviour’s glory, the excellence of divine truth, ministerial responsibility and his personal vileness, seemed to be really unutterable. As a contrast to this, I called to see a man who cannot live, as we think, more than a day or two, who is almost in despair, on account of his long-neglect of religion. The changes in the faculty [of College] are important, viz. : Dr. Torrey, of New York, Professor of Chemistry; Dr. Samuel B. Howell, of Anatomy and Physiology; Vethake, of Natural Philosophy; Hargous, of Modern Languages; and Addison [Alexander], Adjunct Professor of Ancient Languages and Literature, with the duties of tutor. My father sets out this week for Boston, where he has not been since 1799. Addison goes the same way next week.

The commencement went off with the usual hubbub, the valedictory was truly excellent and eloquent; a “defence of pulpit eloquence,” spoken by a young man of your State, named Hart.<sup>1</sup> I have never seen so many tears shed in that house.

I spent four days of last week in New York. The signs of

<sup>1</sup> John S Hart; afterwards adjunct Professor of Languages.

increasing infidelity and atheism greatly alarmed me. Just opposite the Bible House, is a "liberal book-store," the most daring and demoniacal opposer of every thing good. At the door I saw, among many other MS. "Bulletins," as they are called, a ribald and blasphemous travestie of the Litany, around which was gathered a group of men and boys.

TRENTON, October 15, 1830.

I scarcely know what to say to you about the *extent* of the Atonement, so much has my mind been tossed and perplexed on the subject. The point, however, to which I have to cling as the very foundation of all my dearest personal hopes is, that the death of Christ was a proper sacrifice, vicarious, implying substitution and the enduring a penalty. Let me beg of you to read Magie on the Atonement. The key to the *nature* of the Atonement is to be sought, I think, in the ancient sacrifices. Now the difficulty is here, in my mind: If I admit that the Atonement is general, I can no longer hold that Christ atoned for *persons*, but for sin in general. It becomes a mere indication of his displeasure at sin considered abstractly, and I become lost in the vagueness of such a scheme. The limitation of the Atonement, arises in my view, simply from the purpose of Jehovah in it. Now, it does appear to me that every argument against this, lies against the decree of election itself, and is, therefore, inconsistent in any Calvinist. Suppose I say that the Atonement is general, still the great objection lies: "How can God sincerely offer this Atonement to those whom He has decreed not to furnish with the will to accept of it?" When I view the Atonement as *sufficient* for all, I do so only because from the very nature of it, as rendered by a Divine Saviour, it has infinite merit. As to its *intention*, even Hopkinsians hold a virtual limitation. I do not profess to have the clear view which some have on this point. I offer Christ to *all*, because this is plainly and undeniably in the ministerial commission. I maintain substitution and imputation, because I think without them there is no sacrifice, no meaning in ancient types. In the October No. of the "Methodist Magazine and Quarterly Review of N. Y.," there is a very able defence of Arminianism against the Pelagianism of New Haven, with which last Mr. Barnes's opponents suppose him to coincide. If there is any thing in ecclesiastical authority, I think it might be amply proved that the ancient fathers, the Church of Rome, the Church of England, the Remonstrants or Arminians, the Lutherans, and the Methodists held the substitution of Christ in the Atonement, and that it was left for Socinians and the divines of New England to deny it. At the same time the churches of Rome, Eng

land, and the Methodists, and Lutherans, do all maintain a universal Atonement. May the Lord direct us into his truth!

My father is, or has been, in Boston, attending the meeting of the A. Board of C. for For. Miss. The *Christian Spectator* is exceedingly bitter against Dr. Woods, and all New England is likely to be in a ferment. When such disputes get among the laity, especially women, they become dreadful. I have heard horrid extremes of fatalism, under the notion of Calvinistic doctrine.

If you should meet with Mr. Rezeau Brown, late tutor in Nassau Hall, in your city, you will, I think, be pleased with him. He is a gentlemanly, somewhat accomplished, and exemplary young man; and has long been my particular friend.<sup>1</sup>

TRENTON, *November 8, 1830.*

I returned this morning from Allentown, where I preached yesterday, Mr. Hodge supplying my pulpit in the mean time. It is an uninteresting inland town, out of the way both of commerce and information. Yet I found some worthy Christian people there, and enjoyed much satisfaction in discoursing to, and with them. I am charmed with Leighton, and recommend to you immediately to read his *Commentary on 1st Peter*. All his writings are practical, and abound in the most lively and beautiful imagery. Doddridge appears, from his editorial preface, to rank him higher than any of his contemporaries. Owen on the Spirit, I have read with much pleasure, and I hope profit. The fourth book "on the necessity of holiness," seems to me eminently calculated to quicken the diligence of Christians; the third chapter is golden. No works have ever given me happier impulses in my religious course than those of the English non-conformists of the 17th century. On the next Lord's day, I have to preach a sermon at the request of the Temperance Society. I shall confine myself, not to the cause, symptoms, and remedy, but to the defence of total abstinence and of the association for promoting it. Joseph Bonaparte sent up, last Saturday, an invitation to both Houses of Legislature, to go and dine with him, (or at least visit his place.) Most of them went. He is said to be much exasperated at the railroad-men for taking their route directly through his park, and it is supposed that this "general invite," as the messenger called it, is a sort of genteel ———. He says that his improvements are this moment equal to any which Europe affords, and that he has expended \$300,000 on

<sup>1</sup> This most estimable man died in 1833, at the age of 25. He was son of the Rev. Dr. I. V. Brown, and was licensed as a probationer for the ministry in 1831. A memoir of him was written by Mr. Alexander, and published in the *Biblical Repertory*, October, 1834.

them. Please drop into the letter-box of the Philadelphian, the following note: "A few weeks since you honoured with an insertion, my humble attempt at a metrical version of Gerhard's hymn: '*O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden.*'<sup>1</sup> Two entire lines of the second stanza are omitted, and the sense thereby destroyed. It should read thus, (as well as I can remember—)

'How art thou pale with anguish,  
With bitter grief and scorn;  
How doth the visage languish  
That once was bright as morn.'

"Respectfully, DIDYMUS."

Addison is just entering upon a course of life which will be very trying, but I hope useful. [Patton's school.] He will study theology with my father.

In the last sermon of the National Preacher, the following text is quoted as Scripture: "He rolleth sin like a sweet morsel under the tongue." This is the third time I have heard this same false citation.<sup>2</sup>

TRENTON, *November 27, 1830.*

The passage in Matt. i., from Isaiah vii., is very difficult, but I tremble at the thought of giving up the prophecy, not so much on account of this particular text, as because Socinians and Neologists have made this very principle of "accommodation," the great engine against all our arguments from the quotations in the New Testament. I believe most fully that it is a strict prediction of Jesus, in one of the most remarkable designations of his peculiar character. For 1. It cannot refer to either of the sons of Isaiah, (vii. 3, and viii. 3), for one was already of some age, the other neither named Immanuel, nor born of a virgin. 2. Nor to any other common child, for the emphasis of the verse points to something extraordinary—"a sign." 3. Nor to Hezekiah, for, by computation, he was now a youth, and was nine years old when his father was made king. In the 17th verse, there is an evident transition to the child of Isaiah, comp. viii. 4. 4. We read of no child called Immanuel. 5. This is a part of that connected prophecy which ends c. x. 4, and includes the

<sup>1</sup> This was one of his earliest exercises in his favourite employment on German hymnology. His first translation of Gerhard's Passion hymn was incomplete; he rewrote it, besides making versions of several other hymns, for Dr. Schaff's monthly *Kirchenfreund*. A collection of those translations, together with two of Latin hymns, was published in the *Mercersburg Review* for 1859. Mr. Alexander contributed an article on the general subject of German hymns to the *Biblical Repertory* in 1850. His version of Gerhard has been greatly mutilated by copyists. Professor Park's "Sabbath Hymn Book" gives but four of the ten stanzas, (hymn 293,) "O sacred head, now wounded!"

<sup>2</sup> The true text is: "Though wickedness be sweet in his mouth, though he hide it under his tongue."—*Job* xx. 12.



prediction, "Unto us a child is born," &c., which I suppose no Christian would desire to set aside. Kennicott says: "The text contains two distinct prophecies; each literal, and each to be understood in one sense only, the first relating to Christ, the second to Isaiah's son, the first in verses 13-15, the second in verse 16." He also thus reads v. 16, "But before *this* child (pointing to his own son) shall know to refuse the evil," &c. See Lowth's Isaiah, in loco. 6. The ancient Jews applied this passage to the Messiah. 7. It may be made to have a probable connexion with the context. The promise to Ahaz is for encouragement: how? In no way that I can see if a "young woman" (as some say) should bear, &c. This is no sign; but thus—the perpetuity of David's kingdom is thus promised anew, "God remembers his promise to David, and most miraculously shall it be accomplished, a virgin," &c. 8. Because if it is not to be taken as prophetic, the Hebrew word is not to be rendered *virgin*, which meaning even the Jewish LXX. give, and which is the common meaning. 9. But I take my stand upon the formula *να πληρωθη* &c. If this does not express that a prediction was fulfilled, how could it have been expressed? The "accommodation" system is that which leaves our minds in most painful vacillation, upon every occurrence of a citation. The Bible is written for plain men, and the whole Christian church has rejoiced in this passage as a prediction and a promise, until within a few years. Many other acknowledged predictions are just as much perplexed in the original context, and my mind finds no rest, if I am left to find out for myself, when the formula "it is fulfilled" means fulfilment, and when it means something else. Why may not that God, who through all ages was looking forward to the Advent, interpose among irrelative matters a prediction, which besides its proximate application, referred forward to Christ? especially when men were to be *inspired* to expound and apply the prediction. I fear that in the end, all the types in which the church has hitherto found so much of the Saviour, and most of the prophecies concerning him shall be discarded. The Jews apply Isa. ix. 6, to Hezekiah; and why not? if the context is to decide. So far my comments upon this *locus vexatissimus*. It is very lately that I learned that any Christian writer doubted about this verse, though I know how the principle, upon which this evidence is set aside, has been used by all the German neologists.

The other subject is, to my mind, far more difficult, and a complete reconciliation of the genealogies in the Old Testament, in Matthew and in Luke, is scarcely to be expected at the present day. The great object was to satisfy the minds of Jews at that day; and this, we know, was accomplished. The tables of

pedigree were probably copied from public documents existing at the time, and acknowledged to be the best. We are very much in the dark with regard to the laws (often arbitrary) by which genealogical tables were constructed. We know, however, of some anomalies; as for instance, that, among the Hebrews, a man was often said to be the *son* of his grandfather, or even of a more remote progenitor; and again, that in defect of male issue when the list ended in a woman, her husband was named as the *son of her father*. The omission of several names in the line of succession cannot now be fully accounted for. It is evident, however, that it did not vitiate the pedigree, for Matthew surely knew as well as we can, the exact line of kings, &c., and the great object was to have a list brought down from some ancient progenitor. It is doubtful why the generations are divided into three periods of fourteen each. It could not be with a view of fixing the exact number of the whole line, for then none would have been omitted; besides, to make out the number fourteen in each of these periods, the person who ends the first must begin the next, and the person who closes the second, must stand at the head of the last, and Jesus must not be included in the last. Thus: 1. Abraham—David; 2. David—Josias; 3. Josias—Joseph, each fourteen.

This division into fourteens, I take to have been a mnemonical contrivance, which may explain some of the omissions. Each period commences with some important epoch, and as they were nearly equal, the names were so arranged as to make them perfectly so. From Abraham to David, you will observe that all three lists coincide. It is plain also that Matthew does not confine himself to the *natural* descent, but gives the legal, as where he calls Salathiel the son of Jechonias; while Luke, from Eli upwards, gives the natural line. Strange to say, I have found most satisfaction on this difficult subject in Dr. Adam Clarke's Commentary, which I beg you will look at. He gives a full analysis of the learned Dr. Barret's investigations of the whole matter. As an instance of five or six generations omitted in a genealogical table, see Ezra vii. his own pedigree—[then follows a citation from Lightfoot on v. 16.]

As you are upon the subject of Natural History, let me say, that by far the best account which I have seen of the Camel and the Lion, is contained in the first vol. of the Library of Entertaining Knowledge. The authorities there cited, are recent and highly respectable.—I congratulate you upon the reappearance of the sun, after so long a succession of clouds and rains. I take it for granted that this English weather has contributed greatly to the emolument of Dr. H., the antidyspeptic bookseller.—In

looking over the late numbers of the Library of Useful Knowledge, I am surprised to find a History of the American Revolution, and still more to discover, upon perusal, that it is thoroughly American in its tone. Even in the matter of Major André, there is not a word of reproach. This sufficiently indicates the Whiggism of the Society.—My enthusiasm about the French Revolution has come down to zero. We may well fear a repetition of former enormities in Paris.—There is to be, on the second Tuesday of next month, in Milford, Hunterdon county, New Jersey, a public disputation between one Lane, a member and teacher of the *Christian* sect, and the Rev. William L. McCalla, upon the divinity of Christ and kindred subjects. There has been great excitement in these parts, produced by the irruption of these heretics. I should very much like to be present at the conflict, but the weather is so precarious at this season, that I must probably content myself with a distant rumour. If W. L. Mc. C must fight, I wish it might always be with those who are without

I saw an Album the other day, in which the great Mr. Webster had inserted the following gem ; I give it verbatim :

“Some to this Album may give fame,  
And some may get fame from it ;  
Among the last my place I claim,  
And write my name upon it.

D. WEBSTER.”

TRENTON, *December 20, 1830.*

I can with great sincerity plead the abundance of my indispensable labours in excuse of my delay in answering your long and acceptable letter. Sickness among my people, absence from home, and a number of supernumerary engagements have filled up every available niche of time. I regret that in the Barnes controversy so much acrimony and personal rancour have prevailed. My mind has been much harassed by the invitation of the A. S. S. Union.<sup>1</sup> I gave their first offer a refusal, but received soon after a pressing letter from Mr. A. Henry, and an “ambassage” consisting of Messrs. Porter and Vinton, who held a colloquy with me of some hours. After all my meditations, I have pretty much determined to stay where I am. Upon making the trial, my feelings will not suffer me at present to give up the proper work of the ministry. This, however, should not be rumoured, until I have formally notified the gentlemen of the Board. You know that I would rather live in Philadelphia than anywhere else, and that I have peculiar difficulties in parochial duties, yet after seeking divine direction, and communing with my conscience,

<sup>1</sup> To enter its service as a secretary.

I cannot see my path clearly marked out in that direction, and I dare not follow an impulse of mere inclination. A year hence, circumstances might so change in my congregation as to alter my views, but at present I feel justified in declining; especially as I am conscious of no peculiar fitness for this special office. Dr. Thomas Y. How, once so famous for his pulpit eloquence, and his controversy with Dr. Miller, is here delivering lectures on Political and Moral subjects, with a voluntary collection at the close. I have not heard him, as his first lecture only has been delivered, and that on Sunday evening. I have at last fallen in with *Howe's* works, and find myself possessed of a rich mine of truth and piety. He is profound, and (for the age) elegant, and his spiritual flights are the most sublime and sustained I have ever read. The latter part of his "Living Temple," is among the most original, striking, and impulsive works I have ever seen. Above all, I wonder at his singularly Catholic spirit, in an age when the "mint, anise, and cummin" were deemed so weighty.

We have had a horrid case of death from *Mania a potu*; the victim was one of the most violent opponents of our Temperance Society, a few weeks ago. Another drunkard is now vomiting blood, and like to die. Yet I suppose not one drunkard will take warning. The man who told me these circumstances, I saw in liquor half an hour afterwards. Every day I am more impressed with the importance of being zealous in the Temperance Reformation. I am reading Robert Hall's works with much *gout*; but am astonished at his political venom. Yet I own some of the acts of our administration go far to make me likeminded. I have got no credit from having taken part with the miserable Indians in a sermon on Thanksgiving day.

You must pardon my unusual brevity; I am absolutely worn out with writing all day. You cannot write too soon, or too long. "Ros cœli sit super habitaculum tuum!"

TRENTON, January 8, 1831.

As to the Barnes controversy I may say that I should feel very badly if it should ever become necessary for me to give a vote upon it. Viewing it in gross, I am clear that the measures of the Orthodox party were uncalled for, and inconsistent with their toleration of such men as \* \* \* \* \*. Their spirit has been bitter and unfraternal, yet that of the Moderate men has not been altogether dove-like. With respect to what I consider the fundamental principle of Mr. B.'s friends, viz.: that it is unconstitutional to condemn a book, without arraigning its author, and that Presbytery is incompetent to examine into the orthodoxy or heterodoxy of a member, without a regular accusa-

tion, I am fully with the present majority. The cases of Davis, Craighead, &c., are precedents which establish the principle; and I should feel free at any time, as a member of any judicature, to call up and censure any book, of any sect, by which the purity of the church might be endangered. As to the probable result in the General Assembly, I do not see how any thing can come up before that body, except the mere question of order, as to the right of examining the book. At the time when the complainants appealed to the higher court, there had been no definitive sentence passed upon Mr. Barnes or his sermon. I see no way, therefore, in which their final decision can be adduced in the General Assembly, in any orderly manner. That body will, therefore, I hope, throw the matter out of doors, after deciding the point of order; as to which, we may presume, there cannot be much debate, unless it is taken up as a mere party question. My impressions upon reading Mr. Barnes' defence are twofold. I am gratified to perceive that he is so much nearer the truth than I had supposed. I am pained at the want of candour in many parts of that production. In illustration let me refer you to the paragraph in which he justifies his assertion, that it is easier for an unregenerate man to love God, than to hate him. His reply does not touch the objection, and involves a violent perversion of common language. Not one reader in ten thousand would have alighted upon the construction which he gives the phrases. In common candour, he ought to have taken back, or qualified those unhappy expressions. The defence of his statements on Imputation, is plainly an after thought, and the ground taken very diverse from that of the sermon. His allegations concerning the old Calvinists, are, I think, triumphantly answered in the article on Imputation in the Repertory.

Can you tell me under whose auspices my father's Evidences have been published in England, or any thing about the edition? We shall have a terrible attack upon Hopkinson's Sunday Mail Review, in the forthcoming Repertory. I suppose that Walsh will be full of ire or contempt. You have, no doubt, read some of the speeches of Sir Henry Parnell, who seemed to have a principal hand in oversetting the Wellington administration. Mr. Hodge gave me some anecdotes concerning his eldest son and heir, which I think will interest you. When Hodge was in Paris, he lodged at the house of Oberlin, (nephew of the celebrated,) and had for a chamber-fellow this John Parnell, whom he describes as the most eminently devoted and pious young man he ever knew. His father offered him preferment, with the certainty of a Bishopric in the established church, which he declined. He then procured him a commission in the Duke of Gloucester's

Cold-stream regiment, which he resigned while at Paris. He lived in the plainest style, and gave away every little saving in charity. He used to rise at three every morning for devotion, and was at heart a Dissenter and a Calvinist. Mr. Hodge read me this week, a letter which he had just got from him at Marseilles. He was on his way to Persia as a missionary at Bagdad, and was supporting (as H. supposes) the large company with whom he goes. The worst is that none of them are ordained. They go as missionaries of Irving's "true Apostolical School." I am alarmed at the progress of the ultra-temperance doctrine; I mean that of Stuart's tract, that total abstinence ought to be made a term of church communion. It will undoubtedly produce great divisions in our church, if it receive any countenance. Think of it, and put something in the Advocate, if you agree with me. I have just been forestalled in a little work for which I have been preparing a Bible Gazetteer. The A. S. S. U. have applied to Rezeau Brown, the author of Franke's life, to do it. The average majority of the Clay Congressional ticket in New Jersey, is 1094. The whole ticket has gone in. It turned principally on the Indian question. Pollok's Course of Time is even more popular in Germany than in England and America. It is translated by one of the most popular preachers, William Hey, Hofprediger (court preacher) at Gotha. Find out for me some Catholic work, which may do for a Review in the Repertory, and lead me to study that controversy carefully.

TRENTON, *February 8, 1831.*

Do you see the magnificent relinquishment of \$300,000 by John Watts, of New York, in favour of an Orphan House? May the blessings of heaven rest on him and his seed! I think I see every day new signs of increasing beneficence in the Christian work. The late "Missionary Reporter" contains several cheering notices. I preached last Lord's day evening from Psalm lxxii.; a precious passage. Read it once more. Our Presbytery will probably determine to support one missionary in the foreign field, under the A. B. C. F. M. How pleasant it would be if every Presbytery would begin to do its duty by adopting this measure. Edward Kirk's church, in Albany, which is composed chiefly of poor persons, sends regularly, once a month, \$50 to the Board at Boston. If our Presbyteries would take this in hand, several objects would be attained: 1. The churches would feel more interest; 2. The money would be more easily collected; 3. The fears of the orthodox lest unsound men should be sent, might be precluded; 4. And piety at home would undoubtedly revive. The kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ will

have learned from him. Truly he has been "eyes" to me all the way, by reason of his stupendous topical penetration.

I spent some days at Helensburgh opposite Greenock on the Clyde, at Mr. Mitchell's. On the Sabbath I preached once for Mr. McEwen. The Edinburgh and Glasgow ministers spend more time in summering and in excursions, than those of the United States, while their climate gives less reason for it. The colleges and theological halls have a vacation of at least six entire months. But the places of worship are never shut up.

It is altogether impossible for me to describe the kindness I received at Glasgow. The M.'s are a generation even beyond their own countrymen.

BELFAST, *September 17, 1851.*

I arrived here on the 12th. There are seventeen Presbyterian churches in Belfast. I heard Dr. Cook at his church, on fellowship with God; I regard him as the nearest perfection as an elegant orator, of all I have met with. His hospitalities were Irish and Christian. We mounted a jaunting-car, and rode by Carrickfergus, Ballygelly, and Ballycastle to the Giant's Causeway. All along the incomparable coast of Glenarm Bay, people were bathing. The world can scarcely offer a more delightful place, and the day was mildly warm, with a golden haze. Fair Head is a lofty sea-mark, a promontory of majestic loveliness. Bengore Head is second only to this; and the intervening long sweep of bay, shut in by the isle of Rathlin, with its blue pearly heights, almost sickened me with its fairy-like softness. We reached the excellent inn at the Giant's Causeway about the end of the long northern twilight. In all my journeyings, there is no day I would more gladly repeat. The people interest me more than any thing else. How sharp and how merry! The mixture of Scots and Irish here, is very obvious. In the oat-field they show finely. Here only among their own scenes can Irish beauty be seen. I have seen many faces, which had the beauty of expression, among the poor women and girls. Tuesday was given to the Causeway and accessories. Description is unnecessary. From the Causeway in a jaunting-car through the county Antrim. There are no barns. The grain is stacked, and hereabouts in beautiful English-looking ricks. The land is very fertile, and wherever an owner has it in hand presents a noble appearance; but in the poor, little patches of the cotters, even here in Antrim, it is a chance agriculture, like the slovenly patches about a negro-quarter. They live from hand to mouth. You pass single cottages, and groups of cottages, all in ruins, as after a fire. These are of people who, ruined by the rot, have

been swept into the fine spacious poor-houses. The cottages are all of rough stone and thatched. Their general average look is thus: [Here is a pen and ink sketch of a hovel.] Out of such houses I have again and again seen handsome and joyous families pouring, with here and there a pallid, fever-looking creature. So open and welcoming a smile I never saw prevail in any human faces. Calves walk in and out of many cottages as freely as the yellow-haired children. About Antrim and especially the Moravian settlement, Grace Hill, we see what care and taste may do. Such vales, such hills, such gateways, bleaching grounds like fields of snow, such hedges, and such green and gold, as even Devonshire might own. Such might all Ireland be, if the priests had chosen to instruct their slaves.

DUBLIN, *September 17, 1851.*

From Belfast we crossed the county Armagh to Castle Blaney and Dublin. Thus far, there is no part of my travels which I would so readily repeat, as my Irish trip. The mode of travelling, the roads, the access to the people, the awakening of human sympathies, the physical geography, the rapid comparison of races, must make me ever mindful of it. I have seen grander scenes, and a few more beautiful, but none more lovely than all Ulster and a part of Leinster. True I see much misery, but compassion is a healthful feeling; and while I admire some nations, I can truly add I love the Irish. For *surface* I believe there is no such country in the world. I have seen no part, out of towns, where there is any level. The roads are as smooth as this table. You have no idea of the demigods the priests have become. They might this day make Ireland happy, by teaching their wretched worshippers to read, to build, to till, and to keep clean. The Protestant regions are like Scotland; you can instantly tell the difference by rags, stench, and merry ignorance.

Dublin shows extremes of magnificence and squalid woe, such as seldom meet. The better sort of people strike me as the handsomest I ever saw. There is one type of face which predominates and is peculiarly Irish—black hair and eye-lashes, large clear blue eyes, red and white skin of unusual delicacy, and a joyous, arch expression playing through all. Happy Dublin, if it were not the capital of a ruined land.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Leaving Dublin the 19th September, the traveller passed through Kildare, Thurles, Inch, Limerick. Thence by Ennis, (County Clare), Gort, (County Galway,) to Galway, the fifth city of Ireland, but "far, far beyond all I ever dreamed of for squalor, filth, and poverty." On the 22d left Gal-



most sturdy, old-fashioned Dutch and Scotch Presbyterians have been conciliated and gained over. I know how to understand the suspicious feelings of many of your old people. It is the reigning sentiment among the more influential persons of my church. The foreign news by the *Sully* up to the 19th ult., looks more and more like war. I cannot help feeling a deep interest in the efforts of the Poles; but how is it possible for them to avoid the impending tempest? How unfortunate it is that they have not revolutionized their language! Czartoryski, Czarnocki, Astrawsky, Wladislas-Ostrowsky, Barzykowsky: "a book was writ of late called Tetrachordon"—see Milton's sonnet. The first article in the next Repertory [April, 1831] is from my father, containing the substance of his lecture on predestination, which some of his students esteem one of his best attempts at Theologizing.

TRENTON, *March 10, 1831.*

I am not able to take "the Presbyterian," though I am pleased with the numbers which they sent me. It is devoutly to be wished, that in "contending for the faith" which is enjoined, they may not "strive," which is forbidden. A large number of persons will be suspicious of the paper from their dread of contention. The Misadelphia<sup>1</sup> Presbytery has not gained much credit in the view of those who hear the bruit, without understanding the matter in debate. I fear that the Sunday School Journal will become flat from the introduction of so many journals, which will give it the intolerable sameness of the [Missionary] Reporter. This I should greatly regret, for I know of no religious paper more likely to be extensively useful. The accounts from New York are truly cheering. In some of the little neighbourhoods near Princeton, in which the Seminary students labour, there are pleasing signs of religious awakening; as also in Queenston, or Jugtown, the N. E. extremity of the village, several conversions. I have spent some truly delightful hours with Mr. Nasmith,<sup>2</sup> the City Mission man. Both my people and myself have, I trust, been refreshed and awakened by meeting with him. Seldom have I met with so much zeal with so little roughness. It is true my opportunities of judging were slender, yet I cannot but rank him among the best men of the age. He was the intimate friend of John Urquhart, of whose writing he

<sup>1</sup> Altering the prefix of the city's Greek name, to denote the prevailing polemics.

<sup>2</sup> David Nasmith, from Scotland, was instrumental in promoting various organizations for the temporal and spiritual benefit of the poor in the United States, as well as in Great Britain. He died in 1839.

showed me a specimen ; also a letter of Legh Richmond to himself, just after the death of his son Wilberforce ; autograph letters and documents of Joseph Wolff, Mr. Judson, Earl Rawdon, Dr. Greville Ewing, Dr. Patterson of Russia, Wardlaw, and the author of the (Glasgow) Protestant, David Brown, and Dr. Morrison of China, and Marshman of Serampore, &c., &c. He is a remarkable young man for energy, and I may add talents, and I hope you will find him an agreeable and profitable friend. If he has not letters to Mr. Barnes, I wish you would use means to have them brought into contact. Some good will come of it. I am not sure that Mr. Nasmith's plan of City Missions may not require important modifications to adapt it to America, but it is a noble enterprise. If carried out, it is a powerful organization of our churches as missionary bodies. New York has determined to have forty of these agents or missionaries in that city, Charleston eight. We are resolved to make a trial here. In the Seminary at Princeton, the number of young men who have devoted themselves to foreign missions, is greater than the whole number of those who have actually gone into the field in time past. This is a good indication ; but are there not wonderful signs of the times, in every direction to which we can turn our eyes ? May the Lord enable us, my dear friend, to live in the enjoyment of a spirit consonant with these things ! I have been sadly thinking this morning of my own stupidity and insufficiency. I am a barren tree, long spared, in infinite mercy ; but when will it be otherwise ? If I could live *one year* as I ought to live, even as some *do* live, how gladly would I give up all that there is in life. I speak my genuine sentiments when I say I know not what to do ; I feel that I am a babe. On one hand is dependence on myself ; it has cast me down a thousand times, so that I fear to make a resolution ; on the other hand is listlessness and inaction ; through the influence of which I wait, and wait, and wait—and do nothing. Let us pray for one another, as I still have a hope that we know how to pray. I have some comfort in that precious word, 1 John ii. 1-3.

TRENTON, *March 29, 1831.*

The Presbyterian pleases me very much, and is thus far a very instructive paper. Pray who is the author of the "Experiences" ? They go to my very heart, and seem to me to give the hint for the right kind of religious diary. I requested the printer to hand you such proofs of this No. [of Repertory] as contain Greek and Hebrew. Remember that my omission of the accents is intentional, and a measure to which I am driven by desperation of their ever putting them right. I insert only the

spiritus asper. I cannot read a number of the names in your list, and many words in your letters I discover only by circumstantial evidence. Still you are better than Mr. ———. An article of his was sent to the Committee, and after being attempted by three, was thrown aside in despair; it was absolutely illegible. His other piece was well copied, and is much approved. You have perhaps heard of the awakening around Princeton. It ought not to have been mentioned in the papers. In Princeton proper, there is little or no revival, except in college. They have had a four-days' meeting there; with what results I know not. I should have attended, had I not been kept here by a concurrence of duties. My own people are in a lamentable condition, yet I have in my own feelings more encouragement than ever since I have been here, and have been enabled for some time past, to give myself almost wholly to pastoral labours; so that my breast is quite sore with the unintermitted exertion of lungs in singing, and prayer, and talking. The members of the church are evidently more awake, giving more attention to the signs of the times, and joining cordially in little family circles for conference, religious intelligence, and prayer; but the body of the people and many in the church are dead. For the last six evenings I have attended meetings in different precincts, each of which was more encouraging than the preceding. Last Sunday afternoon I preached to the convicts in the State's prison. A more attentive audience I never had. Every eye was fixed; no averted look, no smiles, no shuffling, and at least a dozen were in tears. I spoke from the parable of the prodigal, and they seemed to sing with peculiar life—

“Take off his clothes of sin and shame,  
The father gives command,” &c.

I think I never felt more the unspeakable privilege of preaching the “unsearchable riches of Christ.” Last week I conversed with those who are in the cells; one of whom was once an attendant (four times only) on our Sunday School; and another (24 years old) a convicted robber. The latter is as mild and comely a youth as you could well select; yet he has twice knocked down his keepers, and nearly killed a turnkey. Both of these men heard me with attention and tenderness. Let me recommend to you, if you have not attempted it, to try the delightful experiment of taking the gospel into the cells of your prisons, and to keep notes of cases and conversations. I have made some fruitless attempts to have a Bible class among the blacks; they are strangely averse to white interference. Since I lived in Virginia, I feel a peculiar yearning over these poor

creatures, and sometimes feel as if I could joyfully devote myself to labouring among them. The heavy rain keeps me from a row of visits which I had intended to make at this hour, and such is my guilty disinclination to this duty, that I am almost glad of the excuse. This and other kindred feelings convince me that I lack that love of souls which is the only permanent spur to ministerial faithfulness. Yet I sometimes feel a persuasion that the Lord will accept, for Christ's sake, a duty performed against the current of natural feelings, faithfully and tremblingly, even if it is not so much a free-will offering as a self-denial. Though I have not the experience I desire, yet I think I long for it more than for any earthly happiness. Were it not for the Repertory, I should try to spend a week in New York.

By all means put in practice your project of turning to Greek and Hebrew. Let me, however, forewarn you, that if you use Stuart's Hebrew Grammar, you will become a Hebraist, not *by* it, but in spite of it.

TRENTON, *April* 14, 1831.

Since I last wrote, it has pleased God to make me the father of a boy; for which, and the comfortable state in which my wife is, I desire to be deeply thankful. This event, which is an epoch in our poor little lives, took place on the morning of the 8th inst. The child is called "Archibald George," as simple Archibald is no designation in our family. When I consider how great the sufferings of the female sex are, I scarcely know how to explain the matter, or assign the final cause, unless it be that God in great mercy chooses to apply suffering, as a means of grace, to those who are intended to be useful in forming the infant mind and giving early impressions. Since last Sabbath (our communion then occurred) we perceive something like a more awakened state of feeling amongst us. Several, I believe, to be deeply anxious, and several converted, and a number more in that peculiar state of susceptibility and attention, which is neither conviction, nor yet indifference, but a mean betwixt the two. Could I divide myself into a dozen, I might find ample employment. Some men perform this operation by means of their zealous members; but we are not sufficiently awake for my congregation to aid much. Still it is my hope that the spirit of grace and supplications which seems to be poured out, is but the beginning of a more extensive and gracious effusion. Fifteen were admitted to our communion on last Lord's day, ten of whom were from the Pennsylvania side of the Delaware. I am solicitous to know what are the safest and best methods of instituting and conducting inquiry meetings. Let me know even to particulars what

are the results of your observation during the increased attention to religion in Philadelphia.

There are dangers attendant upon revivals of religion, which escape the notice of those who are most active in promoting them, while they are obvious to sharp-sighted men, who suspect the whole affair of revivals. "Fas est a hoste doceri." It is unwise for some of our brethren to repel, as they do, all inquiry as to the prudence of their measures. A great and lamentable evil, into which weak but sometimes pious men fall, is the indiscriminate application of special means to all circumstances and cases, without regarding the principle upon which such and such measures have been instituted with success. Thus the imitators of Mr. Nettleton make sad work by doing what they have seen him do, without possessing that almost superhuman sagacity which enables him to avoid failure, by addressing his efforts to certain principles of human nature. This is, no doubt, religious empiricism; and I constantly feel myself hampered by its existence among the more zealous part of my flock. It is like a good quack-ess of my neighbourhood, who is always saying: "take this," and "take that." It is the same error under a different form with that of the old formal, respectable, anti-revival Presbyterians. These say: "Our fathers did so and so, and we will do so too." The others say: "Mr. Finney does so and so, and you must do so." I freely confess that I have had much doubt respecting "anxious meetings," as they are commonly called, especially as I have sometimes seen them conducted. There is a certain stage of an awakening when they are indispensable; *i. e.* where the number of seeking souls is great; but many of my brethren use them as a *means of awakening*. How far is this correct? An individual is tender and somewhat alarmed; comes with a vague impression to the inquiry-meeting; is conversed with; is visibly set apart as an inquirer; is thus self-committed; must do something, or seem to do something; is there not room for fear of evil? of hypocrisy? And from the perfunctory manner in which discourse is conducted, is there not sometimes much daubing with untempered mortar? I want the aid of your eyes and judgment in this matter, and I believe I propose my doubts in the spirit of candour. I *may* have a meeting of the kind before a week is over my head. If you will accept of a translation I made a year ago of Gesenius' *Elementarbuch*, extending as far as through the vowel system, you shall have it.

Tell Packard without delay to print a set of texts on the *verse system*, for at least two months. Thousands would adopt it at once. We can do nothing till we have this indispensable basis of union.

My dear friend, is your heart attaining more and more to a felt communion with the Lord Jesus Christ as your head, and source of all vital influence? Here, alas! I err most. "Looking unto Jesus," is a motto suited to every hour. Duties performed, as I perform so many, with a legal spirit, are heavy to the soul and scarcely acceptable to God. In word or in deed to do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, *giving thanks*, rejoicing, relying on Him; this I find in the New Testament, in Whitefield, in the Tennents, in Newton, in some living men; but not in all who are zealous and bustling around me. "To know Him, and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of His sufferings," &c., Paul, the active Paul, seemed to think the great mark at which he might ever aim. Here I am conscious of a daily and habitual short-coming. The Christian paradox is, When most active, most dependent. The two ideas are beautifully comprised in the words: "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." When we are most abundant in labours, we feel most our dependence on God; and if we would stimulate ourselves to Christian activity, we can take no better way than to dwell in meditation and prayer on the truth that it is "God who worketh in us," &c., and that "He giveth more grace." By the bye, Mr. ——— preached us last evening a plain, pungent, sound, effective discourse. If Cecil is right, that "eloquence is vehement simplicity," then is ——— eloquent, with all his hemming and grossièreté. I hope I have learned something from his earnest, humble, and solemn manner in private. I am ashamed of being so timorous in a cause which might make a coward bold, and have never appreciated the full weight of the command, "preach to *every creature*," as some appear to do. ———, I should think, (having only your fragmentary extract to judge from,) is endeavouring to persuade himself that he is converted, upon insufficient grounds. "Edwards on the Affections," abridged by Ellerby, would admirably apply to his case. Ah! perhaps, I sometimes have thought, this same error is my own. Natural conscience and intellectual light may go very far; but to be *born again*, to have "all things become new," to have "crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts," to have the leading of the Spirit, the mind of the Spirit, the walk of the Spirit, the seal of the Spirit, the inhabitation of the Spirit; this is that which I long after, but do not often ascertain to my satisfaction.

TRENTON, *April 23, 1831.*

Our letters appear to me to assume a more useful character since we have entered more into sober discourse upon the

realities of religion; and they may become means of mutual instruction and correction, if we should do no more than occasionally start a question for future elimination. What you say of me and mine, gives me that peculiar satisfaction which the sincere expression of amicable feelings always does; "he that is a friend, must *shew* himself friendly." And now let me say in reply: "The Lord hear thee," &c., Ps. xx. 1-4.

Payson deeply affects me, but not as Brainerd does; in one case you have the *man* always before your mind in alto-relievo; in the other, you are directed away from him to the work of the Spirit in him. Edwards' concluding remarks to the Life of Brainerd, are wonderfully searching and appropriate at the present religious crisis. There seems more reason than ever to hope that the Barnes' question in the General Assembly, will be discussed and issued in a holy manner; and may set at rest a great class of questions. What you say of extraordinary and doubtful measures for exciting religious feeling, tallies exactly with what I hear from ——'s anxious-meetings, and from other quarters. I dare not attempt such things, though if I should, I am persuaded I could next week say in the Evangelist that we have forty inquirers. I feel that this is a question of awful responsibility; and oh how strongly do I wish to be led aright, and to avoid cowardice and formality; but then, human souls and the cause of Christ are not surely fit subjects for these perilous psychological experiments.

Have you ever read "Francke's Guide to the Study of the Holy Scriptures, Philad., D. Hogan, 1823"? If not, read it. The translation is horrid, and obscure beyond any thing of the kind, but the book is truly golden. You will profit by his advice as to Hebrew. You know he was an eminent Hebraist. The Princeton scholars, after Stuart, pronounce the Kametz like *aw* in *awl*, or *a* in *tall*, *fall*. This the Jews do not, nor does Lee, nor Gesenius, nor Frey, nor any cognate dialect except Persian, as Addison has clearly shown me. The true sound is the German, French, Italian, Spanish, Arabic, Syriac *A*, as *a* in *father*. Gesenius and Lee say it is a great abuse to pronounce *א* like *dh*, (that is *th* in *that*), as some do. Beware of Portuguese Jews. I have heard several of them read *א* like *s* in *sing*, *this*; and Kametz like *o* in *pole*. Read from the very start with the tone or accent on the proper syllable; this the former Princeton students all neglected; *e. g.* they said *kātálfem* for *kātáltém*. When two ways are equally easy, the right is best and shortest. You may in a half hour, learn this without knowing any thing of the accentual system; which is a fanfaronade. Read Lee's Grammar, that is, *dip* into it for your amusement. I have found, after

toiling through many grammars, no rules so practical and useful as those at the end of *Bythner's* "Lyra Prophetica." Following a hint of Henry Martyn, (v. Life,) I have arranged all the Hebrew verbs according to the *last* radical, the *last but one*, &c. A moment's thought will show you the use of this; as so many words differ only in the *last* radical, and as irregular inflections affect chiefly the ultimate and penultimate. Addison's plan is to go doggedly to work and commit roots. This is the universal method of the Pundits in teaching Sanscrit. I fear I shall have to take a jaunt soon. I am very lean and nervous, and worn down by constant pacing—pacing—pacing. Yesterday without seeking it, I discovered three cases of hopeful conversion; all isolated; all young; all in silence; one of them very striking and remarkable. They attribute nothing to human means, yet I have a satisfaction in knowing that I have recently spoken pointedly to two of them more than once. I have just returned from the funeral of Ebenezer Rose, late an elder in the Trenton First Church, [now Ewing township,] he would have been eighty-seven years old this day; his disease, cancer of the mouth. He was a saint indeed, and to his dying day enjoyed those rapturous exercises which we are too much accustomed to think belong to young converts only. A church-full of people were present, and much tenderness of feeling prevailed.

I find the little "Help to the Gospels" [a Sunday School book] very useful in my private reading and meditations. It seems to me better suited for adult Christians in solitude, than for schools. Even the tautological questions serve to fix the minutiae of the passage in my mind. As far as I am able to learn, Mr. Nettleton does none of those objectionable things which many less experienced labourers in revivals lay so much stress on. In Virginia I had a good opportunity of learning his methods, and so far as I am informed, every thing was conducted with remarkable decorum and solemnity. We need something like "Class-meetings" to prevent the frequent collapses after revivals. True they are susceptible of abuse, but not more than anxious-meetings; I think far less. The plan is, at any rate, a masterpiece of religious policy. I have read eight out of the ten volumes of Wesley's works, and esteem him one of the greatest and best men that ever lived. My father has just arrived, to preach for me to-morrow.

TRENTON, *May 30*, 1831.

If you have any intention of meeting me at Burlington, I do you to wit that by a change of the measures I am to minister there on *Friday*, not Thursday evening. Should you get there before



me, leave a card or note in Bessonett's tap-room. I left my wife on Friday, and have heard nothing since from her; you will be pleased to learn that she was then convalescent, though still very, very weak, and much emaciated. You know, my dear friend, far better than I, how severe are those pangs which reach us through a beloved one: pardon this seeming tearing open of a wound. How hard to the flesh is the lesson 1 Cor. vii. 29-31. I lately preached on it; but only the Spirit can write it on our hearts. Have you read Matthew Henry's life? (by Williams, Bost. 1830.) I have never read a more truly instructive, or cheering biography. Read it, for the sake of bleeding orthodoxy. Apropos let me give you some facts. My authority is unexceptionable; but you may rebate for hyperboles in the transmission. P——, the Cambridge Unitarian professor, was at the examination in Princeton. He told a judicious and veracious man, and the latter told me, that he considered —— and his school as approximating very nearly to their (the Unitarian) views, in all that is essentially distinctive, and as travelling the road which the Boston liberals had pursued; and added: "they will soon stand on our ground." He said also, that —— (late Editor Unitarian Miscellany, and a low humanitarian and Priestleyite) brought him the Review of ——, with great glee, as indicating a going over to their sentiments in the main questions. *On dit*, likewise, that —— has advised the Boston Orthodox ministers to revert to the old plan of exchanging with the Unitarians in preaching, as the best method of bringing them round. Do not charge me with slandering; if these are true statements, they ought to be pondered; and they, at least, *excuse* the apparent illiberality of some ancient and tried friends of our church, who tremble at the introduction of a liberality so wide as to take in latitudinarians. My own conviction is this: that the Newhavenites, while they confess the divinity of Christ, and the agency of the Holy Spirit, do (in their *system*) deny all that makes these doctrines indispensable. Prof. ——, who has talked much with ——, says that the latter avows his belief that the only reason why he adds the agency of the Spirit to his system is that he finds it in the Scriptures, not that there is any place in his scheme, which can be filled by this doctrine only.

PRINCETON, June 14, 1831.

For some eight or nine days I have been here in dry dock, enjoying the otium without the dignitate, and the several *refraichissemens* of milk diet, blue pill, and cathartic extract. If I had known exactly where to find you, I should probably before this have fallen upon your neck in quocunque loco, for I have

greatly desiderated a *compagnon de voyage*, and am now seriously meditating a jaunt to Saratoga. Professor Vethake may do me the kindness of sharing my ennui, but of this I dubitate. The atrabilious temperament is favourable to polemics, and I have accordingly made a tilt against the wine-sacks of Pelagius Taylor et id genus omne, having been delving very doggedly at the controversial divinity of the 17th century. Truly I am astounded at the acumen and learning of the Reformed theologians; I mean those of whom a specimen appears at the Synod of Dort, A. D. 1618-'19. The scholastic studies of the age, while they perhaps confined the mind to a narrow channel, increased the vigorous impetuosity of the torrent. I perceive no important point in the controversy *actuellement* agitated in America, which was not apprehended and brought out in full proportion and relief by these ancients. You will observe that at this famous Synod, all the articles of high-Calvinism were signed by Carleton, Bp. of Llandaff, by Bp. Hall, by Davenant, and Ward, master of Sydney College, Cambridge. I descend now to the earth, to say that it is moistened with a precious shower, and that the country is better than the town; and this I say, after having received another importunate though informal solicitation to the American Sunday School Union. I am holding myself in suspense: of this, not a whisper. Princeton is certainly the pleasantest summer retreat in the world. So judgeth a semi-native. I have been reading the second book of Cicero de Oratore, with very much delight. I then tried the Orations, but ennuayed so furiously that I surrendered. Also a file of "Archives du Christianisme," 1831, in which are noticeable the following: The persecution of "dissidentes" in Neufchatel continues. Sunday School spirit rising in France, in connexion with the noted "Methode Jacotot." Adolphe Monod, a young evangelical, is the greatest pulpit orator in France. The Protestants have great hopes of the revival of piety. N. B. The orthodoxy of the reviving Church of France, is that of the Reformers. Pray take a voyage, and write me letters from the other side. Seriously I recommend it to you, and I believe that you might thereby fit yourself for new usefulness in this country. Great Britain at least would fill up a pleasant and profitable year. However, the great query with all of us should be, where and how can we fit ourselves best for the Lord's work. The mere romance, even of religious effort, which tinges our views, is doubtless to be rejected. When I left you in Philadelphia, I intended to return before the mob [General Assembly] dispersed, but being indisposed and nervous, I took better counsel and remained procul a negotiis. And furthermore, lest I should be like the Irishman in "modern Chivalry," who cast himself

from his coach into a row, crying "heaven direct me to the right side," I determined to study the matters in debate a little more impartially and deliberately. Perhaps I could point to clergymen who have committed themselves as partisans, much in advance of their own convictions. Such things may do in paltry politics where the dispute is "de lanâ caprina," but in matters affecting the plan of salvation, they are perilous. I am hourly admonished of my danger of judging before having evidence.

The great danger as to the upshot of the Barnes' controversy, seems to be this: The case which is held up to public view, and which excites to a kind of phrenzy men and even babes and women is: *Must Mr. B. be sustained?* Now, though this involves the doctrinal question, yet independently of the latter, it is decided, pro or con., upon general and worldly principles, often those of mere feeling; and this decision once made in either direction, there is a prepossession formed which militates for a lifetime with candid search after the truth. I suspect that scores of spinsters in your city have become far more "liberal" theologians than ever Mr. B. will be. Our Princeton men are considered by certain soi-disant standards as "sneaking," "on the fence," &c. There certainly is such a thing as righteous moderation, and those who have practised it have, as far as I know, in every age stood between two fires, incurring the wrath of both sides. It requires perhaps more solidity than some of these juvenile seignors have imagined, to keep this position where two seas meet. A crowd is a very convenient support to men of weak spines. But lest I degenerate into personalities and nosmetipisisms,—you will remember that I desire your company upon a jaunt. I don't pledge myself to go, but write instanter.

PRINCETON, June 17, 1831.

I write somewhat hastily to advise you that I expect, with Divine permission, to go to-morrow to New York, on my way to Saratoga. So much are our ailments antipodal to one another, that from your letter I perceive that we cannot at present pursue health in partnership. Mine is the yellow, bilious, liverish, dyspeptical, summer complaint—the beginning of those diseases which have already so often brought me down. And if you have (as I hope you will find not to be the case) any pulmonary lesion, or tendency to phthisic, I suppose you are right in avoiding both Saratoga and the seashore. There are some of the Virginia springs which I have more confidence in than any thing I know of on earth, (I speak of the disorder you fear,) except a prompt exile to low southern latitudes. I have in recollection, several cases of entire cure from the latter. Most, how-

ever, wait until the lungs have become actually affected with tubercles, which come to abscesses when it is too late to travel; and many content themselves with a resting-place too far north. St. Augustine is the spot I should aim at in such a case. I think you will have the offer of the Sunday School Union secretaryship, which I have just told Mr. Baird I could not accept. I have no belief that my health could endure the labour which, to an indefinite extent, would be heaped upon a secretary whose work is so little circumscribed by determinate limits. I propose to remain a few days at Saratoga, or Ballston; perhaps as long as the waters may suit me. I go purely for health, and expect to suffer a good deal from intercourse with frivolous and uncongenial people. I shall be pleased to fall in with some who may instruct me in methods of usefulness, or in any truth of which I am ignorant, and shall aim at interviews with ministers and pious laymen. My child has never been well, having had strong symptoms of hydrocephalus since his birth. He is small and always sick, and cannot use milk in any form or measure. The Lord do with him what shall be for His glory! thus we try to feel, yet my heart cries aloud: "O that Ishmael might live before thee." Never have I much cheerful hope except when I study to resign myself and mine, totally and unreservedly, to a merciful Saviour and King. I am myself a bruised reed, always crushed when set to sustain the right kind of work, yet through infinite grace not yet broken.

TRENTON, *July 16, 1831.*

I am pleased to hear that you are so agreeably situated at Germantown, [near Philadelphia,] and have no doubt that if you can avoid *ennui*, your health will be speedily re-established. The scenes you daily survey are faintly present to my recollections, from having been visited by our family for several successive summers. As it regards air and rural peculiarities, I consider Trenton as altogether a country-place. In three minutes I can, from our door, bury myself in thick forests, or "babble of green fields" in as pleasant meadows as I know, or hearken to the murmur of the Delaware rapids; and since I have lived here, we have had no epidemic. I was absent six weeks, and during that period my services were needed at only one funeral. I visited New York, Albany, (where I endured the 4th,) Troy, Lansingburgh, Waterford, Ballston, Saratoga, and Hudson. The rains rendered my sojourn at the springs uncomfortable, but at the same time refreshed nature so as to make the North River scenery indescribably charming. I found great benefit from the Congress water; the other springs were, to me, mere poison. In hepatic affections of every kind, I look upon the Congress

spring as approaching the nature of a specific. I was driven away too soon, by the insufferable plague of listlessness, attached to all watering-places, and by a raging tooth-ache. "Causa sublata, tollitur effectus." I have the stubborn root in my pocket. I have just negatived an invitation to preach Sunday after next at Baltimore, second church, with a view to my being called to supply Mr. Breckinridge's place. And, in truth, having in my jaunt seen a number of congregations, and many ministers, (all lamenting hinderances and grievances,) I should be unwilling to exchange Trenton for any *pastoral charge* which I have ever seen, excepting only Charlotte C. H. Va., which it would be sheer madness for me to undertake with my atrabilious temperament. Last Lord's day we were favoured with the addition of eleven persons to our church, four of whom are active men. This is a good addition in a place where we have to draw upon the same congregation at all times, for we have no floating population or rival churches to select from. There are, I suppose, fifteen or twenty inquiring souls among us, and for four months the standard of piety has been quietly and steadily rising. Could this continue, it is just what I desire. I say so after having been in the furnace of new measures in the Troy Presbytery. I hope, however, that I am learning to be forbearing. I am perhaps as thin and feeble as you ever saw me, though relieved, within a few weeks from my violent head-aches and bilious symptoms. Every hour I am made to think of death, and feel how slight is my tenure upon all that unduly engages my attention. May we so enter into the great realities of another world, as to be prepared to depart joyfully whenever the summons may come.

PRINCETON, August 6, 1831.

It was but a few minutes ago that I had the first hint of your having been seriously indisposed, and I cannot forbear writing without delay. Your silence was indeed long, but as your letters for some time past have made no mention of any thing further than the debility of the summer, I had no suspicion that your health was impaired. And even now, I hear only vaguely that your constitution seems to be threatened. While I endeavour to cherish every hope, I am very anxious to know how you are, and wherein I can contribute to your comfort. I should not thus coldly maintain a distant conversation, if it were practicable for me to pay you a visit; but this is providentially precluded by a lameness from a sprain, which, with my other ailments has kept me to my chamber for nearly three weeks. I have been very weak and thin for months past; and though the symptoms of disease have nearly vanished, I am so much unnerved as to be

next to useless. I know of nothing so well adapted to satisfy the mind under trials of this kind, as the simple truth, that we and all our concerns are ruled and disposed of by a Sovereign Mediator, whose, I humbly trust, we are, and whom we serve, for "they also *serve* who only stand and wait," as Milton beautifully and consolingly expresses it. I wish I were able to speak of deeper and richer experience of the truth that it is good to be afflicted. So often have I been chastised with personal suffering, that I am at times alarmed to think that this trying visitation has so little purified and elevated my soul. Yet there have been seasons of affliction, especially of sickness, in which I have known more of the power and of the joy of religion, than ever in my life, and in which I have understood how glorious is that grace of the gospel which can "give songs in the night" of pain and weariness. An ordinary concomitant of bodily weakness is depression of spirits, and morbid susceptibility of impressions which alarm or grieve the mind. Under these, the most resolute and the best men have sometimes bowed, and it becomes important to learn how we may be relieved from an influence so deleterious to the spiritual exercises of the heart. And here, I really believe, we too often undervalue the treasures of the Word of God, and especially the unspeakable gift—the crowning mercy—our Lord Jesus Christ. In times of peril and sickness, I have remarkably felt that I had made too little of access to the Saviour himself. Joy is more certainly diffused through our souls, by a simple, filial approach to the cross, than by any means which I have any idea of. This is remarkably characteristic of the apostolic and primitive experience. The triumphant hope and glorying of the apostle Paul, exhibited in the first part of the 2d Epistle to the Corinthians, seems to have flowed from such child-like faith: "We had the sentence of death in ourselves, that we should not trust in ourselves, but in God which raiseth the dead: who delivered us from so great a death, and doth deliver: in whom we trust that he will yet deliver us: ye also helping together by prayer," &c.; "As the sufferings of Christ abound in us, so our consolation aboundeth *by Christ*." The 4th and 5th chapters have revived my soul in some degree, within a few weeks past, when I have had very melancholy prospects as to my future health and usefulness.

Do we not restrict our faith in prayer too much to *spiritual* blessings? I know these are infinitely the more important, and that our petitions for earthly good are to be under submission to the Divine will; but then how plain it is, that when Christ was on earth, he listened to the requests of the sick and mourning, that he never chided any one who asked healing and deliverance,

as asking amiss, and that he invariably heard the prayer of all such. How plain, but how much forgotten, that he is the same Saviour now, with just the same views of poor, suffering, and sinning men. How explicit the promise, James v. 14. But however tried, it is still undeniable, that if we believe, all things shall work together for our good, and with this assurance we may pray with absolute certainty that our prayers shall be answered in kind, or in a higher and nobler measure and way than we intend.

Let me assure you that I shall endeavour to offer my feeble petitions for your temporal and spiritual welfare. My belief of the prevalence of the prayers which we make in behalf of individuals is strong. Dr. Rice remarked, in a letter of his which I lately read, that he had often, he thought, been prayed back to life from the jaws of death. He is now slowly rising from a long illness, which baffled all the means used, and all the hopes of his friends. After all, however, our prospect would be dark indeed, if we had only this world to which we might cling. Blessed be God, our anchor is *within* the veil, and our hope is of an inheritance incorruptible. To see Jesus, and with him to see all saints who have gone before, is a glory which we may expect; and the belief of this, independent of all other things, is support under the greatest trials. All these things occur to you daily; yet they may not be without some force when coming from the pen of a sincere friend.

PRINCETON, August 17, 1831.

In strictness of epistolary exchange, I ought to wait for a letter from you, but as I suppose you are more of an invalid just now than myself, I shall wave the rule and give you such things as I have. Since I have been unwell, I have read a book by J. G. Pike, containing some eighty or a hundred death-bed accounts of pious men. Although clumsily compiled, it is rich in refreshing matter. Apropos of Martyn's life; the London Christian Observer (somewhere about 1814-17) has many private letters of his, which are better than any thing in his published "Life." I was struck with the remarks on the truth "that we must die *alone*," especially as so singularly and beyond his meaning verified in the circumstances of his own decease. Middleton's Evangelical Biography, 4 vols., Lond., is a fine work. I am particularly pleased with the dying triumphs, under poignant sufferings, of the celebrated *Andrew Rivet*. Very deeply do I sympathize with some of your feelings, respecting the lowness of piety in many professors—above all in myself—the want of *πληροφορία*, and the idolatry of this world. Still I find it more to my comfort, certainly more to my profit, to acknowledge the grace of God in those manifestations of piety which *do* exist—manifestations

which none but God can produce, and which are intended to show forth his glory, and therefore to be recognised by us. All the religion of Bible examples, so far as they are given in detail, is mixed and alloyed, saving only that of our blessed Saviour; and "weak faith" is a necessary term of relation and comparison, unless all faith is the same *in degree*, which would preclude the growth of our graces, and render the comparison of the "grain of mustard" nugatory. No doubt hypocrites will pervert this to their own destruction, and our reason might tempt us to elevate a standard which should make no allowance for defect, but such is not the scriptural account. The fear of death is a natural sentiment, which often exists by association in hearts which have more unquestionable marks of piety than the most ardent desire of death could be. Whatever explanation we may give of it, it cannot be denied that men, of whose piety we are assured by inspiration, have prayed to be delivered from death—Psalm vi.; especially Hezekiah—Isaiah chap. xxxvii.—and God was pleased to grant this as a blessing, and holy men have rendered thanksgiving for the deliverance as a mercy—Psalm cxvi. Epaphroditus "was sick, nigh unto death, but God *had mercy on him.*" The soul ought unconditionally to submit to God, willing to live or die; but I am ready to think that more has been made of willingness to die, as an evidence of piety, than the Scriptures make of it. Long life is even promised as a blessing; I suppose for two principal reasons—1st, that we may do more for saving souls, (a work confined, for all that we know, to this life;) and 2dly, that we may attain greater piety, and thus have a greater capacity for heaven, and greater reward there. This is perfectly consistent with Paul's estimate of heaven as "far better," for the *rest* is at any moment better than the *labour*; still, the latter may be lawfully desired, in order to an increased enjoyment of the former. It is right to wish to see in all the faith of Abraham; but we see only one Abraham in the Bible, and many imperfect Davids, Jobs, and Peters. Moreover, I doubt not the same kind of faith is in exercise as often now. Understand me now, not as suggesting that we should be *content* with lower measures; by no means; but as dissenting from the doubt which you say you have of the *reality* of your own faith and that of the Christian community generally. This doubt is not, I think, encouraged by the tenor of Scripture, and tends, not to piety, but to the rejection of it. For surely the heart-rending conclusion that *all* are wrong, saps the foundation of Christianity itself. So, also, there is a sinful complaint under affliction, so sinful as to vitiate all a man's title; and a complaint (such as the hundreds of David) which is compatible with the actual



vigour of entire submission. "If it be possible let this cup pass." We may say this in *faith*, and to say this is not to rebel. Chastisement would be nothing, were it not felt to be afflictive; and no affliction is joyous; *afterward* it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness. The feelings you express have given me pain, for I have had them all, and I would pray all who value the sweetness, and serenity, and joy of piety, to war against them as morbid. On this subject I have recently read some of Newton's letters with profit. This is a day of solemnity in the Seminary. Six young men are just about to depart on foreign missions, and the professors and students are observing a day of fasting and prayer with them. They are beloved youth—all of them manifesting a primitive zeal and love. The Lord go with them and bless them. We have great, glorious tidings of wonderful awakenings in Virginia—in my old region, and also at Lexington, where many of my relations are hopefully converted. My heart sinks at the thought that now, when I am laid aside, I can look back on so little good done. I hope the Lord has service for you in his church, and will speedily restore you. My friends Christmas, Aikman, and Wilson are gone! May God have mercy not on you only but on me also, lest I should have sorrow upon sorrow; yet let us, as frail and dying creatures, live in view of death.

"O for an overcoming faith  
To cheer my dying hours."

My health is in statu quo; my lameness better, my child convalescent, and my wife well. The Lord be praised for his mercies. My mind reposes with rather more than usual peace on the divine promise  $\text{ou } \mu\eta \text{ σε } \alpha\nu\omega, \text{ou } \delta' \text{ ou } \mu\eta \text{ σε } \epsilon\kappa\alpha\tau\alpha\lambda\iota\pi\omega.$ <sup>1</sup>

TRENTON, *October 11, 1831.*

Without descending to the use of superlatives, I am pleased to know that you have returned so much better, and that our correspondence has recommenced. For your two letters I am thankful, though at this time I have not wherewithal to pay you in kind. At this moment I am jaded by writing almost all day for the Repertory, for which I generally have to provide thirty or forty pages of balaam. I am pretty much determined to dissolve my connexion with it [as editor] after this number. To come at once to the most important matter now pending between us, viz., your intentions with regard to the ministry; you know already that I rejoice at your views, and desire that your wishes may be

<sup>1</sup> The five negatives of this text (Heb. xiii. 5) are thus rendered in Doddridge's Expositor: "I will not, I will not leave thee, I will never, uever, never forsake thee."

realized. The commonplaces (however momentous) on the responsibility, &c., I shall omit, as being as open to your view as to mine. I seriously wish you could come to Princeton; and this, I think, apart from any personal predilections. Every day I regret that I did not take the full course there, (having been tutor, as you remember.) Now, as a private student, you would have about the same advantages that I have now, and I assure you that they can in no degree supply the want of the facilities of the Seminary. I am far from considering the mere lectures of the Professors as the most important part. I hold the benefits, arising from the relation which the students have to one another, as incalculably great, and that particular kind of life as affording an admirable discipline.

I wrote thus far on the 11th, and now, after having been absent at Synod, and some other things, proceed upon the 23d October. The meeting of our Synod was interesting; no judicial or party business, no heat—not enough even to warm the debate. Revivals have visited about half our churches, and what is strange, principally those of the ultra [old school] of Newton Presbytery. In one church (Mansfield) a great revival is in progress without any new measures, not even an inquiry meeting. I lay no stress upon this, but mention it as repelling the invidious charge of our opposing brethren that revivals are the seals of new doctrine and new measures only. For my own part, I believe that revivals depend not so much, as is thought, upon phases of doctrine, or petty arrangements, as upon the ardent piety and zealous labours of humble Christianity, apart from all these things. You are aware that the Princeton men are in very ill odour with the *extrême droite* of the Philadelphia Presbytery. The Repertory is considered as a craven publication, because it did not take sides at once on the Barnes controversy. Now all this is exceedingly impolitic in the Philadelphia gentlemen. By excluding as “fence-men” all who have not fully participated in their panic, they run the risk of reducing their party to a mere handful. The truth is, the Princetonians are as thoroughly old-school in their theology as Dr. Green himself, but they are unable to see that it is the path of duty to denounce every dissentient individual, more particularly as it requires no sagacity to observe that the policy of Wm. L. McCalla, &c., can never result in the adoption of their measures by the church at large.

Among my people there is nothing very encouraging. The absence of a pastor has always a disorganizing effect upon a congregation. Some among us profess to desire a revival, but I plainly discern the prevalence of a common error among our professors; they wish to shift from themselves the responsibility

of a great and united effort towards a revival, and to put all their hopes in a four days' meeting. I preached last Sunday in defence of revivals and against this error.

TRENTON, *November 21, 1831.*

I thought, and still think, that my last contained every thing with reference to your proposed course of study which I am able to communicate, except in the matter of books, which I now take up as being the most important item of your inquiries. And first, I must altogether decline attempting a precise, exact enumeration of the works which must be read. *Nemo dat quod non habet.* If I had such a list, three-fourths of my daily reading might be spared. Such a list must vary with the peculiar character of every individual's studies, and the rather in your case, as you propose a course not altogether regular. I could not venture to name such books on my own responsibility. When at Princeton, the Professors used to name, at the end of each lecture, the best authors for consultation on those topics; and a list digested in this manner, might be made without difficulty, though it would fill a quire of paper. To do as well as I can, however, as you have laid out of the inquiry works on the "Evidences," and as I suppose you to know as well as myself what books are standard in Ecclesiastical History and Hermeneutics, I shall confine myself to Theology.

1. *Works Introductory, or showing how to study.* Taylor's Scheme of SS. Div., (in Watson's Tracts, vol. 1;) Leighton's Lectures; Franke's Guide.

2. *Systems.* Turretine or Pictet, (French,) for the Reformed; Stackhouse for the Arminians of England; Richard Watson for the Wesleyans; Ridgely; Dwight.

3. *Character of God.* Clarke's Sermons; Witherspoon, vol. 4; Saurin, vol. 1; Paley; Charnock on Div. Att.; Tillotson, vol. 1; Hopkins, vol. 1; Edwards on God's Last End; Emmons.

4. *Trinity.* Horsley; J. Pye Smith; Woods; Stuart; Ware; Norton; Channing; Morus Epit. Theol. Christ.; Sherlock's Vind. of Trin.; Priestley; Belsham's Essays; Jamieson's Vindication; Bates' Works; Abaddie on Div. of Christ; Nares' Remarks on the Improved Version; Bulli Defens. Fid. Nicen; Pearson on the Creed; a chapter of Hooker's Ecc. Polity; Owen on the Person of Christ; Wardlaw; Wynpersee; Clarke on the Trinity; Allix's Judgment of Ancient Jewish Church; Mordecai's Analogy; Socinus; Select parts of Barrow; Calvin; Döderlein and Flatt.

5. *Decrees, &c.* Calvin; 5 Edwards, 351-500; 1 Turretine; 1 Hopkins, c. 4; Arminii Op. pp. 98, 458, 634; Twisse (supra-

lapsarian) de Scientia Med.; Zanchii de Predest.; 4 Witherspoon, 75; Fuller's Gos. Worthy, &c.; Baxter's Cath. Theol., part 1; Witsii Econ. Fœd. B. iij. c. 4; Dickinson on the 5 points; Whitby on the same; Cole on Sovereignty of God; Scott and Tomline; Oeuvres de Claude, vol. 4; Edwards on Will; West's Moral Agency; Priestley, Lib. and Necessity; Leibnitz cont. with Clarke, (usually bound together, in Lat. and French;) Collins on Necessity; Warburton's Div. Leg., p. 1, p. 46; 1 Hopkins; King's Origin Evil; Williams' Vindication.

6. *Original Sin and Depravity.* Taylor on Or. Sin; Edwards do.; 1 Smalley's Sermons; 1 Turretine; Whitby on O. S.; 1 Emmons; Stapfer, (who treats the whole range of polemics;) Witsii Ec. Fœd., vol. 1; Boston's Fourfold State; 4 Witherspoon; Scott and Tomline; Wesley's Sermons; Strong's Sermons; 1 Bellamy; Burgess on O. S.; Spring's Disquisition; Fletcher's Appeal.

7. *Atonement.* Daubeny on Atone.; Magie; Griffin; Beman; Owen's Vind. Evang.; Outram de Sacrificiis; Calvin, Turretine, &c; Selections on the At.; West on At.; Taylor and Hampton; Wardlaw on Extended At.; Bates; Murdock's, Stuart's, and Dana's Sermons; Fuller's and Scott's Essays; Edwards, (select;) 1 Bellamy, 390; Burge on At.; Barrow's Sermons on Univ. Redemp.; Grotii de Satisfac., (a noble work on the "forensic" question;) Owen's Salus Electorum; Van Maestricht, De Moor, and Marekius on all Calvinistic points; Veysie's Bampton Lectures.

8. *Regeneration.* Besides above: Owen on Spirit, (large;) Bellamy, Scott, Witherspoon, Doddridge; Witsius; 2 Charnock; Noesselti de interno test. Spir. Sanct.; Baekus on Reg.; Edwards; Park St. Lectures; Dwight; Hopkins on Holiness; Fiddes' Treat. on Morals; Edwards' Affections.

9. *Justification.* Oeuvres de Claude; Owen on Just.; Witherspoon; Taylor's Key to Romans; Edwards on Just.; 2 Barrow, 41; 2 Tillotson, 346; Bulli Opera, Harmon. Apost.; Tuckney's Prælect. I. p. 26.

10. *Perseverance.* Dickinson; Whitby; 1 Wesley's Serm.; Zanchii Miscell. de Persev. Sanct.; De Moor; 5 Toplady; 2 Gill, 313; 1 Newton, 162; 2 Hornbeck's Compend. B. 1, c. 4.

11. *Future State—Heaven and Hell—Universalism, &c.* 1 Belsham's Essays; 1 Priestley on Matthew and Sp.; 2 Hopkins, 213; Warburton; Tillotson, Ser. X.; 2 Barrow, 343; Bates and Howe *in loco.* Edwards agt. Chauncey; Ballou; Huntington's Calv. Improved; Strong's Benevolence and Misery; Purves' Humble Attempt; 2 Döderlein, 173; Burge on Atone. Appx.; Spaulding's Univ. destroys itself; 1 Ham-

mond's W. 709 ; Foster's Nat. Religion, c. 9 ; Simpson's Essays, p. 1 ; Godwin on Punishment of Sin.

12. *Sacraments.* Clinton on Bap. ; Worcester, do. ; P. Edwards ; Baldwin, do. ; Wall on do. ; Waterland ; Gale agt. Wall ; Addington's Reasons ; Judson and Pond ; Gill ; Tenney's Summ. View ; 2 Tillotson, Serm. 25 ; Grove on L. Supp. ; Doolittle, do. ; Hall and Mason on Com.

I must here pause ; I have drawn the above from lists which I have, and from general recollection, and am after all persuaded that it will be of no manner of use to you ; yet your request laid me under an obligation to try, and I have really done what I could. Your wants, as they rise, will direct to inquiries which can be better answered in detail. Your course of study cannot but be profitable. I suggest one objection to your "paraphrase"—perhaps it has no weight ; will not the method of paraphrasing every passage tempt you to run ahead of your light, to define what is undefined, and supply what is unsupplied in your own mind, and thus to commit yourself prematurely ? Many a hiatus will occur ; for some passages can only be understood after a survey of the whole ground. However, judge of this yourself. I wish I could tell you of any thing specially encouraging in my congregation ; there is nothing, and as usual I can trace the great fault and deficiency to my own door. Nothing of moment in church or state has reached my ears. I am sick of imbecile revolutions in Europe, and unchristian squabbles at home. O for a corner where Theological warfare is unknown !

TRENTON, *December 26, 1831.*

Have you ever read any of Abp. Leighton ? If not, I conjure you to take the book up in some calm moment, and read some ten pages by way of specimen. It is nearest to the beloved disciple John of any thing human I have ever read. I recommend this author, from sweet experience of his preciousness ; particularly his commentary on 1 Peter, which I am now concluding for the second time. He was a hater of polemics, and shared the usual fate of all moderate men. I have filial weakness enough to think my father has some traits in common with him. I think you are pursuing the best possible method in learning Hebrew. It would give me unspeakable satisfaction to have Mr. Leeser's<sup>1</sup> instructions. Make the most of them. If I

<sup>1</sup> The learned Isaac Leeser, now minister of the Franklin Street Synagogue in Philadelphia. I cannot forbear quoting the following sentence of a note received from Mr. Leeser when this page was in the printer's hands : " If I had known that the funeral would have taken place on the day it did, I should have made it my duty to be at the grave which now encloses him ;

had him here, I would give a large piece of my salary to spend an hour with him every day. I read Hebrew several hours *per diem*, going though the Psalms once a month, and reading from four to ten chapters besides, in regular course, analysing a certain number of verses. The most I can say is, that my eyes are opened to the exuberant treasures of a boundless mine, while my instruments are still too awkwardly handled to make much of them my own. Let me recommend to you to spend as much time as you can conscientiously upon this study, as you know that in language, more than in any thing else, long intervals occasion the loss of much that is learned. The exegetical method of studying theology is certainly the right one. The simple view in which *systems* seem to me valuable, are as indexes to the subjects of Scripture. *Turretine* is in theology *instar omnium*; that is, so far forth as *Blackstone* is in law. I would not have you concur in all his scholastic distinctions; but the whole ground is traversed, every question mooted, and even where hairs are split, the mental energy and logical adroitness with which the feat is achieved present one with an exercise of reasoning equal to any thing in *Chillingworth*. I conscientiously believe I should say all this of him, if he were a Socinian. That he is not, but rather an ultra-Calvinist, I am pleased, for I find in him, among many that are untenable, triumphant arguments for all our doctrines. Making due allowance for the difference of age, *Watson* the Methodist is the only systematizer within my knowledge, who approaches the same eminence; of whom I may use *Addison's* words: "He reasons like *Paley*, and descants like *Hall*." How painful to think of *Edward Irving's* hallucinations! [the gift of tongues, &c.] Devoutly would I say: "Lord, what is man!" These are among *Satan's* most cunning devices—and oh, how deep-rooted is that structure of truth, which has lived through a thousand such concussions, from without and from within! I have been reading the huge folio *Journal* of *George Fox*, the proto-quaker. I find in him more of unadulterated enthusiasm than I remember to have ever found exemplified; intolerable vanity, and spiritual pride; no acknowledgment of sin all his life long; no trace of penitence; great bitterness of spirit, exceedingly little talent, ludicrous ignorance of the doctrines he opposes, *perhaps* evidence of piety. A vast difference between him and

and if it had not appeared strange, I would have spoken parting words after the beloved. In Germany and France, at the interment of a man like *Alexander*, Jews and Christians mingle their regret by free speech and loud sympathy." Mr. *Alexander's* high personal respect for his Jewish friend and correspondent, did not prevent him from expressing his opinion of "Modern Judaism" in his review of *Leeser's* translation of *Johanson*; *Repertory*, January, 1831.

the editor of the book, William Penn. How I should like to join you in Hebrew with Mr. Leaser! We have not a Jew in Trenton, nor any Hebrew scholar, and it is hard to pursue a study altogether uncountenanced and alone. My health, though improved, is far from good, and I suffer considerably from bilious or dyspeptic symptoms. I am truly sorry to hear of Mr. Wirt's illness; even though he should never be high in office, he may exert a happy influence on many who are. Do you not think in looking around the country, that, within a few years, many more of our "great men" have pledged themselves in favour of true Christianity, than at any former period? This is encouraging.

TRENTON, *January 17, 1832.*

I have been a good deal interested in the great Quaker trial, which has been before our Chancery Court. As you are not likely to have any published report of the argument, I shall give you some of the positions taken. Wood and Williamson (our late Governor) for the Orthodox; Wall and Southard for the Hicksites. The decision is likely to affect all the property in New Jersey. The evidence is printed, and fills two large volumes. The Orthodox take this ground: the property belongs to the *Society of Friends*. There are two ways of determining who are the real Simon Pures: 1. By their adhesion to the genuine Yearly Meeting of Philadelphia; 2. By their adherence to the true Quaker faith. The Hicksites are separatists—voluntary seceders from the Yearly Meeting, for in 1827 they formed another, not a reorganization of the old, but a new one, on new principles, of their own party. The true Yearly Meeting still remains, has done nothing to destroy itself, and is the lineal descendant of all precedent Yearly Meetings. 3. The Hicksites are seceders from the Quaker faith; their Yearly Meetings recognised E. Hicks as a preacher of the truth; and their leading preachers and writers are Unitarian. The society, though it has no *creeds*, qua tales, has received, established, characteristic *principles*, easily learned from the current of their writings. Friends have often "dealt with" ministers for preaching unsound doctrine, thus establishing that there is some doctrinal test. They are, as a body, Trinitarian, and they have "disowned" the Hicksites, who are thereby, as by their voluntary secession, ipso facto disinherited as Quakers. The Hicksites rejoin: 1. Friends are not called by men's names; they are not Hicksites; the Yearly Meeting of 1827 ceased to be the Yearly Meeting when, in opposition to a vast majority, they elected Samuel Bettle their clerk, and did other things which they were not competent to do. The majority then reorganized the true Yearly Meeting, which they have continued.

They have never separated from the Society of Friends; they are the majority, and the society is a pure democracy, in which majorities govern. The division is not on doctrinal, but on disciplinary grounds. Their Yearly Meeting is independent of all others, though not recognised by those of England, New England, and the Southern States.

2. Quakers have no *creeds*; this is characteristic of them. The Spirit is their bond; they have always repudiated doctrinal tests. The Scriptures are their creed. They may believe what they choose, and they, as a republican majority, are at liberty to say what is sound Quakerism. They believe the doctrines of ancient Friends; further than this no court has a right to exact a profession: they stand upon their rights of conscience, and will assert or deny no doctrines. This is no question of doctrine. Elias Hicks was a good, great, and holy man; slandered and persecuted. He did not deny Christ's divinity, atonement, inspiration, a future state. He believed with ancient Friends. But, granting that he was in error, they are not affected by it. They refuse the name of Hicksites, are not identified with him, have not taken his writings as their creed, will not stand or fall with him, will not say what they believe, except that they believe the Scriptures, and are in unity with ancient Friends. The argument began on the 3d inst., and lasted more than a week. Wood and Williamson are equal to any men, in argument, I have ever heard, and they have displayed a wonderful research. Southard is the main dependence of the other party, and he dealt too much in declamation. It is hard to say how it will go.<sup>1</sup> We have had a number of Philadelphia Orthodox Quakers here, the most distinguished of whom is Thomas Evans, whom the Orthodox hold up as their great Theologian and champion. His pamphlets, testimony, and conversation, evince him to be an extraordinary—I think, a pious man.

Many look for a general *split* of the two sides [Presbyterian church] next spring. Let us pray for something better. I mean, that the pious, humble, moderate, and (moderately) orthodox should come out from the ultras of both sides, and cohere as the Presbyterian church. Dr. Dickey's paper is good, and many men, I think, are beginning to feel that we are tempting the Spirit of God to leave us by our biting and devouring one another. O how could we breathe out our souls in death, after the rancour exhibited in several of last week's publications! The greatest heresy is want of love. Dr. Rice used to urge on his students the motto *Love is power*. On this text I think I could preach a good sermon; I would that I better knew how to act

<sup>1</sup> The judgment was for the Orthodox side.



upon it. A few days more, and we shall see these things in a different light. Some truths I hold to be fundamental. These I would enforce, *on our own*, by discipline; in others, let us be forbearing. As to the devotional aid for your friend, I can think of no book exactly the thing. If she is a young Christian, Doddridge's *Rise and Progress* is the best I know of, especially on the subject of daily self-examination. Yet I have derived more benefit from Bickersteth on Prayer, than from any similar work. *Sacra Privata*, by Wilson, Bp. of "Sodor and Man," is a book of heavenly devotion, arranged according to the days of the week; but it savours a little of Arminianism, on the subject of human merit. Jay's *Exercises for the Closet* is a capital book; on the whole, however, I should be inclined to recommend Bickersteth. Among your plans for doing good, invent some one by which pastors may gain pastoral access to servants, apprentices, &c. These one cannot see in pastoral visitation, and they shun the respectable bible classes; yet they often are the most hopeful members of a congregation.

TRENTON, *March 5, 1832.*

I have kept yours, of the 9th ult., two days longer than you kept my last, but not from any exactitude in calculation; the press of Repertory and other writing kept me busy last week; and I have, besides, been a good deal indisposed. Little trials sometimes come upon me, which, though not important enough to call for human condolence, drive me to the throne of grace, with an earnestness which I do not experience in times of sunshine. How it is with others, I cannot tell; but it seems to me, that I need a constant series of inward or outward conflicts, to make me value divine comforts. Never can I so truly appropriate the divine promises, as when dark clouds overhang my worldly prospects. The benefit of afflictions is one of those things, concerning which I cannot entertain a momentary doubt.

We have here two aged Indians, one 61, the other 71 years of age, Delawares from Green Bay, both pious. The elder, Bartholomew Calvin, was born in this vicinity, at Crossweek-sung, and was sent to Princeton College while a boy, by John Brainerd. The outbreaking of the revolution arrested his studies. I have had some pleasant hours with them. They have claims on government for their old lands. Do not suffer yourself to fall into extremes as to ardour in pulpit delivery. Dr. Wilson is the single instance among ten thousand failures in the a-pathetic school; a noble instance, I grant, but rather an exception than a precedent. Perhaps the best rule is to abominate the expression of a feeling which one does not experience, but not to repress feeling where the subject is adapted to excite it. I do not call

to mind any English sentence, in which the phrase "protracted" is used in a good sense; yet we say "protracted meeting"—why not "continued meeting"?

Among my pastoral trials, is the conviction (as a thief of the worst and most inveterate stamp) of a man, who has been 20 years an apparently devout member of my church. I never missed him from his pew, nor ever observed him inattentive. It gave occasion to one or two sermons on "offences," "hypocrisy," and "self-deception," which I trust may be useful; but it affords great glorying to the aliens. I took occasion to press this idea, which I think valuable, that, granting that there is such a thing in the world as a *hypocrite*, the very place where we must reasonably expect to find him, is in the Church of Christ: hence no reproach ought to be cast on the latter. You may have been told that I was invited (with the prospect of a call) to preach in Baltimore; I have declined it. If I am to be a pastor, and nothing but necessity could make me willing to be any thing else, I believe I have more openings to serve Christ here, than in any more laborious charge. I have counted up about fifty persons, with whom I have had religious conversation, and who are more or less tender. A great excitement would bring these to the anxious seat, and probably into the church; but without this, I have an access to them which no other person could have, for a long time; and which I should not have to the same number elsewhere. The same kind of argument applies to a number of other topics. Still, I feel my constitution to be inadequate to the labours. I usually carry an aching head to a pillow of restlessness every Sunday, Wednesday, and Thursday night; and am truly incompetent for pastoral visitation. Yet, the life of a minister has great satisfactions and rewards, which I trust you may experience in a far higher degree than your unfaithful friend. Some of my most delightful hours have been spent in sick-rooms, by dying-beds, or among poor, unlettered believers, or especially in rejoicing with them that do rejoice for the first time in Christ. A singular case of hallucination has just come to my knowledge; sweet, pious, and otherwise intelligent young girl, of my flock, thinks she has had a supernatural monition from a dying friend that *she* is soon to die also. I shall not be surprised if the impression on her mind should verify the prediction. We are in a fair way to have Trenton made an island, by the canal, feeder, water-power-race, (now "being" digged,) creek, and river, which surround us on every hand. Thousands of Irish Catholics are here. Bishop Kenrick preached, confirmed, anointed, spat, curtsyed, besprinkled, and mumbled, in our chapel yesterday. Read Cramp's Text-book of Popery; it is highly instructive, and gives good authority.

TRENTON, *March 27, 1832.*

The family [Mrs. Rice] which has entertained me for more than three years has just moved, and me with them, so that I am in a great bustle, and scarcely self-possessed enough to write a letter: you must be content with something brief. The past winter has been one of more ailments to me than common, and I am coming out of it almost as much debilitated as after a summer's sweat. Yet I have to be thankful that since October I have not lost a Sabbath by indisposition. Perhaps you knew Rev. Robert Roy, who has recently died in Monmouth county, New Jersey. He was a man of as much Christian faith, and uninterrupted joy, as I have ever known. He preached until his voice was absolutely inaudible, from pulmonary decay. Some acquaintances of mine use a curious argument in favour of Mr. Finney, namely, that as soon as Mr. Nettleton opposed him, the latter ceased to have revivals. The argument goes upon a false fact, to my knowledge. We have an eccentric Methodist in Trenton, who declares that certain of their ministers have committed the unpardonable sin, by refusing to countenance all his measures. This is quite an improvement upon some of our denunciatory proceedings. I wish all parties would read what Edwards says hereupon, in his work on Revivals. I dare not condemn a multitude of things, which I would as little dare to do. There is, it seems to me, an inordinate stress laid by both parties upon mere *measures*, as unreasonable as argument about mere ceremonies. On one hand a truly superstitious reliance is placed on certain methods of conducting meetings, &c.; on the other, certain measures are denounced as if they were absolutely anti-christian. One man has anxious meetings, another anxious seats, a third calls them out in the aisle, a fourth invites them to his study, a fifth visits them at home. Here are diversities of methods, but no ground, I think, for violent controversy. Various methods have been blessed, to my knowledge, in various revivals, and new ones are yet to be invented. On this subject, I think our old men are too tenacious. Nothing is worse in my estimation, *because* it is new, unless indeed it be doctrine. It is hard to determine in all cases what measures are the best, but almost any are better than total listlessness.

TRENTON, *May 23, 1832.*

Your sentiments about "systems" are, as far as I can see, just my own, although you seem to think otherwise.<sup>1</sup> Please

<sup>1</sup> The allusions here are to an article by Alexander in the *Repertory* for April, "On the use and abuse of Systematic Theology."

observe I compared, not the *system*, but *exegesis* to the *telescope*; also that I have reiterated your sentiment three or four times about “not asking a man to believe, &c., on the authority of Copernicus;” also that I have not insinuated that there was any bona fide opposition to systems in new-school men, inasmuch as they are systematizing as fast as they can; *e. g.* Duffield on Regeneration; also that I have denounced the setting systems on a parity with the Bible. What then, you will say, is left? Only the practical question, “Is this system, as such, so un-useful or injurious, as to deserve utter banishment?” It is difficult to speak of one’s own practice without egotism, but I find it the shortest way here of expressing my sincere convictions, and you must bear with the fault. I have never read through any system of theology;\* I read as much in Wesley and Watson as in Turretine. My days are almost entirely spent in studies purely exegetical, in which it has been my principle for a long time, not to approach a commentary until, if possible, I had arrived at some rational exposition of the passage. Yet I wrote the article in question sincerely, and in opposition to the cant of multitudes, especially in our seminaries, who are far from going to hermeneutics in their flight from dogmatics, but pick up their objections, and their doctrines too, from the last influential patron with whom they have studied. And I have not fabricated one objection, but have had them all urged upon me in repeated conversations; some of them having been noted down in Princeton, long ago. I shall not say another word, however, upon this question, for I hate even the appearance of controversy, in letters as in conversation, and rejoice that, with many more real differences of opinion, we have scarcely ever had one wordy war in the course of some dozen years. What a noble book “Saturday Evening” [by Isaac Taylor] is. I have to lay it down, at every few pages, and muse. It has made me hope more for the church, and desire more to be in heaven. Before such a genius—let critics say what they will—I stand in awe; and whether he is a New-Schoolite, a Methodist, or (as I conclude) a Churchman, I give him the homage due from a little and cold to a great and flaming spirit.

Just at this time I am floundering in that perilous channel, the vii. c. Romans. I am at the Greek and the versions, without commentaries, and am hoping to steer clear of radical error. The noblest help in New Testament study is the Greek Concordance, which is better than any dictionary. Some of our lexicons are nothing short of Commentaries; though you have no

\* I since remember Calvin’s Institutes.

doubt observed this, just read Schleusner or Wahl upon such a word as *πνευματικός*. The concordance, on the contrary, makes the Spirit of God the commentator. Addison has just committed to memory the Epistle to the Hebrews in Greek and English, and about twenty of the Psalms in Hebrew. At his instance I have attempted a little in this way, and find it a great advantage; for I can speculate upon the meaning of a passage while I lie awake in bed, as I very often do of late.

As to the Assembly, I really know not what to think or to say, or even to wish. What would I have? Certainly peace; if possible unity of doctrine; then unity of organization; if we cannot be *το αὐτο φρονούντες*, we may at least be *την αὐτην ἀγαπην έχοντες*, (Philip. ii.); and the way to attain this seems to be *ἀλλήλους ἡγουμένοι ὑπερεχόντας ἑαυτῶν*. Alas! who does this? certainly not I; for which I desire to humble myself, and to seek greater measures of self-renunciation and self-neglect. My sentiments are changed since last Assembly; not so much as to men or measures, as spirit. I do not recognize in Mr. ——'s denunciations the spirit of Jesus; nay, nor even of the ardent Paul. Mr. —— and Mr. ——, I try to bless God for it, do not preach "another gospel," and I hope to meet them in heaven, where we shall wonder and smile (with new light) when we look back to see the time we have lost from a glorious work in comparing the trowels, and quarrelling over the hods and mortar of the spiritual temple. "Christ is preached, and I therein rejoice, yea and will rejoice," even though, as to the manner, some may preach him of "envy," "strife," or "ill-will."

By adopting the practice of going out very early in the morning, often before sunrise, I think I have become a little more vigorous. External nature, especially at this season, produces a remarkable and happy modification of my religious feelings; and after a glorious sunrise, I feel better all day. David no doubt felt the force of such influences: witness in particular the 104th Psalm, which I have often read while looking upon the very pictures delineated in the latter part of it. From my little study window, I catch a glimpse of green fields (about three panes full) and eastern clouds, and this helps me in the morning. I always esteemed it a great blessing, at my father's house, to be able to look out eastward upon a thousand acres of meadow land, and a hundred and sixty degrees of hill and mountain on the horizon. I hold this to be not romance but reason. My health is very poor; far more so than I usually express; my breast has been in a peculiarly weak condition for some weeks.

TRENTON, *June 6, 1832.*

I cannot undertake *Newton's Life*, [for Sunday School Union;] my hands are more than full of writing. I am "gleaning" in *Biblical Antiquities* for the *Sunday School Journal*, which fills up my "horæ subcesivæ;" have from a third to a half of every *Repertory* to write; am in the trying season of the year, and also (I think) a little alive to the importance of renewed exertion for the revival of religion among my people.

I am apprehensive that most readers pass over my *Gleanings* as a mere compilation from the little abridged *Jahn*, which issued from the *Andover* press. On the contrary, they are carefully compiled from his *Biblische Archäologie* in 5 vols. 8vo, which has never been translated. Most of them were delivered as *Lectures* to my *S. S. Teachers*, which accounts for the style. When I get through the "old store" I shall be able to simplify more. The "*Drunkard's Progress*" is admirable: pray, improve on that hint—for the cuts may be cut out and pasted in cottages, to great benefit of many. Let us have the "*Bad boy's progress*," &c.

I rejoice in the comparative harmony of our *Assembly*, as reported by my father. Surely we have enemies enough without. You and I cannot expect to live long here; let us stir one another up to new and redoubled efforts.

Excuse haste, for I have now to write a *Sunday School Sermon*, to revive, if I can, our drooping schools.<sup>1</sup>

TRENTON, *June 19, 1832.*

In self-vindication, I deny your calumnious charge about my writing so many sermons. No sir, I do not write three sermons in five months. What if I write *Life of Elijah*? Am I forestalled? Give me a list of eminent men whose lives you have not. *Gardiner*? *Spencer*? *Urquhart*? *Bunyan*? You may count on me for any thing small. In plain sincerity I should be sorry to see my hitherto published "*Gleanings*" [in the *Sunday School Journal*] collected into a stack. The sheaves are bound up too loosely. If my life is spared, and our heavenly Father smile on the enterprise, I will some day produce a *Gazetteer* for the Bible which shall deserve in some degree the character of completeness. *Scripture Geography* is (among English scholars) "the earth without form, and void, and darkness upon the face of the deep." I have many plates in *Jahn* which might be copied. Help me to find cuts for my *Gleanings*. Hereafter I shall treat the subject so as by no possibility to tread on *Nevin's* toes, ["*Bib-*

<sup>1</sup> This sermon was printed in four numbers of the *Sunday School Journal*, (July and August, 1832,) under the head of "*Plain Suggestions*."

lical Antiquities," published by S. S. Union,] unless where he is wrong. In spiritual tendency his is the best extant.

The embarrassments which make me cry "no time," you appear not yet to understand. This instant I am called down by a man, who probably will sit an hour and leave me to guess why he called.—Better than I thought, for he gave me five dollars, missionary money, but kept me an hour, which I could not refuse, for I believe he received benefit, and was quickened by my suggestions. Yet I scarcely have two hours solid, except before breakfast, for spiritual nourishment. In a sickly season, I have not two waking hours in which I can sit down to read, much less to write. Once a fortnight I am knocked up by headache. Yet I love my work. O that I were more faithful!

TRENTON, *June 20, 1832.*

I am unable to speak from knowledge of Townsend's arrangement of the Old Testament; the New Testament I have pretty carefully examined, and am disposed to recommend it; though the merit of such a work is suspended almost wholly on the accuracy of the chronological theory adopted by its author; and this, you know, is a knotty, and, perhaps, inexplicable subject. You have read "Bickersteth's Scripture Help"? also his own abridgment of it? Both these works, if they have not been, should without delay be published by the Union. For my own use, I know no better work so far forth as the writer means it to extend. Introductions to the Scripture of a plain kind are very needful, and one to the New Testament, I think, I will endeavour to provide.<sup>1</sup> I have a work by Rosenmüller, called "Views in Palestine," containing 25 views of landscapes, localities, cities, ruins, 'paysages,' &c., in Palestine, with letterpress descriptive. They are well done; size somewhere about 12 × 18 inches. Could not a *miniature* of this, with more letterpress (original) be made a very fine book for the Union?<sup>2</sup>

I perceive plainly that the report of Cholera from Quebec, Montreal, and White Hall, has alarmed our population. God grant that I may be enabled to use the opportunity for inculcating truth. Surely we are all called upon to do something extraordinary, earnest, and without the delay of a moment. On consultation with my session, I have determined to have a day of special fasting, without waiting for proclamation. Gen. Jackson, perhaps you are aware, has refused to accede to the proposal of

<sup>1</sup> This he accomplished for both Testaments in "The Scripture Guide; a familiar introduction to the Study of the Bible," published by the Union in 1838. Pp. 263.

<sup>2</sup> He assisted in realizing this.

the New York Clergy, to have a national fast, though Madison proclaimed one about the time of the War. C. Melvaine [now Bishop] said, that he and his Church would prostrate themselves before God, if no other one in America did so. You will of course, by this time, be up and doing in Philadelphia. Pray put this thought into shape, and publish it in daily papers, viz. : “the affectation of courage or indifference, or fool-hardiness, on the approach of such a pestilence, is a contempt of God; a Pharaoh-like hardening of the heart: like Nineveh, we should all be in sackcloth. The question is not between evangelical and rational Christians, nor even between Christians and infidels, but between Theists and Atheists; for if there is a God and a controlling power, then it is wise to humble ourselves before him.” The alarming probability is, that Rev. xvi. 9 will be in many fulfilled: on the outpouring of the vial, “men were scorched with great heat, and blasphemed the name of God, *which hath power over these plagues*: and they repented not to give him glory:” and again, under the 5th vial, “they gnawed their tongues for pain, and blasphemed the God of heaven.” I confess that I am very deeply impressed with the conviction that we ought to be awake as we have never been before, in calling aloud upon sinners to save themselves from this untoward generation of practical atheism. To neglect the call is emphatically to *harden the heart*. “*To-day* (let us say) if ye will hear his voice, harden not your heart.” Such are our sinners, and such the exigency of the time, that we should “save them with fear, pulling them out of the fire.” Whether we have Cholera or not, we have no time to lose: should the panic produce only a conviction of this in ministers and believers, it will be a messenger of judgment and also of mercy. The public press may take happy advantage of the fears of men, to lead them to conviction: though I am persuaded that the natural tendency of the bruit made about the subject, and the incessant conversations on it in familiar style, is baneful to the soul. When the Lord’s judgments are abroad, O that the inhabitants might learn righteousness. Now is the time, I think, for a tract to be written called *Blood on the Door Post*, (with reference to the sprinkled paschal blood in Egypt,) and left at every door.<sup>1</sup> Now is the time for us to forget our petty squabbles about which leg we shall put foremost in our *measures* to convert men to God, and for earnest effort in the cause of the Redeemer. Just look at New York, how the city authorities and people are on the alert in endeavouring to bar

<sup>1</sup> In a few weeks after this he prepared a tract under this title, which was published by the Sunday School Union. It was also inserted in the Sunday School Journal, August 29, 1832.



out the plague. And what are Christians doing, in any kind of proportion to the emergency? It does seem to me to be a pitiful and vile desertion of the cause of human souls, for us to be engaged deeply in any thing else, especially just now, than efforts to save them—to save them from spiritual plagues—to save them *now!* Suggest to me, if you can, any and every hint which may be useful in availing myself of the general ‘sensation’ for the advantage of souls: any methods happily struck out among your clergymen and active Christians. I find my own soul somewhat sweetened by the precious, precious thought of a presiding, guiding, governing, almighty Saviour, Lord, and elder brother. I am sorry (Dr. or) Mr. Cox brings undue zeal to bear upon the Papists; I would not have “railing accusation” brought against them any more than against “the devil;” yet I am not disposed to make concessions to a church, of which the very assumption of infallibility precludes any apology for ancient tenets. These tenets I will take from their Councils (especially Trent) and nowhere else. I have one——, a Romish priest near me, running about to every corner of my church, and taking no repulse even from people that have no toleration for his presence. Such a specimen of vexatious and pragmatism I never saw. Until I see in him or some other papist of the thousand whom we have here, some stray symptom of grace, I shall not be disposed to come down to any more liberal or charitable ground than that of the universal Protestant Church; viz., that Popery is a delusion greatly destructive to souls. The evidence of this I see almost every hour passing my window. If these thousand Papists were to die next week with Cholera, I have every reason to think that not one of them would have a conception of any preparation beyond the opus operatum of ceremonies. This is my conclusion from personal conversation, and various reports of credible members of my church. O that the Bible and the accompanying Spirit of God might rid the world of blindness and impenitence!

PRINCETON,<sup>1</sup> July 18, 1832.

The Jacotot method of instruction has made, and is making great noise in France and Belgium. It is not a theory, but a practice; admits of a singular adaptation to *our* system. I will (D. V.) give you a little series on it for the S. S. Journal.<sup>2</sup> The

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Alexander was for some weeks with his family at Princeton, on account of the illness of his eldest child, but continued to perform his pastoral duties in Trenton.

<sup>2</sup> His correspondent had lately become the editor of the large weekly “Journal” published by the Sunday School Union. To this paper Mr.

“Library of Useful Knowledge” is too abstruse [for use of Journal]. “The Library of Entertaining Knowledge” is just the thing for your purpose. The “Plain why and because” is a mere salmagundi; an aggregation, not a selection, still less a digest, and therefore a catch-penny. “Wonders of Nature and Art,” by J. Taylor, London, 12mo, many plates; very good.

My notion is that the whole field of *Juvenile Education* comes within your scope. You may make the S. S. Journal easily the best journal of Education extant. For this purpose—1, you ought to have correspondents in Europe, and the Missions, such as Ceylon and Hawaii, &c.; 2, you ought to take a French and a German Journal on Education, and have a man to read and extract from each. You ought, 3, to have always before you this great idea, that the Bible is the central instrument in universal Education; that beginning with this, the whole Encyclopedia may be traversed; that to this hive every thing should be carried. You ought, (need I say it?) 4, to endeavour to make every number save souls. May God help you in this responsible undertaking!

PRINCETON, Aug. 4, 1832.

By this time perhaps you have seen in the New York papers, that Cholera rages in Princeton. Through Divine Mercy this is not true. There have indeed been three deaths of Irishmen in the town, and nearly twenty on the neighbouring canal. Great uproar has been occasioned by some cits who are rusticated here, and who condemned the little Health-Board for having a hospital within the borough. William has been with a large proportion of those who have died; some he has watched and rubbed all night; some he has picked up and carried in his arms to their dying beds. He almost got out of bed himself to do this, and has turned night into day. Some of the theological students have deserved nobly of our neighbourhood, by their devotion in nursing, &c. This morning, I learn that a highly respectable contractor on the canal—7 miles hence—Mr. Spencer, died last night. The disease is at Scudder’s mills, 3 miles; and Kingston, 3 miles; all cases Irish Catholics. Princeton is nevertheless uncommonly healthy. The Institutions have not been formally dismissed, but whoever will, goes. I am much

Alexander had already been a large contributor; but from June, 1832, to June, 1841, there are few numbers that did not contain something from his pen. His articles were not confined to the subject of education, but embraced a large miscellany, in verse as well as prose, translations, compilations, extracts, as well as original.

flattered by your consideration of my garden dialogue, and pleased, of course, with your arrangements. [One of his works for children—"the Flower Book."]

In estimating this letter, please remember that I write within full hearing of my little boy's cries. Oh! I have new understanding, since I became a father, of that expression "As a father *pitieth* his children," &c. I will send you a number of the Princeton "Courier;" the article "to the Fearful," was written for you, but the state of things here made me print it without delay.

N. B. I am filling a small 4to blank book with scraps for you. Among others one book called the *Monkey*, which perhaps you may think too quizzical; n'importe, do as you please with all I send. It contains also some Luther-ana, written long ago without reference to Sunday Schools, but a few of them may suit you: also a translation of *Jacotot's* method of teaching.

Take a copy book, lay it by you, and write down in it, at the time the idea sprouts, what you have to say to me; send this, when full, with dates noted, by a private hand: I will attempt the same. I propose to write a "book of the Stars;" will Jacob Green account it piracy for me to borrow from his *Astronomical Recreations*? Prayer is not made often enough, explicitly enough, or fervently enough for physicians, nurses, and persons exposed to the plague; nor for the souls of those who are just dying.

PRINCETON, Aug. 6, 1832.

I returned to Princeton last night from the funeral of my principal supporter and friend in Trenton, Chief Justice Ewing. He gave a decided testimony to the power of faith. He died at 3½ A. M. on Sunday morning, after an illness of 23 hours; decidedly Cholera. He was not only one of the most temperate, and equable, and regular, but one of the halest men in America. You may imagine the consternation. May our covenant God protect us and all we love. O for grace to use up all our talent!

PRINCETON, Aug. 28, 1832.

Family trials and personal indisposition have prevented my remittances to the Journal, as regularly as could be desired. You must not rely on me in any such way, for any thing, as to make a disappointment injurious. My little boy still lives, but in great weakness and great suffering. I shall not undertake to describe our anxieties. It is better for me to say—what I be-

lieve we can both say truly—we do in a sense “take pleasure in infirmities, in distresses,” &c.

As I have a very strong desire that you should be useful in your present sphere, and that you should continue in it, I will be frank enough to say a few words upon the subject. I perceive a change within no long period, from comparative transparency of style, to what may be called constrained, stilted, and, in some cases, even affected. Whether this arises from the influence of any author you have lately read, or a diffidence as to the value of your thoughts when simply expressed, or (as I have detected this in my own case) from mere haste—I pray you have an eye to it. Above every thing else let us be plain and clear. I have very seldom exercised the censorial function—you will bear me witness—but I am sincerely of opinion that you are on a track which may lead you out of the simple path of greatest usefulness. And I am daily trying to contend against a temptation of the same kind, to write in German text (so to speak) what is better written in plain Script. I would not for a thousand guineas write in the style of “Saturday Evening,” though I admire it above most people. I make no doubt that you will understand my object, without my throwing in any apologies. Be assured you are in no danger, if you can only resist the alluring spoil of a classic word, a Latin termination, or a recondite turn, and then pursue the rule, “think with the wise and speak with the vulgar.”

I have a little book ready for you, which will make from 50—75 pp. of a child’s book. Has any one written Spencer’s life? If my life is spared, and my pieces succeed, I will (D. V.) devote much of my time to babes’ books. My health scarcely admits more. No Cholera here, blessed be God: none in Trenton.

PRINCETON, *September 6, 1832.*

If I can, I will herewith send a piece called *Harvest*. Do what you choose with it. Give it, and any thing else from me, what title you please. Tell me what you think of the plan of the said *Harvest*, and criticize my child’s books unmercifully, for I have a great desire to do my best in that line. The Cholera Hospital of the Canal is in the lot behind our garden here. Two persons have just been carried to it; one hopeless. We had thought the disease gone.

I am unable to say much about my little boy. We feel it to be a great trial: yet sometimes I taste some sweetness in the cup. O there is nothing but Christianity that enables one to *face* an affliction.

PRINCETON, Sept. 14, 1832.

The circulation of the S. S. Journal is less than I thought. This seems to be an evil incident to all papers which profess to advocate a single cause. As a general religious newspaper, it is the best I know. The——— becomes more secular every week. His English correspondent should be made usher in some of your girls' boarding-schools. He gets into raptures at all the dear, sweet, pretty, charming things he sees. Faugh! These sentimental literary——— make one retch. I do not feel any particular competency to write brief tracts of the kind you mention: it is a gift by itself. Put a few evangelical hymns on some of your supernumerary fragments. Or, say a moral ballad out of the cheap repository. Coming to Philadelphia often crosses my mind: and I am in a very desponding condition as to this affair. If I could leave my people in any good hands I might do so, for I am afraid I do little good among them. The mere correspondence of any society, however, would not satisfy my conscience. I must preach, or lecture, or teach. If I had 300 or 400 persons whom I might instruct, in a colloquial popular way in the Bible, its Geography, Antiquities, &c., &c., it would seem to suit my poor wandering mind. My aim is to do something before I die to reach the millions of youth in our land. I have made up my mind to go for the nursery practice. Let others take the fathers and grandfathers, if I can only make an impression on the children. This I wish to do by writing; and I am not sure (though you may think it paradoxical) that I will not do more in this way, as a pastor, than if I were to set about it *ex professo*.

As to the "chapters and verses;" all I meant to correct was the statement that the *Bible* was not divided into verses until Stephens' time. This is true only of the New Testament. The *numbering* of the verses was introduced by Athias, (see 2 Horne 155;) but the division itself, the *Soph-Passuk* (:), was co-eval with the accentuation, which indeed is governed by it, *e. g.* *Silluk*.

Our little boy varies so little, except from one painful symptom to another, that I do not say much of him. We find the trial severe; more so by far than the ordinary death of a child. But we are wonderfully helped. Even now we find that "He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," makes our way smoother than one could suppose. We need the prayers of our friends.

Need I warn you not to think of the Ministry as free from temptations? The very habit of constantly dealing with Divine truth *for the use of others* is a great cause of dreadful formality;

it obtunds the moral sensibility, impairs the tenderness of conscience, and dissociates the actions of the head and heart, to an alarming degree. In preparation and preaching I have often found that subjects which warmed and melted me in the closet, have flowed from my lips in the desk with some animation of manner, but with almost no emotion. Then the *trials* of the ministry to a man who has a conscience, are unspeakable. Who can ever say "I have done all I ought for these souls?"<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Soon after the date of this letter Mr. Alexander received two invitations to engage in other employments—one from the American Sunday School Union, the other from the proprietors of "The Presbyterian"—both in Philadelphia. The state of his health made him willing to entertain a proposal to intermit his labours as a pastor, but he was greatly perplexed by the choice presented to him. In a letter of October 1 he wrote: "I have made up my mind (*Deo volente*) to leave Trenton. I am no longer able to impose myself on a kind people as their pastor. I believe, under God, I might do something for truth, order, and moderation, by editing the *Presbyterian*." On the 15th he inquires for details of the services expected by the Union. "Should the labour require any thing like the assiduous sitting of an ordinary club, I could not endure it. If matters are to depend very much upon my head, as to planning, ordering, allotting, &c., you know as well as I can tell you, that I have no ability that way. I have always said and felt that I can make a good second or associate, but a most wretched principal. The main objections urged against my accepting your offer, among my acquaintances, are such as these: that all the employments which I should have, as your Secretary, would not be of a kind to improve my mind, or carry forward those pursuits in which I have hitherto been employed; whereas the editorial duties would be the reverse. That all the influence which I might exert specially in harmonizing our distracted church, would be thrown into a different channel. That however high the objects of the Sunday School, the details of the proposed office would be essentially *secular*. That I am, more than most persons, ill adapted for a station requiring scheming, management, practical judgment, knowledge of men, enlarged views, &c. This is especially urged by ———, and I am the less able to resolve this scruple, inasmuch as no man can safely judge of his own character and talents."

Again, on the first of November (from Trenton): "I cannot describe to you the painful uncertainty in which my mind is placed respecting the two situations offered to me. This uncertainty is by no means relieved by the visit I made to the city; for while I feel more deeply the claims of both, the labours of both are more fully before my eyes. Such is my state of doubt, that were I *instantly* to decide for either, I believe no subsequent light or disappointment could make me feel as if I had done morally wrong. I feel a total want of that sort of business tact which this great enterprise demands. I am indebted to the Board for being willing to make so hazardous an experiment; but I am not the less fearful lest it should result in an entire failure. I never could do any thing in the way of begging money; and the kind of service which Mr. Baird has rendered, is as foreign to my whole taste, education, talents, and habits, as banking would be. On the other hand, feeling all the unpleasantnesses of the editorial office, there is certainly a definiteness about the service to be rendered which permits me at least to say, this is a thing which I could do."

He finally chose the editorial position, and entered upon its duties in January, 1833. His connection with the Trenton congregation terminated formally on the last day of October, 1832; but his family still continuing there, he supplied the pulpit many of the Sabbaths of that winter. In the year 1859 the editor of these letters published a "History of the Presbyterian Church in Trenton," and at my request, my friend and predecessor had given me some recollections of his pastorate, in the form of a letter, which appears in that volume. It is so characteristic, and makes such a suitable close to this chapter of the correspondence, that I do not hesitate to reproduce it here :

"NEW YORK, *February 10, 1859.*

"MY DEAR FRIEND:—The retrospect of my ministerial life brings to view so many defects, and such unfruitfulness, that I have never been able to take pleasure in numbering up sermons preached, visits made, and members added; nor have I any anniversary or autobiographical discourses to which I could refer. At your request, however, I cannot refuse to give you a few reminiscences of my connexion with the church of which you are the pastor.

"A great intimacy subsisted between my father and our predecessor, the Rev. JAMES F. ARMSTRONG, and the friendship between their respective descendants continues to this day. Mr. Armstrong had been the friend of Witherspoon, Smith, and Kollock. He was laid aside from preaching, by a disabling and distressing rheumatism, before I ever entered his delightful and hospitable house—rich in good books, good talk, and good cheer—where old and young were alike made welcome and happy. But this brought me acquainted with Trenton, with that family, and especially with Chief Justice EWING, by whose means and influence, more than any other, I was afterwards led to settlement among them. The family of Mr., afterwards Judge, Ewing, was the home of my childhood and youth; which led that distinguished and excellent man to look upon my early performances in the pulpit with undue partiality. By him, and by the late General SAMUEL R. HAMILTON, who was a Princeton man, my name was brought before the congregation, and I was installed as their pastor, by a committee of Presbytery, on the eleventh day of February, 1829. I had, however, begun my labours with them on the tenth of January, when I preached from 1 Cor. xi. 28. My strictly pastoral labours ended on the last day of October, 1832, when I preached from Ezekiel xvi. 61, 62; though I continued to supply the pulpit until the end of the year. My term of settlement may therefore be called four years. The records of the Church-session will show the number of accessions to the communion of the church; these were few. There was nothing like a revival of religion during my continuance with them, and it was cause of painful thought to me that my labours were so little owned to the awakening of sinners. Neither am I aware that there was any remarkable addition to the number of hearers. But the people were forbearing and affectionate towards their young and inexperienced minister, who for most of the time was feeble in health, and was subjected, as you know, to some unusual afflictions in regard to his early children.

In those days we worshipped in the old church, which was sufficiently capacious, with one of the old-time high pulpits. The congregation had been trained to habits of remarkable punctuality and attention. Notwithstanding some inroads of new measures during the previous period, under the labours of a so-called Evangelist, the church was as sound and staid a Presbyterian body as I have ever seen. It comprised some excellent and experienced Christians, and among these the valued elders whose names you have

recorded. Good Mr. McNeely was slow but sure; an upright man, of more kindness than appeared at first; of little vivacity, and no leaning towards risks or innovation. Mr. Voorhees and Mr. Samuel Brearley came later into the session; both, in my judgment, judicious and godly men. MRS. ARMSTRONG, the venerable relict of the pastor first named, does not belong particularly to my part of the narrative, except that she chose to treat me with the regard of a mother for a son. She was then in health and strength, and lived to exhibit a dignified, serene, and beautiful old age. Having come of a distinguished family, the Livingstons of New York, she never ceased to gather around her fireside some of the most elegant and cultivated society. Her conversation, though quiet, was instructive, turning often upon the heroes of the Revolution. She was, I think, at Princeton during the battle; indeed, she was a native of that town. From that excellent family I received support and encouragement of the most useful and delicate kind, during a time of manifold trials. My term of service was marked by no striking external events, no great enlargement, excitement, or disaster. The long-suffering of God was great towards a timid and often disheartened servant, who remembers the period with mingled thankfulness and humiliation.

“At this time the Trenton church contained some excellent specimens of solid, instructed, old school Presbyterianism. I shall never forget the lessons which it was my privilege to receive from aged and experienced Christians, who must often have looked with wonder and pity on the young minister who undertook the responsible task of guiding them. The dying scenes which a pastor beholds in his early years make a deep impression; and I recall some which were very edifying, and which attested the power of the doctrines which had been inculcated. Among my most valued parishioners was a man in humble life, who has lately gone to his rest, I mean JAMES POLLOCK. At a later day he was most wisely made an elder. At that time he lived in a small house on Mill Hill, and worked as a dyer in one of the woollen factories on the Assaupink. His figure was somewhat bent, and his hands were always blue, from the colours used in his trade. But his eye was piercing and eloquent; his countenance would shine like a lantern from the light within; and the flame of his strong and impassioned thought made his discourse as interesting as I ever heard from any man. He had the texts of Scripture, as many Scotchmen have, at his finger-ends, and could adduce and apply passages in a most unexpected manner. The great Scottish writers were familiar to him. I think his favorite uninspired volume was Rutherford’s “Christ’s Dying and Drawing Sinners to Himself.” I lent him Calvin’s Institutes, which he returned with expressions of high admiration for *Mr. Calvin*. His acquaintance with the reformation history of his native land, in both its great periods, was remarkable, being such as would have done credit to any learned clergyman. Unlike many who resemble him in attainment, Mr. Pollock was inwardly and deeply affected by the truths which he knew. His speech was always seasoned with salt, and I deemed it a means to grace to listen to his ardent and continuous discourse. He was certainly a great talker, but without assumption or any wearying of competent hearers. His dialect was broad, west-country Scotch, for he was from Beith, in Ayrshire; and while I was resident his sense of the peculiarity kept him from praying in the meetings, though none could otherwise have been more acceptable. Having from my childhood been used to Scotch Presbyterians, and knowing how some of the narrower among them will stickle for every pin of the covenanted tabernacle, and every shred and token, as if ordained in the decalogue, I was both surprised and delighted to observe how large-minded Mr. Pollock was, in respect to every improvement, however different from the ways of his youth. I have witnessed his faith during grievous illnesses, and I rejoice to know that he was



enabled to give a clear dying testimony for the Redeemer whom he loved. Such are the men who are the glory of our Presbyterian churches.

“During the term of my incumbency it is remarkable that the two persons who had most influence in congregational affairs were not communicants, though they were closely connected with all that occurred in the church; these were Chief Justice EWING and Mr. SOUTHARD, afterwards Secretary of the Navy. It deserves to be noted, among the traits of a Presbyterianism which is passing away, that Judge Ewing, as a baptized member of the church, always pleaded his rights, and once in a public meeting declared himself amenable to the discipline of church courts. (Discipline, chap. i. § 6, page 456.) There is good reason to believe that he was a subject of renewing grace long before his last illness in 1832. During this brief period of suffering he made a distinct and touching avowal of his faith in Christ.

“Judge Ewing is justly reckoned among the greatest ornaments of the New Jersey bar. His acquaintance with his own department of knowledge was both extensive and profound, closely resembling that of the English black-letter lawyers, who at this moment have as many imitators at the New Jersey bar as anywhere in America. He was eminently conservative in Church and State; punctual in adherence to rule and precedent, incapable of being led into any vagaries, sound in judgment, tenacious of opinion, indefatigable in labour, and incorruptibly honest and honourable, so as to be proverbially cited all over the State. In a very remarkable degree he kept himself abreast of the general literature of the day, and was even lavish in regard to the purchase of books. He was a truly elegant gentleman, of the old school; an instructive and agreeable companion, and a hospitable entertainer. He deserves to be named in any record of the church, for I am persuaded that there was no human being to whom its interests were more dear. As the warm and condescending friend of my boyhood in youth, he has a grateful tribute from my revering affection.

“In one particular the people of Trenton were more observant of our Form of Government (see chap. xxi.) than is common. When from any cause there was no one to preach, the service was nevertheless carried on by the elders, according to the book, and a sermon was read. The reader on these occasions was always Mr. Ewing, and the discourse which he selected was always one of Witherspoon’s; the choice in both cases being significant. I have often been led to consider how much better this is, for instance in country congregations, than the rambling away to hear some ignorant haranguer, perhaps of an erroneous sect, or the listening to a frothy exhortation from some zealous and forward brother, without gifts and without authority.

“The name of Dr. FRANCIS A. EWING, son of the Chief Justice, naturally occurs to our thoughts here. Space is not allowed for that extended notice which might elsewhere be proper, for the Doctor’s was a character well deserving close study. Though a professional man by title, he was in fact and of choice much more a man of letters and a recluse student of science. His attainments were large and accurate, though made in an irregular way, and though he never seemed to others to be studying at all. In the classical languages, in French, in the natural sciences, and in all that concerns elegant literature and the fine arts, he was singularly full and accurate. In matters of taste he was cultivated, correct, and almost fastidious. Music was his delight, and he was equally versed in the science and the art. It was after the term of my pastorate that he developed his skill as an organist, but at a much earlier day he devoted himself for years to the gratuitous instruction of the choir; and though I have heard many noted precentors, I can remember none who had greater power of adaptation and expression. Though his own voice

was slender and uninviting, he long made his influence felt in rendering all that was musical subservient to the spirit of worship.

“Dr. Ewing professed his faith in Christ during my years of ministry. His early religious exercises were very deep and searching, and the change of his affections and purposes was marked. He had peculiarities of temper and habit which kept him much aloof from general society, and thus abridged his influence. His likes and dislikes were strong, and if he had more readily believed the good will of others towards himself, he would have been more useful and more happy. I should sin against truth if I did not say that towards me he was for forty years a warm, forbearing, tender, and at times most efficient friend. I have been with him at junctures when it was impossible not to detect, through all his extraordinary reserve, the workings of a heart agitated and swayed by gracious principle.

“SAMUEL L. SOUTHARD was also a member of the congregation, and a friend of all that promised its good. More sprightly and versatile than Mr. Ewing, he resembled a tropical tree of rapid growth. Few men ever attained earlier celebrity in New Jersey. This perhaps tended to produce a certain character which showed itself in good-natured egotism. Mr. Southard was a man of genius and eloquence, who made great impressions on a first interview, or by a single argument. He loved society, and shone in company. His entertainments will be long remembered by the associates of his youth. It is not my province to speak of his great efforts at the bar; he was always named after Stockton, Johnson, and Ewing, and with Frelinghuysen, Williamson, Wood, and their coëvals. Having been bred under the discipline of Dr. Finley, at Baskingridge, he was thoroughly versed in Presbyterian doctrine and ways; loving and preferring this branch of the Church to the day of his death. Defection from its ranks gave him sincere grief, as I am ready more largely to attest, if need be. In those days of his prime, Mr. Southard was greatly under the salutary influence of the Chief Justice, who was his Mentor; I think he felt the loss of this great man in some important points. So earnestly and even tenderly did he yield himself to divine impressions, that his friends confidently expected that he would become a communicant. During this period he was an ardent advocate of the Temperance Society, then in its early stage. I remember attending a meeting at Lawrenceville, in company with my learned friend, the present Chief Justice, where Mr. Southard, following Mr. Frelinghuysen, made an impassioned address in favor of abstinence and the pledge. In regard to religious things, the change to Washington did not tend to increase solemnity or zeal. I have been informed that Mr. Southard felt the deep impression of divine truth at the close of his days. As a young minister, I received from him the affectionate forbearance of an elder brother, and I shall always cherish his memory with love.

“Before closing this hurried letter of reminiscences, let me note that the ruling elders during my day were Robert McNeely, Nathaniel Burrowes, John Voorhees, and Samuel Brearley, all good and believing men, and all gone to the other world. The trustees were Messrs. Rose, Chambers, Ewing, Burroughs, and Fish; of whom likewise all are gone, except my esteemed friends, Messrs. Burroughs and Fish.

“Before taking my pen from the paper, let it be permitted to me to give expression to a feeling of personal regard to the late Mrs. Rice and her family, under whose roof my years of early ministry in Trenton were passed. She was a woman of a meek and quiet spirit, and was honoured and beloved, during a long life, for the benignity of her temper, and the kindness of her words. Juliette Rice, her daughter, was a person who in some circumstances would have become distinguished. To sincere piety,

she added more than usual cultivation, delicacy of taste, refinement of manners, and a balance of good qualities which elevated her to a place among the most accomplished and even the exclusive. Under the disadvantage of a deafness almost total, and a pulmonary disease which slowly wasted her away, she manifested a sweet, uncomplaining disposition, and a steady faith in Christ. Amidst the kindness of these good people I spent the first months of my married life, and welcomed the tender mercies of God in our first-born son, long since taken to be with the Lord.

“Thus I end my rambling letter, (which, by-the-by, is only the last article of an epistolary series extending through forty years,) and am, as always,

“Your faithful friend,

JAMES W. ALEXANDER.

“The Rev. Dr. HALL.”

## CHAPTER VII.

LETTERS WHILE EDITOR OF THE PRESBYTERIAN.<sup>4</sup>

1833.

TRENTON, *January 8, 1833.*

AFTER weather of May, one is hardly prepared for the rigours of such a day as this. I am myself fond of cold weather, but have been more indisposed this winter than usual. This has been the sole cause of my avoiding the city for a time. You intimate that you are going to draw in from the Journal, and give yourself more to book-making. I a little regret this; though, by experiment, I know that you will write books better and more of them, in consequence of having the paper as a stated employment, than if you totally gave yourself up to authorship. Next to preaching, there is no employment I should relish more, than writing books for the Union. I think you have peculiar tact as an editor, of which I feel myself more devoid than I had thought.

To you, I need not say any thing of the unspeakable and increasing joys of Christian wedlock; joys which become purer and more exquisite as they lose the adventitious glare of early romance; joys which are increased by affliction, and raised by religion to the very summit of terrestrial blessings. You will not refuse the counsel, though it may be very familiar, when I urge on you to begin, as soon as possible, with the freest, confidential, mutual, unbosoming on the subject of personal experience. I hear many husbands and wives complaining of a shyness here.

For the last three or four months, there has been a wonder-

<sup>1</sup> During the year of his employment as editor, he spent so much time in Philadelphia, that our frequent personal intercourse precluded the usual frequency of correspondence. In the course of this year he preached thirteen times in Trenton, sixteen times in Philadelphia, and fifteen times in Princeton and its neighbourhood.

ful work of grace (so I must call it, notwithstanding blemishes) in the Methodist Church here. I think 150 have been supposedly converted. It goes on uniformly, and some of the changes are surprising. While our other churches suffer, I am persuaded the cause of Christ gains. Such zeal I never saw. They seem disposed to attempt the conversion of every soul in Trenton. God grant them success. I cannot but say that God is with them of a truth, though we have lost a number of hearers. It is not the minister, but the private members who have been instrumental in this.

TRENTON, *January 17, 1833.*

You will have seen in the Presbyterian, No. 1 of Dr. Miller's letters; and, I doubt not, you approve its spirit. It is a sincere attempt at pacification; and, like all such attempts, will displease the extremes. I have nearly finished the *Life of Nicholas Ferrar*, a wonderful man of the reigns of James and Charles 1.<sup>1</sup> There is one scruple which your committee may have about it: his piety, which was eminent, exhibits itself very much in attachment to his king, his church, fasts, feasts, liturgies, &c. I preached last night, with much comfort, from Psalm lxxvii. 7, "Will the Lord cast off forever?"—Answer 1. No. His *attributes* forbid the thought. 2. No. His *gift of Christ* forbids: "He that spared not his own Son," &c. 3. No. His dealings towards the *church* forbid. 4. No. His dealings in time past to *us* forbid. 5. No. His special promises forbid. Application: 1. To *have* this safety we must have interest in Christ. 2. To enjoy the comfort of this, we must have a good persuasion of our interest. 3. To be raised in triumph above all despondency, we must have the full assurance of hope. May such blessings be ours! I am reading a file of the London Gazette, 1682-7.

TRENTON, *February 1, 1833.*

I *had* commenced the *Life of Elijah*, and made some considerable mental preparation, and written some twenty pages; but I hereby decline it, as the author in whose hands it is, is immeasurably above me in this style. I say this *ex animo*. I will, *Deo volente*, go to work upon Bunyan. I have Southey's life of him, but want some other. Ferrar is done, and awaits an opportunity. I am not sanguine about it, and shall be neither surprised nor mortified if it is rejected. It has these grand faults: It is meager in dates and consecutiveness; it is too much padded out with remark, and it is too ascetic for the age.

<sup>1</sup> This work was published by a bookseller of Philadelphia.

Yet it is a little morsel of history, entirely unique; and would be read with much interest. A French gentleman lately told me it was considered a vulgarism to write as capitals the *L* and *D*, in such names as *l'Enfant, d'Arvieux*, &c.; unless at the beginning of a sentence. Perhaps I shall begin my "Mother's Book," before Bunyan. Scripture biography I am conscious of no talent for; my life of Elijah would have been an experiment. I am at a Jane-Scott-"ische"<sup>1</sup> book about the Bible. I do not at all satisfy myself in it. I have a favourite plan which I wish to execute, whether the Union should patronize it or not—*Conversations on the Life of Christ*. This I shall begin without delay.<sup>2</sup>

I shall be glad to publish your remarks on catechisms, reserving to myself the usual right of stricture. Your argument goes to prove that catechising is not conducted in the right manner. The piece in the Repertory does not give due credit to the Union questions, and appears to assume that "the present system" is identical with the old parrot-system. You ought to correct this impression. Yet I think, Gall's plan is the right one. I even find great benefit to myself from reading the New Testament with his dissecting Helps. I wish I had access to his publications; I have seen only those republished here. I think I could concoct out of them something useful.

I find no employment so delightful to me, as writing little books. I am determined not to put my name on them, and I even doubt whether I shall ever agree to say "by the author of so and so." You will perceive that Mr. Ferrar established a bona fide Sunday School in 1626. I have no doubt that Paul had one at Corinth and Ephesus.

PRINCETON, August 7, 1833.

Princeton has never been freer from disease than for two months. I found the air restorative on the first draught of it, and the society still more so. I have recently seen some astonishing experiments, original with Prof. Henry, in further proof of the identity of magnetism and galvanism. He has made the strongest magnet ever seen, and has one nearly complete which will sustain 5,000 lbs. when charged from a voltaic battery.

I have tried to glean ["Biblical antiquities"] but cannot promise you any thing regular, as I dare not apply myself, and yet have a mass of matter constantly demanded by the two daughters of the horse-leech, the Presbyterian and Repertory. You must let me off with occasional contributions in no regular series.

<sup>1</sup> "Jane Scott," on prayer, was one of his own Sunday School books. "The Only Son" was another of his writings about this time, (224 pages.)

<sup>2</sup> His series under this head appeared in the Journal.

I am endeavouring to find out the *precise and complete* history of the Missionary Concert, [Monthly Prayer ;] have you any references on that subject, which can be useful to me? This village still increases; some half-dozen handsome houses are building, besides the new College, the Seminary Chapel, and the Episcopal Church. Bishop —— is, in my poor judgment, a puerile and namby-pamby writer. See his published discourse over the corner-stone of the Church here.

I am really pained at heart about my late poor charge. They are dividing, dwindling, and scattering; cannot agree in any one; and though the place is rapidly growing, and soon to grow yet more, the congregation decays. Their appeals to *me* produce an effect which you can never know, until you have broken the peculiar cords which unite a pastor and flock.<sup>1</sup> There was *one* case of undeniable Cholera Maligna here, but it was like a bolt of lightning, without precursor or consequent.

Aug. 14.—As I have at this present 20 grains of calomel in my carcase, you will not expect me to be very hilarious. I had been much better, but am suffering almost all the time with a severe rheumatism in my game leg. Dr. Miller's son [Samuel] took part of the first honour yesterday. I forgot to say that J.A.A. called on Lee at Cambridge, and was taken by him to the library, and saw the celebrated Beza MS., and Beza's autograph letter; also Burekhardt's Arabic MSS. at Edinburgh, (which he glorifies amazingly.) He bought a book at *Blackwood's*, and took his last cup of coffee at *Ambrose's*.

I am, in extreme haste, your nauseous friend.

PRINCETON, *November 4, 1833.*

You perhaps know that I am not in favour of a separate Sunday School Society. But I am not sure but that to *prevent* such an organization, it will be needful to concede a separate Society, for *printing* our sectarian characteristics. Further than this, I am not willing to advocate any thing. I do not understand you as complaining of my inserting "Consistency"; but if any one should complain, I can only say, that the question is becoming common, is discussed in our judicatories, and that we ought to have a fair understanding about it. Moreover, I sincerely wish some Presbyterian friend of the A. S. U. would come out in the Presbyterian. I assure you of a fair hearing, for any reasonable time and space.

You, no doubt, have heard more than I, of the synodical pro-

<sup>1</sup> His successor, the Rev. John W. Yeomans, was installed October 7, 1834, on which occasion Mr. Alexander preached.

ceeding touching your Presbytery. Non nostri tantas compere lites! Of the technical and ecclesiastical correctness of what the synod has done, I entertain no doubt, and of the anti-presbyterial tendency of the affinity system, I have as little; but I greatly question the wisdom of this new measure. One thing is plain enough. Two who are so little agreed as the old and new side, cannot long walk together. I look for a rupture with much certainty, and rebus sic stantibus, could not mourn over it, if it were possible to divide upon the principles of our book. New students are coming into the Seminary and College; two young men have *walked* from Tennessee, carrying all their clothes in their packs. Such men are worth helping; such men do the work of the Church. I mean to help you about the Journal, but must wait till I get a stove in my study; for, be it known to you, that I write these presents in a room, where my wife, two children, and a nurse, are all discoursing.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Alexander's connexion with "The Presbyterian" continued from November, 1832, until the close of the volume for 1833. Before the end of the year, however, he accepted the appointment of Professor of Rhetoric and Belles-Lettres in the College of New Jersey, and entered upon its duties.



## CHAPTER VIII.

### LETTERS WHILE PROFESSOR IN THE COLLEGE OF NEW JERSEY.

1833—1844.

PRINCETON, December 12, 1833.

In answer to yours of the 29th ult., I have very little to say in the way of news; it is *you* who are now in the centre, while I am far off from the "stir and smoke of this dim spot, which men call earth;" not, however, in my affections and habits, as I should desire to be. What you say, and what I have elsewhere heard, concerning the Catholic disputation, is mortifying and humiliating. There was a time, before the rise of periodical literature, when oral disputes were necessary and useful; but I am inclined to think that, in the present state of society, the press is the proper engine, the most favourable to dispassionate investigation and fair conclusion. Dr. Ewing's<sup>1</sup> Natural History will be a work of much labour, concisely and judiciously prepared. If I ever can run a little ahead of my proximate employments, I do really mean to journalize some more for you. What think you of my giving *you*, what I had projected for my own paper, a series of *Letters to a Younger Brother*? One appeared in the Presbyterian. It might be made into a book. But then I should insist on not confining myself to religious topics. The heads which I had drafted were: 1. *Religion*, under which, The Great Concern, Bible Reading, Prayer, Divine Worship, Benevolence is Piety, Filial Duty, Regard for Teachers, &c. 2. *Studies*; Memory, Languages, Books Recommended, Study for God. 3. *Manners and Habits*; Habits in General, Good Manners, Early Rising, Temperance, Recreations, Company, &c. 4. *General Instruction*. 5. *Mis-*

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Francis A. Ewing, commemorated in the letter on page 201. The Natural History was published in 1835, and reviewed by Mr. Alexander in the Repertory of October of that year.

*cellaneous.*<sup>1</sup> I am getting into my routine. Though my engagements are by no means numerous, yet having to deal with a number of acute fellows, I cannot avoid a considerable tension of mind. I attend the Seniors four times a week, on one of which occasions I spend about an hour in lecturing; the subject is Rhetoric and Composition. The Latin of the two higher classes is also consigned to me. At present, I have the Juniors five times a week on Tully's Orator. I occasionally lecture to them. Attend prayers every evening, preach in my turn in the chapel, and every Lord's day afternoon at Queenston. Every fortnight a literary club meets, viz.: Drs. Alexander, Miller, Carnahan, Howell, Maclean, and [B. H.] Rice; Professors Dod, Maclean, Henry, Jaeger, Alexander; Tutors S. Alexander, Hart, and Wilson. It is truly a delightful soirée. On alternate weeks a strictly *Clerical* association meets. On Monday, we have a stated faculty meeting, and in the evening a faculty prayer-meeting. On Tuesday evening a College prayer-meeting. On Thursday evening Dr. Rice preaches. My College employments, with the Repertory and Presbyterian, make me a busy man, and I am far from being the less happy on this account. While I used to have your *Cut-Book* to give me texts, I used to be much more fertile in Sunday School scraps. Now it has occurred to me, that if I were to buy up several hundreds of the little French cuts, which they have for scrap-tables, and for transferring, and which they call *Croquis*, &c., I should have abundance of hints. I might paste these little pictures into my MSS., and your wood-engraver could copy them. This may strike you as whimsical; but, seriously, I can do little or nothing without suggestions of this kind.

December 16.—My letter still unfinished. But I do not know that a letter derives its chief value from being done at one lick. Do you know that John Proudfit is appointed Professor of Greek in the New York University? I have just been reading a narrative by Robert Baxter, who was Irving's chief prophet, and who has recanted of the horrible delusions of the "Tongues," &c. I formerly thought there was more fraud than fanaticism, but this has convinced me that they are nearly crazy. Notwithstanding his recantation, Baxter is still regarded by Irving as having been truly inspired, but as having grieved the Spirit.

PRINCETON, *January 23, 1834.*

I have been making a little book out of the remnant of cuts

<sup>1</sup> He began his series of letters in the Sunday School Journal, January 1834, and continued them to twenty numbers, when they were collected in a volume.

for the Gleanings. It will be done in a day or two. I have a *little* book also, in the style of "Amelia Finley," an attempt at the Socratic method. But the new labours of my station, especially writing lectures, must, for a time, stay my hand very much. Some of my chief pleasures are in writing for and talking with children.

PRINCETON, *March 6, 1834.*

We are all going on here much as usual. Indeed, there is a happy dearth of all news, except the sickening, dull, stale, and unprofitable reverberation of the monetary question. The burning of the Penn is awful indeed.<sup>1</sup> Mitchelmore I knew well; he was a plain, honest Israelite, without guile, without pride, without one fiery or one bitter ingredient. He was an Englishman, and had been in Britain a Methodist exhorter. I doubt not he has been caught up to the Lord God of Elijah. Of the following particulars you may make such use as you choose: Mr. Wirt<sup>2</sup> was long incog. as the author of the "British Spy;" and I do not know that the secret would have transpired, except from this circumstance: Wirt had caught from Dr. Waddel an enthusiastic admiration of Robert Boyle, as one of the first who had practically carried out the inductive principles of Bacon, and as eminently a Christian philosopher. In the "Spy" he made allusions to Boyle, whose works were then little read, and it was found that these works were scarcely ever taken out of the public library at Richmond except by Mr. Wirt. Nothing in the "Spy" attracted more attention than the account of Dr. Waddel. In June, 1830, I took advantage of a private interview, to ask Mr. Wirt how far the account might be taken as authentic history. He replied that there was no fiction, except in the grouping. He had thrown into one scene circumstances and discourses, which had in point of fact been scattered through various interviews. Yet he had heard all the sentiments from his lips; and on the retrospect he still considered Dr. W. as inferior to no man he had ever heard, in eloquence. For his day, Dr. W. was an eminently learned man. The contents of his library evince an acquaintance with all the learned languages, and the best works in science and literature which were then and there accessible. A few years ago I fell upon a MS. copy of the Minutes of the Old Hanover Presbytery, from which I made the following gleanings: Dr. Waddel was licensed to

<sup>1</sup> The steamboat William Penn was burnt on the Delaware March 4. The Rev. John Mitchelmore threw himself from the flames into the river, and was drowned.

<sup>2</sup> The death of Mr. Wirt had lately taken place.

preach, April 2, 1761, at Tinkling Spring, Virginia. His sermons were from Philip. ii. 9, 10, and John v. 40, and his probationary lecture from Isa. lxi. 1-3. At the meeting of Presbytery, at the same place, October 7, 1761, there is the following minute, which needs no comment: "The following calls were put in to Presbytery for Mr. Waddel, viz., one from Upper Falling and the Peaks of Otter; one from Nutbush and Grapy Creek; one from Brown's Meeting House and Jennings' Gap; one from the Fork of James River in Augusta; and one from Halifax: none of which he thought fit to take under consideration." Also a further minute, October 7, 1762: "Mr. Waddel accepts a call from Lancaster and Northumberland." He was ordained at Prince Edward, June 16, 1762. On April 3d, 1774, he was called to Opaken and Cedar Creek. May 1st, 1776, he was called to Tinkling Spring. His decease was reported to Presbytery October 4, 1805. He departed this life September 17, 1805.

Much love to all yours, from me and mine. Excuse my brevity, as I am not at ease.

PRINCETON, *April 10, 1834.*

I owe you an apology for disappointing you twice, in the communications to the paper. The truth is, I have been pressed above measure. First, I have a very oppressive catarrh; then our semi-annual examination lasted 8 days, 7 hours a day, accompanied with other winding-up business; then I am labouring spasmodically to get something instanter for the Repertory; besides an engagement under which I lie to furnish something at once for Rev. John Breckinridge's [Education] annual; and, finally, the New Jersey Lyceum has been meeting here and devolved a good deal of extra work on me.

Mr. and Mrs. Graves (of and for Bombay) have been spending a day with us. Mr. G. is a specimen of meek and affectionate Christianity, such as it does one good to see. The flame of missionary zeal rises considerably in the Seminary after every interview with such a man. The report here is, that the elections in New York have been accompanied with outrages; but we have no particulars. Let me know when any of my S. S. books are accepted. I have several small affairs on the anvil. After one session's trial, I find my present situation more agreeable to the flesh, and, as yet, less incident to trials, than any in which I have previously been. My indisposition this week prevents my fulfilling a purpose of attending a protracted meeting in Queenston, where I preach every Lord's day. The Seminary has just received a set of good old Mr. Simeon's works (21

vols.) from the author; altogether the most splendid London books, paper, binding, &c., I ever saw. You will do me a favour by mentioning to me, from time to time, such Hebrew books as you may see offered for sale; as I am particularly desirous to furnish myself with the best editions of Bibles and Lexicons. I am obliged to you for an occasional English paper; a repetition of the favour will renew my obligation; and so of any other papers, as I no longer pasture upon that sort of clover. Some of these days I mean to have a paper here; but nothing can be done till the Assembly has decided a question or two.

PRINCETON, June 3, 1834.

You must excuse me about the motto; like lapidary inscriptions, it requires a Parr to adjust it; and the delicate "nuances" of sententious, elliptical latinity are beyond my reach. In a delicate matter of the kind, I would apply to such a man as Schipper, but to no American. A new memoir of Calvin is published in Berlin, by Henry, Pastor of the French Church there. Calvin on the New Testament has gone through an immense 2d edition, under Tholuck's auspices. ——— was told by Prof. Rheinwald of Bonn, that while almost every system of opinion had been deduced from the Bible by the speculations of modern Germans, no one had been wild enough to dream of diocesan episcopacy, which (he said) had not one adherent in Protestant Germany, as being destitute of a vestige of authority. Our College is growing; we have now 185 students, and still some are coming. Of these about 60 are religious professors. On looking into Guericke, I am unable to find any thing but the following note, Guericke Kirchengeschichte, p. 1013: "Indeed, somewhat earlier than this, (that is than Gustavus Vasa's mission to the Laplanders, in 1559, which he notes in the text as the first Protestant mission,) Calvin and the Church of Geneva had sent missionaries for Christians and heathen to Brasil; which undertaking, however, was soon relinquished." It is a serious fact, that the Hegel-ians (the reigning philosophical sect in Germany) hold as their two fundamental axioms, that, (1) *Esse et non-esse idem sunt*; (2) *Omnis veritas sui contradictionem continet!!!* Fichte's leading truth was "*Ich bin Ich*"!! There is no writer more execrated among the pious Germans than John Locke.

Dr. ——— was much laughed at in London, for pronouncing *Quay* as it is written: all the élite pronounce *route* as French, see Walker. A "fine man" is unintelligible in England; a *fine woman* is a handsome one. Every one says *fortnite*, see Walker. *Chateaubriand* is the Parisian style. Of course you will thank

me for these dicta. I find *progress* [the verb] in Shakspeare, B. Jonson, and Quarles, but accented on penultimate.

In correcting sheets, be sure to resolve all the diphthongs in Latin: the old way æ and œ is going out of use in Europe. You use *realize* in an unauthorized sense, though I own the word is absolutely needed.

PRINCETON, *June 23, 1834.*

Amice amicissime,

I am pleased to see you quoting from the "Penny Magazine," which happens to be my great hobby at this time. It is certainly the cheapest book in the world, and is full of entertainment without a line of trash. My father is quite enthusiastic about it. Nevertheless, it is lamentable that (negatively) it is so irreligious. You might extract something from every number. You will have Dr. Rauch and all the Germans on the back of you, for that irreverent article about Fichte and Hegel; "experto crede Jacobo." The review of — is very paltry; with such a subject, a dunce might have been severe. And what asinine abortion of a critic (see the "Decline of Poetry" in —) has discovered that Wordsworth is dull and unpoetical, and Darwin, (oh! oh! oh!) a model!!! If —'s review is dead, Walsh's is mortified in some of its members.

PRINCETON, *July 14, 1834.*

I have passed the happiest summer thus far that I have known for years; let me record it as the gift of Providence. The greenness, the airiness, the fragrance, the healthfulness, the over—over—overflowing of fruits, and the otherwise varied delightfulness of Princeton, have made up for the loss or want of many urbane luxuries. I am looking towards Long Branch for next week. I am endeavouring to get all the books I can, relating to the English Language and Literature—Anglo-Saxon, History of our Tongue, History of Literature in England, History of Poetry, including specimens of old English books. Now, do, I beg you, bear this in mind; memorandum such as you see or hear of; even buy, at my risk, when you see a rare bargain. My boys are in statu quo, save that the younger has acquired the English language, and amuses us by his sage discourse.

It is common in our papers to talk of Neander as a minister; he is a layman. I am reading old Fuller's Church History of Britain with great delight; though the more prelatial he grows, the more do I grow puritanical. I regret that the British Church Establishment is going to fall down. The consequence, I fear, will be not increased piety, but the rampancy of fanat

icism, latitudinarianism, and popery. Though I hold in derision the barefaced logical impositions of the prelatial argument, and hate the tyranny of the English Church, I reverence the antique sublimity of the structure. I feel [the awkwardness] of being a dissenter in England, but more the ridiculousness of wearing the cast-off clothes of British Churchism in America. I admire the past history of the Anglican Church, but in England as well as here, *quantum mutatus ab illo!* In theology and all clerical science and literature how shallow, how superficial!

Mr. ——— and Mr. ——— told me that the only organ of their sort of Dissenters was the "Congregational Magazine;" that the "Evangelical" was a granny; that the "Eclectic" has played false to their cause; that the "Christian Advocate" was discountenanced by all sober dissenters as wickedly and roughly radical and jacobinical; and that they encouraged a weekly paper, called "The Patriot," of London, which they believed to be able, and sound to their cause.

Lately I have made friends with Coleridge, at least for a time, and am reading his "Aids" again with a peculiar sort of mystical pleasure.

———— has just left Princeton, having spent here some twenty hours. He scrupled to eat with us, but gave us much of his company, which was very agreeable. I was deeply affected at the naïveté with which this poor, childlike, Christless Jew, described the state of mind in which he is, and must needs be so long as he denies the Messiah; on the threshold, but with a veil over his heart which hides the way, the truth, and the life. Let us pray for his illumination; and I entreat you, without an approach to controversy, to encourage in him the development of those feelings of want, which may lead him to see Christianity to be the necessary complement of Judaism.

Price for me an instruction-book for the violoncello. Music is my main medicament just now.

PRINCETON, *September 12, 1834.*

You must not ask me who is the best sermon writer. If suddenly cornered, I should say *Baxter*. On second thought, Robert Hall. Then a mixture of Baxter, Barrow, and Taylor. I have Sherlock, but never become interested. Indeed, I scarcely read sermons.

I will go so far, as with more than ordinary earnestness, to recommend to you to get, *own*, put on your table, and study, a book with this title, "Letters Practical and Consolatory, designed to illustrate the nature and tendency of the Gospel, by David Russell, Minister of the Gospel, Dundee, 4th Ed., Edin-

burgh, 1830, 2 vols., 12mo." Who this Russell is I know not, probably a Scotch Dissenter; but I have read no human production which comes nearer my views of Calvinism: it is theology without one shred of scholasticism; orthodoxy without one film of mystification; purity without one note of ecclesiastical harshness. I have so far reconsidered my former resolution, as to determine (as you have already let the cat out of the bag) to put on my Sunday School volumes hereafter, (by leave of Providence sparing and enabling me to write any more,) "By the author of *Jane Scott, Hebrew Customs, Harvest, &c.*" The *Father's Magazine* has some good things in it; but why have a department and a pigeon-hole, and a magazine for every thing? Next we may look for an *Old Maid's Magazine*—*Barbers' Department*—*Society for the illumination of back-cellar*s, with a travelling agent. Soberly, do not the Scriptures indicate a less cumbrous, more simple mode of propagating Christianity? Perhaps I judge ill because I am not in active life.

In immense haste (before breakfast!) thine.

PRINCETON, Sept. 17, 1834.

A very interesting letter has been received from Mrs. Missionary Thomson, formerly schoolmistress Hanna of this place. Suppose the American S. S. Union should send her, and the other missionaries in Palestine, each a copy of your chart of Jerusalem, and Geography maps, furnished with blank leaves, that from year to year they may correct the topography on the spot. After you and I are dead, the good work might still be going on.

On looking over my little works, I am brought back to my original judgment, that the best way is to write *for the cuts*, and not cut for the writing. Therefore let me have proofs of such cuts as you are willing to repeat in this way. I am afraid the Greek and English New Testament [in parallel columns] will be misunderstood, and so scouted by Dr. ———, if there is no further explanation. He may take it into his noddle that some dunce has wished to help lazy or ignorant ministers; whereas it is meant for the most learned—a mechanical help, one page instead of two distinct books. Say a word in the right ear, to this point.

With reference to English preachers, the best article I ever saw is in the first volume of the *Edinburgh Presbyterian Review*. The great defect in the Churchmen, even of their golden era, the 17th century, is Energy, including in that term both pungency and pathos. I can just now think of none but Barrow, who is powerful. Taylor is rich, and often pathetic, always brilliant and poetical, but never commanding. Those whom we (upon



English tradition) celebrate, while they are argumentative, instructive, sensible, and terse, are, to my feelings, tame. A mixture of Edwards and Davies, who are all our own, would be a phoenix. Strange as it would seem to one who had not made the comparison, the French preachers have more addresses to the conscience, heart, and will, than any I ever saw in print. Bourdaloue is full of holy unction, Bossuet is Demosthenes in canonicals, and Massillon is the fusion of all great qualities into so perfect a mass that his powers are scarcely appreciated. The same thing leads, I think, to the undervaluing of R. Hall. This extreme elegance makes one suspect there is no strength, because there is no ruggedness. I have Sherlock, and know some fine places in him, but as a whole he does not take possession of me. Paley's plain sermons are striking for their "good round-about sense;" look at them for half an hour. Some of the late C. Wolfe's sermons ("Not a Drum was heard, nor a Funeral Note") surpass any modern English preachments for heart-rending appeals—even of terror. Our American Episcopalians seem to me mere milk and water, even compared with the Christian Observer-school; which latter class, I verily believe, contains the very best men in England. Except on church-order, you never hear from our churchmen a sermon of square-hewn thought. Their best evangelical discourses which I have heard, arise no higher than John Newton's or Mr. Jay's. I ought to have named Cecil, who, if he had *written* sermons, would have been (what my father considers him) the most commanding sermonizer of his connexion, at that day. Of all styles of sermonizing, however, the most sneakingly mean, in my humble judgment, is that of which the——— [a periodical made up of sermons] is the representative: I speak of course of the majority of specimens. No exposition of Scripture in its scope and connexion, apart from which insulated verses may mean any thing, and are at best single rays of the spectrum, and not light: few even of these insulated texts; in default of the latter, not even any profound series of doctrinal statements; but mere paragraphs, about equal to the "Improvement" of an old sermon; false sententiousness; shallow illustration of what was before plain as day; every thing sacrificed to supposed pungency, and baseless notation. Who, from all the volumes of the———, would get a solid structure of Scripture truth? And is not this what preaching should convey? And after all, this modern New England preaching is less moving, less reaching, less awakening, than that of the preceding age. Ca-ira! So much for your asking any thing *ex cathedra*.

PRINCETON, *September 30, 1834.*

I heartily regret that you have had [in Philadelphia] 25 deaths by cholera-morbus and cholera; *Avertat Deus!* The consecration of Trinity Church here was an uncommon effort; it lasted some four hours. Bishops White, Ives, and Doane present, and altogether twenty clergymen. Bishop W. preached an hour. The good old patriarch remained to commencement. On commencement evening, I drank tea with the three Bishops at [Professor A. B.] Dod's, and have seldom had a pleasanter *soirée*. It was like being transported to a purer age, to talk with the primate, and I value the interview as unique; he was inimitably paternal and really instructive. As to ———, he is an insufferable mix of upstart Yankeeism, froth, affectation, and ludicrous vanity. Bishop McIlvaine's charge is a lovely paper. *O si sic omnia!* Read it for your own heart's good. [J. S.] Hart and [Stephen] Alexander are made adjunct professors in our college. You can now come hither in the canal from Bordentown. Did I tell you that Dr. Hodge was writing a popular commentary on the Romans?

PRINCETON, *October 31, 1834.*

So Coleridge is gone!—the last of the Platonists. I both dislike and love his beautiful, dreamy philosophizings; and cannot hear him either blamed or lauded. His poetry I never read, (*i. e.* *Byronicè redde.*)

Tell Mr. Packard I can only promise to *think* about the *Life of Jacob*.<sup>1</sup> Also say, that the prints, though exceedingly beautiful, are so much of a marine character, that I fear I shall have to return them to him, with my sincere thanks.

Let me beg you to take it as a prominent, perpetual object of selections, &c., for your *Journal*, to hold up the great truth, that *the Bible is the book to educate the age*. Why not have it the *chief* thing in the family, in the school, in the academy, in the university? The day is coming; and if you and I can introduce the minutest corner of this wedge, we shall be benefactors of the race. I can *amuse* a child about the Bible; I can teach logic, rhetoric, ethics, and salvation from the Bible. May we not have a *Bible School*? Sow the seed, my dear friend, meekly, prayerfully; it must grow! A series of Lectures on Archæology, including Geography, with a full apparatus of transparent maps, figures, landscapes, specimens of trees, fruits, stones, dresses, &c., &c., &c., might help on the great wheel several revolutions in our cities. Hold a protracted meeting of a

<sup>1</sup> His "*Life of Jacob and his son Joseph*" was published by the Union in 1836, pp. 191.

week, and have two or three sermons or lectures a day, (prepared long before,) on different points of Education, Bible exposition, Illustration, Juvenile training, Sunday Schools, &c., then print it.

I want to write a volume, somewhat secular, after the fashion of "Uncle Philip," [by Rev. Dr. Hawks,] teaching some physical principles, but interweaving religion. In a word, the book is to be one of excitement rather than instruction; intended to awaken a thirst for knowledge of all kinds.

PRINCETON, Nov 19, 1834.

What you say about —— is distressing to me, though not wholly unexpected. I trust you are by this time relieved; if not, you know to whom we have given our dear children. It is a sweet Christian exercise for parents to give away their offspring daily, and daily to receive them as a fresh gift. Of a truth, I know something of like affliction; a daily burden, but tempered with hourly-dropping balm. I do not wish a hair's weight of the past to have been taken off. Mr. —— I have not seen, for he does not come till next month. I am prepared to love him, always provided that he does not obtrude dispute about the apostolical succession. If he does, I am off. My life is too short to be spent on these "endless genealogies." Politics have left me in the rear: where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise. I believe we are tolerably well governed. By all means write "The Beloved Disciple." Lardner will give you all you want, and reference to everybody else: you ought also to read St. John's life in Butler's "Lives of the Saints," not the copy in 3 vols., but in 12 vols., 8vo. I concealed my name to my lullabies, for the very reason which leads the Moravian to exclude all adults, when he preaches to children. Mrs. Sigourney's are poetic, but not baby-like, mine are baby-like, but not poetical. They are "Cherries are ripe," also the tune; "Father and Mother 'tis time to arise;" "The A B C;" "Up in the Morning." The A B C tune I adapted from a Ranz-des-Vaches. We have admitted fifty less or more to college, and an uncommonly large accession to the seminary. Professor Stephen Alexander has gone to Ebenezer, Ga., with a splendid telescope (made by Ultzschneider and Fraunhofer at Munich) to observe the central solar eclipse on the 30th inst. This eclipse is quite an American affair, and the European savans will look to us for the elements of astronomical correction, &c. Alexander is equal to Payne himself as an observer. The results will be given to your Philosophical Society. There will not be such another eclipse till 1869. Qu. Does this justify a *Sabbath* observation?

With much whimsy, there are some eximious things in Simp-

son on Popular Education. I was already a full convert to the doctrine that babes ought to be taught, not books but things. Precocity is plainly a brain-disease. I am filled with enthusiasm about having the Bible more taught. Instead of a mere *reading-book* in schools, it must be taught, after the Sunday School fashion; geography, archæology and all. All our girls must read the Greek Testament. I mean to teach a few on the plan of Locke. By an interlinear version any merchant's clerk may learn Hebrew. Don't tell this to the old-school grammarians. The Bible—the Bible—it is this which must save America. It is this which must save the church; not by spasmodic transitory attempts, on emergencies, but by being a perennial well-head of divine truth. I talk of writing an introduction to the New Testament for you. I have finished about a dozen of the penny books ordered by Mr. Packard; having no suitable cuts, I have to *describe* what the cut should be. If I had a hundred little cuts, I could write two dozen in a twinkling. As it is, I fear some difficulty, and the works themselves will probably not suit Mr. P.'s *ideal*.<sup>1</sup>

PRINCETON, *November 23, 1834.*

I have finished the baby-books; they wait for a bearer. Henry Clay left us to-day, but I could not intrust him with so great a charge. I saw him for some hour or so. I hope you will have a good touch of the rheumatism, so that you may never laugh at me again. Apropos, this strange influenza comes on with singular pains, and even temporary paralysis.

I am printing in the Trenton Emporium some letters to Gov. Vroom, on Education. I read a letter of [Rev. Mr. Nevins on the death of his wife] which for pathos, naïveté, and unaffectedness, supasses any thing of the sort I ever saw. In one quality Nevins exceeds all men I know; he is frank and childlike without an effort, and without knowing it.

PRINCETON, *December 9, 1834.*

I am, late at night, and in the sick room of my George, who has been dangerously ill, writing you a scrawl, as I have an opportunity to-morrow. Let me say a word now about some notions of —— about scriptural books, which impress me as true and good, and are a little exemplified in his book. He talks thus to me: Don't try to vary the Bible language too much; say what you will, it is most intelligible to children. Don't try too

<sup>1</sup> The result was "The Infant's Library," consisting of twenty-four of the smallest size in which any thing in the shape of a book can be printed, and in the smallest language. It may be amusing to know that in "The Sabbath Breaker," "James" and "Edward" represent himself and Mr. Kirk, in an incident of their boyhood.

much to improve upon the Bible; let what you add be exegetical and brief. He says moreover, (and I own I never thought of it before, though it is specious,) that a thousand books may yet be woven out of the raw Bible material, with very little alteration of the text. Thus one may take all that relates to the archaeology of Hebrew *houses*, and make a book of it; and that, mark me, not by casting the Scripture parts into the pigeon-holes of formal artificial arrangement, but *following the exact order* of the Scripture story. Take one subject, and chase it through the whole canon. Doesn't this merit a thought? I am engaged (meaning to work slowly, and scrap-wise) at a life of Christ—blessed theme! O that we may daily ponder on it! You will readily see how my thoughts course one another in the channel, which, but for Sunday Schools, would never have existed for me. I am a little wild on the subject of making the Bible the grand organ of mental and spiritual development. Suppose one knows the Bible, and from it as a centre radiates into the thousand subsidiary knowledges, will he not know all he needs? Will not you and I make this the rule for bringing up our children? Why may not our female friends be made to read the Greek Testament? I will engage to teach any of the poor things that lose their time on French, to read the New Testament in less time. Why does not Dr. Ely take the beautiful scriptural motto for his Philadelphian—*ἡ φιλαδέλφια μενετο!*<sup>1</sup> I am deep in Mrs. [Hannah] More's life; a lovely book, from which I augur great things for evangelical religion. I preach every Sunday to a dear little flock of poor people, in Queenston, where I think the Spirit of the Lord is not altogether absent. Yesterday, alas! I witnessed, in a Magdalen, (if the name is not a libel on Christ's friend,) something very like death-bed despair.

I ought to be a very thankful man, for, with " manifold temptations," I am as happy in my present site, as a miserable sinner ought to expect. I am very sure that some of us do not discipline the flesh enough in our prosperity, by voluntary abstinence from many things which are lawful but inexpedient. Paul talks (in Greek terms of force) of bringing under and subjecting the body. Might we not sometimes fast? Might we not curtail expenses and retrench style? Might we not risk a little worldly sneer for being nearer the primitive model? May we not hope for more uncommon manifestations, when we make more uncommon sacrifices to walk in Christ's steps? Austin says sweetly, *Nudus nudum sequor Christum*. I more and more sicken at human dilutions of the Word, and love the taste of the fresh fountain. Good night.

<sup>1</sup> " Let brotherly love (Philadelphia) continue."

PRINCETON, *December 10, 1834.*

I hope your map and manual will mark an epoch—you know every thing nowadays marks an epoch—and will open many eyes to the wants of the world.<sup>1</sup> I own, though I have often studied the map gospel-wise, I never had so impressive a view. Every one who sees it is so struck. Apropos, I find it good to use a small atlas as a prayer-book; it defines, systematizes, and condenses one's desires. I have read large portions of ——— with great care. I am surprised that he should *stereotype* such a work; it seems to shut the door against all future retraction, which, if I understand him, is inconsistent with his views of theological perfectibility. I am horrified with meeting in his remarks the self-same rationalistic canon of interpretation which has dethroned Christ in German divinity; I mean what is involved in the concession that David's imprecations *may* be *wicked* imprecations. Then, *ex æquali*, as the Germans argue, Paul's deductions *may* be *foolish* deductions. This I regard as far worse than specific aberrations even into heretical doctrines; for it unsettles the base of all doctrines. I doubt not this evil seed will soon germinate. The caricature of *imputation* is disingenuous. Pray by whom has the old doctrine, as he states it, been held? The reader will understand him, "by old Calvinists." It has been in terms disavowed by every successive theologian of eminence. Edwards has never been regarded as an interpreter of our doctrines. The view given in the *Repertory* for 1830, p. 425, I pledge myself to substantiate, if it were proper, from Turretin, Witsius, Owen, Dr. Mason, and our Princeton lectures; and these may be assumed as saying what Calvinism is, whether it be in itself right or wrong. The nonsense which ——— pretends to refute, is not imputation, but its exact reverse. After many years suffering torments of doubt about Romans 5th, I left all commentaries and confined myself to the Greek text, with a lexicon, (I do not mean a New Testament lexicon, which is merely a comment arranged alphabetically,) and my opinion of that glorious passage I regard as a key to the whole Pauline system.

Your "Harvey Boys" I think excellent for the end in view. The plural of *wharf*, however, in spite of Philadelphians, is *wharfs* not *wharves*. I hereby give notice to your committee, that I have in good progress a book of dialogues, intended, 1, to make the Bible an object of interest; 2, to explain its form, divisions, books, chapters, verses, &c.; 3, to show how to study

<sup>1</sup> A map, designating by colours and marks the state of the world as to the progress of Christianity, with a manual of missionary doctrine and statistics.

it;—in a word, an *Introduction to the Bible*. The continued affliction of your little girl excites our sympathy. When God sees that the trial has done its work, he will remove it; until then let patience have its perfect work. I think I rejoice that the Lord reigneth, and that the angels of these little ones do behold the face of our Father who is in heaven. I hope no changes in your employments will take you away from the service of these little ones. Many who are in it are incompetent or unfaithful. Let us seek to be made wise and directed.

*Monday, Dec. 12.*—The lowest degree of cold here, by Professor Henry's standard thermometer, was—11°. In Albany, you see it was 32°! Surely one had better go to Pekin than to New Orleans. I should regard [Rev. Joel] Parker as more of a martyr than any of our missionaries.<sup>1</sup> Your [Missionary] chart hangs in full view of my bed, and I hope many of my nightly and morning thoughts will take their direction from it. No publication of the year so permanently affects me. "Thy kingdom come!" Brewer of Smyrna is a noble fellow; he seems to me to lead the van in the Levant.

Read the 56th Psalm, with reference to Parker and the Orleans folk. The people of Nineveh shall rise up in the judgment with this generation, and condemn it, for they repented at the preaching of Jonas. I have a fearful belief, that the open rejection of God in his ministers, will call down temporal and marked judgments. Greatly as I differ from Joel Parker, I feel called upon to pray for him with affection. The Christians of Germany, *i. e.* the *real* Christians, are all (except Neander and his school) legitimatists, who regard the king as God's earthly image, and hold the twofold command, Fear God *and* honor the king, as indivisible. They cannot abstract democracy from infidelity. This loyalty, in some of them, is very lovely. There is a family of *Gerlachs*, one high in office (Louis) at Halle, a privy-counsellor; one a professor and pastor (Otto) at Berlin; one a Major, and aid of the king. The first two are geniuses, men of profound learning, and——regards Louis as the *greatest* man he met in Germany. I read much of their writing in

<sup>1</sup> Mr. (now Dr.) Parker, in soliciting aid at the North for the erection of the church in New Orleans of which he was pastor, was reported to have spoken disparagingly of that city, and was threatened with violence if he should return to it. After sending proofs of the falseness of the allegation, Mr. Parker sailed for New Orleans; but such were the apprehensions of the captain and passengers, that he and his family were put on shore before reaching the city. A public meeting was assembled for the purpose of expelling the minister: Mr. Parker addressed the multitude in person; his friends rallied; the church on Lafayette Square was erected, and he retained his position with new efficiency.

Hengstenberg's paper; and Dr. H. had lately a charming letter from Otto, who is at a commentary for the plebs. I laid down the "Zeitung" of April 23, to pen this, in which Louis v. Gerlach undertakes the maintenance of this thesis: "That Liberalism and Absolutism, though seeming opposites, may be traced to a common trunk, viz., the severance of the State from God." Not so bad. "God (says he) is the sole source of all liberty. He is the sole, legitimate, supreme Sovereign. Therefore a prince who does not consider his lordship as God's loan, who does not limit it by God's law, and who places the highest source and principle of his rights, not in the divine will, but in some earthly end of state, (Staatszweck,) or who does not accord to his subjects the sacred rights given them of God, is a true *Revolutionist*. And a popular association, however democratically constituted, which makes their own will, or the will of the sovereign multitude, the highest state-law, is truly *despotic*." Now for a truly German sentence, from *Ringscis*, a Catholic, General-medical-Counsellor of the king of Bavaria; the allusion is to the reigning philosophy of Hegel, who denies any personal God: "As in Philosophy and Theology, there has been substituted for one God in three persons, an impersonal Supreme Being, a moral world-government, or world-order; so in politics, there has been substituted for a personal lord of the country, uniting in himself all-powers—the ghost of an abstract, *hateless, loveless STATE!!*"

I feel indignant at the piece by N. N. in the Boston Recorder, on Presbyterianism. If our church were to fall to pieces, Presbytery would not be touched; nay, nor if we were resolved into our separate presbyteries: even in this last case, we should be infinitely above the no-organization of Congregationalism. How indelicate such Yankee meddling! If we chose to turn the tables, how easy to twit them with the Unitarian defection; yet the latter are all Congregationalists. "Presbyterianism a failure!" Marry come up! We have existed a century under our present organization; and then look at the masses of Dutch and Scotch Presbyterians. It is as if the Hot-tentots who live in isolated sheds should sneer at the Tremont House, because mayhap its united chambers occasion some dirt or some inconvenience. What we *have* suffered, has been by the Congregationalism with which we are inoculated. Either system may stand by itself, but a mixture is pork and molasses, or cider and coffee.

PRINCETON, December 15, 1834.

More to disburden a throbbing and full heart, than to communicate much good, I write to you. I know you will feel a pang,



when I tell you that this afternoon, at 3 o'clock, God was pleased to take away my little Archibald—our Benjamin, the son of our hopes. Blessed be God for all his mercies! Last evening he was as well as a child could be, to appearance. About 7 he began to show symptoms of croup, which gradually advanced, in spite of the most vigorous practice of our physician, who was with us almost from first to last, until he died in our arms. His last moments were sweet; he simply fell asleep, no pang, no distortion; he lies like a lovely smiling marble. He was two years four months old. Twenty hours' illness! A little before his death he clasped his hands and said, "I want to say my prayers." Judge what we feel. My dear friend, the tears I poured in torrents over his dying form were tears of joy—blessed be God for it! Never had I such faith of immortality. My wife and I yield with a composure, for which we can never be thankful enough, to the resumption of the precious gift. We have been in the practice of deliberately giving up our children to God, every day. O how I rejoiced in this, as I felt his last pulses, and found his precious hand turning to clay in mine.

We have too much caressed and prized this dear boy. Disappointed in our first, whom we held by a spider's thread, we counted much upon Archibald. He was lovely, and precocious. In a moment we are blasted! But why do I repeat these things? Join us in giving thanks to God for the wonderful (I will not say resignation, but) comfort we have. Join us in praising Him who can make us glory in tribulations also. Join us in prayer that we may be *kept* in faith. "Hold thou me up and I shall be safe."


I wish to learn the lesson of this dispensation. I wish to be more entirely consecrated to the work of God. If God write us *childless* (an awful word now—once it seemed a trifle) I will try to find children in the Sunday School. O my friend! I have a dear child in heaven! Only a few hours in heaven! Is not this an honour—a joy—a triumph? let me then determine to lead a heavenly life here. When shall we "use this world as not abusing it"? When shall we who have wives, live as though we had none? A little while and all these shadows will fly away, and we shall find ourselves amidst the realities of eternity. For some time previous to this dispensation, I have found myself under a leading to thoughts more serious than common; greater desires to cut off superfluous pursuits, to take up unaccustomed crosses, and to cultivate humble love. Alas! how little have I succeeded in doing so.

I cannot well say much on other topics. Remember me and mine at the throne of grace.

PRINCETON, *February* 17, 1835.

Tell Mr. Packard I and the rest of us think very highly of "Ann Conover" [a book for female domestics]: one great excellence it hath, the talk is "real talk" without provincialism.

Among the thousand and one things I have in my plans, is the *Apprentice*, a book for ditto. I endeavour to have as many plans as I can: thereby I find work for all moods of mind. Mr. P. sent me a book which Dr. Julius left with him. It is a sensible and pious book, but purely German, and not suited to our meridian. There are gross passages about the vices of boys, and that which relates to intellectual and moral culture is only a moiety. The spirit of the work is good, and there are beautiful passages; it might be very useful among the German population; but I do not find a single chapter which would merit translation as it is. I have selected 20 texts for baby sermons, to publish with my name. I wish my first 'onymous work to be one which shall have nought to do with literary ambition. O how much better I love my nursery-work, than my rhetoric! I feel pleased to think that the truth we are throwing so widely among the nation of children, cannot all die. While many things are against us, God's truth will not perish.

*Feb.* 19.—I am still in the house with my throat and palate; which I turn to some little account in the way of Sunday School writing. The absorbing power of composition makes it a great solace when one is unwell. I doubt whether Baxter or Hannah More would have scribbled so much if they had not been val-tudinarrians.  Put a paragraph into your paper, recommending to some writer a book expressly intended for *Factory Children*. There are many thousands of these in the United States, and they are cut off from instruction and home influence, and exposed to numberless corruptions. I witnessed this in Trenton, but it must be immensely worse in Lowell, Paterson, &c., &c. The person who does this should be intimately acquainted with the factory system. But for want of this knowledge, I would set about it myself. I agree with you fully about——. At times I am almost converted to the extreme doctrine of "no controversy." We are too anxious lest God should not maintain his own truth. I know no cause why we may not devote ourselves to other work. In my sorrows I think I could make a useful little pocket volume for bereaved parents, but I am held back by the belief that nobody will publish for me but the S. S. Union, and your committee would not adopt a book so exclusively for adults.

PRINCETON, *March* 21, 1835.

I saw in one of the Catholic Journals that the highest honours of the *De Propaganda Fide* were awarded to a young Kentuckian named Martin J. Spalding;<sup>1</sup> and shortly after, that he had come home as a priest. He is at Bardstown, and I lately saw a letter from him to an old schoolmate in this place, which is one of the finest, adroitest, and most learned defences of popery I ever read. If, instead of reviling the Catholics, we would surpass them in schools, in personal charities, in persevering missions, and in the preparation of our ministers, I believe we should make more head against them. Every day I live I become more sick of controversy; I cannot persuade myself that the Church was meant to be kept always in hot water. As to our own church a split seems to be inevitable. I honour the men who seem to be labouring *directly* for the conversion of souls. In closing our long session at College, it is matter of gratitude that with nearly two hundred students, we have had no occasion for rigorous discipline, no suspensions, and no disorders beyond the merest boyish pranks. I sigh, however, when I think how far we are from the state of revival which is said to exist in Jefferson and Dartmouth. Nothing short of this can effect what I should desire.

PRINCETON, *April* 17, 1835.

A hurt finger makes me write with some deliberation, so you must not mistake my calligraphy for that of another. This letter begins without object, but perhaps may amuse you as well as if it were divided into heads. To-morrow, Deo volente, I go with my little family to Trenton. I appreciate the kindness of your invitation, but our journeying is attended necessarily with so many arrangements, and so much sickroom apparatus, that Trenton is our ultima Thule. I may run down and see you. Among many reasons for gratitude, one is the service of a good servant. We have a young girl for child's-nurse, who for more than a year has been with us constantly, and in whom we have never discovered any faults at all. She is a plant of the Sunday School, and is in my opinion quite a prodigy, for parts and acquisitions. Our boys have become wonderful zoologists. We had two raccoons domesticated during the winter. One eloped after a few days, the second stayed six months, and then fled also. A hare lived in the cellar a week or two, and then forsook civilization in disgust. An opossum died under our hands; and, last of all, a most dignified owl broke gaol and escaped within a week past. I shall miss Walsh very much if he goes abroad, for his pithy paragraphs have become a necessary condiment. \* \* \* But what mercy is there in the Fanaticism of the

<sup>1</sup> Bishop of the diocese of Louisville since September, 1848.

Symbol? O for a cycle of peace! O for a breathing spell from these unnatural contentions! I feel as if I could join with any who would humbly unite in direct and kind efforts to save sinners and relieve human misery. Cannot a poor believer go along in his pilgrimage heavenward, without being always on military duty? At judgment I heartily believe that some heresies of heart and temper will be charged as worse than heavy doctrinal errors. To you I may say this, because you understand me as holding, not merely that the tenets of our church are true, but that they are very important. But I see how easy it is to "hold the truth" in rancour, and hate, which is the grand error of depraved human nature; yea, and of diabolism itself. I regret to see that Mr. —, in his Lectures, betrays throughout a polemical attitude, and evidently is fuller of animosity against the foes of revival-measures, than of direct zeal for the saving of souls. Is this not a common error? —'s day is probably over, as Nettleton's was, and for the same cause; thus Moses could not enter the land; but where are our Joshuas? Sometimes there seems to me to be an opening just now for a united attempt to awaken religious feeling in the churches, without the shibboleths of measures. Surely too much has been made of these measures, both pro and contra. But my preaching is already too long, as my practice is so defective. Nevertheless, I believe my happiest hours are spent on Sunday afternoons in labouring among my little charge [the congregation of colored persons]. I am humbled when I think how little effect results from my discourses. I write at a table with three chattering girls, and my thoughts ramble.

PRINCETON, *June 3, 1835.*

I should have concluded that you were still at the Pittsburg furnace, had not ——— incidentally mentioned your return. The vacation slipped away strangely without my seeing you, and when I heard you were gone westward, I thought it not worth while to make my visit to the city. For some weeks I have two recitations a day, and the only absence I can expect is a trip to New York, which I make to-morrow, to preach for Dr. Spring's people. We have 215 in college, and consequently have divided several of the classes, thus exactly doubling our labours. Look at two articles of Professor Henry's, in the late number of the Transactions of the American Philosophical Society. He and Faraday of London seem to have hit on the same discovery simultaneously.

My little boy is better than we have seen him for a year or two. Though he is on his back all the time, he is, through Divine mercy,

exquisitely happy. I was not pleased with the spirit of the Colonization meetings in New York. I am tending towards a middle ground which neither party will allow: *i. e.* I abhor slavery, and think the public mind should be enlightened, and every lawful means immediately taken for an eventual and speedy abolition; but I also approve of the plan of Colonization, on grounds altogether distinct from the question of slavery. Thus I open my mind to the full, legitimate impressions of all the anti-slavery arguments. I have seldom heard a man so powerfully eloquent as G. Thompson, though he is hot-headed, arrogant, and imprudent in excess.

PRINCETON, July 2, 1835.

I am in my room, and have been in my bed, with a quite severe attack of fever. After being blooded profusely, both in arm and jugular, physicked and dieted; and after having a hammering in my head as if the Cyclops had transferred their anvil to my brain-pan, I am now free from symptoms of disease, though haggard, weak, and thin. Perhaps I may exhibit my anatomy at No. 119 South 8th street before many days. I scarcely know why I am spared, unless in infinite mercy, that I may make my calling and election sure. What you say of —— scarcely surprises me; I had somehow got the notion that he was (to use a word of my quondam sexton) “a notionable man.” —— made great misstatements in his speech about the duties of the professors here. They have no day without a lecture, and they are employed almost every evening; besides, they do *not* constantly repeat the old lectures. I know not a busier man in the world than my old father. And half of every day is spent in talking with students privately. True, he does not chase them from room to room, or run through the roll, but he never chains up his gate, or pleads any business to exclude any one, at any hour.

Much that you say of ministers and their ways is, no doubt, true. I dissent, however, from one of your statements of *fact*. I do not believe that ministers herd too much together; if they were more together, it would be better. In such a place as Princeton, where we are aggregated in a literary capacity, it may be the case, yet how is the fact even here? Dr. Rice probably talks ten times with lay-people for once that he talks with a preacher. In Trenton I consorted five hundred times with laics, for every once with a clerk. And in Charlotte, the ratio was, I doubt not, 1000 to 1.

PRINCETON, August 11, 1835.

Not only do busiest men do the most, but our busiest times are those in which we work most *extra*. So it has been. At

Saratoga, of all places in the world, I could not find time to write to you; and to-day, in the busiest week of the year, viz., that of our final examination, lo! I am inditing a missive. I was nineteen days at the Springs. All the time comfortable; health bettered, spirits prime, flesh not increased, beauty ditto, face nigrified three shades, nose germinal, ruddy, &c., &c. N. B. I plucked up courage to take a shower-bath, and with more decided good than I ever had from any remedial process. I saw "all the world and his mother" at the Springs. Inter alios et alias; Rev. Dr. Lyell, Rev. Hugh Smith, Van Buren, Cambreleng, Gov. Wolf, Gov. Marey, Dr. Proudfit, Prof. Alonzo Potter, Sir Wm. Barnaby, Governor of Bermuda, General Nelson of Trinidad, Roberts Vaux, Perdicaris, Miomotsky, Pres. Wayland, Mr. Pierpoint, Major Jack Downing of New York, Mrs. Bradstreet, (the female lawyer,) Dr. Cox of England, T. P. H——, (Temperance agent, *fou* on the wine question: N. B. Temperance Ship spoken at Albany, high and dry on the Wine-bank; crew drunk or crazy; mutiny below hatches, headed by one Delavan; pilots afraid to venture out, as the vessel has careened and threatens to go down under a heavy sea from Stuart's cove,) S. V. S. Wilder, Lane, (one of the founders of the Seminary of that ilk,) Signore Fabi and Garenghi of the Opera, pictures of Adam and Eve, which ——, in my hearing, solemnly recommended in a sermon.

Here are a few —— ana. He is vehemently against the present Temperance-society freaks: "When men grow wiser than the Bible, I am off. I go the whole figure: if Christ did not so foresee the present as to make a sufficient rule for our times, I shut the lids of my Bible; it is henceforth no Bible for me." Of Coleridge: "I do not understand him; bright fogs; some few rays of truth beyond the vulgar seem to have impinged on his mind, but after several reflections, so as to be seen in a wrong place. We want a metaphysic which shall *settle things*. Among us all opinion is in flux; nothing arrived at; settled truth is our object. What I long to see accomplished is, that we should come to *conclusions* about something, and hold them fast; to leave out of view what Germans or what Britons think of this or that, and march up in manly sort to some points of truth. *That* is the intellect for me which *settles things*; makes dark things clear, and undefined things definite: so does not Coleridge. I judge of teaching by *fruits*. The fruits of Coleridgeism, where I have seen it, are extravagancies. If there is a Metaphysic, it *must be* very clear: the true system must of necessity be a plain one. What point has Coleridge cleared?" I hope you are not suffering with the heat. Come up, come up,

and breathe a little vapor from good mother earth, whom you have interred under a world of flaming bricks in your great Babel. Love to Mrs., misses, and master.

COLLEGE OF NEW JERSEY, *August 28, 1835.*

The "Life of Kilpin," by the American Tract Society, is one of the loveliest Sunday School books I have ever read. It will furnish you some grand excerpts for the Journal; especially are his sermons to children grand, according to my notion. And the appended memoir of his son, is one of the most wonderful juvenile biographies. Read it incontinently.

When you next propose an excursion anywhere, do me the honour to ask me to go along. I can never do such things of my own motion, greatly as I need travelling, and I am so liable to sudden attacks of severe disorder, that I am scarcely fit to travel alone. Todd's "Student's Manual" is a good book; I wish every College student had one.

I have myself, in reading Owen, marked some sixty passages, repudiating the objectionable imputation [as charged against strict Calvinists] in every form of diction which he could use. This is only important to defend us from the charge of not agreeing with our standards, *i. e.* simply a point of doctrine-history, (Dogmengeschichte.) It strikes me as remarkable that neither W—— nor B——, has the slightest metaphysical acumen; F—— has less, if there can be a negative quantity; and B—— less still!! I think none the less of them, except that they do not stick to their last. M——, E——, and L——, are the true hair-splitting metaphysicians; and all three do more harm than good. Jenkyn (on atonement) seems to make conscience of forming his system without any reference to exegesis, the only basis of a true theology. I cannot but view his atonement as none at all. He says the "Eden experiment has failed, the Sinai experiment has failed"—*quere: what becomes of you and me, if the Calvary experiment fail?*

*August 25.*—A box from Germany; beautiful editions of Calvin on New Testament; Vulgate, by Van Ess; Neander's history, as far as Charlemagne; another massive volume of the arch-geographer Ritter; I have Tholuck's University sermons, etc. Apropos of geography, Neander has supervised and had engraved a capital map of all places mentioned in the New Testament and the early fathers. You will see it at the end of his history of the "Planting of Christianity." On Sunday night, died, at Englishtown, in the sweet peace of the gospel, Ira Condict Gulick, a promising, gifted, and exemplary member of the Sophomore class. It was his dying request that a discourse should be

delivered by President Carnahan, from Ecc. xii. 1: "Remember now thy Creator," &c. His funeral was attended by the members of the Sophomore class, in number sixty-five. Mr. G. was a younger brother of the Rev. Peter J. Gulick of the Sandwich mission. Onderdonk's theory, *i. e.* that the New Testament contains plain notices of a regular, successive, three-fold ordination of the apostles, outrages my common sense more than Stuart's wine theory. In each case a desperate preconception is taken to the Bible to find support there, *per fas et nefas*. The spread of my little books is pleasing to my mind, as it flatters my hope of not dying without leaving some few souls the better for my having been born. Rejoice, my friend, in the station you hold; never let the truth grow stale in your estimation, that what we do for infants, we do for the best interests of man, in the most hopeful way. I go, God willing, to New York, on the 29th to preach at the Brick Church. I have been reading Tholuck's Sermons; they have some passages equal in eloquence, unction, and pungency, to any thing I know.

PRINCETON, *September 4, 1835.*

I was in New York about the bursting of the Lunar bubble.<sup>1</sup> Thousands were taken in, even savans; notwithstanding the internal evidence against it. For it seems very plain that no light, however intense, cast upon the spectrum or image of the telescope, can *add* any clearness to this image; inasmuch as such light, however intense, comes not from the moon, (therefore can tell us nothing new about her,) but from the hydro-oxygen flame, and the canvas. It is like throwing a flood of light on a shadow, in order to see the substance. Night before last, I looked at the moon through our Fraunhofer, and I saw the annular mountains as clearly as you see these marks ——— ——— but no griffins, gorgons, or chimaeras. I dined at an eating house, on the next chair to ———; he looks wan and eye-sunken. Not for an instant do I doubt either his piety or his ignorance. The new regions of New York city are lordly, and I have seen nothing approaching them. I spent a grand evening with [Chancellor] Kent. Ask me about it, when we meet. On Sunday, I hope to preach to the children of a rural district, and to parents; also catechize. I chatted a little with Joshua Leavitt; he groweth fat. The late fire burnt round the three Dutch parsonages, and almost took the Bible House, which was on fire several times. Fanshaw, next day, gave \$500 to Mariners'

<sup>1</sup> A long and grave report in one of the newspapers of pretended telescopic discoveries.



Church, which he had offered as premium of insurance, just before wind changed, and saved his furniture. Same day, Phelps, Starr, (Bible-binder,) and A. Tappan, gave each a thousand to same object. Fanatic or not, New York religion is the *go-ahead* system. O for a good Svo on *Money*, the God of Americans; its use, its abuse, how far right to make haste to be rich, whether we can get *too much* honestly, about giving, about luxury, surplusage, legacies, &c.,—a noble theme, and a layman must do it.

PRINCETON, *September 23, 1835.*

My present belief is, that it will be my duty not to go to Virginia, as I had intended. The case is thus: my good father and mother, after so long a time, and doubtless for the last time together, are going to see the land of their nativity, their youth, their marriage. They will take ——, and so my wife will become *prima donna* here. My father is quite full of a plan for hawking your books about the country; he even talks of buying a complete set for himself. I wish you would be liberal enough to give me a fine selection of your [S. S. Union] works to send to Rev. Prof. Otto von Gerlach of Berlin; it would insert the wedge in Prussia. Do you know that my grand difficulty in making baby books has been that of getting few enough words in a page? Well, Addison has invented the method of ruling his page like a multiplication-table, with just squares enough for the complement. This is measured prose with a witness! I have been wearing myself down with the examination this afternoon, and am almost broken-winded. Happily it is my last duty of the pedagogical sort for the academical year. We have a student in the Seminary, who is the son of Lord Brougham's half sister, and the grandson of Lord Rothsay. How pleasing it would be, if we could be all the time engaged in labours for the conversion of souls, and the exaltation of the Bible! When we talk of the scriptural plan of missions to the heathen, ought we not to look especially at the plan of Paul, the *Apostle of the Gentiles*? You will discern my hand in the New York Observer; pray, do not be jealous, as I do not mean to forsake you. I am almost a convert to the German notion of a Spirit of the Age, independent of communication, breaking forth in simultaneous manifestation. Look at the reigning *mobs*; convent-burnings in Spain, and commotions even in quiet Berlin. I am taking hold again of my book of introduction to the Scripture, which has lain by several months; I hope to do something at my 10th chapter this week. The researches are laborious and long, though the results will

seem very small and simple. Quere: may we not receive a hallowing impression, though vague and unrepresentable in words, from portions of Scripture which we do not understand, such as Ezekiel, Canticles, or Revelation? and may not this be a part of their intention? This struck me mightily last night, while reading some picturesque passages in the original Apocalypse. Here is a sentence from a sermon of Tholuck: "Not only to *us* is that unseen One nigh, who rules these lips while I speak to you, but over all existences doth he reign and influence; as well the comet in its orbit, as the small worm that crawls in dust, hath he folded in the broad shadow of his mantle. 'Do I not fill heaven and earth?' saith the Lord in our text. 'If I ascend into heaven thou art there, if I make my bed in hell, behold thou art there.'" Again: "A voice rings in thine ears, My child, why hast thou not sought me? Yea, from infancy up, first when thou wast sitting in thy mother's embrace, while she told thee the story of the dear Redeemer, and then in thy boyhood, when in starry nights thou gazedst on the grandeur of thy heavenly Father's mansions, and thine eyes shed drops of thankfulness, that among all his million worlds he forgot not thee, poor child; and then in thy youth, when sin conflicted sorely with thee, and thou learnedst the truth, 'he that trusteth in his own heart is a fool;' everywhere and all the way, has thy Father's voice cried to thee: 'Wherefore seekest thou me not, for I am still thy Father.'"—How Madame de Staël depicts Lucian in one word, "il est le *Voltaire* de l'antiquité." We are making ready for our feast of tabernacles [commencement]. A German rationalist, resident formerly, perhaps now, in Illinois, has vilified your Union books, in a book of travels, at Hamburg. The worst he can say is that they are too evangelical.

As you have a little touch of Anglomania, let me recommend to you to buy Tanner's second map of England separately, and have a linen back pasted on it. It is a delightful companion to one's English reading. I have seen nothing like it.

PRINCETON, *November 3, 1835.*

I have just come from the funeral of Dr. Howell, the best physician and one of the best friends I ever knew; and never has there been so sincere a mourning general in our village. The Church was verily a Bochim. The Dr. was signally a gentleman and a man of science. His integrity, his generosity, his public spirit, his delicacy, and his sensibility, were uncommon. He was a model of uncalculating liberality and chivalrous honour; and all his failings were the running over at the brim of these

virtues. Though bred a hickory quaker, he was growing in religious knowledge, and has given, to my mind, unequivocal evidence of faith in Christ during his late trials. His son William preceded him a few weeks; his eldest daughter lies ill now; his second daughter is slowly recovering; his wife has had the early symptoms [typhus fever], as has his eldest son. Such a house of grief I never saw, and it has fallen chiefly on me to minister to these minds diseased. Out of this one house I know of no cases of the complaint in the place. We hear from my parents that they are well and prosperous in their way through Virginia. You have seen the *Life of Dr. Rice*? It interests me, of course, but I lament the publicity given to many foibles of men still alive. I rejoice that Wordsworth is publishing in Philadelphia; heartily and religiously do I believe that our money-loving and gain-reckoning generation would be profited by the leaven of the Coleridge and Wordsworth philosophical poesy, even though this has its whimsies. Newark is a wonderful place now; pop. 20,000, exported manufactures this year \$8,000,000. Of young men between 15 and 25, four to five thousand. I never had such an audience as there, on the 25th; I preached at the invitation of the Young Men's Society. The Churches there are all alive, and the place is a little, sublimated New York. I called on Col. Stone [editor of "*Commercial Advertiser*"] in New York, in his den, and found him courtly and facete. In the progress of mobs, I see every thing portentous; worse this, by far, than abolition. And though I conceive the anti-slavers to be rash and pragmatistical, yet I think the arrogance of the South is palpably their worst policy. This wedge is in, and drives deeper year by year. And I rejoice that you and I are not laden with negro souls and bodies. Amazingly orthodox as I am, I own I should relish a little breathing spell; at least a trial, whether some of the sheep could not be fed to a certain degree, even though the shepherds did not play at quarterstaff over their heads. However, my head is not wise on these great points. Let me hear about any apostolic blows and knocks that you wot of. Bush is making a lexicon. Who is Nehemiah —? I suppose he comes of the family of the Peleg Pecks, and Chenaniah Coffins, and Remembrance Reids, whose names, in the ——— Review, show forth the glory of the anti-anonymous system. Adieu. Thine particularly.

PRINCETON, *November 27, 1835.*

Horace Binney's eulogy [on Chief Justice Tilghman] is Attic. The introduction and a few sentences here and there are too antithetical, so as to be both stiff and obscure; otherwise it looks

to me like a piece of severe rhetoric worthy of Athens. I have wanted to ask you, for some time, this question: Though you publish many Scripture biographies, and though they are taken out of the libraries, as is every thing else, yet are they really perused, sought after, delighted in? In this I feel interested. As an antiquary (N. B. Johnson uses the noun "antiquarian" in Pref. to Diet.) I have a grand treat just now. ——— brought me from Virginia a load of MSS., letters of old Dr. Waddel, pieces of sermons, numerous skeletons, and letters to him. He ordered all his papers to be burned before his death; these escaped casually. Also a MS. Diary of Col. James Gordon, my mother's maternal grandfather, the first of the line in Virginia. The family was Scotch, but he came from Ireland to Lancaster Co., Virginia. Look at the singularly fine commercial site of that county. He was a merchant in direct trade with England, and I read of ships arriving every day. He was a Presbyterian among hundreds of Episcopalians, and in constant feuds with the fox-hunting parsons. Every few pages, I read of Whitefield, Davies, Todd, and Waddel. Date 1759-'65. Some historical dates may be fixed by this.

I breed so many plans which cannot be accomplished in one brief lifetime, especially of books, that I have sometimes half a mind to send you a half dozen or so of skeletons, that you may get them fitted up with flesh and skin. One of the best classical scholars I know was never at school till he entered College, but was taught wholly by his grandmother!

PRINCETON, *December 17, 1835.*

I think it my duty to decline the invitation so kindly given me by (you say not whom else) you, to preach to the teachers, &c.; on the sole ground, that I cannot take the time or strength to make a discourse.<sup>1</sup> I am particularly full of writing; I have been a full month kept from any other writing by preparing for the Repertory. I have lectures to write, and preach at least every Sunday, besides preparing four chapters for Bible classes each week, and conducting two private classes in belles-lettres in addition to my official task, and my constant private instruction of two boys in my study. I have just done a most lengthy investigation of the Servetus affair, in which I have wearied through some thousand of pages.<sup>2</sup> The collateral information I have thus got of Calvin's character, is very delightful. You

<sup>1</sup> He afterwards consented to perform the service, but was stopped by a snow-storm on the journey to Philadelphia.

<sup>2</sup> He gave an article on the life of Servetus in the Repertory for January, 1836.

would be greatly pleased with the 3d vol. of Scott's Continuation of Milner ; read an English copy by all manner of means.

PRINCETON, *February 2, 1836.*

I bless God for that part of my imperfect education which resides in *good systems*, and wish every student could read ten where our young men now read one. I should somewhat doubt the expediency of a Sunday School Memoir of Zinzendorf. On the whole, I think he was a good man, but his character is very ticklish. He passed through very evil report, and probably, from his being so often and so unfavourably mentioned in Wesley's Journals, lies under a traditionary prejudice among Methodists. He came near the brink of very gross Arminianism, and his early hymns were so carnal in their expression, that they have been left out. Aaron Burr has been dying some months, and his grave bespoken here, but he hangs on. He has given our College a portrait of his father, the President, by J. S. Copley, the father of Lord Lyndhurst. The latter part of the last Report of the A. B. C. F. Missions is capitally written. Don't take these for words of course, but read the few last pages. I have never been so filled with the reality of increase in missionary zeal, as in comparing several successive reports. Try this experiment. Take the reports of the Board, and compare the "reading part," the plans, the appeals to the church, from the first to the last. What an amazing difference! What an increase of light, of courage, of large plan, of *hope!* How much higher the standard of duty, as it regards the Church and individuals! I have never been able to rid my mind of an impression, that matters will not come right, in the work of evangelism, till we see men setting out "on their own hook" (as to destination and support) in the missionary enterprise; staking all, relying on God, and penetrating deserts or hostile kingdoms, after the apostolical manner. Perhaps this is fanatical. If we are as much on the alert in a French war, as we seem to have been with regard to the Seminoles, shall we not be in a fine posture of defence? Suppose, as has been said, the fleet of King Philippe should pounce on Pensacola, how much of the South might be ravaged by him, and the savages, before our redoubtable army could be created! I am against war, in any and every one of the contingencies mentioned. "Will honour set a leg?" Yet I am far from being a Quaker on the general question; for I would fight the Seminoles, tooth and nail. My palate has, for a year or two, been growing so (perhaps under some mistaken idea of increasing my taste) that I begin to think of having it docked.

PRINCETON, *March 10, 1836.*

We learn by tradition, that the crust of our earth was once of the nature of soil, but from all appearances snow is the real substance at present. Since my futile attempt to get to you, I have taken one or two voluntary sleigh-rides, with which I am abundantly satisfied for the winter. Through great favour of Providence, our large family, including myself, have enjoyed a remarkable exemption from disease during the rigours of the season. My wife and children in particular have been very well, and we are the more able to value the blessing, from having had so much experience the other way. I learn there is a great revival in Yale College, which began on the day of prayer, as several revivals there have done. There are very pleasing indications in my late charge in Trenton. Do you observe that the new Master of the Rolls is brother of good Edward Bickersteth, and the new Lord Chancellor son of H. More's witty old correspondent, Sir W. W. Pepys? This looks well. It looks as if Providence was not forsaking a country, when the seed of the righteous are exalted. The legal decision of Chief Justice Savage about the Trades Unions, strikes me as important. Every thing nowadays seems to betoken the triumph, at least for a season, of ignorance, violence, agrarianism, and the canaille; and the worst is, that when a country comes out of this fit, it usually falls into that of despotism. The excesses of the Temperance advocates have brought me to a serious question, whether the whole pledge system is not wrong.

PRINCETON, *April 14, 1836.*

I have read the address of Mr. Barnes's congregation. The only important item is the statement of doctrinal questions. If this has any meaning, it plainly is, that the doctrines which Mr. Barnes is required to hold, which Synod holds, and for not holding which Mr. B. is suspended, are, inter alia: 1. That God made a *formal and express* covenant, &c. 2. That Adam's sin is my *personal* sin. 3. That Christ's sufferings are the *precise* sufferings. 4. That Christ's righteousness becomes my *personal* righteousness. 5. That man is involuntary in (actual) sin. You know I dissent from the decision of the Synod, but the above representation shocks me. For, 1. Mr. Barnes was never required to maintain any such doctrine. 2. These are not the points alleged. 3. I never heard of a member of Synod who held any one of them. 4. I pledge my character, that no man in America can be found who pretends to hold any two of them. We have a lovely day after yesterday's storm. Our session is now closed, and I am only waiting for a little fixment in order to set out on my

Virginia trip, which I expect to do on Tuesday next. Our trustees have made Jaeger professor of French, in place of Hargous, resigned. I have read "Good's Better Covenant," published by Hooker, with high interest, and I hope profit. The book justifies all [Bishop] McIlvaine's laudation; a lovely work. Hug's Introduction to the New Testament is translated at Andover; if well done, it will be worth possessing, being the best book on the subject, by a very learned Roman Catholic. Our little bookseller here will send a few copies of my "Gift" [to the Afflicted]. I have been writing a series of six articles on "Civic and Rural Decoration," in a Newark paper, of which I send you the only number I have. By the Christian Observer I perceive that the Churchmen of England are again agitating the question about an emendation of the Liturgy, much as in the reign of William III. To this they seem to be driven by fear of the radicals. Among a new importation from London, I see a new life of Watts, by one Milner. The first volume of the Church of Scotland Magazine is mainly occupied in defending establishments, and abusing Colton and America. Maria Monk [a professed convert from Popery] is again dragged out in all her feculence and purulence in the newly risen "Protestant Vindicator," which I hoped had gone to its own place. You probably see by the papers what a hoax there has been about Miss Frederica Misca, who turns out, instead of a German baroness, to be a Pennsylvania huckster.

PRINCETON, *May 30, 1836.*

For six weeks, nearly, I have laboured under a terrible cough, giving me sore trouble at night, and from its continuance quite threatening. The doctors have repeatedly told me that I must expect to suffer in this way, as long as my uvula or pendulous palate dragged on my tongue, as it has done for eighteen months past. Yesterday I had the tip end nipped off; but this seeming insufficient, I have to-day submitted to the excision of an additional lump of some size. After having thus lost my palate, I am, as you may readily suppose, disqualified for lecturing on *Taste*, and am snugly confined to my room, until such time as I may be relieved. My father is in Baltimore, and has been in Washington, where he saw Jackson and Van Buren. He speaks of the disorder in the House of Representatives as exceeding any thing he ever witnessed. I saw something of the same, and could not but call to mind the charges made against our General Assembly, by ignorant or peevish persons, as being more unruly than secular bodies of equal size. I always considered it as false in fact, and it is to be also considered that the Assembly has but a fortnight in which to bring into order men of

every section, some of whom have never before been in any deliberative body. So ——— has covered his retreat by a book, in which, I dare say, deserter-like, he abuses those he has left. This has become the mode; indeed, is it not in human nature? I am reminded of a sentence of Parr's: "Proselytes, after a few misgivings, soon glow with the real or pretended fervor of zealots. In order to obtain protection against the indignation of the persons whom they have deserted, they adopt every prejudice, inflame every passion, and minister indiscriminately to every good and every bad purpose of the party to whom they have delivered over their interests and their honour."

Our college has opened with a larger accession than is common at the season. The eastern storm has been so long and close since my return, that I can hardly tell how our northern country looks. It seems to me, in looking over the history of the church, that the real progress of religion has been in a very small degree dependent on the spread or permanency of any external form of polity. The external form has shot out great branches, and taken root, while at the same time the spirit of religion has become almost extinct; witness the Romish church, the Anglican church under Queen Anne, and in Virginia. The external form has, on the other hand, been violated and trampled on, while the spirit of religion, taking a large view, has made immense progress; witness the *early* Reformation; the Moravian offset from Lutheranism, and the Wesleyan Reformation in England. This thought runs beautifully through the whole of Neander's Church History. He looks for the unity of the church in something internal. Hurlbut of your city has furnished an admirable selection of Cicero's letters, with notes. In all classical antiquity, so far as I have any glimpses, there is no better reading for youth, as I am sure in all pagan history there is no better character. This I say the more readily after a careful perusal of his familiar epistles. Democracy and I are less and less friends every day I live. Yet nothing else would do for a country like ours. It must be several ages yet before we have a noblesse, or a literary caste; and until we have, nominal aristocracy would be as ridiculous as the "Duc de Limonade," &c., of St. Domingo.

PRINCETON, *June 13, 1836.*

Having been doctored for a time under misprision of whooping or chin-cough, I am at length duly convicted, having caught it of Mr. Carrington's children, and conveyed it to my own. During the intervals I feel quite well, but at the paroxysms I have the feeling of being choked to death, and that sometimes for a minute. I shall always have a sincere pity for children under



this visitation. As to the operation on my palate, it is so plain a one that if I could have seen and reached the spot, I should not have scrupled to do it for myself. It is now well. Reperusing the life of Hannah More; with more admiration and instruction than before. Truly the circle in which she moved was brilliant and great, beyond compare; but look ye, when you or I talk of emigrating to England, let us never forget that *we* could never gain access to that aristocratic class. The caste would forever exclude us, and our Americanism would be semi-barbarism. And therefore I should prefer the upper circle here, to the English middlings, who cringe and truckle with a servility which no American could endure. I have looked over ——'s sermon on sects, which seems to me to contain an infinite deal of nothing. I have in vain tried to deduce from it any one practical canon, which is not already acted on. The best reply to it would be an article I once read in the Vermont "Chronicle," entitled "Hypostasization," or some such hard word, showing that when we broke all the sectarian vessels, we spilled all the Christian liquor at the same time. Romish unity I can understand, but the unity which is to arise from the compromise and suppression of every thing peculiar, I cannot understand; and if there were a society on the principle that no sectarian proclivities of doctrine should be preached, which —— suggests to be a good principle for preaching, I should abhor it little less than I do the Pope's church. Indeed, it is only the liberty of declaring within each separate pale the supposed truths of the gospel, in their length and breadth, which for a moment reconciles me to the compromise of the Sunday School Union, or the Tract Society. The stars in their courses seem to fight against the Marion [college, &c., in Missouri] humbug; indictment, inundation, murder, flogging, lynching. I wene some of the stockholders begin to be reminded of the South Sea bubble.

It occurs to me that a tract might be written in the dialogue form, after the model of H. More's Village Politics, against the Trades Unions; but how could it be circulated? *Females* and *ladies* have ousted the noble old word *woman*. Fanny Kemble laughs at old Riker for having called her a *female*. N. B. All negro wenches are ladies. "I met two *males* with white hats;" how does that sound? I wish this new dictionary of Richardson's could be held up as a shield against the barbarous missiles of Noah Webster. —— writes from London that his health is greatly amended, and that for a guinea a day he has worse fare than his mother's upper servants. In one respect I am glad he has gone; he is an American who will not sink or mask any one peculiarity out of fear of John Bull, and who will beard our

impertinent English critics even in Exeter Hall. He has moreover strength of mind and vigorous eloquence. When I was in Washington I saw some moulds for statues by a pupil of Thorwaldsen, from Rome, and also busts by him of Clay, Jackson, Southard, &c. They were very striking. East wind and raw weather again. Farmers say we shall have no small grain. Happy land is ours where famine has never come!

PRINCETON, July 10, 1836.

Princeton is now in a state of Anglican viridity, enough to cure half the people "in populous city pent." I have a shuddering, I hope not superstitious, about Girard College. Its cornerstone lies on the credit of Christ's ministers, and thus (Luke x. 16) on the honour of Christ.<sup>1</sup> Institutions, having no immortal souls, are punished in this life, and therefore I do confidently forebode some signal frown of Providence on that institution. Yet I speak hesitatingly, for *e contra*—shall we leave it to be the prey and organ of the devil and his angels? We are all too apt, however, to give an undue weight to selfish considerations in making our election of our lot, and our satisfaction of mind is therefore all the greater when we can feel that we choose the humbler and thornier path for Christ's sake. Having been repeatedly called to this anxious sort of inquiry, I have come to this result: that when we pray for guidance, we *receive* it, but do not always know, even when we take the decisive step, that it is just the right thing; we leap, so to speak, in the dark, or in the best light we have, and then find ourselves on solid ground, and are ultimately convinced that what we did was "of the Lord."

PRINCETON, Aug. 23, 1836.

Your absence from the city detracted somewhat from my usual satisfactions, and during the only secular hour which I had to bestow on the Union, both the worshipful secretaries were absent. I saw Mr. Packard in perspective at the 10th church [from the pulpit] but had no "speech of him."

I had never heard, until your last, of any opposition to your Union from the Boston Recorder. It may be observed, however, that the eastern folk are great friends of all national societies which centre at Boston. Some years ago — and — had a controversy, as to whether the Massachusetts Missionary Society should be swallowed up by the American Home Missionary Society. It cannot be long before the Episcopalians will have

<sup>1</sup> The will of Girard excluded clergymen from the College, even as transient visitors.

to desist from their taunts at non-prelatical sects for their discord. In Bishop White they have lost a great balance-wheel. They may look for troubles at home. Witness the lamentable feud between their Goliath, Dr. C—— and Bp. S——, the quarrel between McC—— and his late vestry, the erratic proceedings of C——, and the despotism of D——.

You will perhaps smile when I tell you that I have been taking some lessons in drawing. This I have done with special reference to making pictures for some of my projected books. Having had to supply Prof. Maclean's place in part, during his absence, I do scarcely any thing else in my study but pore over Greek tragedy; an employment which I find irksome, except that I am enlivened by the hope of gaining a more accurate knowledge of New Testament grammar.

If you will look into Walker, you will discover that half our good speakers mispronounce the following words: "access, recess, exhaust, transient, transition, relaxation, exhortation, isolate, enthusiasm, ecclesiastical." I have read no traveller's account more graphic or satisfactory than R. J. Breckinridge's letters from England in his Baltimore magazine. On the 20th inst. a young Irish maid, being phrenetic, precipitated herself from the garret window to the ground, and was not seriously injured, though she continues crazy. I have seen a recent letter from Tholuck, in which that good man writes despondingly about the state of evangelical religion in Germany. We are expecting every day a large importation of new German books. The old king of Prussia is crazy. The heir apparent is a pious man, and vehemently opposed to the Neologists. I hope we shall have no more stupid *Hobys* from England to act as spies on their return. Suppose we should pursue a similar course with regard to their treatment of the wild Irish; or that B—— should wage a crusade against their marine-impresment, or their tithe-laws.

I believe you are an honorary member of the Am. Whig Society of our college. Among our improvements here, we propose to erect two separate edifices for the accommodation of the two literary societies. A subscription to this end is going about among our graduates. You may mention it publicly or privately upon any suitable occasion. It is a fine idea of Vitringa's that Isaiah, in the passage, "doves to their windows," alludes to merchant vessels returning with outspread sails to their ports. I have this day finished the critical study of the *Phoenissæ* of Euripides, and am disposed to accord to that great poet the praise which is commonly given for his ingenuity, correctness, and tragic pathos. Take some occasion to brush up your French by reading the letters of Archbishop Fenelon. Surely there have

lived few more holy men upon our globe. It is pleasing under the worst forms of church opinion to discover the undeniable operations of the Holy Spirit.

PRINCETON, Aug. 26, 1836.

I agree to every word you say about *memoirs*.<sup>1</sup> In the case of ———, for instance, a dear and honored friend of mine, I can see no demand for a biography. Diaries are often mere diarrhœas or defecations of a man's most troubled and worst thoughts. I have been so fully employed as to be unable to lay a finger to any Sunday School job for several months. There are some archaeological pictures which I will endeavour to copy for you as soon as may be. It is also in my earnest intention to give you somewhat for the "Youth's Friend," [a monthly magazine.] My present attitude about Temperance is this: I regard the teetotalers as the only consistent society, but have some slight scruples about the whole principle, when I look at its abuses and corollaries. Do you ever see a foot-stove in a church nowadays? I remember when they were almost as indispensable in winter, as fans are in summer.

If the principle of infinite series can be exemplified in practice, it will be in the case of the ———'s French correspondent. Arminius's motto was *Bona conscientia paradisus*; Calvin's, *Promptè et sincerè*; Erasmus's, *Cedo nulli*. I expect to preach to the children at Kingston, at their Sunday School Anniversary next Sunday.

PRINCETON, Sept. 24, 1836.

I am sorry that you are so confirmed a cockney as to be unfit for travel. My case differs from yours; for a week before I set out anywhither, I am in a perfect tremor and feeze, but after about forty miles I become entirely nonchalant, and feel as if I could journey a year. You alarm me about your water-drinking propensity. Blessed sir! have you not read Dr. ———'s hydrophobic stricture, thereant? See "Permanent Documents," appendix, p. 25. Are you ignorant that "water dilutes the gastric juice," and is a species of intemperance? Little as I meddle in politics, or believe in panics, I am alarmed at the unexampled audacity of the 19 Van Buren electors of Maryland. It seems to have come to this, that when the wagon of state goes in a road unpleasant to a minority of passengers, they may be allowed to

<sup>1</sup> His correspondent had remarked, that it seemed to be understood in the religious world, that every one who had kept a diary or written letters, must have his biography written.

remove all the lynch-pins and cut the traces. Take this in connexion with Dallas's doctrine that conventions may annul compacts, and we have the spectre of anarchy and civil war before us. I fear things must be worse before they are better. Yet how natural is Hezekiah's selfishness, "There shall be peace and truth in *my* days." I join you in lamentation on the desert state of our religious field. Perhaps the remedy is to be sought in striving to build up individual piety, with less confidence in the omnipotence of associations, unions, and polity. The more we talk and plan, the more we seem to differ. Fenelon has some truth in his advice: "Parlez a Dieu pour la paix de l'eglise, et ne parlez point aux hommes." At [Aaron] Burr's burial, we had as pall-bearers, Judge Edwards, General Swartwout, sen., who was Burr's second in the duel, and ——, who has also killed his man. Dr. ——, in rallying Dr. Rice about assisting at the rites, said a good text would have been "By this time he stinketh." I have been this morning to see the eldest son of our late physician [Dr. Howell] dying, as I believe. I trust he is departing in faith. His little sister lies only not as ill as he. My little private scholar —— is also very sick; all in the same house. Offer one hearty prayer for these afflicted people. I never knew such a case. All the cases I know of are in this one house, yet it is new, high, ventilated, sweet and clean. Entre nous—I have been sounded to discover whether I would be president of South Hanover College; now if you will be a good boy, and sign the Act and Testimony, and return to the ways of your father's father, I will make you vice-president. You will not need webbed-feet, like the Marionites. I certify that the college is above high-water mark. I attended a pleasing Sunday School Anniversary last Sunday at Cranbury; a church full of children. Henry is a true man to the cause.

PRINCETON, *October, 1836.*

Your favour of last week I found on my return from Newark, where I had been spending a week very delightfully. While there I fell into conversation with one of the leading politicians of New Jersey, a professor of religion, who took the following ground against Sunday Schools, a ground quite new to me: He holds that it is the duty of the Christian public to institute as fast as possible a system of schools all over the land, which shall teach religion as well as learning. Every thing which delays this, or which is short of this, he deprecates. He therefore regards the energies of the church as wasted upon the endeavour to teach a portion of the children a mere thirtieth of their time. The effort which carries forward the Sunday School enterprise

would almost accomplish the other. The man is sincere and enthusiastic, and I give you his views in all their strength.

We are to have two of Dr. King's Greeks in college. They are intelligent fellows; one of them a noble specimen. They read the Attic Greek works with scarcely any difficulty. I wish you would visit Newark on your Sunday School business. I know no such place out of New England. Within the last month they have raised in the Presbyterian churches there a little less than \$12,000, for public objects. Among the rest \$3,500 for a new African church, of which not a cent was given by Abolitionists.

PRINCETON, Nov. 13, 1836.

I am sensibly affected by the peril and the escape of ——, and unite with you in giving thanks. No doubt, you already feel the lesson to be better than many volumes, and many sermons. You will probably never lose the benefit of these softening and humanizing scenes. "By these things men live, and in all these things is the life of the spirit." And do not charge me with meaning to take an ungenerous advantage of you in an argument, when I say with earnest conviction, that such experiences better fit a man for feeding Christ's sheep, than even the ascetic *devotions* of a bachelor. If I have ever made any "proof" of my "ministry," it has been in the house of mourning, and by means of knowledge learned in the same. The thought has occurred to me, that the angels, although perfect in holiness, cannot have *that* perfection of holiness which saints have, inasmuch as they have never known the discipline of tears. They cannot know what it is to bleed with a wife or a child. And analogously, how much is contained in that character of our high-priest, that he was "tempted in all points like as we are." My thoughts run more naturally in this strain, because we have two sick children.

PRINCETON, Nov. 29, 1836.

I will try to write the questions on Hebrews; but have you considered how large a book it will make? Among perverted texts, none suffer more than 2 Cor. v. 11. "Knowing therefore the *terror of the Lord* we persuade men." Very pretty theories are spun out of it. But look at the Greek, τὸν φόβον τοῦ κυρίου—it is the unvarying expression for the *fear of the Lord*, or true religion, everywhere else so translated; and why not here also, as well as in Acts ix. 31? Out of many instances in the LXX., take these at random: Job xxviii. 28. Psalm xxxiv. 11. Isa. xi. 3. Proverbs xxiii. 17; i. 7; ij. 5; viii. 13. Our

college is full; we have admitted 62. The junior class has 86. If you ever see a paper called the Newark Daily Advertiser, you will recognize two old friends—*C. S. A.* every day; and your humble servant every two or three days, under the title *Literary Trifles*. Mr. Walsh had one gross error in his English, which I am sorry to see his successor imitates. It is saying "I doubt *that*" for "I doubt *whether*." Not only is the latter the authorized phrase, but it has a different meaning. In old English, *I doubt that he will fail* means, I fear, or suspect that he will fail. The adverb "whether" is exactly suited to express the libration of the mind between alternatives which *doubt* imports.

PRINCETON, Dec. 27, 1836.

Last night, after returning from Brunswick, where I had been for three days, I received the paper you sent me, containing the news of your bereavement. May the Lord make it an abundantly useful dispensation! I might dwell on the fact that the increasing afflictions of your child made it desirable that she might be transplanted to a more genial climate, if I did not know how little this consideration has to do with our affections, or if I had not learned by experience that the feeblest is always the darling of the parent's heart. A better rest for your mind will be found in considerations purely evangelical, and connected with the covenant of grace. This stroke is a part of the gospel compact. It has been, I doubt not, sent, and sent at this time, with a specialty of purpose, as to your sanctification and salvation. In the belief of this, I am less disposed to suggest topics for your consideration, than to direct you to listen to that voice of the Spirit which accompanies the stroke. If you carefully observe what great truths of Christianity are at this time most weighty on your soul, or most precious, you will find it good to note these, and treasure them up for future contemplation and practice. In these seasons of night we are permitted to discern those stars which are hidden by the glare of day. Such sins also as now weigh upon your conscience may be those which the dispensation is intended to cut away. After all, it is safest to put the word of God into your hands, and to leave you to imbibe those truths for which your heart shall manifest the greatest affinity. "I will hear what God the Lord will speak."

Such are my pressing engagements, viz.: 14 hours of lecture and recitation a week, besides Bible-class, preaching, and Repertory, that I scarcely foresee a time when I can really fall to work upon the Questions.

Did I say to you that we have here a very interesting Italian

gentleman named Borsieri? He was 15 years imprisoned in the fortress of Spielberg, in Moravia, for conspiracy against the Austrian domination over Lombardy. He is several times mentioned in the celebrated Memoirs of Silvio Pellico, as an intimate friend of the latter. He is a man of great accomplishment, speaking Latin, French, and German, but he has very little English.

TRENTON, *January 7, 1837.*

My father is strongly inclined to the opinion, that your Union should have an agent at Calcutta, for the purpose of circulating your books and plans throughout British India.<sup>1</sup>

[After speaking of the perils of ministers under the temptations of money.] Truly and unaffectedly I am alarmed at these things, and most of all alarmed at what I discern in myself, of desires for more ease, style, and luxury than is compatible with the sincere preaching of self-denial. It is in vain for us to cry out against the luxury of Popish priests, in the face of such things. I believe, that the majority of Popish priests are poor and live low. It is also vain for us to prate about the self-denials of the ministry.

I am more and more pleased with Mr. [John W.] Williams's *redaction* of the [Philadelphia] National Gazette. Sometimes he is prolix and not enough *degagé*, but always sober and generally elegant. As a litterateur he must certainly take the highest rank.<sup>2</sup> I purpose to send a piece from the Italian to his paper, if I can get a breathing-spell. Since I wrote my ["Jacob and"] "Joseph," I have met with a good suggestion in Josephus. Why did Joseph demand Benjamin to be brought down to Egypt? It is a question not easily answered. Josephus supposes it was because from his own experience of their cruelty, Joseph feared they had made way with Benjamin, as they had wished to do with himself. And also that he put the cup into Benjamin's sack in order to make trial of his brethren, whether they would stand by Benjamin, when he should be accused of stealing the cup, or whether they would abandon him to his fate.

<sup>1</sup> Large supplies of the publications of the Society had already been sent to India upon the orders of British and American missionaries. Mr. C. E. Trevelyan, in the civil service of the Government at Calcutta, was specially zealous in this work, and several of the original books of the Union were translated into Hindoostanee.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Williams also succeeded Mr. Walsh in sharing the editorial charge of the American Quarterly Review; but his promising career was cut off by his death at an early age, in August, 1837.



PRINCETON, *March 10, 1837.*

From the inconvenience of having two habitats, [College and dwelling,] your last favour is not within my reach, and I must rather ask than answer. Serious and numerous engagements have so fractured my days that I could not feel free to bestow any of my horæ subcesivæ on the luxury of letter-writing. I have been at Trenton assisting at the sessions of our law-makers, and witnessing their squabbles on the surplus revenue [of the United States] which is producing the same sort of scramble and fight that ensues upon a largess of coppers among a group of sweeps. The worser side has the best of the battle, and the principal, not the mere interest, is to be distributed, like the body of a —— you wot of, [Judges xix. 29,] and with about as much chance of being ever reintegrated. Trenton will probably double its trade and population next year. —— is the most elegant builder of a sermon, quâ talis, within my knowledge. I found great satisfaction in going to see some of my old parishioners in their affliction. One of these is James Pollock,<sup>1</sup> a Scotchman from Ayrshire, a poor dyer, and a broken-down invalid, but rich in faith and intellectual resources. For nine weeks he had suffered anguish from calculi, having spasms which, as he said, would certainly have killed him if they had followed one another on successive days; he was under salivation when I saw him, though he was dressed and sitting in his chair. I wish I could give you some idea of this man's manner and discourse. His face was illuminated by a fire of Christian animation beyond any thing I ever saw, and he poured forth, in the very broadest Scotch dialect, the strongest Calvinism of Paul, every point of which seemed in his soul to be turned into rich experience. Pollock is the best theologian, and the best master of church history, I know, out of the clerical profession; nor *in it* do I know five whom I consider his superiors. He declared to me that under agonies of bodily pain his views of Christ and of the sovereign, distinguishing grace of the plan of salvation, had wholly neutralized his sense of suffering. This man's stern and holy enthusiasm is felt with amazing influence in the factory to which he is attached. Though very poor, he overawes and prevents the profaneness, drinking, and scoffing, which are always ready to break out in such places. My tears are not easily come at, but I was childishly overcome in listening to his Chalmerian discourse. If I ever saw a native genius, or a glorius Covenanter, it is in the person of James Pollock. A second visit I paid to a widow

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Pollock is mentioned before on page 199. He died December, 1856, at the age of 73.

in her 81st year, who declared to me that she had seen no moment since I last met with her, in which she did not joyfully await the summons of Christ. And when I asked her how she viewed her own doings, she absolutely burst into tears, as she disclaimed all righteousness of her own. I declare to you my satisfaction and strengthening of faith from these two cases. Let the infidel solve the problem: How, at an age, and amidst pains and sicknesses, which naturally cause despondency, and subdue hope, the fear of the direst of human ills is swallowed up in Christian expectation?

I have not for weeks done any thing at the questions on Hebrews, and see no chance of resuming them for a month or two. It is, for years, my canon, to do no writing or serious study by night; and you may imagine my days from the following schedule: 9. A.M., at my study, with two boys, Livy and Mair, correct exercises, and overlook their Algebra; meantime preparing for class, and writing for Repertory. 11. A.M. Lecture or Recitation. 12—1½ exercise and college business; 2, at study as above. Hear Xenophon. Class at 3½. Prayers at 5. All days alike. I have not yet told you that the Assembly's Board of Education and Missions, have nominated me their speaker at certain palavers to be holden in May, at Natchez, Louisville, Pittsburg, &c. If the Lord will, I shall set out soon after April 10th. The Natchez meeting, which comes first, falls in the first week in May. Rev. W. Chester goes along. He intimated that your Board wished a representative, but however much I should love to serve you, I think it would hurt all three to have an individual acting for the Co. Charles Matthews, I believe, used to enact some fourteen characters in one night, but poor I shall scarcely have vim enough for one. Now, if *you* will but accompany, we may hope for a happy, useful journey; and perhaps we may never again have the chance of seeing the mighty lap of this Occidental virgin world.

No conviction of my soul gains more strength than that our great study should be *The Bible*. I reproach my butterfly mind every night, for her idle excursions. Yet one consolation I certainly find: though I am much away from my Bible, as I am much away from my wife and boys, yet when I *do* get back, I feel that I love them mightily. O how! how! how shall we check the waste of mind upon the ever-increasing frivolities of literature! Literature needs a Deluge. We are antediluvians in this regard. Is God about to banish our impertinent rivalry of *his* book, by sweeping our books away? by war, discord, or other calamity? I hope not. Let me begin reform at home. I am ashamed of piddling all my days among periodical scraps,

and short-lived nothings, while whole tracts of Scripture remain unexplored. Query. What would John, Paul, or Peter, if arisen in our day, do in the premises? I am sick at heart of a book-and-paper surfeit. I wish I could get some remedy.

PRINCETON, April 3, 1837.

On Saturday, 25th ult., I went to New York to preach for [Rev. George] Potts. It was my intention to stay some days, in order to purchase a little furniture for housekeeping, which we are about to attempt: (Apropos of which we cordially join in tendering to you and yours such things as we have, now, henceforth, and forever. Make my best speech in the premises to ——;) but a grievous assault of [pain] disconcerted me, and I was fain to come home. My employers have so fixed the anniversaries at the West (at Louisville on the 24th and Pittsburg a week later) that the trip seems hardly worth making; and if I do not get better, I shall not dare to go at all. In that event, I shall hope to spend a little time in my old Philadelphian haunts. I heard ——, and —— [two celebrated "revivalists"] in New York. The former has taken all the wind out of the latter's sails, as to revivals. The Broadway Tabernacle is the noblest house for a great auditory that ever I saw. Perhaps 2,500 filled the seats on Sunday week at night. —— is on the cool, metaphysical tack; but the mad bull will butt and bellow sometimes. The sermon was an odious caricature of old Hopkinsian divinity, such as ferments in the head of an ill-trained but vigorous mind, and throws up a scum of erudities: "Government," "Government," "Government," nothing but government—till I began to feel as if the Creator was but a secondary administrator, put to hard shifts to save appearances. It was a sermon well adapted to make ——, *e. g.* "I suppose all the united malice of all the devils in hell would not keep a poor sinner in hell to all eternity. O no. None but God can have firmness enough to do that, &c." These were his words so far as I remember.

As to ——, the account of him in the ——, is far below the reality. His manner is drunken, he adores his person, and perpetually protrudes "Mr. ——," as he suburbanically calls himself. His ordinary compellation of the hearer is "*Mister!*" He is profane to an extreme in foisting in the divine names merely to point a phrase, as "the vilest infidel under God's heaven;" the "greatest mind God Almighty ever made;" and all this in the tone of a Yankee bar-keeper. I heard no false doctrine from him. You see the Literary and Theological Review goes beyond us [Repertory] on Voluntary Associations.

M—— is in a feud with his S. S. Superintendent, an abolitionist, who refuses to be amenable to M. and turns the S. S. into an anti-slavery association. All the pastors complain of a tendency to such jarring. If such should really be the tendency of the present arrangements, the sooner we alter them the better; for I am high-church enough to abandon any thing which disturbs our divinely constituted relations of ruler and ruled. I wish you could see your way clear to have some of your [Union] books translated into Italian, for the Levant, where the language is extensively used. If you could, we have here a highly accomplished Italian, for many years fellow-prisoner of Silvio Pellico, and of Comte Confalonieri, who could do such work under my inspection. He is a Milanese, named *Pietro Borsieri*.

PRINCETON, April 29, 1837.

During my vacation, I have been absent, first for a week at Newark; for a day or two, then, at Trenton; and lastly for a day or two at Bound Brook, Somerset, where our Presbytery met. This, with the accumulated cares of raking together a little furniture, has kept me from much study-work or correspondence. We have not yet got into our house, partly from want of things, but chiefly from the delay of a servante whom we have engaged. I am living in the back-parlor, however, which I have to take as a study, or else have no room for my friends, which is after all the great charm of one's own house. Mrs. Samuel Bayard died last week in Westmoreland, Va., at the late residence of Mrs. Washington; who, by-the-bye, died a year or two ago, here, at the residence of Mr. Bayard. ——— stopped for a few days. I was here only part of the time. He gave many interesting accounts. Thinks it likely that the High Church Tories of the Church and the Kirk, finding that the Catholic adhesion to the liberal side must ruin the conservative interest, will consent to give Ireland a *Catholic* establishment; in consequence of which, the *three* established churches can trample down the Whigs, &c. He says there is more piety in proportion to the population in the Canton de Vaud, than in any part of the world. There is English preaching at seven places in Paris. At our Presbytery we appointed Dr. Alexander and Mr. Yeomans as commissioners, [to General Assembly;] and Messrs. [I. V.] Brown and Shafer with two elders as delegates to the Convention, [preliminary to Assembly.] I see but one plan, and that I have often stated to you: *Reduce the Church to its constituent Presbyteries*. These are all that are essential to the notion of a Presbyterian Church. These may coalesce as they see fit.

PRINCETON, *May 23, 1837.*

You are enough acquainted with my penchant for "laid" or other non-porous writing paper to be able to buy me a parcel. I prefer the old-fashioned and old drab, or white, to the blue, and abominate the machine paper, which looks mottled when held up to the light.

But I write expressly to demand of you the reason why you have not sent me, as in duty bound, a *Daily Bulletin* of the Sanhedrin: yea a *daily* letter, full of facts, number of votes, and pungencies, &c. Prithee begin, and honour at sight this bill for one epistle per diem while the General Assembly is sitting. I suppose you have divided the Church, and excommunicated New England, while I have been sowing my beet seed, and blistering my puny fingers with spade and hoe. Know ye, however, that we gardeners of Jersey contemn all the prettinesses of your civic parterres and flower beds, and go for massy hills of corn, unsightly ridges of potatoes, and stupendous poles of nodding hop-vines. Come up and behold a second Cato the Censor, another Cincinnatus, a great experimenter in the union of leeks and letters; come and taste of my rhubarb pies, (the only esculent I yet boast,) my embryo radishes, my beans just up, my parsley and sage not up at all, and my nasturtions not pickled nor planted.

College has opened. Prospects better than we feared. My daily duties forbid my going to the Assembly.

I passed some days at New Brunswick, where there is a great revival in three several places, viz., the Baptist Church, the Presbyterian Church, and the Free Church.

PRINCETON, *June 14, 1837.*

I could not get down to the city, because when I was not teaching, I felt constrained to be in New Brunswick, to aid Bro. [Jos. H.] Jones, one of my most intimate brethren, for whom I have within ten days preached six sermons, and attended as many meetings more. That ultra old school town is shaken by a great awakening, still in blessed progress. In the Baptist Church 109 have been baptized; others inquiring. In the Dutch Church (Dr. S. B. How's) 35 have been admitted; perhaps as many more awakened. In Jones's Church, some 70 entertain the Christian hope, and about 30 are awakened.<sup>1</sup> In Rutgers College, out of 80 youths, 68 are thought to have believed in Christ.

<sup>1</sup> According to the "Outline of a Work of Grace," published by Dr. Jones in 1839, the whole number received into the communion of the Presbyterian Church was 149; the aggregate of admission into all the churches about 600.

David Abeel, the missionary, lives there ; labouring beyond his strength, for he has come back from St. Croix, I fear, to die with his aged parents.<sup>1</sup> After so many years of preaching with comparatively little visible effect, it was a gratifying and unspeakably gracious favour conferred on me, to allow me to witness some remarkable instances of apparent fruits. And still more, the whole tenour of this revival has been very pleasing to me, as confirming that high Calvinistic view of the gratuity of salvation, and the efficacy of the "gospel," as contradistinguished from "obligation," in which I grow day by day more exclusively rooted. I dare say my creed, if written out in full, would be condemned by many an Arminian, and many a New England Calvinist, or Antinomian, but it meets me unavoidably in every page of Paul. David Abeel is, I suppose, quite as good a man as Henry Martyn ; indeed, so heavenly is his temper, that I feel a presentiment while in his company, that he is "ready to be offered." I could wish and pray otherwise. The effect his labours have had on the Dutch Church, are such (in missionary matters) as I have never seen from the labours of one individual. Twice he has been ready to re-embark for China, and both times brought to death's door. If he have a reprieve, he will make another attempt before long.

We have about 220 on our College roll. Dr. Nesbit's library is secured for the Seminary, so long as they teach orthodoxy.

NEW BRUNSWICK, *July 13, 1837.*

Last week I was at Bound Brook, on the Raritan, at a special meeting. The revival of religion has extended thither, to the flock of the Rev. Mr. Rodgers. About a hundred are inquiring. On Monday I took a drive of 46 miles, from Princeton to Somerville, thence down the Raritan to this city, and so home. The county of Somerset, in the parts through which I passed, is wholly settled by the Dutch ; you know their neatness, thrift, and morality are proverbial. I never saw the country look so enchanting. The dense masses of herbage and forest are luxuriant in consequence of the rains, and every sort of crop promising beyond all previous supposition. The grass, oats, rye, flax, and wheat are excellent, and the corn better thereabouts than in any other region within my knowledge. Those who are accustomed to pass through the sands of lower Jersey have no conception of the beauty, fertility, and picturesqueness of the middle and upper counties. The Dutch farms realize the ideal of rural

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Abeel returned to China in October, 1838, but was driven home by his declining health in January 1845, and died at Albany, September 4, 1846.

comfort. It is "a land of hills and valleys, and drinketh water of the rain of heaven."

Yesterday I came hither; my third visit to this revived church. The work of the Lord is still advancing here, though the phase of divine influence is somewhat varied. As might be expected, the number of awakenings is smaller; but some of the most remarkable conversions have occurred within a day or two; including several professional men, and other persons of great influence. The Baptists have immersed a hundred and fifty. The Dutch number some 50—70 converts; the Presbyterians 130—150. The Methodists have a great excitement. All the students of Rutgers College but five or six are now hopefully pious. I perceive no one thing in the Presbyterian church which is undesirable, nor any flagging in the prayers or efforts of pastor or people. In the Sunday School the state of feeling is more full of promise than it has been at any time. All day, and much of the night, Mr. Jones is engaged with inquirers. Over the river, in Piscataway, and Metutchen, also in Plainfield, and (somewhat) in Rahway, there is revival. These influences, except in the case of Bound Brook, have been most extensive among the Baptists. There has been here no veiling or modifying of high Calvinistic tenets, in order to keep the sinner under the yoke of obligation, or to precipitate the resolved efforts of his own soul, as abstracted from Divine power. The doctrines which have been blessed are the "primer doctrines," taught in the old way, and in old phraseology. Indeed I may say of the preaching, what Brainerd says of that which was used to awaken his Indians: "It has been from first to last a strain of gospel invitation."

COLLEGE, August 10, 1837.

What you say about a good penny paper, is most true, and has often occurred to me; only for *weekly*, I should certainly read *daily*. Some capital is needed to set such a thing on foot, but I am sure no book or magazine which could be issued from the press would have so wide an influence. The pious laymen of Philadelphia ought not to rest until the thing is done. So William IV. is dead, and a virgin once more on the chief throne of the world. If poets were not extinct, here would be a tempting subject. I hope I shall never so far undervalue charity as not to lament the false fire kindled in church controversies; but I comfort myself with the thoughts, that what we love we always contend for; that the most flourishing seasons for piety have been those of the most active debates: witness the days of Augustin, of Luther, of the English Nonconformists; that the conservative

principle of Protestantism is discussion of all points; and that the friction of debate is temporary, while the gain on the side of truth is permanent. I am sure there has been no age in which controvertists have been more polite towards one another than the present. My —— is so little of a Philadelphia lady, that I believe in my heart she has as few thoughts about old and new school, as about the Sunnites and Shiites of the Mohammedan "persuasion." Abeel is coming to spend some days with me; his health is slowly failing.

The life of Scott [Lockhart's life of Sir Walter] is a capital book indeed. One sees how much may be accomplished by assiduity. Another good lesson is the danger of involving one's self in pecuniary connexions with "the trade." The last days of July I passed in Trenton with my little family. I must say that all my recollections of that homely town are soft and pleasant; and when we go there, we are made welcome by a circle of hearty friends. A book ought to be written with this title: "The Aged Christian's Book: printed in large type for the convenience of old persons." It should be in the largest character attainable. Such topics as these: The Trials of Old Age; The Temptations of Old Age; The Duties of Old Age; The Consolations of Old Age, &c., &c. It should be a large book, with little matter in it. Why has no Tract Society thought of such a thing? My little introduction to the Bible can soon be finished, as I find I shall have to exclude a large amount of matter, hinting in the preface that the same may be wrought into a second volume, or work. It will not greatly exceed in matter, if at all, one volume of Nevin's Antiquities. Hereafter I must confine myself to my former description of books—I mean those which can be written *currente calamo*, requiring no consultation and research; for unless I can make my Sunday School labours a sort of recreation, it is impossible for me to persevere in them. By this time you will have seen what we have been doing in the Repertory. Some of our theologians consider the metaphysical argument of the paper on Beecher [Dr. Lyman Beecher's "Views in Theology"] as unsurpassed for acumen, philosophical lore, and rigid ratiocination, by any thing which has appeared in our cycle. The writer is certainly a man of extraordinary versatility; as much at home among the poets and the schoolmen as the mathematicians. There are occasions on which I feel a distrust for all books but the Bible, as feeling that the best communications of men come to me modified by the discipline of a sect or the idiosyncrasy of an individual. The liquor has the tang of the cask. This I feel most as it regards books of experimental religion; sometimes turning over successively the stirring or ten-



der productions of Catholics, Methodists, Moravians, and Presbyterians, and then resorting at last to the infallible source of all. I am more and more persuaded that the practice of preaching on a single text has greatly impaired the influence of the pulpit. The diabolical Voltaire spoke truth for once when he said : " En effet, parler long-temps sur une citation d'une ligne ou deux, se fatiguer à compasser tout son discours sur cette ligne, un tel travail parait un jeu peu digne de la gravité de ce ministère. Le texte devient une espèce de devise, ou plutôt d'énigme, que le discours développe. . . . C'est dans la décadence des lettres qu'il commença, et le temps l'a consacré." (Louis XIV., t. iii., c. 32.)

The one great rule for Bible-study appears to me to be this : Read the text—the text—the text. Read it over and over, over and over. Read continually and largely. Thus while particulars become impressed by repetition, we do not lose the general connexion. No men ever lived, me judice, who knew the tenth part as much of the contents of the Bible as the Puritans, and thus it was they read it. They were never without their little Bibles. Among them I regard Charnock as far the most wonderful in this regard, and Flavel next. To my taste Flavel is the most uniformly interesting, engaging, and refreshing writer on religion, ancient or modern. I always feel that I am talking with a Christian, fresh and ruddy, in perfect health and spirits, with no cloud or megrim, and with every power available at the moment.

Mr. Poinsett has offered Prof. Dod the West Point professorship of Ethics, with the Chaplaincy. I do not suppose he will very seriously entertain the proposition. Our final Examination is drawing towards a close ; it is a work *plenum sudoris* in this weather. The library of old Dr. Nesbit has come to the Seminary. It is chiefly of books in the modern languages.

PRINCETON, *Sept.* 21, 1837.

Since I last corresponded with you, I have had a return of illness, something between cholera morbus and dysentery, which confined me to my bed. I am convalescent, though still in my room. I have just made up into a parcel my MS. of the Juvenile Introduction to the Bible, which I have had on hand for the last three years. It contains about 59,000 words ; from which a calculation may be made. Look over the table of contents, and read a chapter, so as to get some idea of the plan. There is nothing in it to offend any sect of Protestant Christians, except that the Quakers may take exception to my calling the Scriptures (as they do themselves) the Word of God. I flatter my-

self that it contains much information, which will be new to many who are neither children nor youth; and I pray that it may recommend the most delightful and blessed of all books to many a new reader. We had six lectures from Mr. Wolff, [Rev. Joseph Wolff, a Christian Jew,] of which I heard three. He was very interesting in private. What amazes me is, how a man, purblind and simple as a babe, who can scarcely take care of himself for two squares, should have traversed so much of the earth.

I have been considering the smallness of the benefit which we are content to derive from our ordinary afflictions. For instance: you and I have been sick lately; what good has it done our souls? Are we more heavenly-minded, and better fitted for communion with God? "Yes, yes," we are ready to reply, "but these are small afflictions, to which I scarcely look for any advantage." Thus we seem to render great trials necessary; whereas, I suppose, every disquietude we meet ought to be received as a message from God.

Our commencement is in danger of being frustrated, in some measure. The Whig members of the graduating class have all refused to speak, in consequence of a supposition that the faculty had slighted their Society in the award of honours; especially the Valedictory. There is a mighty storm in our teapot.

What do you think of a Sunday School Book called the Farmer's Boy, or some such title, of some length, intended to be a manual for young fellows in the country, connecting all agricultural operations with the corresponding Biblical facts, and giving a spiritual, but natural turn, to the works and changes of the husbandman? I meditate something of this sort. The church in this village is at length sufficiently finished to admit of worship in it. The Tract Society have issued a tract, called "The Child a Hundred Years old!" Some of the old commentators did indeed give this ultra-spiritual and ultra-natural turn to Isaiah lxx. 20; but the passage, as half a glance reveals, is a promise of longevity in the New Jerusalem; the "new heavens and new earth." Our version does not keep up the parallelism of the original, which is thus: "The child, a hundred years old, shall die; the sinner, a hundred years old, shall be accursed," *i. e.* as I take it, "Such shall be the longevity, that he who dies at 100, shall be regarded as a mere child, nay, as being cut off prematurely for his sins, accursed." Read the context. N. B. I am pretty much convinced by Dr. Burnet's work, that the final conflagration will destroy our world, only as the deluge did. Peter intimates that the present earth is a "new earth," in relation to what he calls the "world that then was." If he says of

the present world that it shall be "burnt up," he also says of the antediluvian world, that it "perished." And he adds "Nevertheless we look for new heavens and a new earth." (2 Peter iii. 13.) Read Chalmers's Sermon on the New Heavens and New Earth. I am also inclined to think the common notions of the Millennium as inconsistent with the Scriptures, which always represent the Judgment as bursting suddenly on the world; pressing this with a moral bearing, to alarm our fears; which can have no effect, when we believe in an interval before the Judgment, of full a thousand years. Do not regard me as demented, but look at these two subjects in the light of mere Scripture, and candidly sit down without book, and write down your answer to the following question: On what clear scriptural grounds do I entertain the common notion, that things will ripen into a glorious period of just a thousand years?

COLLEGE N. J., November 17, 1837.

Vide several of my rhyming experiments in the Newark Daily, under the signature of Cleon.<sup>1</sup> I am afraid you could not get the stereotype classics [197 volumes, Leipsic] at the low

<sup>1</sup> I insert one specimen.

#### THE ARM-CHAIR.

Now let the curtain drop; the day  
 With mixing cares has passed away:  
 The grate is brilliant, and the light  
 From shaded lamps shows softly bright.  
 Wheel round the table, and prepare  
 The spacious, slumber-tempting chair.  
 But yield not yet to slumber's power;  
 Sacred to wisdom be the hour.  
 Here, in the genial warmth reclining,  
 Rest and activity combining,  
 The wearied frame may seek repose  
 While the rapt soul with pleasure glows.  
 Spread forth the books, a well-kept store,  
 Select, though few; I ask no more  
 Than these, to guide my flight sublime,  
 The master-pieces of all time.  
 Through these while musing I descry  
 The forms of sage philosophy;  
 Great ancients come in shadowy mien  
 To people the ideal scene.  
 I soar with Plato; or I fight  
 The battles of the Stagirite.  
 With Xenophon serene I flow,  
 Or cull from each, with Cicero.  
 Or if blest Poesy invite  
 To mingle in her mystic rite,

terms at which they are furnished to us. Neither would I recommend to you to get the whole set; there are many of them which you would never want. The course which I have pursued has been to buy about seventy volumes, including the chief books in Greek, and in Latin prose, and then I have the whole of the Latin poets in one volume, which cost me five dollars. Old Tauchnitz, the great Leipsic publisher, was an enemy of evangelical religion, and disinherited his son Karl, for being a pietist. The latter became a Baptist preacher and missionary; but within a very short time the old man died intestate, and the whole of his vast resources and establishment has fallen to his son, who is sincerely bent upon the promotion of true piety.

I hear the hoary blind man sing  
Till Troy-plains with the war-clang ring;  
Or quaff the chaste exuberance  
Of tragic Greeks in choral dance.  
Then Maro, silver bard, beguiles,  
Or love-sick Ovid spreads his wiles,  
Or Flaccus through the thyrsus smiles.

Nor, pedant, would I all despise  
What moderns have of great or wise;  
Dante, tremendous in his dreams;  
Or Ariosto's wayward streams;  
Or Tasso's tale of knightly fire,  
Or Petrarch weeping o'er the lyre.  
Thy page, Cervantes, shall dispel  
The vapours from their haunted cell;  
And keen Le Sage and gay Molière  
The mask from every passion tear.

But who shall venture to rehearse  
The mighty band, in prose or verse,  
Of mother Britain, and fair France,  
Whose genius might the soul entrance?  
A taste of these might well beguile  
The speeding hours, till daylight smile.  
But limbs grow dull, and eyes grow dim,  
A respite now for eye and limb:  
Stir up the fire, the volume close,  
A moment this for choice repose.  
Safe from the blast of rough November,  
Silent I many a friend remember,  
Whose presence might the midnight brighten,  
When, hark!—the moment's load to lighten,  
A well-known knock—wide flies the door—  
Of musing and of books no more;  
The friend of many a year drops in,  
And converse grave, or jocund din  
Completes the joy, and quells the care,  
Till, satiate e'en with richest fare,  
I nod upon the elbow chair.

Hengstenberg, in reviewing——, ridicules his determining the acceptation of a word in a certain place, by counting up the passages where it occurs in that sense; but says, this may answer very well in a country where they can enumerate to a fraction the converted and the half converted. In the Christian Observer for Feb. 1830, p. 97, is a piece of Mr. Wolff's, wherein he saith, "the Son of Man will come again in the clouds of heaven, in the year 1847, and govern in person as man and God in the literal city of Jerusalem. . . . I, Joseph Wolff, shall see with my own eyes, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, in their glorified bodies," &c. I think it a happy interpretation of Wolff's, where he makes the word *γενεα*, "generation," mean the Jewish race: "this *race* shall not pass away" (*i. e.* be merged in other nations) until all these things be accomplished. Matt. xxiv. 34. He wishes to be captured by the Indians. Professor Henry has returned. In England he was caressed like a brother, everywhere, and by all the savans. The British Association passed a special vote of thanks to him, and three other foreigners. Our college was never so full. We have already admitted about 70. Among these are two room-mates named "Cake" and "Pitcher." Your mention of Neshamony reminds me of the tasteful change of that euphonious Indian name to "Hartsville Crossroads." So, in our own presbytery, what was whilom Assampink is now "Dutch Neck." We have a new and handsome church edifice. While it was building the negroes worshipped apart, in a little place of their own. The majority of the pew-holders wish them to remain as a separate congregation. By-the-by, we are said to have a larger proportion of blacks in our population, than any town in the free States. If they come back, they will take up about half the gallery. There are about 80 black communicants. I am clear that in a church of Jesus Christ, there is neither black nor white; and that we have no right to consider the accident of colour in any degree. Yet I think the blacks very unwise in insisting on such a privilege now. Some years ago there would not have been the slightest difficulty in admitting them, but in consequence of the abolition movements the prejudice of the lower classes of whites against the blacks has become exorbitant and inhuman. We have a copy of the celebrated "Oxford (semi-papal) Tracts." One of them is on the excellencies of the Romish Breviary; which, by the way, *i. e.* the Breviary, I am now, for the first time, reading. It contains some delightful prayers and hymns, in a mass of putrid martyrology and idolatry. There is something graceful and melodious in the following collect, in the Christmas service: "Concede, quaesumus, omnipotens Deus, ut nos Unigeniti tui

nova per carnem nativitas liberet, quos sub peccati jugo vetusta servitus tenet. Per eundem Dominum. Amen." There is scarcely an Orthodox Quaker in our region who has not joined either our church or the Episcopalian; mostly the latter. I heard Daniel Webster make a great speech, *sub dio*, in Newark. The gaoler of our State's Prison is a pious Methodist, and every Sabbath enters every cell and talks on religion with each prisoner. Cottle says that for a very long time Coleridge used a pint of laudanum a day, and sometimes even a quart.

PRINCETON, *January 9, 1838.*

I wish you and yours a most happy new year, in the enjoyment of every blessing of Providence and grace. The weather is such as might tempt one to suspect that we need another rectification of our calendar, like the Julian and Gregorian. The trial of — — is an ecclesiastico-juridical curiosity. Never before were the shades of guilt, criminality, and guilt "without criminality" so nicely appreciated. I would suggest the use of decimal fractions, in the next award of the kind. Or rather some negative algebraical quantities must have been employed to render the amount of such verdicts = an entire acquittal.

No one groans more than I under the abuses of extempore prayer. How much time is lost, how much weariness produced, by periphrastic introductions, diffuse dilutions, and vain repetitions. Many pulpit prayers are largely made up of passages evidently meant to impress truth on the auditor. Whole strains of this sort: "O Lord, may sinners feel that time is short; that this is the only season for repentance; and that unless they believe, &c., &c." A man might thus tell his Maker what to make sinners feel through the whole extent of the catechism: "May we feel that our chief end is to glorify God and to enjoy him forever."<sup>1</sup> I nauseate all such perversions. Still I never could submit to one stereotype form for every day of my life. I should be pleased to have a few forms, varying, we may say through a month, expressing those things which we are to pray for always, with license to use a short extemporaneous prayer

<sup>1</sup> In another letter he had made the following criticism on a prayer in a Sunday-school book: "The prayer at the end labours under a fault very common—the abuse of the auxiliary 'may.' Compare this form with similar petitions in the Psalms. In some public prayers I hear the petition turned into a veritable interrogation by the awkward use of 'may' with a negative thus 'May we not find this an unprofitable meeting! (?)' Direct petition, in the supplicatory imperative is best: thus 'create within me a clean heart.' It has sometimes occurred to me that the length of prayers is greatly increased by the pleonasm of mere form, as 'Do thou grant,' 'Do thou bless,' 'We beseech,' (fifty times.)"

besides : this is exactly the Lutheran method.<sup>1</sup> I fear we shall get into trouble with John Bull about this rascally Canada affair ; especially since the steamboat business, [burning of the Caroline.] We have for years been too self-satisfied with our peaceful security. ——— has been here ; he is very full of information about the *adyta* of the English Universities. He says their professors, as a general rule, do nothing at all, unless they have churches ; nor are they expected to do any thing, except in the way of book-making and general influence ; nor do they receive any salaries, except a mere pittance. He visited most of the great chartered schools. By-the-bye, he is the most erudite classical scholar within my acquaintance, though not possessing an *ingenium vegetum*, or very great energy. If you see, some time hence in the Newark paper, a rhyming squib, intituled "American Titles of Honour," and signed with my initials, you may know where it comes from.<sup>2</sup> I find much comfort thus far

<sup>1</sup> Every one who has heard the prayers of the letter-writer will be thankful that he did not avail himself of a privilege which is not denied to the conductors of the public worship of our Church.

<sup>2</sup> [For the Newark Daily Advertiser.]

#### AMERICAN TITLES OF HONOUR.

The lust of greatness is a sturdy stock,  
Which springs indigenous in every soil ;  
Though every twig and spreading branch you dock,  
The trunk puts forth new shoots to mock your toil :  
So when our sires, with democratic zeal,  
Plucked off each garter, and put out each star,  
And, mad to equalize the common weal,  
On quartered shields and coronets made war,  
'Twas but the lopping of the hydra's head,  
And rage for honours was asleep, not dead.

Roam where you please our plain republic o'er,  
A host of titled worthies you shall meet :  
Judges and Presidents beset your door,  
And Squires and Governors walk every street.  
The mode spreads bravely : we may hope, ere long,  
To leave rude "Mister" to raw lads at school,  
Till every yeoman of the civic throng  
Shall have his trade for title by fair rule :  
Then Stage-man Stokes shall call on Lawyer Lee,  
And Barber Boggs ask Butcher Brown to tea.

Captains, once known in harness on the field,  
Now swarm in steamboats, oyster-craft, and inns,  
While city troops their bloodless laurels yield  
To scores of Generals, all plumes and grins.  
The civic crown, too, hath its grave possessors,  
Doctors in Physick, Law, Divinity ;

in preaching to my Africans. The house is crowded by decorous and attentive people, and it seems a little like being a missionary. Then one can enjoy a total "abandon," and use every mode of address or illustration, without the dread of blundering. Strange as it may seem, I have already met with some insult, as the preacher to the blacks, in returning from their place of worship: it was from some of the lowest of the white canaille. One case of very powerful awakening has occurred under my unworthy labours. Every new perusal of the prophecies brings me more and more to the conclusion, that commentators have undertaken to explain too much as already past. Thus the 39th and 40th of Ezekiel, about Gog and Magog, seem to me to contain expressions far too sublime to have their accomplishment in the invasions of Antiochus, &c. I look somewhat confidently for a real restoration of Israel to their own land. Considering the part that our Continent occupies in the unfolding history of the church and the world, might not one judge *a priori* that it would have some place in the book of prophecy? Yet I do not know that any discovery of this kind has been made. The grand fault of ——'s style I cannot otherwise express than by saying it is the exact antipodes of *quaintness*. It is in its ultimatum in Dr. J. P. Wilson and Bishop White. It arises, I suppose, from a dread of antithesis and conceited balance in period, and the result is a certain approach to lameness in the gait, and listlessness in the air, of his periods.

The little Swedish translation of my whisky book gives me great joy and encouragement.<sup>1</sup>

PRINCETON, *March ult.* 1838.

We have had spring and winter since I saw you. The last spell of cold has been especially biting. The 6th No. of [Sir

Bishops and Deacons, Provosts and Professors,  
 No more forego their title than their fee.  
 A powdered Count is teaching us to dance,  
 While Marquises are plain "Monsieurs," in France.

Peace reigns on every hand, yet warlike signs  
 Hang out in half the names of half the nation;  
 For scarce a loafer on his bulk reclines  
 Who boasts not of some martial appellation.  
 Militia Ensigns keep your Cash and Journal,  
 And gay lieutenants kindly cart your coal;  
 Your next-door tailor is a whiskered Colonel,  
 And Majors count your ballots at the poll.  
 Till oft perplexed by doubting claims you stare,  
 Nor well can choose 'twixt Adjutant and Mayor.

S. L. R.

<sup>1</sup> "The Glass of Whisky," one of the series of "The Infant's Library."



Walter] Scott's Life surpasses all in interest—to my feelings—chiefly because it has so much of his diary, and relates so much about his afflictions. I lament that drinking and cursing are henceforward to be associated, in the minds of the young, with such a genius and such a gentleman; and that amid all his sorrows he seems to have received not one ray of divine light. His diary contains some grand hints about modes of composition. We have a most promising young man now a tutor here, for whom I wish I could find a good place. His name is Moffat; once a shepherd's boy in Glencree, [Scotland.] His linguistical attainments are extraordinary, in languages both ancient and modern. He is B. A. of our college.<sup>1</sup> Good Joseph W——f, it appears, has got back to England. The wonder is how a man so little endowed with worldly wisdom can make his way at all. When he came here, he went first to ——'s, where he lodged. That evening he was to preach. He had on a shirt which was absolutely jappanned with dirt. —— said to him, "Mr. W., as you expect to appear in public to-night, perhaps you would like to make some change in your dress?" Mr. W. looked down, surveying his filthy raiment, and answered, "O no, I believe I shall need nothing of that kind." After a suitable delay, —— said again, "Mr. W., it will put us to no trouble; your room is ready, your valise there; you will find water, &c." W—— looked hastily in the glass, and said, "I thank you, I think I shall do as I am." —— became alarmed at his unseemliness, and at length said, "Mr. W., your mind is so occupied with greater things, that you are naturally indifferent about, &c., &c.; let me suggest the propriety of your changing, &c., &c." Mr. W. went up stairs, stayed some time, and came down precisely in statu quo! ——, almost baffled, said "It seems to me, Mr. W., that you have not succeeded in changing your apparel." "O yes, yes," said W., "have I not? let me see; perhaps I forgot to do it. Yes, sure enough, I was thinking of something else." Up he goes again, and finally endues a white coloured shirt. On coming down he said to Mrs. ——, "Madam, will you have the goodness to go up, and pack up my portmantau? it is a thing I never could do in my life." He next borrowed a white handkerchief of ——, with which shortly after he dried the ink of a very blotted sheet which he had written, saying, "This I learned in India—this I learned in India!" If you think this a very foolish story, remember that you read it

<sup>1</sup> The catalogue of "our College" shows that places have been found for the accomplished tutor. After filling classical professorships in Lafayette College and Miami University, the Rev. Dr. Moffat has had in the College of New Jersey, since 1852, the chair of Greek, or Latin, with History.

on All-Fools' Day. There is a Dutch adage which likeneth March to a lion, and says, "he shaketh his tail;" from atmospheric appearances he is minded to give us a few wags more before he goes out. Eleven days more will complete our long term: I can't say that I am very fond of vacations; I have not money to travel, and I love home perhaps too much. I am afraid Dr. Ewing's tune will not enrich him; yet it is very good, and we ought to encourage every issue of religious music, especially from the music stores. In point of harmony it is exact and technically classical. The melody is scarcely popular enough.

TRENTON, *May 11, 1838.*

I came hither with hen and chicks, on Tuesday; but getting wet and cold on the way, I have been in a quasi colic for some days. Unless I run down to see you on Monday, I shall expect to be here until the 17th.

With regard to ——'s dubitations about the Girard College, I am not as clear as I could desire. The two grand points strike me as being these: 1. Is connexion with such an establishment right? 2. Is it likely to be permanent? Formerly I was inclined to say *No*, to the first; at present, I am undecided. There is very great force in the suggestion that we ought not to leave this engine in the devil's hands, no not for an hour; and that —— may retire, if disappointed. I incline to say to him, Accept the offer. It is a wonderful providence that a machine contrived against religion should thus be put within the direction of Christian men: the counsel of Ahithophel is seemingly turned into foolishness. You can tell, better than I, whether the power is like to abide in the same hands, and whether there is a probability of ——'s holding the place for a number of years.

Our Jersey folks have a custom of uniting in clubs for the purchase of clams, a load at a time, thus getting them at wholesale prices: these are called *clam-classes*. The time appears to have come, when the spirit of the age demands a special effort, for the formation of a great national universal clam-class; and a convention for that purpose will be holden on the 31st of June, at Little Egg Harbor. The Hon, Mr, Buckingham (M. P.) has kindly consented to appear on that occasion, when odes will be sung composed for the occasion by Mrs. —— and —— . It is proposed to issue a paper called the *American Clam Reporter*.

PRINCETON, *July 5, 1838.*

Just look what a blot that is! But this is nothing "inter amicos," and as Corporal Nym saith, "things must be as they

may." So two New Yorkers (both whilom Philadelphians) have gone over sea: S—— and P——. The latter promised me not to chew tobacco in "the presence." Are there ten men in Philadelphia, barring schoolmasters, who know that the penult [of the name of the city] is long? A friend in the Sandwich Islands writes, that forty feet square will support a native all the year round. I gained some clearer conceptions from his saying, "Each of the islands is the top of a submarine mountain." The same writer (a man of sense and veracity) adds, "there is probably no country, small or great, in which there is less visible immorality, in proportion to the population."

I am reading Prescott's Ferdinand and Isabella. There is no American work of which, as it regards fame of letters, I would rather be the author. So far as I have gone, he gives the Papishes their own. See, in the *May Blackwood*, a most funny thing, "Father Tom and the Pope." Dr. [John] Breckinridge has determined to accept his appointment as general agent of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. I think I have never suffered so little from heat as this summer; yet I feel that the last two days have been particularly hot. It is now 9 A.M. and in my study the mercury stands at 81°; yesterday, in a hotter place, but shady, it was at noon 96°. The country has, however, been in beautiful foliage and refreshed with many little rains. "The 9th Bridgewater Treatise" by C. Babbage, is a fragment of wonderful genius. By recourse to the "*Newark Daily*" you will see some able papers, by a great political economist, on Trades Unions, [Charles Quill.] I am persuaded that it is our duty as Christian patriots, to encourage husbandry, and discourage overgrown manufactures. God has spread a wide country before us, yet thousands are herding in our factory towns, under influences ruinous to body and soul. These bloated establishments invite and receive some of the grandest villains of the old country. All our manufacturing towns are in an abnormal state. The policy engendered in these communities is necessarily agrarian; and the human race deteriorates, physically. I feel it to be incumbent on myself to say all I can for emigration to the West; and for the same reason I have come to look on a high protective Tariff as a great sin.

PRINCETON, *July 30, 1838.*

There is some difference between being moved, and being fixed, or I should say we were established in our new place.<sup>1</sup> I believe you know its whereabouts. Every object is painfully commemorative of its late beautiful owner: we even have her

<sup>1</sup> The house which had been occupied by the Rev. Dr. John Breckinridge.

flowers; and the magnolia which stands near our back-door, it was almost the last of her worldly deeds to have planted. The house is far too large for my family or furniture; but the terms were such as I felt no right to decline, especially as by acceding to them, I should be doing all I could for ———, and at the same time introduce my own children to better air, ample space, and goodlier prospects. The walk to College, in the hot season, is dreadful even to my imagination; how I shall endure it, I know not: but I am somewhat satisfied that I have come hither without self-seeking—and the Lord will provide.

And now let me proceed to say, my dear friend, how much happiness you will give us, if you will come and rusticate with us. If you will become uncivic for a while, so far as to forego Schuylkill water, butter, baths, trottoir, and omnibi, and commute the same for sunrises, sunsets, dirt, dust, chickens, corn, tomatoes, prospects, breezes, sweat and disorder—you may find yourself all the better. I give you my first invitation, as you are my earliest friend, (how good a one, let our biographers determine :) and ——— entertains towards you precisely analogous tempers.

Our final examination begins August 6th, during which I shall be much occupied, for about ten days. We have been two days in our present residence, and are thus far well-pleased, except with the amazing increase of housewifeship. It is something of a job to keep out of mischief three cats, one dog, forty fowls, and mice ad libitum; the latter having declared independence during the late troubles and vacancy. My books I have not yet moved; but I have Wilberforce's Life, (5 vols.,) "John Murray, Albemarle Street," to read on the back-piazza, which looks to the sunsetting.<sup>1</sup> The drought is such just here, (for around our village showers have been frequent,) that the pastures are like a sheaf of dry straw; hence, milk, in which I expected much delectation, is scanty. My corn is tall, but likely to bear little; potatoes will fail utterly, unless it rain; tomato-vines crisp as macaroons; yet, blessed be God, we have plenty of water as yet. Some recent mortification and trials of pride have, I think, done me good, and led me to meditate on my undue care about the opinion of fellow-worms. O if we could more crucify that old man, and vivify that new!

A call from yourself and boy, would be à propos at any moment; when you bring the rest, you had better come after our examination, which (to all intents) ends August 15th. In both these statements I use absolute frankness, meaning you and yours to take my invitation in the rustic and old-time sense,

<sup>1</sup> He reviewed this work in the *Repertory*, October, 1838.

without discount. Many thanks for English papers. They are always treats. I suffer from Anglomanie.

PRINCETON, July 30, 1838.

Hortation seems to me to be the pulpit-error of the age, which has emasculated the church.<sup>1</sup>

Of Charles Quill as followeth: I never arranged the topics for publication, and so far as I remember, never dreamed of such a thing until it was suggested by some one. I am indifferent about it now. I will give anybody the right of a first edition for fifty copies, provided that it be printed under typographical inspection of yourself, J. A. A., or myself. No book of mine, with my consent, shall be clad in the dirty shirt of [Noah] Websterism. Wilberforce's Diary, from the extracts given, must have been honest indeed. It is new to have the private exercises of a great statesman, (bosom friend of the greatest minister England ever had,) while in the very heat of parliamentary debate. I think him from this reading (of two volumes) a greater and a better man than I supposed, but how narrow a churchman, how ignorant an anti-Calvinist! Perhaps he gets better. I regard the last volume of the —— as a religious imposture: —— has crammed the garbage of craniology down our throats under cover of Paul and Peter's milk and meat. We are disgraced by the special pleading of [the Presbyterian Church case in the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.] I am sure we are right, but I am afraid God means to strip us of our worldly goods.

In this matter of preaching, with which I began, I feel quite earnest, as believing that most of my earlier sermons were constructed on a wrong principle. I would be plain, but O, I wish I had *fed* my hearers with more truth, and given them less harangue.

Addison and I are taking lessons in barking, howling, and ventriloquism from an elocutionist named Bronson, and who with much stuff has also certain discoveries on which I thought I myself had hit—see last Repertory<sup>2</sup>—but which he carries out so

<sup>1</sup> In a postscript to this sentence, dated August 4, he adds: "Yesterday I heard my father preach to our students on Eccl. xii. 1, a text which I had handled a few weeks previous before the same hearers. I was never more humbled, nor more struck with my own past fault in this line. *My* discourse was all appeal; *his* was all argument, even bare and quite dialectic in places. My sermon was like a flash in the pan, and his like a ball *lodged*, lodged where to work afterwards."

<sup>2</sup> He refers to his own review of Gardiner's "Music of Nature," in the July Repertory.

as to convince me that the Laryngitis (erroneously called Bronchitis) is preventable.

CHARLOTTE Co., VA., *October 13, 1838.*

By the blessing of God we had a very prosperous journey hither, escaping all bad weather and mishaps. Unless a letter miscarry, you will read something from me in Kinney's paper.<sup>1</sup>

The associations of this region make me full ten years younger, especially as I have to be several hours of every day on horseback, which has always had a very exhilarating effect on me. The two contiguous plantations of Carrington and Mrs. Legrand contain about 6,000 acres, and afford abundant rides and walks without entering a public road. The little village has greatly improved, having new Baptist and Presbyterian churches, since my day; also a large girls' school and a respectable boys' ditto. The drought in this country almost destroyed many of the crops, especially the most indispensable, viz., corn. Late profuse rains have made the country very green, but are too late. The tobacco crop, though short, will be answerably high priced. ——— will make 200 dollars' worth of that article on one little island of less than two acres. I write this before breakfast, having had a happy stroll, this lovely frosty morning, over a most picturesque portion of the estate. Flocks of sheep on an almost boundless green, unenclosed, have a patriarchal look; and at this hour I can scarcely go abroad without hearing the mocking-bird. I do not remember, in my former residences here to have observed that this fowl sang in the autumn. Such, however, is the undeniable fact. I think I find the intelligence and refinement of this land altogether against Van Buren; and even on the Abolition Question, there prevails a moderation much in advance of the temper I witnessed less than three years ago. In the Holy War, there is active skirmishing hereabout. Those party lines which, with us, have been drawn for years, are now only in the process of demarcation here. The consequence is feud on feud, "bellum plusquam civile;" house against house, mother against daughter, &c., &c. The Old School are about four to one. But vide Papers.

CHARLOTTE COURT HOUSE, VIRGINIA, *October 19, 1838.*

This is a mighty rainy day. More rain here in two weeks of October, than during all the summer. The promising prices of wheat set our planters at sowing. Mr. Carrington is just

<sup>1</sup> He sent several travelling letters to the "Newark Advertiser" during his absence.

putting 100 acres in wheat. The mulberry mania is rife. Serious talk of exchanging tobacco for silk cultivation. The lithograph of Childs, from a painting by Harding, is said to give the best idea of Randolph. R. affected to be a Cato in his frugality. Though he laid out thousands on his sixty horses, his stud being often worth perhaps \$30,000, and had all his personal apparel from London, he lived in a mean house and never would allow a carpet to be on his floors. The will last established by the Court of Appeals emancipates the negroes, but by a law of Virginia, repealed however last year, any one, not privy to the proceedings in the court of probate, may, within ten years, bring a suit in Chancery, to try the issue "devisavit vel non devisavit." ——— has availed himself of this, and hung up more than 300 negroes in a distant Chancery. Yesterday ———, a lawyer of great eminence, and, next to Judge Lee, Randolph's most confidential actuary, told me, that in every will and every important codicil, Randolph evinced the great concern he had for his servants. They adored him as almost above the human standard, and preferred being his slaves to being free. It is perhaps (after all our abstractions) better for these negroes, as a set, that they are not freed. I say this seriously, founding my judgment on the following striking fact: Richard and John Randolph were brothers, and divided between them the estate of their father. Each took a moiety of the slaves. Richard set his free: John retained his on the estates. Col. Madison published the history of the former moiety and their offspring. They have almost become extinct; those who remain are wandering and drunken thieves, degraded below the level of humanity, and beyond the reach of Gospel means. The slaves of Roanoke are the descendants of the other moiety. They are nearly four hundred, and though not free, are sleek, fat, healthy, happy, and many of them to all appearance ripe for heaven. These I know to be facts, and they are worth more to me than a volume of dissertations on the right to freedom. At the same time, everybody here considers it highly inequitable that these people are kept from the benefits intended by their master.

You know [the late William] Maxwell, and that he is made President of Hampden Sidney College. Father Comfort [of Kingston] is here at present with his son David.

I am somewhat disposed to reconsider the expressions of my last letter touching the temper of the Church controversy here. Since I have seen ministers, and heard from Synod, I think there is prospect of pacification. The new school are about 1 to 5, or at most 1 to 4. They are scattered, divided, in some cases differing from us by the merest shade, and disheartened. They are

moreover, generally, mistaken good men. On the other hand, the Old Schoolmen are more and more for moderation, the oscillatory pendulum is making shorter and shorter arcs. I augur good for Virginia. There is really no ground for dissension apart from the quarrel of churches afar off.

Yours of Oct. 11 (postmark 12) got here on the 16th. I am obliged to you for your concern for the goosequills; but I am not sure that I know what you mean. I have said, in one place and another, something fitted to direct the mechanic in his reading, and I have purposely avoided being more explicit, lest I should do more harm than good, by discouraging beginners, &c. Away from home, I cannot enterprise the thing now; but if there be time when I get to Philadelphia I will consult about it. There has been no publication of the evidence in Randolph's case. Every thing came out on the trials; a necessary consequence of the intricate suits, in which each expectant was by turn induced to prove J. R. insane.

The manners and customs here are not the best for an invalid. A visit of relations, some 20 in number, horses, coaches, retinue, &c., lasts, at least, one day, sometimes a week. Where one comes 17 miles, as ——— did, to see us, it is out of the question to make a morning call. And when, in turn, we go to see some of our kin, the solemnities of an old-time ceremonious dinner are any thing but reviving to a queasy stomach. It is more of a paradise to Henry, [his son.] He has the run of miles, if he so pleases, with ample attendance. Every half hour "Henry and his Bearer" appear with peaches, or figs, or chinquepins, or 'simmons, or sweet potatoes "roast with fire;" or he is in chase of a peacock, or picking cotton out of the pod, or learning to talk "nigger." One of Mrs. Le Grand's black girls, æt. 14, said more than once to my wife, with a face of great importunity—"Miss Betsy, do pray ax missus to gi' me to ye." There seems to be a vague impression (grossly incorrect by-the-by) on the minds of these creatures, that they shall be happier and have less care by removal northward.

I have, as a general plan, conversed particularly and pointedly about religion, with every negro whom I could get alone, in walks, rides, &c. I have been tenderly affected in so doing. Many seem to me to be genuine saints. Many show that they have been seekers for years on years, but have never been directed, privately, by any competent person. In every case they are as perfectly accessible as my Henry. Even where they are wicked, they listen, and their conscience is prompt. The ——— Antinomianism is the rock on which thousands are wrecked. The scene we saw in Locust street [a religious excitement] is



acted at every meeting. Yet even among these, I am sure, Christ hath his sheep. A hundred lay missionaries might now go into this field and convert thousands. They ought to be Southern men, and the South ought to furnish them forthwith. I am so filled with this, that I try to introduce the theme in every circle. Mrs. Le Grand lodges and boards a good Episcopalian (a Connecticut man, but twenty years in Va.) awaiting orders, for this business among her slaves. He has this moment returned, on foot and through a smart rain, from the overseer's house two miles off, where he instructed a group of fifteen last night. Now it is my deliberate belief, that more of these slaves are likely to go to heaven, than of an equal number of servants of pious people in our Middle States; and such being the hopefulness of the work, how earnestly ought Christians to engage in it! Thousands might be got to attend public preaching, as hundreds now do. The law (thanks to the meddling of anti-slavery societies) forbids schools, and public teaching to read; it was not so when I lived here: but I hold it to be our business to *save their souls*; and however criminal slavery may be, I see with my eyes that God has so overruled it, as that the slaves are more open to Gospel truth than any human beings on the globe. They are, I know, under temptations to hypocrisy: but grant they are pretending more than they feel, one has nevertheless the chance to lodge truth in their minds. The instances of this are affecting. In one short walk yesterday, I had talks with two men. One was loading his wagon with billets of wood, in a clearing of the forest. As he hung over the side of the wagon, his face beamed with the expression of sincere and intense emotion. He declared he had "long, long, yes for many years, desired to have true religion. Yes," said he, "master, true religion—that sort of religion which will do when I lie on my death-bed." I read over and over to him Matt. v. 6, commenting, &c. This occurs daily, and this is easy work, and work which anybody may perform. This is, moreover, the best preparative for freedom. I find your journal highly prized here; occasionally have something which may do to read aloud to slaves. The Episcopalians (who have never caught the itch of abolition) are doing something in this line. I preached twice last Sunday, and twice the Sunday before, and have attended two prayer meetings. There is an extraordinary supineness here as to the doing of good. The most that I see going on is in the Sunday School. The Episcopal clergy hereabouts are all evangelical and hard-working men. John Clark, who preaches nearest here, cannot, I suppose, make the circuit of his preaching-places without riding sixty miles.

PRINCETON, *November 26, 1838.*

Well—here we are, but in a mighty cold house. We have not yet broken in our stoves, &c., to any sort of availableness. My little affairs went on well during my absence, and my little garden crops exceeded expectation. College is very full, and becoming fuller. Look about you, and tell me whether you see a good English edition of all Cowper's works: also has Sparks issued Franklin's? Since you spoke to me about Wilberforce, I have been told that —— has talked about doing an abridgment. This will prevent my moving in it.<sup>1</sup>

I wait to see the fate of my Quills, before I attempt a similar series for City Clerks, &c. Any and every hint you can memorandum about this topic, will be of great value to me. You are in the midst of such youth—know their haunts, tastes, temptations, &c. I have a book opened for materials, and will enter every thing as it comes to hand. Any scraps from your scissors will be in place. Henry James has re-gone to England. He and H. Walsh, and Platt, all once together in the Seminary, have become Sandemanians, and joined the Scotch Baptists, in New York, a little sect, headed by Buchanan, H. B. M. Consul. They have no preaching, but assemble on Sundays, when the "elders" and others expound and pray. James has issued a tract which I will try to keep for you, intituled "The Gospel Good News to Sinners," and Walsh another, "The True Grace of God." These are in many points quite good, and their chief mistake is that they have found out something. All they say about the *object* of faith is just what Russell says, and just what I say myself.<sup>2</sup> But they add other things.

I spent an hour this morning with good old Mr. [Samuel] Bayard. He showed me letters from W. Pitt, Lord Erskine, Lord Lansdowne, and Sir John Sinclair: the latter being a stringent request for the recipe for cornbread and buckwheat cakes. Also several letters from Wilberforce. From one of these, lying before me, (Beckenham Kent, 11 Jan. 1826,) I copy what follows: keep the extract for use some day: "I wish you had added some particulars both of your own personal and family circumstances, and of any of the religious and benevolent institutions, or any other particulars in your Country, in the concerns of which I take a warm interest. The growing connexion between our two Countries that is formed by your common pro-

<sup>1</sup> An abridgment of Wilberforce's biography was made by Caspar Morris, M. D., of Philadelphia, and published in 1839.

<sup>2</sup> Russell's "Letters," see a previous page. In a subsequent letter he writes: "What Russell says on faith is just what my labouring soul long ago rested on as the ark on Ararat."

secution of beneficent undertakings, is a subject of solid enjoyment to my mind; and I cannot but persuade myself that the mutual Esteem and Regard which will arise out of this connexion, will tend to destroy the effect of those malignant endeavours, which in both Countries, I fear, are still made, to alienate from each other the affections of their respective members. Surely it would be littleness of mind as well as a want of true principle that could render the inhabitants of Great Britain and the United States disposed to feel otherwise towards each other, than as brethren, descended from one common stock, bound together by a common language, and by Institutions of at least a congenial spirit. I will even indulge the hope, that in this instance, the hostilities that have been carried on, by confirming in each a respect for the other, may produce the effect which is sometimes seen to result from temporary differences in private life, of providing for the solid maintenance of future friendship. Let it be the endeavour of all good men to confirm and augment these kind dispositions. Such, I am sure, is the spirit with which I am actuated, and I doubt not it is felt by the correspondent whom I am now addressing."

PRINCETON, November 30, 1838.

An old Baptist preacher used to visit Mrs. ———, during her last husband's life, and pray for "the head and headess" of the family. The preface to Bush's Genesis, which I have read in proof, contains some very remarkable facts concerning the text of the English Version. Altogether, it is a comprehensive and valuable performance. I have before me a beautiful English MS. on vellum: a religious treatise, chiefly on the Creed. I have not read it fully, so as to make up my mind, but it cannot be later than A.D. 1400. It has *sodeyn—clepid—goostli* (spiritual)—*ben* (are)—*clerkis—honde—scullen* (should)—*thilke* (those)—*pepil—covelise*, &c. I am deep in grubbing among German metaphysics, to write an article for the Repository, against the attempts to introduce their poison among us.<sup>1</sup> ——— is doing his little all to bring in Cousin, which will bring in Schelling, which will bring in Atheism, which will bring in the devil. It is affecting to see that 10—20 Turks have, without a preacher, been awakened by Goodell's version of the

<sup>1</sup> This became the paper (65 pages) on *Transcendentalism* in the number for January, 1839. One part of the argument (reviewing Cousin) was prepared by the late Professor A. B. Dod. The entire paper, with parts of the article on "The Latest form of Infidelity," by another hand, in the Repository of 1840, was, upon request, permitted to be reprinted in a pamphlet at Boston.

“Dairyman’s Daughter.” The more I read of human philosophy, the more I prize the childlike spirit; the more I love the book of books. Like Goliath’s sword, “there is none like it.” Why are we not more devoted to the study of it? Can we do a better work than to get people to read it?

PRINCETON, *December 25, 1838.*

I wish you a merry Christmas, though merry or unmerry it is now nearly over. Melvill’s Sermons have been a great treat to me; read some of them by all means. [Dr.] Skinner’s book<sup>1</sup> is very fine. I am astonished at the crystalline purity of his diction; he lacks nothing but tenderness. Another volume of [Paul] Henry’s Life of Calvin [in German]: he has raked together 1,200 autograph letters of Calvin.<sup>2</sup>

[After some comments on the sin of what he calls the “Demas-ism” of ministers.] This matter in a kind and affectionate way ought to be agitated among all who think aright upon it until some nucleus of amended opinion be formed. Get Dr. [David] Magie’s late tract on Support of Ministry.<sup>3</sup> How honourable to his Presbytery that not one of their twenty-two ministers does any thing but preach; no schools; no farms. O si sic omnes! Really, I know no topic more momentous. Just imagine our thousand preachers all devoted, all labouring, even as *some* of them do! My conscience is much exercised about this matter, as a personal case. [— an ex-missionary] has been

<sup>1</sup> The “Religion of the Bible,” and “Aids to Preaching and Hearing,” by Dr. Skinner, both appeared in 1839, and were reviewed in the *Repertory*, January, 1841.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Alexander wrote the full abstract of the successive volumes, which appeared in the *Repertory* for January, 1837, and July, 1839. Another writer furnished the conclusion in April, 1848.

<sup>3</sup> “An Address of the Presbytery of Elizabethtown to the Churches under its care,” on the “claims of the Gospel Ministry to an adequate support.” This tract was the text of a standard treatise on the whole subject in the *Repertory* of April, 1839, which bears the marks of Mr. Alexander’s style of opinions, although, as in numerous other instances, I cannot positively identify it. In that article the sentiments of the letter as to the secular employments of some ministers are duly qualified: ex. gr. “It cannot be denied that throughout our land an alarming portion of the clergy are withdrawn from their appropriate duties by the necessity of providing for their own support. Who are to blame for this? Those who create this necessity, or those who submit to it? The remedy of this evil, perhaps the greatest which now afflicts our Church, can only be provided by the people. If they force their pastors to choose between working or starving, they must expect them to work, to engage in the business of the world, and more or less, alas! to imbibe its spirit; for the ministers, at least,

“The world’s infectious; few bring back at eve,  
Immaculate, the manners of the morn.”

vilely used by ——, who took a spite at the missionaries, as most visitors do, who consort with Sanballat, Tobiah, and the other foreign residents. Quere. If the late change of opinion among 7,000 savages, in those isles, [Sandwich,] were any but a religious change, would not the world ring with it?

Among many commentators whom I have to consult, I find none like Calvin—he oftenest beards the real difficulty, and oftenest knocks it down, and drags it out. Look at Nordheimer's Grammatical Analysis, for a specimen of unmatchable American printing. Respects and affections.

PRINCETON, *January 23, 1839.*

If you have not read "Lane's Modern Egypt," in the series of "Entertaining Knowledge," you have a great treat before you. No book, not even Burekhardt's, has given me so minute an acquaintance with Islam, &c. I mean to concoct some of the biblical memoranda for your S. S. Journal.<sup>1</sup> When you seem to attribute some of the evil reports concerning ministers to their worldliness, or rather hint that by living holier lives they will have more chance of escape, I must dissent; however pure men may be, Satan will cause his children to "say all manner of evil against" them.

I am unfeignedly friendly to the American Board, [Foreign Missions,] but I never felt that in giving one mite, I bound myself to give a second; and now that we have a board of our own, I do not expect to give another penny to the former while I live. I have no feeling of duty towards this excellent body; while to our own church-boards I feel bound, as likely to draw out the contributions of thousands who would not otherwise contribute. The new measures you propose, for filling the —— Church, are certainly innocent and I believe politic. Why might not the *elders* of a church sign a card of invitation to the canaille, to come in? Methinks no work of ~~the~~ the age is more important than the getting the mob of our cities in contact with Gospel-truth.

I write at a hand-gallop. I have preached five times in eight days, lectured four times, examined a class, made a Tract speech, and heard seven recitations. I am therefore pushed hard.<sup>2</sup>

PRINCETON, *March 21, 1839.*

I have felt anxious for a week or more about your family, and not the less so, since your note by my father. I sincerely

<sup>1</sup> This was done in a series of articles entitled "The Bible Illustrated from Egypt."

<sup>2</sup> It may be mentioned here that during the term of his Professorship, Mr. Alexander preached, on an average, sixty times each year.

hope you may be carried through this trial without a bereavement; but if not—I have nothing I can say but to recommend to you absolute and filial submission: I hope you know its necessity and its virtue; and I doubt not a moment the trial is meant to go a certain length towards slaying the body of sin in you and ———. In the ordinary course of gracious discipline nothing seems to kill sin in us so surely as these stripes. May they be few and light!

PRINCETON, *April 9, 1839.*

I have not for some days written to you, being doubtful in what strain I should address you, as I could hear nothing about your child, and it is only this hour that I have learned that it has pleased God to take her away from you. Let me assure you, that my wife and I sorrow with you, as knowing in some measure the heart of bereaved parents. In such times one can only say “It is the Lord.” Here is our stay in every affliction. “The Lord reigneth.” “It is well.” It has fallen to your lot to have a number of family afflictions, and no doubt they have been, whether you know it or not, among your greatest blessings. No one can rejoice in such strokes, in themselves considered; but when viewing them in connexion with great grace vouchsafed along with them, we may “glory in tribulation also.” The stroke must be heaviest, as it is most unwonted, to the afflicted mother. Here, if anywhere, “the heart knoweth its own bitterness;” and I would not intermeddle; but even here grace does often so soothe the agonized heart, as to bring joy out of the midst of grief. Our dear children are not lost, but sent before. They await our coming, and perhaps rejoice, not merely as redeemed creatures, but as *ours*; as bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh. Probably they know more of us, than we of them. Certainly they know more of Christ. You are familiar with the expressions of Jeremy Taylor and Leighton, concerning the loss of children: they are both touching, but Taylor’s the most so; for he had many children, and all his sons died before him, while Leighton was a bachelor. “No man can tell” (says Taylor) “but he that loves his children, how many delicious accents make a man’s heart dance in the pretty conversation of those dear pledges—their childishness, their stammering, their little angers, their innocence, their imperfections, their necessities, are so many little emanations of joy and comfort, to him that delights in their person and society.” I trust that Mrs. Hall and yourself will be enabled to receive just that measure and kind of benefit which it seems to be the Master’s will to communicate.

PRINCETON, *April 25, 1839.*

Of course there has been very great concern about the church case.<sup>1</sup> In a spiritual point of view I cannot see that the Old School have lost much. At the same time it is undeniably a grievous chastisement; and the difficulty of knowing what to do is extreme. Some, I hear, are strongly in favour of going back, rescinding the excising acts, &c., and taking the chance of ruling in the joint body. I cannot see this to be proper, as it would establish a portentous precedent touching religious liberty and ecclesiastical independence. It would concede to the civil power the authority to determine, not only what relates to our corporate privileges, in which I grant them absolute sway, but what is purely ecclesiastical; viz., to say that A B and C (whom we, by regular church acts, have put out of the church) are a part of the church. This point I cannot yield. We do not seriously believe that the New School men have been anxious to get the property; especially we believe they would, if they could, leave Princeton property, &c., in its former hands. There would be an odium attached to any sudden change. Princeton funds cannot be employed anywhere but here—and here the New School do not want a Seminary. It can cost them little therefore to be generous; but how to effect this is the question. They cannot make us a title; nor can we comfortably sit down in their possessions, as incumbents by mere sufferance. Some have supposed that the New School might consent to an amicable separation, even now, and unite with us in applying to the Legislature to have the succession continued in two branches.

PRINCETON, *May 1, 1839.*

I went to our Presbytery last week at Lambertville. J. A. A. was ordained. I came home *viâ* Trenton. There I attended for several days the Methodist Annual Conference for this State: about 120 ministers. A highly respectable body. Bishops Waugh and Hedding presided by turns. I was much pleased with almost every thing they did, and with their business ways; great promptness and affection; nothing carping or disputatious. Nothing surprised or amused me more than the rigid scrutiny to which each minister's character is subjected annually. The whole list is gone through regularly, each name called, and testimony taken as to the faithfulness, competency, and even health of every man. They had a great gun from Illinois, called Cav-

<sup>1</sup> The verdict of the jury in Pennsylvania, in favour of the New School section of the Church, afterwards reversed, on the points of law, by the Supreme Court.

anagh. [Rev. J. P.] Durbin and [N.] Bangs are there. They sit more than a week. Mr. Yeomans lays the corner stone of his new church to-morrow; 100 feet by 62. I was introduced to [J. J.] Gurney the other day, and was charmed with his *personel*. Dr. [John] Breckinridge arrived here yesterday, being, to a day, the time fixed months ago. He says he has never failed to meet his most distant appointments, except when he has been thrown out by the rest of the Sabbath. He averaged 50 miles a day for nine months. My father is writing a history of African Colonization. I never saw the country look more beautiful than it does after the late showers. By reference to my book I find the season two weeks, at least, earlier than the last. The *Clericus multicaulis*<sup>1</sup> increases in this State. H. P. Goodrich is to be President of Marion College, vice W. S. Potts, restored to St. Louis.

May 14.—A chasm of nearly two weeks. I have in the meanwhile been overrun with our spring visitors, examinations, gardening operations, and incommoded by a very painful affection of the throat, which still continues: it is a muscular or spasmodic something about the door of the stomach, very choking and uncomfortable. College opens on the 16th. I think we shall number 250. An old Church of England missionary from Ceylon is here.

Mr. Perkins says nothing to me about a 3d ed. of *Quill*. I have feared that his expectations were disappointed about the 2d. If so, he may be somewhat brightened by the following extract of a letter to me from Prof. Bush of New York: "I met to-day one of our most intelligent, most wealthy, and most useful citizens (a mechanic) with a bundle of books under his arm, (here I omit sundry bits of blarney,) and which were a part of near a hundred copies that he had purchased for gratuitous distribution among the different classes of operatives in the city"—"had no doubt that thousands of them might be sold every year in this city among the class for whom they are designed." Pye Smith seems to outstrip even his great co-eval—— in the race towards neology. They say [Rev. E. N.] Kirk has quite repristinated the old Spa Fields (Lady Huntingdon's) Chapel in London; I see one of his sermons in the "Pulpit." The people from America who go over to help the French Protestants are guilty of one unpardonable error, in my judgment. Instead of aiming to quicken and raise the old Protestant Church, which still exists, and has government patronage, they attempt little independent, or secession bodies, which not unnaturally excite

<sup>1</sup> Speculations in the mulberry-tree for raising silkworms.



the suspicion as well of the government as of the other Protestants. The creed of the Reformed Church of France is as sound as ever, and as a proof of what we might hope, by going to work patiently and judiciously, the government have placed at Montauban Seminary two orthodox professors, viz., de Félice and Adolphe Monod. Several thousand U. S. troops are to be in camp at Trenton, during the summer.<sup>1</sup>

PRINCETON, *June 10, 1839.*

A more lovely season I have not known. Our fields, groves, and gardens are one tissue of green; and for a day or two past the air has been fraught with the richest odours. Some of our little copses near the brook are paradisiacal in their look, smell, and coolness. In my garden I have found great benefit to my health, and many fascinations. With the little interval for prayers and breakfast I usually work in it from 5½ to 8½ o'clock. From a space as big as your front parlour, we have picked 42 quarts of strawberries, chiefly hautboys, and the season is not half done. Of these 15 quarts in one day. For some reason they are exceeding sour. I wish you were here to partake of them, for we have to disperse the greater part among our neighbours. Other garden truck, with me, is rather backward. I little expected that *you* would ever have occasion to conflict with ———. He is so rabid a man, that, except where one's conscience should make pertinacity a duty, I should use all lawful means to avoid encountering him. His strategy is that of Indian warfare. I have looked over ———'s book; prettily got up, and neat in style, but very much what a "smart young lady" would have produced on the same topic. It has some places absolutely puling. There are three things totally wanting: 1st. Exposition of Scripture. 2d. Theological discussion of any thing about his subject which lies under the mere surface. 3d. Evangelical unction or spirituality. And I fear some parts are (what Gilbert Stuart said of Sir J. Reynolds's Lectures on Painting) "a beautiful apology for bad practice." Gurney has been here. I heard him twice, and twice companied with him. I think him a good and even a great man. Very affable, instructive, and orthodox. One of his sermons was a poetico-mystical

<sup>1</sup> Soon after the date of this letter, its writer's first-born child died, after years of suffering with congenital hydrocephalus. "To *you*" (wrote his father) "I may say, with hope of being credited, it is a loss to part with even so distressed a child. His little bird-like voice was the first morning sound we used to hear. The Lord has done well and mercifully to us, and especially to him." To the Sunday School Journal of this year he gave two numbers on "Scriptural Account of Suffering Parents."

rhapsody of the most exquisite kind; it was really quite Platonic. I sigh to be a pastor, instead of a professor: *Qui fit Mæcenas*, etc.

PRINCETON, June 28, 1839.

I do not think a more favourable opening for Christian effort is anywhere offered at this time than at the encampment near Trenton: and my sole object is to get you to exert yourself a little in Philadelphia on this behalf. I am told there are some pious men among the officers, but who they are I know not. There are about a thousand souls there perpetually in camp; the number will be doubled in a few days. Many of these, I suppose, have not had the gospel for years; and, after the dissolution of the Camp of Instruction, many of them will go away to die in the remotest parts of our frontier. In walking through the camp on Tuesday, I was shocked with the unaccountable prevalence of cursing and swearing. If the Swearer's Prayer, and similar papers, could be distributed among them, the happiest effects might ensue. There is a good deal of time for reading; and some plan for a weekly distribution of Tracts would be truly promising. A large portion of these ought to be in German, as there are several Germans in every company. In this, and every other method, the approach ought to be made very carefully through the officers, who seem to be gentlemen of the highest breeding. No man can fail to be struck with the bearing of such officers as General Eustis, Col. Fanning, (who lost an arm at Chippewa,) Major Ringgold, &c., &c.

The Quartermaster General has erected a pulpit, and the way is open for public services on Sunday; but as there is no regular official provision for this, there is danger that persons will occupy it who are not the most likely to do good: I do not here refer to sect, or theological opinion, but to pulpit talent. I do not think an impressive extempore speaker could find a better audience.

To prevent sectarian alarm, I wish you could enlist in this one or two evangelical Episcopalians; and get a few dollars' worth of German tracts put into the hands of some person who would see that they are distributed. Especially, if you could in any way gain access to some of the officers, much might with the blessing of God be accomplished. We fear to be too prominent in this matter in Princeton, but various means have been taken to let the officers know that we would furnish any amount of preaching. Mr. Starr, the Episcopal minister of Trenton, would be an excellent *point d'appui* for any endeavours. Cannot you find some layman of zeal and address and knowledge of men, who could spend a day a week in Trenton for such a cause?

I attended the funeral of a dragoon in the camp. Music, procession, flags, horse led as mourner, but not one word of service, nor any intimation that the thing they were burying had a soul; all the nonchalance of a drill. Such a book as "Narrative of a Soldier," edited by Dr. Wardlaw, and once reprinted in this country, would be likely to make impression. I have seldom felt more moved in behalf of any set of men; and as I cannot do much, if any thing, in proper person, I trust I shall not fail to get your strenuous aid. Take a friend and run up for a few hours to the camp. The selection is admirable; the beau-ideal of a summer encampment: a most extensive plain, skirted by a young forest, in which the tents are arranged with much taste. The cleanliness, regularity, and silence are exemplary. It is favourable for religious effort, that intemperance is rigidly excluded. I believe there is not a drop of intoxicating liquor. It occurs to me that a serious Methodist might accomplish great things there. When I look at these men, and remember how much was done among soldiers by Wesley, Whitefield, and others, I am convinced that he who should be blessed so far as to institute successful measures for labouring among them, would save souls, hide multitudes of sins, and furnish delightful recollections for life.

PRINCETON, *July 3, 1839.*

It is impossible for either —— or myself to undertake what you propose, in the present state of our engagements. Indeed, I consider the week-day work in camp almost as important as the preaching. I regret that we have no one to nominate. The person ought to be one of the "workers," who could go in and out of tent or hospital as —— would do; not however that I recommend him. This facility of talk with rank and file, I should reckon a main matter. Some active, zealous, affectionate Episcopalian, of whatever kind otherwise, would encounter least prejudice, yet great talent or eloquence would not be thrown away. The work is so important that even a settled clergyman might lay his account with taking this for a summer retreat; and a lovelier one it would be hard to find. I should feel an emotion of more than common joy, if I could hear that Dr. Tyng, Mr. Suddards, and a few such men, had made an arrangement to give sermons.

Just look at it: for the first time in our day—perhaps for the last—the United States Army is present (at least representatively) at one place, quite accessible, in a favourable season, hard by hundreds of ministers, and thousands of Christians. The conversion of two or three officers might give a direction to

the future history of our military men. I was pleased to see a Bible openly laid out in the tent of a captain.

It is a question with me whether the safest way is to move the Secretary at War to make a regular appointment. Such a motion might frustrate our plan. We know not what influences may be working in high places. The incumbent might be a Pharisee, a Catholic, a Socinian, or a *petit-maitre* in black, like ——, who lately sent us a dancing-master with a letter of introduction. Besides, there might be some show of resistance from the staff. But if the officers could once hear such a man as Dr. Tyng, Mr. Boardman, Mr. Suddards, or Dr. Breckinridge, they would be anxious for more. But in whatever way the thing is accomplished, it ought to be done speedily. I am told there are more than fifty on the sick list, and there will be both sickness and death before the end of August. Even while the other matter is in suspense, there should be a real working, stirring layman sent up with Bibles and Tracts, both German and English. A few German hymn books might be well. If I seem to press unduly in this matter, let me plead that the king's business requireth haste; and my conviction that if you or I could get this ball fairly rolling, it would be worth more than any six months' preaching we are likely to do. May the weak effort have Divine guidance and success!

PRINCETON, *August 15, 1839.*

I should like to advise with you a little about the sequel to the *American Mechanic*, which I have been preparing, ["the Working Man."] The plan is just the same, but I have pitched the tone of it two or three degrees higher, as to style, allusion, &c. Still I wish it to be a book for the working classes.<sup>1</sup> I feel encouraged to bestow such little labours as I may be able to put forth, more and more on the working classes, the rather because they are the great object of the infidels, socialists, agrarians. Owenites, Wrightites, and diabolians generally.

If you want to read a splendid piece of dialectical wit, take hold of the review of Gladstone in the last *Edinburgh Review*; it cuts up apostolical succession irretrievably. Wonderful news from Bengal. I can't find the places on my maps. It is worth notice, that the only very great success of the word, just now, is in that very field which sundry decry; viz., Foreign Missions. Grant that seven-tenths of the baptized, there and in the Sandwich isles, are deceivers or deceived, the case is still as good as

<sup>1</sup> Three editions of the *American Mechanic*, in book-form, had appeared. "The Working Man" was not, like its predecessor, first published in a newspaper.

that of most of the *nations* which were converted to Christianity under the later empire: yet these nations are now nominally Christian. It is an infinite blessing to abolish idolatry. I still have it in purpose to write "The Apprentice" for the Union, and have the plan already laid out.

PRINCETON, *October 3, 1839.*

Our meeting of Presbytery at Cranbury was the fullest one in 17 years—27 bishops and 17 elders; a truly pleasant and edifying meeting. I hope we all received benefit. All our churches, except six, have either built fine new edifices, or wholly re-modelled the old ones; and one of the six is about to do the same. In some of our congregations the use of intoxicating drink is almost at an end. One pastor said that almost all his youth had committed the Gospel of John. I found at Presbytery that among our pastors the current is setting very strong against the use of Question Books. Nicholas Biddle was at our Commencement, and showed much interest. Our Museum room with post-chambers, &c., is one of the handsomest college rooms I have ever seen. The alligator, now in it, has not eaten any thing for six months, and is nevertheless quite lively, though by no means amiable. I have been "sounded" about the presidency of the Newark (Del.) College. "Ancient Manuscript," signed A. in New York Observer is from your humble servant. Dr. Green said in his address to the Seminary Students, "As to mustaches and all whiskers, let us leave them to the goats and the dandies;" and then he called on ——, who was "bearded like a pard," to make the concluding prayer. On Saturday, I saw the closing service of the U. S. troops at Camp Washington, [Trenton,] by Gens. Scott and Poinsett. As a "sight" it surpassed any thing I have seen. The evolutions and firing of the light artillery were wonderful; cannons flying about at a gallop. The large body of dragoons were so black and stalwart, with their long-bayoneted carbines, that when in solid column they might be taken for knights of the middle ages. I have come to the conclusion that Baxter's style, which is not at all obsolete now, is the best extant, in respect to clearness, Saxon purity, vivacity, directness, strength, and pungency; it is not always elegant, or concise, or tender, or melodious. His "Dying Thoughts" is a great book: I mean, as he wrote it, vide vol. 18 of his works. Dr. John Breckinridge is in Kentucky. It occurs to me to say of him, that I never saw him idle or lounging a moment, nor ever diverted to minor matters or levity; I never saw in him the slightest tendency to worldliness; I never saw him in any company, even of the most fashionable political

grandee, where he did not take a high religious stand, and avow high Christian opinions, with an air of conscious superiority; and I never detected him in any sort of self-pleasing or shrinking from sacrifices or hard duty. I know no minister whose private intercourse is so purely and zealously religious. I think this way of reading verse about at [family] prayers is a shocking abuse. To my ear also it destroys the *sense*. I have no notion of turning family worship into a Madam's school.

November 27, 1839.

You see a man may come to the degradation of writing on ruled paper, for lack of better. I have such a dislike to doing things "on compulsion," that I have half a mind to write betwixt the lines; but I content myself with merely entering my protest, and reserving all the rights of irregularity. A dozen at least of our small mechanics have burnt their fingers with the mulberry-speculation; some to the tune of thousands: another proof of the folly of making haste to be rich out of one's proper calling. Trees bought at 20 to 30 cents are selling (if sold at all) at 2 mills apiece. This day I have seen a handbill advertisement of a great vendue of stock, &c., on the farm of a licentiate of our Presbytery; a thousand-dollar bull, *Sambo*, pedigree vaunted, references to the "Herd Book," &c., also 60 odd calves. A few weeks ago I saw in the common papers attestations to the worth of an English bull, by an eminent bishop of —— Presbytery. Perpend the following remarkable passage of the Apocrypha, viz., Ecclesiasticus xxxviii. 25: "How can he get wisdom that holdeth the plough, and that glorieth in the goad, that driveth oxen, and is occupied in their labours, and whose talk is of bullocks?" Read the whole. By-the-bye, the said Ecclesiasticus might be often quoted, as we quote other uninspired productions. Read some sublime passages in chapter 50. Qu. Might not you surprise some readers of the Journal by quotations from this book, as from an old Jewish work? The accession to the Seminary (near 50) is greater than on any occasion, but two, since its foundation. This is very cheering, considering the division of church, and the nearness of the New York Seminary. You will see I am aboard of the Apprentices again in the Newark Daily. Some of the views expressed are favorite ones with me, and have been produced in some measure by a number of facts of a nature which I cannot make public.

O how I should rejoice to see a paper set up in Philadelphia, on the following principles: [1.] *Size*: A little bigger than the Sunday School Journal. [2.] *Time*: Weekly. [3.] *Looks*: Beautiful type, with as little variety as to type or leads as pos-

sible. [4.] *Church Connexion*: none. [5.] *Doctrine*: Evangelical, but not committed to anything; yet admitting all we believe. [6.] *Disputes*: = 0. [7.] *Worldly News*: = 0, but not bound to exclude items. [8.] *Contents*: 1. News of Christ's kingdom; a resumé and coup d'œil of the field of missions; seldom giving long journals, but sketches of the real good done by all sects; revivals. 2. Experimental and Practical Religion, not excluding Biblical Interpretation and Saving Doctrine; chiefly, however, the former.

Is not this a good notion? Or perhaps you would rather say 16 pp. 8vo, so as to bind. I solemnly believe such a paper would honour Christ more than any publication known to me in the world.

I was called the other day to see a dying man several miles out in the country. It was a wretched hovel of a place, reminding me of some of Crabbe's inimitable descriptions. Neither the sick man nor any of his household could read, and they were as ignorant as heathen. The front door of the house was unhinged, and merely lying up against the posts. We need such a districting of all our neighbourhoods as should infallibly bring every such place under inspection. This work has been tolerably well done around here, but this man has been almost always drunk until he was seized with consumption. I wish in my soul that all the alcohol could be annihilated. Every day exposes to view more and more its horrific, soul-destroying power. I am ready to go "full-chisel" for the 15-gallon law. These coal-stoves will let out the gas (or *gaz*, as you elegantly call it in the city, and nowhere else, I suppose, on earth) in certain states of weather, so that I am almost inclined to revert to wood fires. I had a piece of genuine Irish peat lately presented to me.

PRINCETON, *December 9, 1839.*

We have a Sciot (or Chian) here a-lecturing. He wears a red cap and a capote, and is a smart fellow: name, Castanis. Apropos de Journaux, the worst thing your Board ever did for S. S. J., was to destroy its weekly character, [making it semi-monthly.] The interval at which it now appears is next to the cycle of the moon, and is representable only by the equation  $T = \pi + \sqrt{\left\{ \pi + B \left( \frac{-4}{\sqrt{x-a}} \right) A \right\}}$  Its arrival is always unexpected, a mere windfall. A sheet, by a given mail, however small it be, is looked for. Again—say what we will, the title hurts it, except with Sunday School folk. I never read a number of it, without perceiving its value, yet I don't find myself looking out for it. I therefore believe that just such a sheet, weekly, with-

cut reference to any association or enterprise, would go down nicely. Only the leading character should be NEWS; but news of the Kingdom. The Seminary has 112, and additions every week; among these additions only one is from a New England College. By a prolepsis of a week, I preached the semi-centennial sermon at Freehold.<sup>1</sup> What an ugly thing State policy is, when it leads such a power as England to prop such a power as Turkey. I believe it to be all in vain, and that the book of Prophecy has doomed that empire to a curse. Eli Smith gave me new views of the exhaustion of the empire, and Lamartine lately said Turkey was perishing for want of Turks. Think of a million Russians going over to the Greek Church from the Romish, and Nicholas backing his father-in-law of Prussia about the mixed marriages. In lately reading the epistles to the Thessalonians, without note or comment, I have been driven almost irresistibly into the opinion, which I long rejected, that the Papal Power in some way is the *Man of Sin*; I say "in some way" because I know not yet whether it is the Pope as an individual, or the abstract Pope, or the collective Church. The Jewish letters of those Scotchmen [in the London "Record"] are very interesting; they quote Scripture after a different fashion from our Yankees—always excepting Goodell. Our old friend Mr. [Samuel] Bayard, now in his 73d year, is one of the most pleasing specimens of religious serenity and hope that I have seen. He is tottering over the grave, but his inward man is renewed day by day.<sup>2</sup>

I have heard, and have observed, that almost all the New England ministers have a trick of often sinking, or bending the knees, while preaching, the body being erect. This "squat," whether taught in the course of Sacred Rhetoric or not, arises, I think, from the necessity of bringing the eye near to the MS., at times, and the desire to do this without leaning over; make the experiment yourself, and observe it strikingly set forth in ——— and ———. It is plain from 1 Cor. xiv. 35, that any *man* might ask questions in the church; indeed, that chapter shows their assemblies to have been much less starched than ours. Do you know what *Usher* is derived from? From *Huisier* French, and that from *Ostiarium*. Take a leisurely course

<sup>1</sup> The General Assembly appointed December 8, 1839, for the commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the organization of that body: Mr. Alexander's text was Ezekiel xxxvi. 37, 38.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Bayard was an elder in the Princeton church, and the author of "Letters on the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper," a new edition of which was made the text of an article on the subject, by Mr. Alexander, in the Repository of January, 1840.



through Plutarch, and you will find some unmatched picking for the Journal. I find this odious verse-about way of reading at prayers growing into use among our ministers. At —— I was between a booby with a cold in his head, who shouted like a clam-man, and snuffled like a distempered horse, and a Miss, whose words were scarce audible. I hold it to be essential to the due performance of that duty that the Scriptures should be *well* read, as well as possible, and therefore by one person. In the other case, the brats are all the while counting on ahead to see what verse will come to them, or losing the place and reading the wrong one, while mamma is finding the place for Tom, and Sally and Joe are fighting for the bigger share of the book they are daubing and dog-earing between them. I set a higher value every day on this ordinance, and in a plain familiar way have expounded the New Testament regularly (only in the mornings) as far as 2 Cor. v., always studying the passage as laboriously as I can, and sometimes some hours. And I believe there is no portion of the Scriptures with which I am so well acquainted, and no preparation for preaching that is so useful to me. I have a notion to re-read my five volumes of Luther's Letters, and to translate such short letters and extracts, chronologicè, as would suit the Journal.<sup>1</sup>

PRINCETON, December 21, 1839.

What tragedies we have in our banks—failures, speculation, robbery, suicide! For some years I have had the fact forced on my observation, that a large proportion of felones-de-se are made desperate by pecuniary embarrassment. It is horrible to contemplate the temptations to fraud, held out by banks to those without and within them. *Borrowing*, which should be, and in a healthful state is a dernier resort, is now a substantive part of worldly business. Endorsing, in nine cases out of ten, is a deliberate promise to pay that which one knows he cannot pay: the contingency, in my view, does not alter the morality of the transaction. When we say of our extensive Credit System, that it is necessary to our great operations, we should first show that our operations are not *too great*. A ruinous amount of steam is necessary to speed of 100 miles an hour; but this speed is too great. I do not see that the overtrading of the mass is less culpable than the overtrading of an individual. Is it not plain, that the aggregate of liabilities (that is, of obligation to pay) in our country, nay in the commercial world, is greater than the aggregate ability of the promisors? The moral influence of the

<sup>1</sup> This was done for several successive months in 1839-'40.

Credit System strikes me as one of the most malign influences to which our country is subjected. I have near me a (black) parishioner, not long for this world, a young woman, whose case will, I think, some day, make an interesting article for the S. S. Journal, or for a book, as showing the value of Sunday School texts and especially hymns, on a dying bed.<sup>1</sup> We, who pretend to be refined folks, greatly undervalue hymns and psalms. Now I have often observed, that, from the natural fondness of the common mind, and the infant mind, for metre and rhyme, the great body of theology and experience in the lower classes is preserved in the shape of hymns. They read the psalm-book, they repeat and sing the verses, &c. Hence we should not neglect sacred song, I mean the plain sort, with our children and scholars.

My present feeling is that I will write no more irreligious books. Life is short. The great work is to save souls. All our economical, political, and literary reformations are mere adjusting of the outer twig; religion changes the sap of root and trunk. This I never felt more than now. I see that when a people become godly, all the rest follows. In the same connexion I see the value of preaching. Let me earnestly exhort you, on the strength of my own sad experience, not to allow yourself to trust to a flow of extempore thought and expression in the pulpit, but to labour *every* sermon, however obscure or ignorant the auditory may be. Drs. Skinner and Spring have proved what can be done by devoting all one's soul to the simple work of sermon making. I wish I had done something of the kind. ——— has made a few days' visit here. He says the Taylorites have had a number of successive meetings of Associations to censure the East Windsor and Pastoral Union folks, but they "blessed them altogether." Num. xxiii. 2. I am reading the Oxford Tracts, and am struck—1, with the exquisite simplicity of the English style; 2, the strange absence of logical power; 3, the dangerous fascination of the monkish piety. The two most fashionable American tailors in Paris, partners, are named *Cutter & Tryon*. We have in College *Cattell & Colt*, (contiguous on the roll,) *Burnet & Cook-us*, (ditto,) *Cake & Pitcher*, (room-mates,) *Nabb & Tabb*, (room-mates,) *Nixon & Dixon*, *Sturgeon* and three *Whaleys*. Could not your Pennsylvania Secretary Mr. *Skunk* send us a son? For the pronunciation of my name, take the following couplets from Crabbe, a sound authority in my view:

<sup>1</sup> His "Notices of a Coloured Sunday Scholar lately deceased," appeared in the Journal July 1, 1840.

“The plan was specious, for the mind of *James*,  
Accorded duly with his uncle’s *schemes*.”

“For now no crazed fanatic’s frantic *dreams*,  
Seemed vile as *James*’s conduct, or as *James*.”

PRINCETON, *January* 18, 1840.

If you want an exquisite morsel for a column of the *Journal*, see a piece of Jean Paul (Richter)’s, admirably translated in “*Christian Observer*” for 1835, April. It is a gem. And while you have the volume in hand, cull a child’s hymn from p. 502. I do not know a book from which there is more to be sifted for a periodical than the back volumes of the “*Christian Observer*.” I think Dr. Bache’s Report on Education in Europe, a noble work. Spend an hour in digesting some of his statements about religion, viz. : In what countries does it form a part of education? is it regarded as a substantive, integral part of the course? how taught? how much time? with what relation to the Bible? &c. Being a teacher, and a diletante-one, I was really kept awake by the book one night. It will do immense good, I believe, collaterally. I am hard at work upon another story-book for the Union, if it do not grow too big. It is not *about* children, or in the Childese language, for I am getting skeptical about that. I find my babes more interested about GOLIATH, than about the tiniest infant in monosyllables. I’ll not tell you the title, for fear you steal it, as some swindler has done Mr. P——’s. Tell the said P. that I’m not the first man who hung back from the penitentiary; and that I agree that he’s twice as much at home there as I could be. So I must wait a while to qualify myself [to discuss the solitary system.] On the 17th, at 7 P. M., the mercury here was —8°. Dr. Demmé [of the German Lutheran Church, Philadelphia] has kindly sent me a copy of his Sermon before the Synod. It is really an excellent and even eloquent production, so as to surprise me very much. We have really few men among us who can preach as effective a discourse in English. It is faithful and warm, and has some original turns of Scripture quotation. I can’t say how well the production may look in a version, especially by the author himself, as his German style is very racy and idiomatic. The following statement came to me, as from ———: The German atheism (pantheism or Emersonism or Carlyle-ism) makes fearful progress in Boston, so that there are not a few who are willing to say (I pray that I may not sin in writing it) that Deus est “a great ———;” This is a deceiver and anti-Christ. Such is the career and tendency of Unitarianism. Read 1 John ii. 23. Query: why may not *Job* be one of the books which Noah had in his little library in the ark?

There is no notice of any thing postdiluvian? The expressions in i. 6 sound *ante-diluvian*. Behemoth and Leviathan are with difficulty brought under any of the Linnean mammalia. The length of the speeches, of the mourning, of the feasts, and the increase of Job's family at the close, are very much like the incidents of a sexcentenarian life. Faber or Bush would give \$50 for the patent right to so beautiful a hypothesis. The poor man (in the house where none could read) is no more; I hope well for him. ——— (on dit) is a great admirer of Carlyle! I confess I like not these changes from what ——— and Mines, &c., *once* were, (*i. e.*) revival-men, however rash, to the decorous, lady-like, semi-high-churchism and semi-Oxonianism which converts souls in silk gloves. The fancy-lecturers I don't like at all; this saves no souls. Time is short. I don't, moreover, like this perpetual reproduction of the old controversy. I don't like ———'s doctrine (v. N. Y. Evang.) that enemies are never to be forgiven (till they repent, *i. e.*) while they are such. I don't like "fine" preaching, or preachers; and (lest you should think I like any thing) let me add, I don't like myself, or my past or present ways, especially my having made so much of *preparing* as scarcely to have begun to work; my having laboured so much *indirectly* when I might have done the same *directly*; my having set the soul's salvation too far off. O if we could live one real year of effective gospel service, we might be willing to depart. Preaching Christ is the best, hardest, sweetest work, on this side of beholding him. I trust we shall do both. Blessings on your family, and may they see the "salvation of Israel." Comp. Ps. lix. 35, 36, and liii. 6.

AEOLIC CASTLE, PRINCETON, Feb. 11, 1840.

As to ———, (the man hanged at St. Louis,) I remember him well; but how little can we rely on even dying confessions! how hard to get the truth of a Popish martyrdom in China, when a murderer's execution in Missouri cannot be given correctly. ——— was indeed a Sunday School scholar; but—1, his father was one of the vilest drunkards in our place, and died such; 2, his younger brother (said to be crazed of grief) is crazy *a potu*; 3, his uncle has been, to my knowledge, a wretched sot for twenty years; and 4, his "godly mother" has, I am told, been tipsy (as often before) since her son was hanged. The paper does not state that his repentings were all poured into the auricle of a Romish priest.

Mr. ———'s complaints are sickly. I should be glad to see him very often, but he must come to me, as life is too short for us busy folks to make calls. Out of at least twenty similarly

situated men here, I never visit one without business. And he who will count up the sheets I write in a week, not to mention College and even pastoral cares, will not wonder. I shall nevertheless take means to show him that he will be welcome at all times. I rejoice to meet Christian friends and never grudge the time, but the man who wants to see me must take the trouble to come in. I see there is a bill before the — legislature to discharter — [a Seminary where young men and women were received as scholars.] I wonder the grand inquest has let them alone. Such mingling of boys and girls is giving a bribe to Belial. I could state cases enough of the evil of such propinquity.

FRIDAY, Feb. 14, 1840.

In regard to what I proposed respecting pieces on "Committing Verses to Memory," (pray why don't some of the word-mongers make a simple verb to express this daily-used idea? *memorize* is awful, yet almost necessary,) I am not so fit as you think; because, to say truth, I am not so whole-hearted in my attachment to the present mode of question-teaching, as I might be; and he who takes up the cudgel for you ought to be so. I am ready enough to write something on the getting-by-heart portion of the subject. After next Monday, however, I have a new class, on a new and difficult book, (Juvenal,) and shall have no time except "nights,"—therefore don't look for much from me. I have an interesting book about Iceland, from which I may perhaps get you something for Journal. Bush concluded his lectures here last evening; they have not been as full of matter as they ought to have been. His phraseology comes next to —'s. He prayed about the "unconsuming naphtha which lighted the war-fires on a thousand mountains;" and said on one occasion, "we are now ready to make our inquisitorial entrée into the chambers of the Apocalypse." In all this, however, he displays a power of diction and harmony of phrase which is totally absent in —. I wish I was a Quaker! I mean I wish I could carry off things with the equanimity which they seem to enjoy. Tell Mr. P—— that he certainly errs in thinking I have any special hints touching the objects of his embassy, [a visit to Great Britain.] Every thing which I could say has doubtless occurred to him a hundred times. Of proper *Sunday* school teaching, I have a notion that they have very little to teach us in Britain. But much may be picked up, especially in the "Guid Town," as to the operation of Gall's and of Wood's plans, and the methods of scriptural instruction adopted in the common schools. If the Am. S. S. Union had the means, and saw the thing in its true light, they would lose no time in having

an agent to do what Dr. Bache has done ; I mean in reference to religious instruction. Bache's book has suggested many inquiries to me, especially about the "simultaneous" system. By-the-bye, no book which I have read for ten years has given me so much food for thought, or suggested so many plans, as that same report to the Girard College: it is to Victor Cousin's, what the *elevation* of an edifice is to the *plan*, or what the bill of fare is to the dinner. Tell Mr. P——, that by *topographical* cuts I mean views of places, scenery, plans, maps, &c. ; by *archæological*, every depiction of biblical or Oriental houses, men, animals, modes of life, every thing, in short, which could interest a reader of a book of Antiquities ; cuts, in short, *generically* like those in the Bible Dictionary. I won't tell you what I mean by the *emblematical*. Antiquities can be taught only by pictures. With a good supply of such we might go on with small numbers, which at length would grow into quite a volume. I feel a strong leaning towards a work of the kind myself. Wouldn't it be good for us if we had a fair and full answer to the following queries, from every country in Europe? "What class of books is at this moment most decidedly popular and effective with the common mind—fiction, prose, or poetry? in what form—style? with what embellishment? how brought within their reach?" Of course we ought to feel the world's pulse with all the fingers we can lay on its wrist. (!) There's a figure for ye!

We are all of us in danger of undervaluing the importance of our posts, and our means of usefulness. I make this remark in order to introduce another, viz., that I should "deeply" regret any change of an ordinary kind, which should remove you from the S. S. U. You know very well that the publishing crank is turned by yourself and P——; in a sort, therefore, you have control of the juvenile literature of increasing thousands. You know the delicacy of the post, you know how slight a straw laid over your rails would (hear! hear!) turn the locomotive off the track. (Cheers.) Again, I can conceive of no situation in which you could possibly set so much truth a-running over our wicked nation as this. Lastly, I don't know what I should do with my superabundant material, and superfluity of wisdom, if I did not shower it over the infant mind through the watering-pot of your publications. Next to lastly ; I sincerely hope that by conciliating measures on the part of the Union, it may act a mediatory part between several conflicting parties, and connect together the peaceable men of all. Did you ever get fully possessed with the notion that it was Saturday on a Friday? such is my condition now, and it is like nothing so much as getting one's head turned on board a vessel.

Yesterday I examined Betsey Stockton's<sup>1</sup> school; I wish I knew of a white school where religion was so faithfully inculcated. Perhaps the great revivals in the Sandwich Isles are meant to prepare the way for persecutions: if so, we may expect to see a new stature of Christians. I wish you would in some shape or other call the attention of some Low Churchman to Daillé's celebrated work *de Usu Patrum*. Look at Bayle, art. *Daillé*. I never read such a piece of annihilating argument. I can't imagine an impartial mind to feel the Oxford Tracts as weighing a grain after such a book. The author's original was in French, entitled *du Vrai usage des Pères*. It exists in Latin also. The English version, though excellent, is rather antiquated, having appeared in 1675. As nobody, nowadays, could *write* the book, so nobody can answer it. I am amazed that it has not been mentioned on the Low Church side: but indeed, from the nature of the issue, the patristical erudition (how I hate the Latin part of our language, but what can a man do?) is chiefly on the Oxford side. That is a noble letter of blessed old Bp. White, in the Episcopal Recorder, a man worthier of saintship than half the saints, even of the "first four Councils:" a few like that would drive the nail. As it is, I confidently expect the Oxford Tracts to split the Church, and that by a vast majority on the wrong side. N. B. To preserve the point of a metallic pen (which I can't use to any advantage) a good way is to have a little vessel of very fine *shot* by your inkstand into which to stick the pen after wiping; it prevents both rust and warping. I lately mentioned to you the case of a black girl who seemed to be dying. She is convalescent, but is in a very strange condition, for she *won't get well*; that is literally the state of the case. She insists upon dying—wants to go to heaven—yet is free from disease, eats mince-pie, gains some flesh, &c. She will lie all day in one posture, and will not sit up. She evidently thinks the *desire of death* good *per se*. My visits to her are now offensive I think. Dod is ill in bed with a fever; he has carried your plan of going without an overcoat to the extreme; he always looked as if he was trying not to shiver. The hot room he has, to be sure, been guilty of: so have not I. Lest you should mistake my meaning about the book I have on the anvil for you, observe what follows. The subject is, *The Best Way of Doing Good*. The form, a grave story; just enough to support the dialogue. There is a young Christian of wealth and education introduced, as trying to do good in a certain neighbourhood, and his experience is divided into three stages, in which he attempts

<sup>1</sup> A coloured woman, who had accompanied the Rev. C. S. Stewart's family to the Sandwich Islands mission.

I. *Doing good to men's bodies*,—by giving money, helping poor, feeding beggars, &c., &c. II. *Doing good to men's minds*,—which he undertakes from a belief, derived from the foregoing experiment, that popular ignorance is the grand source of evil. III. *Doing good to men's souls*,—the best way of accomplishing the other two, illustrated by the effects of true piety in a bad neighbourhood.<sup>1</sup>

PRINCETON, Feb. 26, 1840.

The following is verbatim from a letter of Oct. 26, from Peter Harris, the African Prince, who is now at Monrovia, to a negro here. It describes a native dinner. You will admit that the "sir" ring is ultra-American: "They had great dinner that day, sir. Well, sir, they had two washbowl full of rice, and the other bowl full of chicken soup, head and all in the bowl, sir. The way them Missionaries eat that rice and the soup—it was the sin! They set on the ground, sir, with country-mat spread on the ground: they did not set on the chair, sir; they set on the ground. They did not have any knives or forks when they was eating that rice, sir, and they only had three spoon. The way them five men eat that rice with three spoon, I tell you, the first man take his spoonfull of rice in his mouth, then he hand the spoon to next man; so on till it get round."

I send herewith, if possible, ——'s penultimate publication. I hope you will carefully read it. He has been here, and is as strongly fixed in his opinions as if he were inspired. Sandeman is not now his leader, but the late John Walker of Ireland, formerly a church clergyman and fellow of Trinity College, Dublin. I have been reading this Walker, who is a reasoner of singular power. The sect in Ireland is called "Separatists." They hold that Faith is Belief; that the corrupt nature is never less corrupt in this world; that baptism is to be administered only to proselytes; that Christians are to hold no fellowship in any religious exercise with any but themselves; and that they are the only true believers. [After mentioning some instances of false preaching of which he had heard, the letter proceeds.] Such a gospel as this is very unlike the New Testament. Indeed, I am getting to "test" systems a good deal by the way I feel in going right from them to the pure word of God. More and more am I afraid of the *best* human compositions on religion: some are nearer, and some further; but all the streams have an

<sup>1</sup> This work appeared in 1844, under the title of "Good, Better, Best; or, The Three Ways of making a Happy World." Pp. 321. It was re-published in London, in 1856, with an Introduction by the Rev. Dr. Candlish, of Edinburgh.



earthly taste from the soil they run through. In connexion with what you say about the Eucharist, I have some notions about the other sacraments, (as we call them.) Do we not, in our squabbles about the amount of water, &c., lose sight of one great intent of the ordinance? viz., *the public avowal of any person as a leader, or as worthy of being accredited.* In this sense *proselytes* were baptized long before Christ. And I believe the word is often used chiefly in this sense, just as we use *subscription*. Thus Christ was himself baptized: *i. e.* he acknowledged John's mission. So Mark xvi. 16, He that believeth, *and is baptized*, &c. Compare Rom. vi. 3, "baptized," *εις Χριστον Ιησουν*; 1 Cor. i. 13, "were ye baptized," *εις τὸ ὄνομα Παυλοῦ*; 1 Cor. i. 15, 1 Cor. x. 2, "baptized," *εις του Μωυσην*. Not that I doubt the symbolical meaning, but I see great force in such passages when viewed in immediate connexion with the idea of "*yielding oneself a disciple.*" The Oxford notions on these subjects have never made one sore place in my whole surface: most errors do, until I am armed afresh by the study of the questions. The attempt of the Tracts to throw a venerable mystic halo about the pedigree of their Nag's Head Succession is really farcical.

PRINCETON, *March 21, 1840.*

[After declining an appointment to preach the annual sermon for the American Sunday School Union, in May.] It is with much pain that I bring myself to say the aforesaid. But I am sincere in it. I am conscious of no special ability on set occasions; I suffer distresses, which to many would be inconceivable, while such an engagement is pending. The season also is one when I wish not to lade myself with labour. Next week I have to preach the ordination sermon of a foreign missionary [Wm. H. McAuley, at Kingston, March 25.] The week after is our examination. Then the vacation, in which I ought to go to Virginia. I see by the New Orleans papers that [Rev. John] Breckinridge is abused as making many converts, producing excitement, thinning theatres, &c. Good sign. Rose (the black girl) died last night in great peace and holy joy. Though there is not much to quote, I never attended a more satisfactory death-bed, (I take in two or three months.) There are here two young men, not long in their majority, the sole relics of a respectable Quaker family. They are farmers, and educated, and both tottering over the grave with consumption. The best is, they are lovely Christians, full of heavenly hope; now members of Mr. Hare's church, but bred Quakers. A grand book might be made (for the English market) out of a full and fair account of the New Harmony (Owenite) Institute in the West. Say and

McCulloch, and some other men, could tell some good stories of Socialism. It would sell in England and do much to cripple Owen. I am and we are thine and yourn, J. W. A. & Co.

PRINCETON, *March 31, 1840.*

Have you arrived at that stage of ministerial experience at which one receives anonymous letters, telling him to preach this, or preach that? I got one to-day; I suppose from a woman, as every other word was underscored. After the acquittal of Wood, [for murder of daughter on plea of insanity,] I suppose insane murderers will increase in Pennsylvania. Such things, no doubt, go into the account of national sins. I hope there is a change working among the Africans of this vicinity, and they are very numerous, in regard to the Colonization Society. Their prejudices have been mighty, but since Peter Harris writes to them about Africa, they have to admit some things which they once denied. Two of the best educated among them are going to take the African Repository, and one of these is willing to go out and see for himself. My father, who has this more at heart than any thing in the world, is writing a series in the Newark paper. He has had a large history of Colonization ready for the press more than a year. He regards the experiment as tried, and the foundation as firmly laid, and thinks repression (as to emigration) is more necessary than stimulation. I perceive Buxton founds his last hope on the colonizing plan, and you may see by the "Record" that a new paper is set up in London, called "The African Colonizer." Do you know that we have a whole family of pure Malays living here? They were brought here by Van Polanen, a Dutch gentleman, who was governor of Batavia. The children are all grown. Let me say something to you about *Facts*. One authentic fact is a great thing. There is a life and power in fact, which is not in fiction. They are more striking than fiction. In reading a book, you find yourself suddenly arrested by certain statements, just as in hearing the noises of children you are perhaps little moved till the sounds form themselves into a tune. These passages we often find to be *facts*. The best characters in Scott's Novels and Crabbe's Poems, are from real life. In religious things, no genuine record of a soul's history, or of any segment of it, is unimportant. God's way of working is always marked and self-consistent. In a real history, I care not of what, the parts hang together in a definite relation like the limbs in a human body, or the features in a face; the connexion in a fiction is often forced and sometimes impossible. *Corollary*. 1. We ought to keep an eye open perpetually for religious facts. 2. We ought to

record them. 3. We ought to record them with great care, in cases where the enormity of the transaction, or some delicacy of circumstance, absolutely forbids their publication *at present*. These are the very facts which are often most striking and valuable. Lay them by, and a year or two hence, they may be brought out with much force. 4. Ministers ought to keep a record of "cases" in their pastoral practice. That they do not, either mentally or verbally, argues a certain skepticism as to the reality or moment of the exercises. These thoughts have come on me with increased impression within a short time; and as I have lost some fifteen years' use of them, I give them over to you. I think more of [Dr. E. D.] Griffin's sermons than I expected. They have that sort of power which arises from the extirpation of superfluous words, in a very remarkable degree. In most cases I like the doctrine; always bearing in mind that they are avowedly *awakening* sermons. We have two Cherokees in College. One of them I taught eight weeks, without knowing that he had any thing of the red-man about him. As you are not near enough to me to give me your old coats, you may give me old notions instead; as an encouragement, here are some of mine: *The Power of Christian Love* is a great subject. "Love is Power," was Dr. J. H. Rice's motto. "Light and Love" is Justin Edwards's. In managing my children, in rebuking my servants, in quelling refractory boys, in every thing great and small, I find that want of love causes failure. Often, for the moment, every thing seems against this; but events always bring me back to it. I hope I have more disposition to yield and give up even rights, for love's sake; but we are dreadfully infested in the church with a sort of feudal honour, which raises itself by the side of Christian principle. For example: I am insulted. Christianity says *Suffer it*; Chivalry says *Resent it*; at least *shew that you feel it*. How common in fashionable (??!) Christian intercourse, and among ministers in ecclesiastical bodies. After an hour or two in such scenes, how like springs in the Zahara is it to read a chapter or two of the Life of Christ! As I grow older as a parent, my views are changing fast as to the degree of conformity to the world which we should allow in our children. I am horror-struck to count up the profligate children of pious persons and even ministers. The door at which those influences enter, which countervail parental instruction and example, I am persuaded, is *yielding to the ways of good society*. By dress, books, and amusements, an atmosphere is formed which is not that of Christianity. More than ever do I feel that our families must stand in a kind but determined opposition to the fashions of the world, breasting the waves, like the

Eddystone Light House. And I have found nothing yet which requires more courage and independence than to rise even a tittle, but decidedly, above the *par* of the religious world around us. Surely the way in which we commonly go on is not that way of self-denial and sacrifice and cross-bearing which the New Testament talks of: "then is the offence of the Cross ceased." Our slender influence on the circle of our friends is often to be traced to our leaving so little difference between us. I plead guilty to every count. I am at a great loss what to do about the Temperance Question. My sole difficulty is *Pledge or no Pledge*. As to the Wine Question, it has long seemed to me frivolous to stand over the corpses of a thousand drunkards asking whether their brandy had water or wine in it. I am made up in mind and conscience to avoid the means of drunkenness in my family. On this I have acted some months. We have dozens of young men in and about Princeton who are drunk every little while, and always on wine. Our students commonly begin on malt-liquors. But I am not so clear as to the Pledge. I do not see my way plain as to taking the high ground respecting morals, which some do. And I abhor as hell the doctrine that our blessed and omniscient Saviour can be conceived to have made wine *ignorantly*. That the wine he made was intoxicating, I believe as fully as I do that he made it. Our students need an example. I am really at a loss. We need divine direction at every step, and for want of seeking it, and waiting for His counsel, (Ps. cvi. 13,) we so often rush into errors.

PRINCETON, MONDAY AFTER PALM SUNDAY, AND FEAST OF }  
 ST. HERMENGILD MARTYR, 10th OF NISAN, 5600. }

My edition of Luther's Letters contains 2324, and has no Index of names; I may therefore err in some slight degree. I find 14 letters to Jerome Weller, and have looked through them. In no one do I find any thing resembling the advice about concubinage. The other matters are, no doubt, those which occur in the letter of Nov. 6, 1530, in number 1322. Luther is advising Weller about a dreadful hypochondria and despair, which is the subject of several letters. His words are as follows: "Et quoties istis cogitationibus te vexaverit Diabolus, illice quære confabulationem hominum, aut largius bibe, aut jocare, nugare aut aliquid hilarius facito. Est nonnunquam largius bibendum, atque adeo peccatum aliquod faciendum in odium et contentum diaboli, ne quid loci relinquamus illi, ut conscientiam nobis faciat de rebus levissimis, alioqui vincimur, si nimis anxie curaverimus ne quid peccemus. Proinde, si quando dicet Diabolus, noli bibere, tu sic fac illi respondeas: atqui ab eam

causam maxime bibam, quod tu prohibes, atque adeo largius in nomine Jesu Christi bibam. Sic semper contraria facienda sunt eorum, quæ Satan vetat. Quid causæ aliud esse censes, quod ego sic meracius bibam, liberius confabuler, commesser sæpius, quam ut ludam Diabolum ac vexem, qui me vexare et ludere paraverat. Utinam possem aliquid insigne peccati designare modo ad eludendum Diabolum, ut intelligeret, me nullum peccatum agnoscere ac me nullius peccati mihi esse conscium. Omnino totus decalogus amovendus est nobis ex oculis et animo, nobis, inquam quos sic petit ac vescat Diabolus." [Dr. Martin Luther's Briefe, u. s. w., ed. De Wette, Berlin, 1827, vol. iv., p. 188.] I ought to say that I have found nothing approaching to the ignorant rashness of this in any other part of his correspondence.

While we are upon casuistry, I wish to make a stricture on your canon, that "a man ought not to write and publish aught which he would not say *ore tenus*." I think I once before said, and I still think, that the rule is unsound. It should read thus: "which he *might not lawfully say ore tenus*." Our duty, it strikes me, is in no degree dependent on our *willingness* to do this or that. One man may be uncharitable in boldly saying one thing, and another man may be uncharitable in timidly withholding another thing. ——— would say many a thing which neither you nor I would utter. Many a man would say to another's face, what he would not print. I have known the grossest calumnies justified by people's adding, "I say nothing behind his back which I would not say before his face;" it was so, but it only proved that effrontery was added to injustice. The true question should be, I think, "Is it a duty to the public to say so and so? is it true? can it be said charitably?" In point of fact, no doubt most of the hard things said are uncharitable.

I think exactly as you do about [Rev. John] Newton's Letters and Conversation; his other works seem to me of little value in comparison. We have had a very interesting visit from the Rev. Dr. Lang of the "Kirk," from Sydney, New South Wales. Very heavy in the pulpit, but amazingly interesting in private. He has had an Odyssey of voyages for that colony, and its religious interests. I am struck and fired with the greatness of the field. I wish you may talk with him. What an opening for Sunday School Books! Free colonists are pouring in, from the better class of Scotch and Irish Presbyterians. Last year 15,000 went out. Sydney has 30,000 inhabitants, and is a very beautiful city. He thinks New Zealand will certainly be colonized by England, and be a great Austral Britain. See how analogous to Great Britain it is on the globe, antipodal, insu

lar, &c. My mind expands when I look at the mighty conquests of our language. If we could only pour in the gospel with this tide of conquest and colonization! Since, in our day, God so signally blesses colonies for the spread of civilization, ought we not to follow the lead of Providence, and strike in as much as possible with the divine plan? The hope of great effects is more reasonable from such efforts than from insulated assaults on the mass of heathenism. It is the difference between firing a ball against a walled town, and entering a great breach with a victorious army. *Fact 34.* An alligator lived more than six months in our Museum with nothing but cold water; mention to the Temp. Society, before Lent is out. *Fact 35.* We have had several sorts of common snakes, domiciliated for days together, in our yard, and I and my child have handled them freely without being hurt. We dedicated our [Presbyterian] new African meeting-house yesterday. A pleasant "season," and really delightful singing. Eli Smith is here; he strikes me, as on former occasions, as a man of the first class of minds, always direct, clear, and decided in what he utters.

PRINCETON, *May 4, 1840.*

I have been endeavouring to attend to a little direct ministerial duty this vacation, at Cranbury, Freehold, and Trenton, whence I am this day returned. At Cranbury they now have two new church buildings. At Freehold I found a very pleasant state of things. ——— declares to me that he does not know of a man, or woman, or child, (of suitable age,) whom he has not recently talked to in the most direct manner on the state of his or her soul; generally with prayer, and, in some instances, repeatedly. About 40 are hopeful converts, and the place is small. There is also a revival in Mr. Webster's church, Middletown Point, another feeble church, but greatly strengthened by the awakening of the leading men in the town. Also a struggling little congregation at Upper Freehold [Betts's] has had a similar ingathering. And the old [Tennent] Church of Freehold, has added perhaps 40—50. In all these places the work is going on in as healthful a way as I have ever yet seen, though not without some things which make me indulge painful scruples as to the plan of perpetual meetings. Mr. Yeomans has done wonders in Trenton, as to temporalities. I do not suppose \$20,000 were ever laid out more for the adorning of a city, than in the New Presbyterian church there. Internally it is certainly the pleasantest place of worship I ever was in. A new organ has just been installed, and Dr. Ewing is the organist. It is

worthy of note that within two years the following churches in our Presbytery have erected new and convenient churches, viz., Trenton, New Brunswick, Cranbury (2), Freehold, Princeton, Dutch Neck, Nottingham; Bound Brook a little before this period built anew, and Ewing, Pennington, and Allentown, have turned their old edifices inside out. Our meeting of Presbytery was a very pleasing one, and excited good hopes. The Mormons, however, are making serious progress within our bounds. At Thom's River they have about 40 converts, quite substantial people. They profess to speak with tongues, and to work miracles, believe in baptismal regeneration and immersion—are high-church, as thinking none salvable but themselves—hold to the divine legation of Joe Smith, who has been in Monmouth. They make much use of singing. It is a dangerous feature of their system, that they talk almost always *in secret* with one another, about their peculiarities, and not to the uninitiated. Their chief man at present is named *Rigdon*. Their chief book is the "Book of Mormon," which I have seen. They also have "The Warning Voice," by one Winchester, who has been in Philadelphia. Some of their books they are said to conceal very carefully. They always dip at night. I dined at a house where I met an old lady named Cubberly, who had been with me to a long service, in a heavy rain, at the age of 91. Her descendants, she said, are 170. The Seminary examination begins to-day. I am (on dit) unanimously called to the pastoral care of the Hanover [or College Church] Prince Edward County, Virginia. I think as you do of Davies. The completest life I know of, is in Dr. J. H. Rice's Lit. and Evang. Magazine. With a little pruning, I think his sermons are perhaps the best extant; and even the exuberance would scarcely be felt in an impassioned speaker such as he was. Everywhere in Virginia he has left his track in the conversion of leading men and women, whose children and grandchildren remain. Read the Life of Rev. Devereux Jarratt, an Episcopal minister; it contains much interesting about Davies. See also *Gillies's Collections*, a book which, somewhat abridged, the Board [of Publication] ought to publish. — has no family-talent, [as a pastor,] which, after all, I am repentant enough to think at least half the matter. What he attempts he carries through, but he attempts nothing warm. I think a large portion of our churches are in a good state of preparation for awakening measures, especially in the county of Monmouth; which, by marl, is becoming the richest, after having been the poorest county in New Jersey. Our county of Mercer has just erected a court-house in South-Trenton; which, I suppose, is equalled by no similar county building (out of great

cities) in America. It is a beautiful Ionic building, and costs \$50,000.

PRINCETON, *May 5, 1840.*

It is, perhaps, unnecessary for me to say that I have, as yet, no official and incontestable evidence of the call I mentioned, to Prince Edward. It is a good living, and in the choice part of Virginia. The College and Seminary always form part of the congregation. I am in pain to know what is my duty. I have always sat in my present chair with a feeling that it was right only as a refuge during ill-health. At present, through great mercy, I am perhaps only for a short interval, in the enjoyment of the best health I have had since I left College. I think I can say, *ex animo*, I wish to go where I may most fully exhaust my talents, *quantulacunque sint*, in the service of Christ. It may seem strange to you, that no invitation has shaken me more.<sup>1</sup>

Meekness seems in many minds to be confounded with imbecility, indecision, or fear; and I own that, in point of fact, it too seldom escapes some measure of pusillanimity; but if we could have the magnanimous love of Christ, or of Paul, or of John—how it would attract, and govern!

I am inclined to hope that the Assembly will be conservative. Such seems to me the natural tendency of things. As no great church-crisis exists, many Presbyteries will feel free to send moderate men, whom they have respected all along, but whom they durst not send during the conflict.

The cold of this day threatens to bring on a frost, which will perhaps destroy our fruit, and nip my bunch-beans. I have begun to take my usual pleasures in the garden, an enjoyment discovered by me too late, but one which grows in my esteem. ———'s daughter, aged 5 years, reads every book which a girl of 16 would do, tales and novels included. She is quite forward in French. I am drivelling this stuff out after 10 at night: I had better prepare my head and heart for the pillow, so "manum de tabula." Good night.

PRINCETON, *June 4, 1840.*

I think I would rather write Baxter's English, than any I know, though I would not wish to write always what he has done. He well describes his own style: "May I speak pertinently, plainly, piercingly, and somewhat properly, I have enough." (Premonition to Saints' Rest.) He was not afraid of *idioms*, the real strength and glory of a language, and espe-

<sup>1</sup> The call was declined.



cially of ours. The quality of plain, straightforward, market-English is rare in books. It is somewhat dangerous for us cis-atlantics to attempt, for in becoming idiomatic we become provincial, witness *Finney*. But read Bunyan, Fuller, Swift, Cobbet, Hare, ["Sermons to a Country Congregation," 1838,] and you will see what I mean. This was, after all, what was meant by *Attic* Greek as distinguished from the *κοινή διαλεκτος*: and *Attic salt* was the very sort of wit which circulated among Athenian hucksters, and which we find in Fuller and Charles Lamb. There was great wisdom in making the speech of the people the standard of good Greek, and great advantage in being so small a State. If you have never done it, don't fail to read the "Rest," the "Call," and the "Gildas Salvianus," as he wrote them, and free from the emasculations of Methodist abridgers, and do it in Duncan's impression, London, 23 vols., 1830. It would be a good notion to excerpt and reprint some of the noble passages of the "Saints' Rest" which have been omitted in the abridgment. With all my admiration of Baxter's parenetic writings, I must say that he seems to me never to get upon a *doctrinal* point without doing mischief. Except in the schoolmen, (whom he greatly studied,) I have never seen such subtilty of distinctions. For a good specimen (as I suppose) of his pulpit prayers, see his "Dying Thoughts," vol. 18, p. 413 and seq. As you seem to have acquired a little interest in Samuel Davies, (whose name was always pronounced *Davis*,) I will add these items: I was told by Mrs. Dr. J. Woodhull, daughter of Gilbert Tennent, that he was very attentive to his dress, so as to excite much observation, and always had a ring on his finger, and a gold-headed cane. I was told the same thing by an aunt of my father's. My mother has heard it said in her father's house, that Mr. Davies used to say that he wore this ring to remind him of eternity—without beginning and without end. I have a MS. journal of Col. James Gordon, of Lancaster co., Va., who married Gen. [and President] Harrison's aunt, and whose daughter Dr. Waddel married. The names of Davies, Whitefield, and Waddel, often occur on the same page, and the places, and times, and texts of all their preachings are given. The amount of labours performed by Va. ministers in that day was amazing. You remember the affecting remarks of Davies about his little ones; several of them lived ungodly. In his manuscript journal he complains of great harshness and jealousy on the part of Gilbert Tennent, while they were in England. Do not fail to get hold of the life of Devereux Jarratt. It will give you a lively idea of those times. I know very well a daughter of Mr. Jarratt's, and my father knew the man him-

self. He was "a speckled bird" among the Churchmen of that day.

PRINCETON, June 10, 1840.

The religious prospects of the University of Virginia are really encouraging. I have lately visited Mrs. ——— who is on her death-bed with consumption; I could scarcely keep from envying her. When I see a Christian die I lose my fears. It is grand impolicy in ——— to print any of his sermons. "It is as easy to paint fire (says old Gurnall) with the heat, as with pen and ink to commit that to paper which occurs in preaching. There is as much difference between a sermon in the pulpit, and printed in a book, as between milk in the warm breast, and in a sucking-bottle." It may not be so with such preachers as ——— or ———, whose discourses have sometimes been preached in the pulpit, then delivered at a commencement, then published in the ———, and then issued as the Preface to a work. In my notion a sermon is a sermon, and nothing else; if you make it with any thing ulterior in view, you destroy it as a sermon. It is death to a good sermon, as to a good love-letter, to publish it. It is dead beer, sour champagne, cold coffee, an effete cigar, a daguerrotype portrait.

I have lately re-read Southey's *Thalaba*; it is certainly a wonderful poem, though the freshness and simplicity of the first two cantos are not sustained.

I beg to be presented to ——— and your amiable babes, and am, with all the et ceteras,

Yours and theirs.

PRINCETON, June 22, 1840.

I have many independent sources of evidence showing that evangelical religion is greatly advancing in Virginia under the labours of Episcopalians. Most of their clergy are good and hard-working men. The Alexandria Seminary has been a great blessing to them. As to *God forbid*<sup>1</sup> I know of no case such as you ask about; it is, however, hazardous to assert a negative. I have looked at the Hebrew of all the places mentioned by Cruden, and the word is uniformly *הַלְלֵי הַ* literally *ad profana*, "i. e. (says Gesenius) *absit, vox detestantis*." Respecting the New Testament phrase by all means read what Dr. Hodge says on Romans iii. 4. "The Scriptures," says he, "do not authorize such a use of the name of God," &c. An expurgated

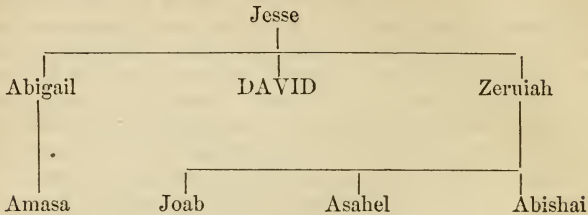
<sup>1</sup> The translation of *μη γενοιτο* in our version.

edition of Jeremy Taylor's Holy Living and Dying would be one of the loveliest books in the language. I mean such expurgation as Howard Malcom has effected in Law's Serious Call. We cannot set too many such books afloat. Some of the Psalms of David might be rendered into blank verse, with better effect than in rhyme. Such a one is the 18th. De Wette's German translation of them makes many passages more clear by exchanging future tenses for present or past. Anagram by ——; *Old Tippecanoe* = *People can do it*. Every year I am more and more surprised, in tracing the course of our College Alumni, to see how many thoughtless, wild, and even wicked young men, (especially of the South,) who have left us without any sign of good, become true Christians in the course of a few years at home. Even of cases which I know, I think I could enumerate thirty or forty. This is really encouraging, and ought to be mentioned as an offset to the real and imaginary dangers and evils of a public education. I seriously think, after some inquiry, that where one piously-bred boy is corrupted, five neglected receive the seeds of divine truth. If we were faithful, how many such instances would there be! What an amount of rhetorical passion —— infuses into his speeches: I don't know any of our orators who ventures upon so much, nor any of our agents who has kept alive his enthusiasm so long for one cause. It is pleasing to observe how hired agents become devoted to a single charity heart and soul, and then equally devoted to another. I am not at all pleased with ——'s Critique. It is full of the slang of the pseudo-German school, even to such words as *Stand-point*, (*Standpunkt*;) why not call a glove a *Hand-shoe*, (*Hand-schuh*;) as the Germans do? I am more and more convinced that no man need regret the extremest ignorance of every German metaphysician that has written.

I have just opened the Record of May 13, which contains Packard's speech. He seems to have been well received, with the exception of the usual blackguardism of the next speaker about slavery. If I should ever speak on British Boards, I think that I would forestall that by blazing away beforehand against the British for having introduced slavery among us, and kept up the slave-trade so many years. It is plain that the report of the "worthy gentleman's" speech is defective in the extreme. The bones of old Boney [in Paris] will be as really *adored* as ever any relics were. The *simiotigre*, as Alfieri called the French, will make a wonderful work over them. I doubt whether France contains in it as honest a man as Wellington; but I confess to a violent antipathy to the great nation. Except from necessity, they seem to me to be the same people they were during the

Revolution. What a blessing it is to belong to the Teutonic race! The more I see of the black-eyed races of the South of Europe, the less I respect them. Next to Britain I would live in Prussia. Last year we had 90 quarts of strawberries; this year not nine, the season being just done. The last article of the Edinburgh Review for April on the "State of Parties" is fine reading—no doubt by "Tom" Macaulay. It is very unjust, however, in many particulars. I see the General Assembly of Scotland have gone very strongly against Lord Aberdeen's Bill; no doubt rightly, but, I apprehend, to the ruin of their establishment. I am much struck with the tone of piety which pervades Dr. Chalmers's writings on the subject. I am not without reasons for thinking that the last sermon I preached to the blacks was the means of awakening the only white person present. Strange are the ways of Providence! I think it is too much our way to rank modern philosophers who reject the Gospel, with ancient sages who did not know it. But if Plato is in hell—how far nearer absence of pain must he be than Gibbon! the former having almost guessed at truth without revelation, the latter, after a perfect education in it, having rejected it! The grand error of free-thinkers, and that which, I think, should be pressed home upon them, is their obstinate persistency in going blindfold when a light from heaven is offered to them. Suppose a man should profess to doubt all the acknowledged principles of chemistry and blow himself up, by going into a foul mine, when a thousand safety-lamps had been offered to him. Our minds are too often disposed to regard that as venial, which God regards as heinous. Perhaps the very rejection of such a book as the Bible, even without a word of external evidence, is proof positive of enmity to God. Pride of understanding ruins learned men by hundreds and thousands; it is destroying, I fear, all the philosophers of Germany. To become as little children is a great attainment. May it be ours! It evidently means a great deal. Especially it means *faith*: what is *credulity* in our babe, towards us, is *faith* in us, towards God. After this page of homily, I allow you to have a recess for a few minutes. Look at that hard place, 2 Sam. xxiii. 5. De Wette translates, and as I think in exact accordance with the Hebrew: "Yea, and is not my house so, before God?" &c., &c., &c. "Yea, all my salvation and all my desire, will he not make it grow?" In verse 17 of the same chap., and in 1 Chr. xi. 19, the phrase is not equivalent to our "God-forbid," but rather (1) "Be it far from me, Jehovah!" (2) "Be it far from me, from God." Some little chronological tables might with

advantage be dispersed over a Bible; some light from the following neglected relationships: viz.:



A few self-made charts of this kind tracing out the relations mentioned in Scripture, would, by degrees, enlarge and distinct-ify (we need a word) a man's historical knowledge of Scripture. Half the readers do not know whether Zeruiah was male or female.

PRINCETON, July 1, 1840.

Bishop Chase (in the "Record") talks of moneys "*rising of*" so many dollars! Show me an English authority for "*over ten thousand dollars!*" Yet Walter Scott says, "I have done a *monstrous sight* of work," (Diary, July 13, 1826;) this I thought a Philadelphianism. "*Leave me alone,*" I never heard but in your town; it is a German idiom exact; "*Lassen mich allein.*" We have had a visit from ———, who is zealous about a prize tract just from England, which demonstrates that the Scripture wine was not intoxicating. He says Louis Philippe told him he would gladly sign the teetotal pledge, but that he feared his subjects would say he was a fool. *That* is the thing they will never say of him, even if they shed his blood on Napoleon's ashes. I do not much expect to be at Trenton; we expect to have a Colonization effort here on that day. The iron is now hot, and the Buxton influence should be driven forwards with all power while it lasts. My mind has run very much lately on Colonization (in general) as God's means of civilizing and Christianizing the world, and on the part which the Anglo-Saxon race is taking. From ———'s letters, as from the British papers, I see how far worse, after all, the spirit of party is in England than here. How it is embittered by politics, by the Establishment, by the feeling of rank, and by the admitted heats and outbreaks of the platform! Would it be possible for *any* American Committee or Board to treat *any* accredited British agent as *every* American ditto is treated there, by some or other of them? I trow not.

Give my kindest regards to —— and the rest of your *white* family, as they say in Virginia, to distinguish from a man's *black* ditto, which is sometimes quite patriarchal.

I am, was, have been, had been, shall be, &c., through all the tenses,  
Yours.

PRINCETON, July 22, 1840.

I enclose with this the MS. of *Lame John*.<sup>1</sup> It was begun under the title of *Lame Jack*, which I greatly prefer, but the resemblance to Miss Edgeworth's *Lame Jervas*, and Capt. Marryat's *Poor Jack*, made me fear to add a third great work of the sort.

No book of mine has less plot or less fiction. Almost every page is a copy of scenes and incidents under my eye at the time of writing, or remembered by me. If I do not err, this copying of real life will interest young readers.

Believe me very respectfully, Yours and Theirs, (sc. the unknown Committee, which is not unlike the *Chambre Introuvable* of the French Revolution,) and am, et cetera,

JAMES ALAXANDREW,  
as my carpenter spells the name.

PRINCETON, July, 1840.

Bishops abound. Last Sunday we had Samuel Michigan, yestreen Levi North Carolina, next week we are to have Charles Ohio. The fourth passed without any thing very remarkable, except a Colonization meeting at which Capt. Stockton spoke and Langdon Cheves attended. The Captain is admirable in elocution and gesture. A knifegrinder from Worcestershire, speaking to me yesterday of the sects in this country, said *litteratim*: "you seem to have a great many of the Prispeterians, and also of the Priscotarians." Our blackberry woman has come to an estate in France; name Ancillon: we have eaten her dewberries within the week. A girl applied to us as child's nurse a week or two ago; last week she fell out of a tree and was killed. Tell me, if you know, who the Mr. Peter is, who translated Schiller's *William Tell*, lately published by Perkins.<sup>2</sup>

So far as I know there is no book in defence of Christianity extant in French, of a kind to meet French infidels, and be circulated in France where the need is greatest. My father has had an urgent demand this week for any thing of the sort in French or Spanish, in a letter from a native Spaniard, nephew

<sup>1</sup> "Lame John; or, the Charitable Poor Man." Published 1840. Pp. 137.

<sup>2</sup> He was the British Consul in Philadelphia.

of a Romish priest. Can we neglect this without sin? My father has received innumerable letters from persons converted as well as convinced by his "Evidences;" one last week from an Episcopal clergyman.

PRINCETON, August, 1840.

Read a grand article on *Style* in the July Blackwood. Do your children get a chance to fly kites? it is a very graceful and interesting pastime. Among the Tract Society's volumes is the *Life of* ———. I must in candour say it is a worthless book. It is such *prima facie*, but doubly so to us who intimately knew the subject of the memoir for years. He was a very warm-hearted Christian, but as great a mixture of weakness, imprudence, and pomposity as I ever saw in my life. Some of those who loved him most were most surprised and ashamed when they saw him made a lion of. Harris's *Mammon* and Abbott's *Young Christian* seem to me very objectionable. Most of their [Tract Society's] other permanent volumes I think good. I stand astonished at the extent of their circulation. What an engine! We are (our house) about equidistant from three most sage musicians—an owl which perches and screeches every evening in Dr. Hodge's trees, and two of Elliot's "animals" [asses] at Capt. Stockton's. I never knew fully before what braying meant. Come out before the season is over. Signora *Upupa* is engaged for a few nights only, and one of the *Asinelle* is lately confined. How is a man ever to be sure how another man's name is spelt? Shakspeare's is three different ways in his autograph will. In preparing an article, I had scruples about "*Sidney Smith*;" found it with *y* in the *Record*, *i* in *Lockhart's Scott*, and both *i* and *y* in *John Murray's Byron*, and got it wrong at last. I have heard ———, and, I think, ———, say *Bÿron*: the noble Lord himself rhymes it with *iron* and *siren*.

Do you ever read the *Spectator*? Read it, by extracts, with or to your daughter. It is crystal water after gutter ditto. Some of *Steele's* are more raey English than *Addison's*. What pomp of American verbosity could express what follows, about *Westminster Abbey*: "When I look upon the tombs of the great every emotion of envy dies in me."

"The better vulgar"—a fine phrase of *Warburton's*.

I would subscribe two prices for a bona fide old-time *Walshian* gazette. I owe something to that man:

"But why then publish? *Granville* the polite  
And *Knowing Walsh* would tell me I could write."

*Pope.*

It is some weeks since I was enabled to close the canon of

the New Testament, having, in my small way, expounded the whole in course, at morning prayers. And I am sure I love the book more for having so done. I have begun again.

Some of our wretched wags in College had a strolling painter in the gallery, last Sunday, busy taking ——'s likeness, while he preached!

This evening is very cool; enough so, I guess, for a blanket. A neighbour's child, 18 months old, has swallowed 15 percussion caps, (invented, you know, by Forsyth, a Scotch clergyman.)

In *private* I have found forms of prayer very valuable. They suggest *what* to pray for, which we may forget. I have thought it would be good to make for one's self a *liturgy of subjects*; we are so apt to forget. Have a book; put a general topic at top of page; leave space to add particulars. Romaine used to have a list of friends, and prayed it over every Friday afternoon.

Sam [now Rev. S. D. Alexander] is going on Tuesday to Sullivan co., N. Y., on the Erie railroad, as a Surveyor. God grant him a new heart!

Some papistical books on Christian morals are, exceptis exceptiendis, among the best I ever read. To-day I have been reading the "Spiritual Combat," a famous book among them, from which I think I have derived real benefit. It is one of the most original productions I ever perused. Read any chapter of it, and you will see what I mean. It is anonymous.

We have a very wide horizon where we now live, and surely nothing of pyrotechny can equal the lightnings of this evening. Last night—moon shining—I stood by a fence, coming from Dod's, and speculated a colt, as I thought it, grazing in a pasture: it came right up to me, and lo it was an ass! Really now, it was quite a noble creature of the kind.

I sometimes find my evenings quite light and hilarious after a very tort day. This morning I attended a funeral, sat at Dod's *examen*, heard a long recitation, and, after a bite, examined 76 fellows in Latin, came home exanimatus, drank three cups of strong tea, played half an hour on a flute, and feel better this moment than I did when I got up. What wonderful machines these are! Sometimes the grasshopper is a burden to me. I have been reading O. A. Brownson's *Charles Ellwood*, which purports to be his own experience. No American book is better written—the style, in places, is exquisite; but it is the deadliest assault on religion; and though he does not quote a German word, it is Kant-ism applied to American infidel politics. The system is the more dangerous because it is alive; in this having an unspeakable advantage over the Unitarianism of —— and Co., which is corpse-like, and has never moved among the *people*.



Tell —— that I beseech him to write an off-hand article for the *Repertory*, on the subject he once touched in some letters; viz., the danger and folly of an un-religious Education for the country. Let him fill it with his British recollections, &c. He is precisely the man to do it. The call is imperative, and this is the nick of time. I wish I could make him know how earnestly I desire this.<sup>1</sup> Both your Union and the Tract Society would profit by it; and if he does it as he can, it may do more good than a thousand sermons. Don't wait for method or references; let him strike it off hot, and it will burn in the deeper. If this is not our vocation just now, I know not what is. I am afraid the devil is getting hold of the common-school crank.

It is plain that the [London] *Record* has several writers of its editorials. The man who writes on the Scotch church is truly a powerful fellow. When I read what he says (and he has confuted my foregoing conclusions on sundry points) I feel as if I was in the gripe of a Cornish wrestler.

Lord Byron, in a paper of *Strictures*, written at Ravenna, in 1821, takes Campbell to task for misquoting Shakspeare, and says: "*A great poet quoting another should be correct.*" In the very same article he designates Bacon as the "greatest—wisest—meanest of mankind." The allusion is obvious, but the distich of Pope runs thus:

"If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shined  
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind."


I wish you would attend one of our Final Examinations; indeed, I wish they were public. Nothing could do so much justice to our methods of teaching. It lasts from 8 to 10 days; hours 8½—12, and 2—5. Most of the subjects (about 16) are, on the English-University plan, from papers, embodying the chief points of the whole subject; the same paper to each; not seen before the moment; no book, reference, or communication allowed. Some of the best scholars answer every question in full, writing 3 or 3½ hours at a stretch, and filling several sheets. There is perfect silence, and it is a fine moral spectacle to see 70 odd young men so intensely employed. Of course there are many who do little or nothing; but the examination is absolutely fair, and the comparison between man and man exact. I doubt not that our whole course of study will be more faithful, under the urgency of this motive. I will try to enclose such of our papers as are printed, for a few are exhibited on a black-board. The paper is always a fresh one, and such as no chance

<sup>1</sup> It was done in an article of fifty-three pages in the *Repertory* of July, 1841.

can enable any one to answer who has not some knowledge of every portion, and exact knowledge of certain parts proposed.

I have received 78 answers to my examination-paper. I will send you a copy of the paper, and perhaps one of the answers. The following question from Dod's examination paper of Juniors is sent for Tom's use :

"Find the length of an arc of the Tractory, its differential equation being  $\frac{dy}{dx} = -\frac{y}{\sqrt{a^2 - y^2}}$  Correct the integral on the supposition that the arc commences at the origin, where  $y = a$ ."

A Simeon (Charles) here might be a great blessing: he ought, however, to be disconnected with the college police. Our advices are like those of the Newgate ordinary.  Talk fully with P—— about the religious-education-literature, (as above,) for I think it *the* question of our age and land. If we could leave that matter on its right foot, we might die. If I were a raging, athletic, outdoor man, I would stake every thing upon it. New England will do her own work, well or ill; but who will do it for the non-New-England States?

I think you are too severe upon the absconding clergy. The thing is no doubt an abuse, as it now exists, but there is after all, at the bottom, a real necessity for some recreation and change of scene. Only it ought to be under some well-understood arrangement, so as to prevent this summer complaint of the people. Why must all clergymen need winding up at the same month? Why need there be so much stiffness about not preaching in another's pulpit? Why not agree together and have a rotation of Hejiras? This I don't understand. The source of the evil in some of the best pastors, I suppose, is undue night-work during the working season.

John F. Caruthers of Lexington is dead. Our large connexion in Rockbridge could not have met with a single loss so serious. He was a man of extraordinary talent for business, and of prudence unsurpassed, an elder, and a conscientious Christian. I believe, long a Sunday School Superintendent. Old Dr. Hill-yer is dead also, a truly good old man. How beautiful is goodness! Fierce orthodoxy burns as well as warms, but Christlike gentleness sheds life all around it.

CHARLOTTE COURT HOUSE, VA., Oct. 27, 1840.

It is with great difficulty that I snatch an interval from excessive company to write you a letter, and I shall probably be stopped before I get done. My wife, two boys, and nurse stopped at the University, [Charlottesville.] Though they all were somewhat better, they were not in a state to brave a land-journey

over mountains. Mr. —'s carriage had been sent for us; leaving, therefore, my family with Dr. [Prof. J. L.] Cabell, I reached this place in four days. We had to lie by for heavy storms. We got here last Thursday. We shall, if the Lord will, meet at Judge Cabell's about the 6th prox. There has been a great religious excitement here; about 105 converts of different sects. Twenty of these have joined the Presbyterians. The feeling extends on every side to neighbouring congregations. The new measures are rife, but connected with old doctrine, except in the case of the Methodists.

I have met with B. W. Leigh, W. C. Rives, Alexander Rives, Governor Barbour, and a few more of that class. I heard Rives in Albemarle. He spoke three hours, and was very eloquent. The Harrison cause is triumphant here. It is supported with a high and dignified zeal, which I like better than the Tippecanoe fury of our canaille in the cities. B. W. Leigh is an honest statesman. I heard him pronounce a most cordial, discriminating, and copious eulogy on the people of Massachusetts. The most painful thing, in visiting this old slave-holding country, is to see, after fifteen years' acquaintance, none of those municipal and domestic improvements which strike one in the north. The University is more of a place than I thought. Their professors do more, especially in the way of lecture, than any I know. Bonnycastle is a wonderful man for genius and learning. Tucker is a man of elegant *English* gentlemanhood; just like Walsh in the cast of his mind, and his talk. Each professor is bound, under penalty, to deliver 132 lectures in the year. Library, 17,000 volumes. Annual appropriation from State \$15,000. After as good counsel as I can get, I am under the necessity of declining the invitation of the Sunday School Union.

PRINCETON, *November 18, 1840.*

We all got home well, and found our house swept and garnished, and fires made, but no servants. We are little better off now, in the last particular. Mr. Crane went to drive a cow out of his yard, and fell down dead. I am anxious to make out a statement, with reference to all our public charities, boards, &c., in answer to these questions: 1. What is the amount of receipts, yearly? 2. What part of this goes for *expenses*? i. e. is not laid out on the direct object. 3. What part of this sum goes to *Agents*, as salary or compensation? You have access to more reports than I, and if you could amuse yourself on a rainy day, by a few figures, you would please me. We have matriculated 63 new students, being more than we have ever received, so far as I know, at so early a day. The Seminary has admitted 34,

also a large number. Addison is this year lecturing on the whole of the passages quoted from the Old Testament in the New. I learn that — and others came forth strongly against the A. S. S. Union, and some of them even against the Bible Society, at the Synodical meeting at Wilkesbarre. I learn also that very large minorities in the two westernmost synods of New York refuse to join the New School Assembly. Perfectionism and Oberlinism are making stealthy but wide advances in that great country. I find all my binding O. K. This symbol may be variously rendered, viz., "O qu'est!" or, "Au quai." Prof. — says the English laugh very much at the American and Walkerian pronunciation of *buoy*; and that no Englishman ever gives it any sound but that of *boy*, as the sailors do. I hear a sleigh-bell, while I write, after dark; the mercury has been below 32° all day. One of our students, Frederick William Mark, died during the vacation at New York. He was a Bavarian Jew.

PRINCETON, *November 24, 1840.*

The death of Mr. Davis at the Virginia University is a horrible comment on the Southern, I may almost say American, practice of using deadly weapons.<sup>1</sup> I parted with Davis at the junction of the two railways, (he accompanied us from Richmond,) on the Wednesday before the Friday on which he was shot. He was, I have every reason to think, a truly pious man, of the Episcopal church. As a professor he was one of their best—a black-letter lawyer of great reading, and a good lecturer. I think he married a grand-niece of Jefferson's.

PRINCETON, *December 1, 1840.*

I guess that will be versification enough for one sheet.<sup>2</sup> Mr. John Wray of the Seminary is to call some day this week for a coat for me. Any message; cartel, paper, or what not, might by said Wray be privily inserted into pocket of said coat, and then will be conveyed to me, even though Mr. Wray meant only to take raiment. Tell Tom that Henry had a dead owl yesterday, and started a live hare (rabbit) in the garden to-day. The severe cold drives animals near to their natural enemies. My brother Sam is hard at work in Orange co. Prof. Henry gets all his winter butter at 16 cts. the pound, which is a clever thing in him. Numbers of the "air-tight stoves" coming into use here,

<sup>1</sup> John A. G. Davis, Professor of Law, was shot by a student, as the Professor was approaching him for the purpose of detecting him in disorderly conduct.

<sup>2</sup> "A Christian Lyric," and "Lord, hear the Seaman's Cry," for the Sunday School Journal.

(not I,) Dr. R., Dr. H., Prof. H., Prof. D., Dr. M.: wood needn't be touched for half a day together—three-fourths of a cord of wood take you through winter. Introducer of the same, Dr. John N. Campbell, of Albany. I consider Longfellow's "Village Blacksmith" the best American fugitive poem I ever read, and if I had a daughter of competency to get any thing by heart, I would make her rehearse it to me while shaving, (*i. e.* while I was shaving.) I have a Scotch boy named Kenneth MacKenzie, which means Kenneth the son of Kenzie; but he is the son of Allan McKenzie, who gardens for me. When I was in Buckingham, Va., I saw a stuffed pine snake, more than seven feet long, and as thick at the thickest as my leg. It had been killed on the estate where I saw it: on the same place I saw a rattlesnake, which was showed to me by the lady who had killed it. I saw a good many gold mines, but most of them are "being" given up. The gold occurs in hard quartz, and the thing is to get it out. The grinding is a terrible process, and no flux has been found yet. A poor Jew named Levon lectured (!) here Sunday evening [oh! oh!] a layman—highly recommended by — &c., &c. Pray, if Leeser is in town, decoy him off till said Levon has exhibited. I gave him a coin, which twenty Christians within half a mile deserve as much, and need more. Hurrah for beggars! Vive la begatelle!

Dec. 2, 1840.—I left off at the bottom of page 6, late last night, for I can't do night-work; notwithstanding the excellent rule of Miss Taylor, "Let each day's work be done *by night*." V. Original Hymns for Sunday Schools. I have never seen any decent hymns for children, but Watts's. I have heard say that — was desirous to enter on regular pastoral duty, and that he would entertain kindly any vocation from Philadelphia; whether in the place of such clergy as are pumped dry, or to found a new church by abstracting the best elders and Diveses from two or three churches. Part of this, it now occurs to me, I did not *hear*, but I as good as heard it—in a Masonic sense I might swear I heard it. As there is the greatest anxiety everywhere to know who nominated Harrison first, &c., &c., I beg you to bear in mind, that I claim the honour of naming Chang and Eng, Esqs., of Siam, the one for President, the other for Vice President. Their claims are manifest, &c., &c. When next you pass Frederick Brown's druggery, please ask how they sell pyroligneous acid, such as is used for meat. I mean to prepare my winter's bacon with it, at the suggestion of the Professors at the Va. University, who have the best bacon I ever ate, without the ordinary plague and delay of smoking. As to "boughten" hams, to use a Jersey phrase, I would not put a morsel in my head, save from necessity.

PRINCETON, *December 8, 1840.*

Just thus far had I got in writing, when Dick brought your letter of the 6th. Allow me to open it. . . . I thank you for your care about the Kisterbock [stove]: the word has now become a noun-common. Our country is covered with snow, which will keep me for some time from the basin. A sleigh just called for me to call on Mrs. ——. There is something in bridal-dress which always reminds me of a corpse: white *silk* is a very ghastly thing. The December No. of the *Missionary Herald* is very interesting, especially in that part which concerns the Nestorian mission. But why should these Yankees be so rank to introduce extempore prayer among the poor Nestorians, when they acknowledge that their liturgy is sound enough? I have been reading some more of Luther's, and the Elector of Saxony's letters, &c., about the time of the Diet at Ratisbon, 1540, and the more I read, the more am I filled with unfeigned admiration and love for those two heroic men. They are like the strong characters of the Bible—great lights—great shades—but gigantic mind and heart—accomplishing a thousandfold more for Christ in one lifetime than hundreds of us correct, cautious, temperate creatures.<sup>1</sup> There is something very chaste and

<sup>1</sup> It may not be an inappropriate note upon this sentiment to insert the following lines written by Mr. Alexander near this time:

The power of grace has tempered into one  
 The strongest contraries beneath the sun;  
 Nor is there aught of work divine more great  
 Than the new creature in its altered state;  
 When by heaven's pencil on the soul are traced  
 The self-same lines by which the Lord is graced  
 If all were softness, where were Christian might  
 If all affection, where the reason's light?  
 If bold contention for the truth were all,  
 How could the spirit into meekness fall?  
 While trust and penitence together move,  
 Zeal dwells with quiet, action blends with love;  
 Nor contemplation though foretasting bliss,  
 In viewing that world fails to work in this.  
 The mingling opposites, like rainbow hues,  
 Blend in one beam, and all discordance lose.  
 'Tis God's own work, and every several grace,  
 Like gems in Aaron's breastplate, hath its place;  
 Each unto each reflects a lustrous hue,  
 Unlike yet joined, well-known yet ever new.  
 Each priceless when alone, but when thus set,  
 With mutual radiance fairer, costlier yet;  
 And all combining in a concord just,  
 To show divinity set forth in dust;  
 A thousand charms in one redeemed face,  
 All to the praise of glory and of grace.  
 Lord spread such harmony within this breast,  
 And draw thy lines till all be there exprest.

charming in the cold brilliancy of these snowy moonlight nights. Venus had a brilliancy greater than I remember. This morning I observed a hawk of the largest kind making circles over our lot, as if stress of weather had tamed him.

If "Lame John" be well received by the gracious Public, I will probably follow it up with a story of which the hero will be the lad Mark Lee [a character in "Lame John"] elevated to a youthful country school-master. It will give occasion to show ways of usefulness in that capacity, and especially to convey many scriptural and other proper lessons to school-boys. The thought occurred to me while writing the chapter about the school. I have several bits of rhyme for your paper, but I refrain from troubling you with a commodity of which there is a glut in the market.

The last chapter of "Ten-Thousand-a-Year," about the Rev. Morphine Velvet, is capital. I wish it might be marked, and inwardly digested by all the clergy who are gaped after by the self-supposed aristocracy. Warren, if it is he, is certainly a very powerful writer. Dr. Nettleton took tea with us, and talked in his usual strong but somewhat tedious manner. Mr. Suydam, of New Brunswick, has been missing for some days. [He had been murdered.] I learn he was President of the Bank, and a member of the Dutch church, and of unblemished reputation. He disappeared on Thanksgiving Day, Dec. 3, left his house saying he was going to the bank, and would be back to accompany his wife to church—did not even take his overcoat. The canal has been dragged without success; and his family have not the slightest clew. I doubt not the "root of all evil" is somehow or other the root of this. You are Dutch enough, I suppose, to know the pronunciation of this common name—Sid-dám. The true Dutch pronunciation is Soi-dám. Prof. H. says the statistics of health show that the use of coal, or heated air from furnaces, is very deleterious; that the gases which sometimes escape are noxious, especially some which come off last, and without smell. I can't but think of poor "Accum," who found every table strewed with "culinary poisons." We cannot make ourselves immortal; and it would be well if we could look more at what is beyond. Capt. David Hunter and wife are here—he is a Princetonian—mentioned in Murray's (the Englishman's) travels. His wife—a fine woman—is noted for having, in the Far West, accompanied her husband 700 miles on horseback. They now live at Chicago.

J. W. A.

PRINCETON, *December 16, 1840.*

I don't think I can do any longer without a *scrap-book*: so many things do I lose which I have cut from the papers; valuable authorities, &c. Will you look me out one? I hope there is nothing poisonous about the proofs you sent me of ———, they have a scent that is pharmaceutical in a high degree. Please send me "The Practical Spelling Book, with Reading Lessons," by Gallaudet and Hooker, published at Hartford. No news yet of the Kisterbock, at the basin; but they are horribly neglectful there, as all country officials are about every thing. Comfort yourself, among some crosses, that when you want any thing got, or any thing done, you can have it in less than three weeks. A joiner has been a month making me a small box, and a shoemaker two weeks making a pair of shoes. I regard myself as well used [as to his publications] from beginning to end, except by the engraver. Qu. Did he ever see a real tree? do walk him out of that attic some Saturday afternoon as far as the State House yard: show him the trunk of a tree, and give him a lesson. More and more do I trace disease, especially of the young, headaches, &c., to *bad ventilation*. Air may be very bad even if it don't stink. Mr. H—— has had the most astonishing relief from nausea, vertigo, &c., since he opened all the sashes of his lecture room at hours when the class is out. Inquire about this at schools. We take great care about a little wet feet, yet we drink air that is the excrement of hundreds of foul lungs. I don't file ——— [a periodical] though I should like to rasp him. I'll send one or two. I know of five or six men who are silently wearing out life in most devoted labour among the slaves. Slavery must and will end; I hope peaceably; but, anyhow, we ought to save the souls of this generation. There are 1,700 black Baptist communicants in Richmond. Of these as many are elect souls, I believe, as of any 1,700 of white Baptists, taken at random. Two infants (one a brother of a boy that lives with us) have been badly scalded by pulling, the one a tea-pot, the other a coffee-pot, over them. The former one has entirely lost its eyes: a singular coincidence in the same place and week. Nothing but a special Divine guardianship keeps our little ones from daily dangers.

PRINCETON, *December 22, 1840.*

Have you seen "Christian Ballads?" (!) Such is the produce of a ritual religion. There is indeed (though much poetry) no trace of religion, except the religion of a babe or a bell-ringer, a sceneshifter or a verger. I counted more than fifty several places about "bells," "chimes," and the like: *e. g.*:



“The sun is up betimes,  
 And the dappled East is blushing,  
 And the bonny matin chimes,  
 They are gushing—Christians—gushing.”

P. 66.

He is surplice-smitten. It is on every few pages. Though he affects old English, he is ignorant that *enow* is the old plural of *enough*. In all my reading I never met with so sickening a comment on a system. Give me the roughest old Scotch Irish seceder that ever croaked Rouse's psalms, rather than such foppish, puling, mawkish, water-gruel, ascetic church-dandies.

These reverses of the British in Scinde and Beloochistan were very distinctly predicted in the last Blackwood before the news came.

“Fencing the tables” is carried, in my opinion, to an unscriptural height. I am also persuaded that our church is running into a great error, in disallowing the membership of baptized persons who are not communicants. Our book, and the practice of all the Reformed Churches, (New England excepted,) is plain enough.

O how much more is the presumption in favour of Catholic Christianity than of those who cry with every breath “the temple of the Lord, the temple of the Lord are *we*,” whether Papists, Oxonians, Baptists, or Separatists! How much more exercise of Christian tempers with the former than the latter! I can get along with a Quaker, but not with a bigot.

PRINCETON, *January 1, 1841.*

A Methodist preacher called on my father on Christmas, and informed him that he was unconverted, exhorted him, &c. If you had been much among the Baptist Antinomians of Virginia, you would have been less amazed at the case of the woman and son.<sup>1</sup> I used to ride, every week, by the house of a desperate drunkard, often in almost death-throes from this, yet always in a state of assurance. Such men have come down among us by thousands from the Antinomians of the commonwealth: hear Baxter, Works, v. 23, p. 39:

“I labour with my utmost skill, to convince common drunk-

<sup>1</sup> His correspondent had been greatly moved at the anxiety evinced by a mother for her dying son, whom she was exhorting and entreating in the most pathetic manner to give her some hope of his being in peace, reminding him that she had faithfully instructed him in the Scriptures all his life. The next day he found the son in his dying agonies, and the mother intoxicated, and discovered that it was the habitual vice of both.

ards, swearers, worldlings, &c., of their misery, and I cannot do it for my life; and this false faith is the main reason. They tell me, I know I am a sinner, and so are you, and all, as well as I. But if any man sin 'we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous;' I put my whole trust in him, and cast my salvation on him; for 'He that believeth on him, shall not perish, but have everlasting life.' If I tell them of the nature of true faith, and the necessity of obedience, they answer me that they know their own hearts better than I, and are sure they do really rest on Christ, and trust him with their souls. And for obedience, they will mend as well as they can, and as God will give them grace; and, in the mean time, they will not boast as the Pharisee, but cry 'Lord be merciful to me a sinner.'"

It appears from "Ten-Thousand-a-Year," (perhaps as good authority touching neckcloths (hemp apart) as Lang,) that "haberdashers' shopboys" at Tagrag's wore *white neckcloths*. Lang is logical in stickling for all three—gown, hat, and white cravat; no doubt, in his heart, he missed that "holy tone" of which he is such a master, and which he will propagate among his "transported" hearers in *sæcula*. I have been filing my letters for 1840, and find at least half a dozen of yours without date; just think what confusion this will produce when your "Remains" are published. The earliest letter of yours which I have *in retentis* is Sept. 25, 1822. Mr. Connell of the Seminary is spending New Year's Day in town, and may be used as a courier.<sup>1</sup> I mourn that ——— should have spoken so unadvisedly with his lips; sorry should I be to utter such a dictum. It would have come well from a raving Jacobin in Robespierrian days. Is France better for the going up of atheism, and the going down of papism? Calvin says (bene) on Coloss. i. that the way to make all other things vanish, is to keep Christ in full view; and that the way to drive out error, is to proclaim Christ.

January 19, 1841.

I have long been of the opinion that our ideas about geography are often twisted for life, in consequence of our learning from maps, in the first instance, instead of globes. Be kind enough, in your walks, to cheapen a pair of globes for me. Read Nichols' Architecture of the heavens, by all means. It has been mangled by Dick, in his "Celestial Scenery;" who is a

<sup>1</sup> The Rev. J. Martin Connell. This estimable man, whom the editor remembers as a Sunday-school pupil of his in Philadelphia, died from the effects of injuries received in the dreadful collision of railway cars near Burlington, N. J., in August, 1855.

mere bookmaker; and the New York editor and publisher has disgraced himself and the country by his notes and glossary. He talks about the "elder Sir John Herschell," meaning Sir William; and says of Tycho Brahe, "He first asserted the principle that the earth remains fixed, and that the sun moves around it, *which was disproved by Copernicus*," (p. 145.) N. B. Copernicus died 1543, and Brahe was born 1546. This is a mere sample. I have a religious attachment to the books I read when a child. You once got me (at Judge Peters's sale) the Christian Magazine; can you do the like for me in regard to the "World Displayed," 8 vols. 8vo; it is a book of travels and voyages. The 3d will be remembered as the "cold Sunday." I had a fair trial of it, as I went in an open sleigh, facing the wind, to attend the funeral of an insane girl, three miles off, on the top of Rocky Hill. I have seldom known such a change of temperature. On Monday, 4th, my thermometer was at  $-1^{\circ}$ ; on the 7th at  $+54^{\circ}$ . Bethune is very severe on our country colleges in his Philomathean address. The evils he speaks of (though exaggerated by him) are real; so would be the evils of sending country youth to town; the effects of which are beautifully set forth in the case of the medical students. What will the French do, now that they have interred old Bonaparte's bony parts? I am making some little researches, from year to year, in the Anglo-Saxon: name any books you see in that line. The National Intelligencer is now one of our best papers. Walsh has a piece in almost every number, and I like him as much as ever. I never see any thing rancorous or unfair in the Intelligencer. Is it not probable that Great Britain will get possession of all the West African coast? they seem to be looking that way; and it would no doubt hasten the civilization of the world. ———, who has been seven times to Canton, and stayed eight years the last visit, said to me on Saturday, that he had no doubt the British would meet exactly the same reception at every place all the way to Peking, as at Chu-san. He tells me Gutzlaff has been in mere secular employments for some time past. I am really afraid the Amistad blackies will be sent to Cuba: if so, I don't believe the British will let them be hanged; and the Spanish are pretty much under Palmerston's palm just now. I see ——— re-iterates ———'s speech about the Catholics, [that the case of an infidel is better than that of a Papist.] Put the case thus: I am to choose between

1	&	2
A man who <i>worships</i> Christ, (whatever else he may do, or not do.)		A man who <i>blasphemes</i> Christ, (whatever else he may do, or not do.)

For observe, both say a "Deist of the school of *Voltaire*," whose watchword was "Écrasez l'Infame!" Rotteck's Universal History ought to be marked as an infidel book.

PRINCETON, February 12, 1841.

What bitter weather! you would say so if, like me, you had come from Cranbury this morning, in the teeth of a northwester. The mercury was at 3° this morning. I went, by appointment, to preach a Temperance sermon. In the sufferings of my children I experience a feminine distress, which makes me enter tenderly into that passage: "as a father *pitieth* his children," &c. The cold is such that I have not been drawn out this evening, even to hear Dr. Parker, and see his Chinaman. I hope his Mandarin-ship will take no offence thereanent. A copy of Mrs. Hooker's works has been sent to the "Editor" of the Princeton Review, which, though not the editor, I have appropriated, with the intention of writing something about it.<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Hooker was a writer after my heart, and her prose is immeasurably above that of Mrs. ———, who travels on very high stilts. The following remark of Dr. Johnson is so good that you ought to put it into your Journal. It respects the question what children should be taught first: "Sir, it is no matter what you teach them first, any more than what leg you shall put into your breeches first. Sir, you may stand disputing which is best to put in first, but in the mean time your breech is bare. Sir, while you are considering which of two things you should teach your child first, another boy has learnt them both." I have in a manner read ——— on ———. Its facts are strong; but don't you always feel a sinking of respect, when you find a treatise made up of scissors-scrap? I grow in my conviction, that in our day, when men have a thousand things to read, and won't read long at any thing, the books which reach the mass and colour its opinions, are not books of research, but books of feeling, of point, even of eccentricity; books written with a gush, *currente calamo*. I have a treat before me, in the Correspondence of Zuingle, which has just come over from Germany; he is one of the prime saints and martyrs in my calendar.<sup>2</sup> Major Downing's "there's nothin' cuts like the plaguy truth," is a good version of the French proverb: "il n'y-a que la verité qui blesse." There are no hymns, for unction, like the German. I read them liturgically. They are pure outgoings of gospel feeling. The best I

<sup>1</sup> This he did in the short notices in the April Repertory. Mrs. Hooker was the writer of the Lives of David, Elijah, Elisha, and Daniel, for the Sunday School Union.

<sup>2</sup> He reviewed the works in the April Repertory.

know are old Paul Gerhardt's. I never saw the works of John Huss till this week. They fill a very large folio volume. Does a mechanic who becomes literary become thereby a happier man? query, how happy might —— now be as a farrier? Juvenal discusses the question, and says of Demosthenes :

Dis ille adversis genitus, fatioque sinistro,  
 Quem pater ardentis massæ fuligine lippus  
*A carbone, et forcipibus, gladiosque parante*  
*Incude, et luteo Vulcano ad rhetora misit.*

*Sat. x.*

If you should ever want to quote the vulgar proverb, "It takes all kinds of people to make a world," you may give it in the terms of John Locke: "The world has people of all sorts." I love to hunt out a *proverb*; which Lord John Russell well describes as "One man's wit, all men's wisdom." I count it a signal exemption, for which to be thankful, that, after years of throat-affection, I have not had any symptom this winter, even for a moment. I know not whether there is any connexion, but I have, in washing, used a sponge, and made a more thorough application of the cold water to my neck and throat. We have now had [Feb. 15] five days of very severe weather, and from our bleak and exposed situation here, we suffer far more than any difference of the thermometer would indicate. I saw a traveller very snugly seated in a wagon like a house, drawn by one horse, and a smoking stove-pipe sticking out above. I find by reading Zuingle's letters, that he was a polished scholar, as much so as Erasmus or Melancthon, intimately acquainted with all the ancient classics, holding correspondence in Greek, and employing a latinity which is as nervous and elegant as that of Calvin. He had a heroic courage, and remarkable prudence. The edition I am reading gives the letters *to* as well as *from* him, so that I am quite transported to Reformation times.<sup>1</sup> This is what I like. No novel can awaken an interest like these realities. We now have the correspondence of Melancthon, (to and from,) Luther, Calvin, Erasmus, and Zuingle, whose name is spelt a dozen ways.

PRINCETON, *March 5, 1841.*<sup>2</sup>

I see by the Presbyterian, that Dr. Doane has made an assault on Bishop Boardman. Methinks the Doctor's blank verse

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Alexander reviewed D'Aubigné's Reformation in the Repertory January, 1842; and McCrie's Reformation in Spain, July, 1850.

<sup>2</sup> About this time Mr. Alexander received a unanimous election to the Presidency of Lafayette College, Easton, Pennsylvania. which he declined.

will not run well in controversy. The article in the London Quarterly on American orators is worth reading. What he says about convicts is more true than some folks would like to be remembered. I happen to know three or four high families who are so descended, and a number more who sprang from "redemptioners." It was customary in Virginia for white men to indenture themselves to the captain, for four years. My grandfather used to go to Baltimore and buy such. Two of my father's early schoolmasters were well educated Englishmen of this class. The Hebrew of Exodus ii. 6, is more expressive than the English: "behold a weeping child." Nordheimer's 2d volume [Hebrew Grammar] is beautiful, especially the Hebrew, which is exquisite. He has been here; told me every page of copy was written four times, and every signature read ten times, the first proof occupying him twelve hours, as he collated every reference in the proof. Gesenius has spoken well of it. I have seen the beautiful species of currency which your banks are emitting. I am not versed in bankology, but am inclined to think the whole system akin to *συνδλwg*.<sup>1</sup> We know as little how the matters are conducted, as in the old lottery systems. I wish they would make Walsh minister to France, Clay to England, and —— to Guinea. I find the following good verses in an old play of 1610:

" Our life is but a sailing to our death  
Through the world's ocean; it makes no matter then,  
Whether we put into the world's vast sea  
Shipped in a pinnace, or an argosy."

Frost fish or smelts are now in season. They are a great delicacy, and last only a few days. They are taken, so far as I know, nowhere in these parts but on the Raritan. Being always caught as they ascend the river, on its opening, they are full of roe. We buy them at 18 cents the quart. I feel less respect for Milner [Church History] than I did, since I have examined the truth of what he says about Zuingle, whom he disparages very unjustly in comparing him with Luther. How much we lose in reading the Bible, by not having that fresh feeling of novelty and interest which they had in the apostolic age, and even at the reformation; we come to the book already acquainted with its contents, in its most important parts.<sup>2</sup> Perhaps the best way

<sup>1</sup> The allusion is probably to a device resorted to by some banks to evade the penalty of not redeeming their *notes* with coin, by issuing their currency in the form of *checks*.

<sup>2</sup> In one of his posthumous "Sacramental Discourses" he says: "Sometimes we are ready to wish it were possible to travel backward on our line

to gain something of this vividness is to read large portions without any human comment, and in as complete forgetfulness as we can attain of our own age. Latterly I have more frequently thought than I used to do, that we make too little of the Holy Spirit's agency with the Scriptures as indispensable, perpetual, immediate. Do we not in fact read the Bible as if our unaided powers would secure us from error? Few texts have been oftener in my mind than 1 John ii. 26, 27; especially in reference to the diversity of opinions which men profess to derive from the Bible. The "Word *and* the Spirit" conveys the true doctrine.

Harrison is now President, so I suppose the hens will lay ready-roasted eggs, and money drop out of the clouds. The speeches in parliament, 1641, which I have been reading, are much more pious than any I have ever heard in General Assembly. Our legislature can't get a suitable man to be judge, vice Dayton resigned. If they had the magnanimity of a hen-partridge, they would at once give it to——; but Whigs are as party-bound as other folks. I fear *pretension* is getting to be our national character. We get the Paris "Sémeur," of which the principle seems to be to exclude news; the very opposite of what I think the ideal of a religious journal. Dry reviews, continued from week to week. As room is allowed me, I hope you will permit me to take this method, however unusual, of defining my position with regard to you, by declaring, in terms of the utmost frankness, how truly I am, dear Sir, Your most obedient servant.

PRINCETON, *March 12, 1841.*

Vide "Gift for the Holidays," pp. 125, 126, "neither he nor Charles were considerate." Is it possible that I wrote this? if so, it ought to have been made grammar. I have frequently had a misgiving as if the worshipful committee altered my English; but as I write in haste, I bring no impeachments. So again, p. 70, "the girl who spoke *friendly* to him," is a form which I never use in my waking hours. At the same time, I think it quite as likely that the blunders are mine, as not. The Newark Daily advertises a series of "protracted sermons;" not such a rarity. Walsh's admissions about the Sabbath (in the former of his two communications this week, in National Intelli-

of experience, to that point in childhood when gospel grace first came to our cognizance; or else to stand in the position of some serious inquiring heathen who opens his ear and heart to the news of a redeeming God; that by either of these ways we might get rid of the dulness and indifference which our worn and jaded souls derive from long hardening of custom"

gencer) are invaluable, and ought to be made prominent in every religious paper in the country; but alas! our religious editors copy only from one another. I received your paper with obituary of Dr. Rauch since I began this. The *Daub* who was his "spiritual father," was, I think, one of the worst of the modern pantheists. The main proposition of all semi-Germans, is that no matter how gross or atheistical any *philosophy* may be, it may still be held in connexion with Christianity. Let me give you a few items from Sandwich Islands, which you will not see in the [Missionary] Herald. The king is very immoral, and is a mere tool. The islands will pass before long into the hands of some foreign power. The missionaries went out Congregationalists. It is a sufficient confutation of that theory, that it cannot be set up among the heathen. They had, by resolution, in 1830, to deny the right of "government" to their new converts. In 1831, they were forced to appoint *Elders*. In 1835, they adopted our rules of discipline. In 1839, they found themselves necessitated to unite as a presbytery, having acted as one before. They are now regularly organized in four presbyteries, (not a word of this in the Herald,) none voting against, but four or five non-liquets. Exactly thus, I doubt not, Presbytery grew out of the mother-church at Jerusalem. "It is no small matter," says one, "that the missionary of the A. B. C. must surrender his right to personal liberty, his right to acquire property, and the liberty of the press." One of the leading missionaries thinks that the present method of doing the missionary work by *one* method, and through boards and committees, checks the fruitfulness of the church in methods of converting the world.

PRINCETON, *March 24, 1841.*

Robinson's trial [for murder of Suydam] is going on in Brunswick. Graham, of New York, is his principal counsel; and he is every thing that such a case could demand. Though one might expect the jury to agree in a verdict of Guilty without leaving the box, some suppose he may yet be cleared. And, further, if this should be the case, I have heard fears expressed of a Porteus mob, and summary execution. The rainbow and sunset yesterday were surpassing. The new series of the Penny Magazine is a beautiful book. I am pleased to observe in it a little spice of religion now and then, not very decided, it is true, but enough to show that they feel the necessity of deferring to the Christian opinion of the age. ——— is a better preacher than nine-tenths of those I hear. He has that "holy-tone," which, after all, carries great weight with the multitude.



You will not forget that to-morrow (25) is LADY DAY. † † † The adjustment of the difference [in the Senate] between King [of Alabama] and Clay [of Kentucky] is certainly a matter for national thanksgiving. Perhaps I mentioned to you that Stacy G. Potts, Esq., of Trenton, (an elder of the church,) and his brother, the Rev. Wm. S. Potts, of St. Louis, are going abroad, shortly. Their first visit is, I believe, to the Continent, and they will be gone about eight months. Dr. Carnahan says Henry Kollock [of Savannah] was the most eloquent and impassioned preacher he ever heard.<sup>1</sup> The congregation at Norfolk, Va., is vacant, and will be a delightful place for some one. They have a new church, and will probably give 1,300 to 1,500 dollars. Right on the sea, incomparable "water privileges," easy run to Richmond and Baltimore, healthy place, good society: fish, oysters, soft-crabs, &c., on the direct railway line to the South, a climate resembling the remote South in winter, and much tempered by the breezes in summer. I have passed some delightful days there. Peter Harris (African Prince) writes to my father, ending thus,

"Your remaining friend                      Peter Harris."

PRINCETON, April 9, 1841.

A longer period than common has passed since I wrote to you. I have been in a state of bodily and mental uneasiness, with the details of which I do not mean to plague you, but which has made me somewhat unfit for letter-writing, in which I never can engage but with an easy mind. To record troublesome thoughts always seemed to me to increase them. Apropos of which, Cicero seems to have had different notions of the matter, if one may judge from his 4th book of ep. *ad Atticum*; by all odds, the fullest revelation of humiliating, unmanly sorrow I ever read; but exceedingly interesting and instructive. The *Tristia* of Ovid come next, but that is poetry. I confess I like Ovid far better than it is fashionable among critics to do: his flow of versification is so easy and unrippled. Seneca is another contraband author whom I love to read. (N. B. Here I change one bad pen for another.) I finished my part of the semi-annual examination this morning. Our session ends next Thursday. This day week Peter Robinson is to be hanged, nominally in private, really in public. They might as well not hang a man at all as hang him in secret. I have to-night been reading a book I never saw or heard of before; the *younger* Lord Lyt-

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Carnahan's opinion is given at length in the memoir of Dr. Kollock in vol. iv. of Dr. Sprague's "Annals of the Pulpit."

telton's letters.<sup>1</sup> He was a great genius and profligate, a Byron of his day, an elegant epistolist; they are well worth an hour's attention, and contain first rate anecdotes about Chatham, Burke, Mansfield, Fox, &c. The death of our President [Harrison] ought to be looked upon by every one of us as a visitation of God, a great national rebuke, a lesson to ambition. How easily, by a single death, God can discomfit all the plans of a party! I am not without fears of a war with England; and, if it come, it will, as Wellington has said several times, not be a *small* war. I have been reading Bickersteth on the prophecies. Independently of his hypothesis, the spirit of the book is delightfully devout, humble, and tender. The question of the Millennium has occupied my attention a good deal for a year or two. I have abandoned my old traditionary views, without having settled on new ones. From the Scriptures alone I have been led to some *negative* results with a good degree of firmness. For example, I cannot dare apply the warnings about Christ's *coming*, to the hour of death; nor can I say one word about a millennium *before* Christ's coming. It is now more than a year since I wrote down a number of conclusions on this point, derived chiefly from Rev. xx. studied without note or comment. I conjecture that some of my old friends in Trenton may be unwise enough to vex me with solicitations to return to them; this I shall discourage in every way, if it should happen. Nothing would bring me to such a course, but a conviction, such as I have not, that I am doing wrong in keeping my present post. The natural and proper way [for a congregation in view of a new pastor] is to invite him to supply them a few Sabbaths. From this nothing should make him shrink. I am convinced, that in the sight of God, my declining to preach as a candidate has often been a sinful tribute to my own pride. We ought to be as willing to seek a place of labour for Christ, as the people to seek our services. This is my serious opinion, after having long acted on the other and the worldly plan. True, a man's reputation is a talent, and should not be jeopardized by his making himself cheap.

Our trials vary, but we all have them, and we all (Christians) profit by them. The Lord provides and will provide. Our path is wonderful, but he describes the whole line.

TRENTON, April 27, 1841.

We came here on Saturday, and I suppose met you in the carriage from the depot. I am sorry I could not see you, and

<sup>1</sup> They proved to be not genuine, but were fabricated by Alexander Combe.

am more disquieted than comforted by being here. Indeed I slept very little last night; for, altogether against my expectation or desire, certain of the people have been at me about a return to them.<sup>1</sup> No one (but some of the most trifling street prattlers) had breathed a word to me about their looking to me-ward; and I confess your letter made little impression on my belief, at the time I received it. I have stayed within (regretting that I happened to choose this time for my visit) and have heard nothing from any leading member of the congregation; but from what transpires from some of the lighter sort I am led to think that a considerable portion of the people are bent upon subjecting me once more to the painful decision of a question of conscience. I have great difficulty in expressing to you the exact state of my mind, because I scarcely know what it is myself. — I would gladly do so if I durst. I could not come here without a great pecuniary loss, and the resumption of burdens from which my spirit is yet sore. Nevertheless, as I have never dreamed that I should ever be settled here again, and as, notwithstanding, some of the people mean to force me into a determination, I must lie still for a week or two, and “hear what God the Lord will speak.” I feel in regard to it exactly as I would in regard to a call to go to China. I hope I shall be directed; nay, I believe I shall be.

TRENTON, *May 3, 1841.*

I remain here to-day, to further the plan I have, in regard to this business, which becomes more and more painful to me every moment. I have sent the following to Dr. Ewing.

“This communication respects a matter which I have not mentioned to you, but one in which I have a very painful interest. It is, I am told, intended to make out a call for me this afternoon. It is my earnest wish that this should not be done. The only reason why I do not arrest the matter by a positive refusal beforehand, is a scruple of conscience lest I should be running in the face of Providence. But the most delightful news I could have, would be that you had called ———. The longer I meditate on it, the greater seems to me the probability that I shall not feel myself competent to a pastoral charge. My presence here (altogether unconcerted) has awakened some expectation. I now wish to say with earnestness that I should be inexpressibly relieved, if the Congregation would drop all further consideration of me. I am, &c., &c.”

I do not here say to Ewing all that this means. To you I

<sup>1</sup> The pastor, Dr. Yeomans, having accepted the Presidency of Lafayette College, Pennsylvania.

explain thus:—if they should fail to call —, divide, or otherwise seem likely to go to ruin, I might after all be driven to accept a future call.<sup>1</sup>

My prevalent feeling is that even if they should be so rash as to call me, I shall not come. The conflict of my feelings is great, and I never was more sensible of my weakness. I came home from you in a wet, cold, and somewhat open car, and took a bad cold, with rheumatism.

I do not regard this as a confidential letter. I have said the same thing to everybody here.

TRENTON, *May 7, 1841.*

I have been detained from Philadelphia by sickness, having had another wetting since I was there, and a severe catarrh with sore throat. The first official notice I had of the congregational doings was last night, though I was sufficiently acquainted with what occurred at the meeting; what that was, as to manner and feeling, I had rather leave you to learn from others.

I felt it to be my duty to go to Princeton, for consultation. I did not talk with my colleagues. Results of advisement thus far, thus: Dr. Hodge is vehemently against my leaving Princeton. Reasons, these: 1. "You are as useful in Princeton as you would be in Trenton." 2. "I grant you ought to be a pastor, but not in Trenton," innuendo that I might be settled in Philadelphia or New York. 3. "The Trenton people cannot support you." 4. "——— would make them as good a pastor, and in some respects a better one." This is the only argument of his which weighs with me, and I assent to it, without affectation. My father says, "The pulpit is your proper place. You have health enough at present, and have no right to count on future contingencies; but the people cannot support you, and you ought not to stir a step, without explicit arrangements on this head." The *feelings* of my relations are in favour of my being in Trenton. My Princeton friends have not made a point of my health, as I expected, and this, more than any thing else, disturbs all my provisional calculations.

I wish I could tell you what I am likely to do. I shall probably decide late in next week. Alas! I am all out at sea. I try to place myself in thought before the judgment-seat, and to ask "From which of the two places would you choose to be summoned?" If I leave Princeton, I leave a great array of worldly comforts, air, verdure, house, ice-house, garden, literary circles, libraries, periodicals, leisure, and ease pecuniary; and

<sup>1</sup> He was unanimously re-elected pastor May 3, 1841.

assume responsibilities, care, labour, vexations, and straits. What to do I know not. If the finger of God should distinctly point either way, I should not have a moment of disappointment. If they do not give me more salary, the thing is at an end; it is an obstacle *in limine*, and precludes the necessity of vexing myself about the other considerations.

If I were put on my oath, and asked which way the balance of probability now librates, I could not answer.

Write to me freely, and (I hope the phrase is not outworn by hypocritical abuse) give me your prayers. Pray leave nothing unsaid which may do me good. I am harassed beyond expression.<sup>1</sup>

PRINCETON, *May 25, 1841.*

I know not that I ever enjoyed mere *weather* so much as the last three days. There is such a burst of vegetation, such a concurrence of plants and birds which are usually separate, that the green and fragrant earth seems almost paradisiacal. A sparrow has "laid her young" at our very door, and I suppose we have twenty nests on our premises. A bob-o'-lincoln sings his bravuras back of our garden from morn till night; I know no note so rich as some of his; indeed his strain, taken singly, is incomparable; but the mocking-bird has a thousand, and even the robin a good many. I am full of College-work thus far, mingled with a pleasing interspersion of *proves* as the *διαβολοι* always call them. I have engaged to supply Father Comfort's pulpit [the Kingston Church] for three months, not however necessarily in person. He goes to Illinois—pretty well for threescore and fifteen. I have read, since I came home, a stout slice of Chillingworth, some of Mrs. Hawkes, (excellent,) two plays of Plautus, two satires of Juvenal, one book of Wordsworth's Excursion, one book of Cicero's Letters, one book of Ovid's Tristia, a few pages of Lueretius, and about a third of Herbert's Poems; there's a task for you. I have, of course, doffed my leathern jerkin, and have begun my summer washings in the mornings, my lettuce-eatings at noon, and my star-gazing at night. I have preached once, had two head-aches, and palpitation of the heart to a remarkable degree. There is something wrong, I am sure, about my arterial system. What think you of Nagle's pictures? I am told they are exhibited. We have a full College, more admitted than last year, about 100 new ones since last commencement, in all 200+. What a series of designs Retzch might make out of the history of Joseph! It is an incomparable story.

<sup>1</sup> Soon after this, the offer of the call was positively declined.

PRINCETON, *June 3, 1841.*

I write with a very sore eye, therefore stenographically. You know, no doubt, that you were called unanimously, on Monday. You will, of course, go. Four or five persons were for hearing others, but they came in very heartily. I see no way for you to refuse such a call as that to Trenton; I trust it is from above.

PRINCETON, *June 6, 1843.*

I gather from your letters, that your mind is pretty much made up to accept the Trenton call, and the belief of this gives me unfeigned satisfaction. In your success there, I feel a more than ordinary interest, and I have a confidence that these hopes will not be disappointed. The call is, I am sure, a cordial one, and I think the sooner you pitch your tent among the people, the better. In a letter of ———, there is a suggestion which I cannot convey to you better than in his own words: "Pray tell Mr. Hall, if you can, to let on steam in his preaching. He certainly can do it, to such extent at least as to remove all appearance of deficiency." I accord in this, and it is the only point respecting which I have heard any misgiving expressed; and I would not mention it if I were not assured that it is perfectly within your power to remove the difficulty at once. You utter voice enough, I am persuaded, but there is a want of sharpness and percussiveness in your utterance, which causes the stream of words to flow indolently and somewhat indistinctly, and this is seriously the case in the cadence of every period. Perhaps every thing will be accomplished, if you give yourself up with a greater *abandon* in delivery; as there is no possibility of your laying yourself open to the charge of being theatrical, affected, or extravagant. The only other point is one in which you cannot be too much interested. The Trenton people lack frequent pastoral visits. They need this, and they look for it. I have told them that in my opinion you would not be backward in this class of duties; and my private judgment is, that you have advantages in this particular. Such is the character of the people, that they would be satisfied with inferior pulpit performances, if these were accompanied with a free and easy social intercourse.

I think our Presbytery meets in August at Middletown-Point; but if you are ready, I should advise you to cause the elders to have a meeting called *pro re nata*. The sooner the thing is over, the easier you will feel.

I told Mr. Stryker that I would see them supplied till you began to preach. You may relieve me very much therefore, by

assuming this office as speedy as possible; and I hope, in your next, you will say something on this point, as I am engaged to supply Mr. Comfort's church for three months, besides a sermon every Lord's-day to my blacks.

PRINCETON, *June 14, 1841.*

Addison told me you meant to be in Trenton yesterday, and as I had made no engagement to supply except till you should come, and none whatever for yesterday in particular, I felt myself at ease; till Dr. Miller called on me and told me Mr. Stryker wished me to know that they relied on me. I therefore sent down Mr. Dixon. I consider all the care of supply, henceforward, as devolved off me and on you. I am glad you are coming, and coming at once. It is right, seemly, and promising good. As to your elocution, *Question 1.* "Is it to throw my arms about more?" *Answer.* No. *Question 2.* "To vary my tones?" *Answer.* No. Your arms and tones are well enough. It is to make yourself fully heard, without an effort on the part of the hearer. Though familiar with your voice, it was with the greatest difficulty that your last words of sentences were heard by me. The "indolence" I mean is consistent with too great rapidity, being a want of distinctness in the syllabication, rather than a too small volume of voice. After all, the only thing which you ought to carry on your mind when you go to the pulpit is to speak as loudly and distinctly as you possibly can.

The last accounts from Dr. [John] Breckinridge were rather unfavourable again.<sup>1</sup> I saw sitting together, at College-prayers, the sons of three men very generally known in America, Eli Whitney, Francis Blair, and N. Biddle. I shall have less of Philadelphia news, now that you are about to be a Trentonian, unless you get a free-ticket on the railroad, and go to the city every week. My hopes about strawberries are very much disappointed; we have had but two messes.

With best regards for ——— and the youth, I am, was, have been, shall be, may or can be, might, could, would, or should be, shall or will have been, &c.

PRINCETON, *July 6, 1841.*

Your note-ling of yesterday informed me of your settlement in your new habitation. I hope you will find it, and all your being and doing in it, useful and happy. A son of Bishop Hobart and three classmates (of the New York Seminary) are

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Breckinridge died August 4, 1841.

going to Wisconsin to found a mission on the primitive plan—take a central point, live as cœnobites, radiate a hundred miles each way, found a school, which is to be a College, which is to be a Theological Seminary.

We had a quiet Independence-day. The storm at night both shamed and extinguished the students' fireworks. My series of domiciliary pupils has been—1, W. C. Carrington; 2, Samuel D. Alexander; 3, Henry M. Alexander; 4, S. Harrison Howell; 5, Samuel M. Breckinridge; 6, R. F. Stockton. More persons in this neighbourhood seem to be seriously inquiring than usual; I mean within a few miles. A son of the Rev. Howard Malcom, in the Seminary, has been very active. N. B. The hack or stage-coach which comes from Trenton hither every evening is a delightful conveyance at this season. The sunset, the verdure, the tout-ensemble, are charming. Pusey comes out, in defence of Newman's No. 90, in a vol. of pp. 217.

PRINCETON, *July 10, 1841.*

I have Stephens [Central America] in hand. My interest in the musty ruins is nothing to what I feel in the country and people. The book is as interesting as a tragedy or an epic. But for simplicity and graphic-ness of description, I have had nothing since Crusoe, equal to Dana's "Two Years before the Mast." I wish our people would read such books in place of novels. Many females whom I know, almost confine their reading to the latter, taking whatever comes. Give them a side-blow at this in Trenton. I have No. 90; quibble on quibble.

Give our love to ———, and tell her we assuredly expect her to come up and pay a farthing in the pound of the visits I have been making her for something less than 40 years.

PRINCETON, *August 19, 1841.*

We had a great deal of wine-bibbing and some brawling among our students on the day of the Seniors' dismissal. I am now rapidly verging towards T-totality.

Dr. ——— professes himself hugely delighted with the review of ———. For myself, while I regard it as a true and just unmasking of a charlatan, I do not think the public well enough acquainted with the facts respecting that bad man to make them appreciate the critique. I shall not go to Grande Ligne with Kirk, being detained by various things. Father Comfort has returned. There are 40—60 persons awakened in his church. Dr. Rice is holding a four-nights-meeting in Queens-ton. We have got a cook! [put the foregoing in small caps.] How do you feel without the editorial kettle tied to your tail?



As you sometimes go to the city, and I never, volens,—I want you to get me a pen (I mean a dozen of pens) of a kind which I once got at your instance. They were very large in the barrel, indeed much the largest metal-pens I have seen, and the tube of the quill was complete. I think they were Gillott's; though he makes a smaller sort. Alward, our Seminary and College alumnus, is dead of the African fever—a dreadful blow after the loss of David White. Chaplain Grier has brought from Attica a pot of honey of Hymettus, as a present to my mother. It is thought to taste of roses. Bennett [N. Y. Herald] has done us a service, by making fun of a late ball here, so that at a later one the females were all afraid to go. Old Mr. ——'s description of life at a watering-place is: "to eat in a crowd, and sleep in a closet." —— thinks of preaching altogether expoundingly; he has long done so, all but the morning-sermon. Tholuck is married again, after long viduity. Baird passed through yesterday from Washington. He says the Cabinet will abide, and that a Bank of Exchanges will pass. I should like that. I am no Bank-man.

Unless you could see the Rev. Mr. ——, the following anecdote will be lost on you. He is 6+ feet high, red hair and every thing, and bows to the earth; in other things a Dominie Samson. Mr. S., an eminent lawyer of Baltimore, told me to-day that he once fell in with ——, whom he had known in Princeton; S. invited him to dinner, and set before him some of the choicest wine the country could furnish. —— drank a glass, and then asked with indescribable naïveté: "Is it *domestic*, sir?" A decided Calvinistic woman in this town lives in the house of a Methodist. She lately said of him, "He is as kind to me as a son, but I hate him, he is such an Arminian." My father preached five times last week, and already four times this week.

PRINCETON, Aug. 30, 1841.

I have had a good deal of preaching labour lately, as all around us, in the country, there is a state of great awakening. In Mr. Comfort's congregation, I dare say, there are seventy or eighty inquirers, and perhaps thirty who have believed. It is thus far remarkably free from any the least new doctrine, new measures, noise, enthusiasm, and opposition. In Mapleton, a neighbourhood between us and Kingston, on the Canal, it is believed that every person above ten years of age, is seriously concerned. Here the awakening commenced; and in some degree through the labours of a half-witted bound boy, who would not rest till he got meetings established in a certain school-house. In the Rocky Hill district north of this, and at Centre-

ville north-west of us, each about four miles off, there is a like appearance of good. In the former place, I knew of four blind persons in one house converted. The seriousness is extending itself into the Blawenburg Dutch Church, (Mr. Talmage's.) Some of the very worst and most hopeless men in our countryside have been brought to Christ. I spent Thursday night at —, where five children (all he has) are seemingly renewed. In Princeton-proper, I know of but three or four persons inquiring; but I think more of the communicants are stirred up, than I have observed for ten years. Dr. Rice has been much aided by the Rev. Samuel J. Cassels, of Georgia, some years pastor at Macon, who has come to the North to make up some deficiencies in his theological education.<sup>1</sup> Though an ugly, little, swarthy man, he is one of the very best preachers I ever heard, both for instruction and pathos. I wish you may find him out. The addition to the Seminary is not as great as last year, perhaps in consequence of the change of time in opening the year; this, it is hoped, will be temporary. It was a happy providence, that Dr. Robinson's book [on Palestine] should embody the labours of four such men as Eli Smith, Robinson, Ritter, and Catherwood. Dr. Green is still here. You may still look out for a Presidentship, as the Marshall throne is not filled. This is said by the "oldest inhabitant" to have been the rainiest August that ever was.

PRINCETON, *September 10, 1841.*

You have, no doubt, heard of the awakening in Bucks Co., near you. There are some new cases of awakening, occurring slowly, in our congregation. Mr. Cassels, a truly Christian man, leaves us on Monday for Norfolk.

Poor [Rev. Samuel G.] Winchester's death is a sad blow, and great warning. He was found stiff and cold in bed, though he had been sick some time before. Young Sawyer left us yesterday, to take Alward's place in Africa. C. C. Jones, of S. C., preaches to the slaves three times on Sunday, and every evening in the week. Yet this is the man whom the young Andoverians would not let preach in their chapel. Sit anima mea cum Jonesio!

PRINCETON, *September 18, 1841.*

Why do ministers regard it as necessary to sit in the pulpit, when no service falls to them? It is a poor seat; the supererogatory head distracts the audience; and the presence of a man

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Cassels died 1853-'4.

behind is no help to him that preaches. Mr. Cassels has left us for Norfolk, carrying with him great respect and affection. I discern in him no newschoolism, no new ways of doing things to make people stare and ask why, no harshness or consciousness, and no vanity. He preached at the rate of seven sermons a week all the time he was here. About twenty persons here, or more, profess to be inquirers. Two or three cases of awakening in College. Scott, of Stockholm, has been here; a pleasant, unaffected, good, sensible man, and as mellifluous a Wesleyan as ever I listened to. His statements about the Swedish Churches were very startling, and I would record some of them, but that I have a notion that you have met with him. There is some encouragement among my blacks. I am very dubious about inquiry-meetings, and my doubts are always greatest while they are going on. If admitted, I am clear that no one but the pastor should ever talk with the inquirer; especially, that ignorant or foolish helpers should not bring their trowels and daub. The natural, the scriptural, and the safe way, is for the pastor to see them at his house or theirs. But then this great means of excitement must be foregone, and this is really the reason why ministers cling to it. As it regards instruction, the worst place in the world for it, is a crowded room, where there is buz-buz-buz. I am (perhaps culpably) lukewarm about Tyler, Ewing & Co. I did not vote for Tip or Ty. I thought and think Clay our greatest statesman. Yet I have no zeal for the all-absorbing monetary question. With us Money is Politics. The fear of War with England much more occupies me, as a man and as a Christian. A man may dispute whether he will carry his money in a purse or a pocket-book, while an enemy is levelling a musket at his heart; and if he cocks his hat and brags, *more Kentuckico*, the case is not bettered. What think you of a weekly lecture on the *Life of Christ*, without texts, but taking up the history, harmonizing it, and applying? <sup>1</sup> The weekly converse of the preacher's own soul with such an object would be worth something. Sixteen Southern Presbyterian ministers have died in thirteen months. Some of these are very important, Baxter, Breckinridge, Winchester, Phelps, Cunningham, and Sloss. I am seriously convinced that more harm is done by newspaper-reading, than by novel-reading. I know men who spend 2—6 hours daily over newspapers. There is no other production so heterogeneous and incoherent; there is none in

<sup>1</sup> He had begun such a course, and given sixteen lectures, at the close of his ministry in Duane street, (October 31, 1848, to May 29, 1849.) He began it anew with the Fifth Avenue congregation January 27, 1852, and continued it at the Tuesday meetings until February 27, 1855.

which we read so much that is not even interesting. Probably each of us spends a hundred hours of morning-time per annum, on 1, Repeated matter; 2, Accidents; 3, Crimes; 4, Idle narrative; 5, Unintelligible or useless statements; 6, Error and Falsehood; 7, Advertisements and proper names. What better recipe for making a weak mind addle? We take the tone of our company. Suppose a man's bosom-friend to talk an hour a day, exactly like his newspaper. I am told Dr. Wilson used to read only a small weekly sheet; and I have heard that Mr. Wirt, during his most active forensic labours, spent three years without reading a newspaper. But this is fine talk from one Ex-editor to another.

PRINCETON, *September 29, 1841.*

I the rather missed you [at Commencement] because of the visit of "General J. [Josiah] Harlan, Aide-de-Camp of Dost Mähomed, Ameer of Cabool;" certes the most distingué of our numerous visitors. He spoke kindly of you, and expected to meet you. He is a noble, gentlemanly, and soldierly man in his port, and endlessly rich in sorts of knowledge which are perfectly new to us. — has a high opinion of him, and says the Russian government would do any thing to get him on their side against the Anglo-Indian operations. His moustache, gold-spurs, and signet-ring 2,000 years old, are great distinctions. I should very much prize further communication with him. You doubtless remember Joseph Wolff's account of him in his "Researches," p. 180, Phil. 1837.<sup>1</sup> Peter McCall [of Philadelphia] delivered a polished oration yesterday. Our services to-day were as long and exhausting as usual. I lament their probable influence on the minds of our young men, among whom there has been a spirit of religious inquiry. Fifteen or more have been recently awakened, almost all of whom are among our best scholars; I trust several of these are converted. But they all go to their homes at this time. Three Scotch clergymen, Johnston, Ferriar, and Allison, have arrived in New York, men of polish, and good preachers, intending to settle among us. The cause of their emigration is painful, viz., the ruin of their congregations by the

<sup>1</sup> From Mr. Wolff's book I collect the following sketch of my old friend, now living on his farm in Pennsylvania. Mr. Wolff met Harlan at Goozerat in June, 1832, and describes him as then "the Governor of the place and province." He was born of a Quaker family in Philadelphia, 1799: engaged at first in Commercial business; then became surgeon in the Government hospital in Calcutta; resigned the British service and entered that of the native prince of Cabool. He had returned to the United States not long before the Commencement above referred to, after an absence of nearly twenty years. In 1842 Mr. Harlan published "A Memoir of India and Afghanistan."

inroads of Chartism. They are all, however, of the secession. Adams, whom Colt murdered, [in New York,] was the printer of our *Missionary Chronicle*, and a pious man. If you are fond of sweet-potatoes in winter, let me recommend to you to put up a few bushels in sand. The sand should be perfectly dried in an oven, after the bread has been removed. This is the proper time to do it. As many as eleven of my Africans are under serious impressions. In College we have had no excitement, and not even an inquiry-meeting, but a wide-spread seriousness, daily short prayer-meetings, and much private conversation. Mr. Cassels will probably be settled at Norfolk. The air-tight stove is adopted by Prof. Henry, Dod, Hodge, Miller, and Dr. Rice. Its two great advantages are (1) absolute cleanliness, and (2) perfect manageability, so that a fire may be kept 24 hours so low that you can scarcely feel it, and yet may be raised high in three minutes. It *may* be abused so as to be a mere common sheet iron stove, but this is not the intention. The great art is repressing the fury of the little creature. Mine kept about flesh-warm all last night, and on sliding up the door this morning, I had it roaring in two minutes. Then I shut all up except a minute crevice, and so it has been some hours. It is meant for a room of which the door is kept shut. You will learn the whole trick in two days. Wood dry as possible, charge say 4—6 billets. I would begin with hickory, but sound maple is as good, when you know the article. Blood has gone to Ireland; it was time that he should be extravasated.

PRINCETON, *Nov.* 13 and 14, 1841.

Our journey to Virginia, and my return, were accomplished with much less trouble, danger, and fatigue, than I had feared. The kindness of Providence was signal towards us, in regard to weather, conveyances, and the like. I trust my little flock is safely folded in Charlotte. I do not desire soon to have a trip of the same solicitude; yet I feel it to be a sacred duty to record the loving-kindness of the Lord in every part of it. My situation here is lonely enough, and I feel it more than if I were alone in another house. I am, moreover, somewhat confined by a cold and rheumatism in all one side.

I was greatly encouraged by the sight of the Virginia Synod, [at Richmond.] The number of highly respectable and faithful ministers in the prime of life, is very large. Making allowances for the idiosyncrasies of some, the following list is remarkable: McFarland, the Browns (5 brothers, sons of a minister, not all in Va.,) Leyburn, Stevenson, Skinner, Love, Stewart, White, Cassels, Graham, Armistead, Alkinson, Peyton, Harrison, Benj.

Smith, Foote, Stanton, Whary, McPhail, Dutton, Sparrow, Plumer. Every one of these is a man of pulpit talents and influence. They think the interest of Presbyterianism advancing. The Synod proper had adjourned, but they all remained over Sunday and communed together—a delightful solemnity. Plumer's large church was crowded with communicants, many of whom had come several days' journey. I am sure I spoke with a hundred acquaintances not residing in Richmond. I preached on Monday to a most awakened audience.

I wished to see Greenough's statue of Washington; but, though erected, it was not uncovered. The patent-office at Washington is a great show; the largest room, it is said, in America. If you ever go to Washington, do not go to Brown's hotel. The Exchange House in Richmond is beyond comparison the finest hotel I ever saw, not excepting the Tremont at Boston, by the late landlord of which it is kept. It lacks nothing but gas. For attendance of servants it is ten times better than the Tremont. This is a great change, in the view of one who remembers the former dens of Richmond.

The addition to College cannot be fully stated yet. We have matriculated about fifty, thus far. It looks as if Van Buren would be next President; and I see much less to choose, than I once did, between the parties. That we are victims of Banking, I see too plainly. McLean, of Monmouth, expects to have his organ up next week.

I take breakfast and tea entirely alone. You can't tell how I miss the children. What a doleful place is a childless house. Let me assure you that to have a sick wife 400 miles off, is no small trial; I hope it may do me good.

PRINCETON, *December 8, 1841.*

I have not for a long time seen a book, so well adapted to awaken the heart and conscience of a minister, or so well deserving to lie on his table, as the *Life and Death of Joseph Alleine*, written by Baxter and others, and lately printed by Carter. Your Pole [a beggar] came here, and in excellent Latin swindled us all out of sundry "vetera vestimenta," and money likewise. I love Banks less and less. They tempt men to borrow—make money nominally plenty—and then, when trouble comes, are the first creditors to exact, and the last to have mercy. All —'s other creditors here would have waited—yet the Bank, after having handled \$60,000 of his money, beat up his quarters near midnight for \$2,100. I know they have the right—to the pound of flesh. Ask your Catharina if she is familiar with the following passage, in the "Taming of the Shrew:"

“ You lie in faith ; for you are called plain Kate,  
 And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the cross ;  
 But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,  
 Kate of *Kate-Hall*, my superdainty Kate,  
 For dainties are all cates.”

What follows is an exact copy of an epitaph in Cranbury Church Yard, on a stone set up within the year :

“ Her blooming cheeks was no defence  
 Against the scarlet fever,  
 In five days' time she was cut down  
 To be with Christ forever.”<sup>1</sup>

A very pungent little book by one Ford, of England, is issued by Carter, intituled *Decapolis* ; proper to circulate among believing Christians, to make them seek the conversion of the ungodly. I am using my copy in college, or I would send it to you. I think its circulation worth several sermons. — has a letter from Geneva, saying that a friar of a Dominican convent, in Italy, has lately renounced popery, in consequence of his reading Calvin's Institutes, to which he was directed by the Index Expurgatorius. I rejoice that the Board are about to publish Daille on the Use of the Fathers ; I do not know any thing to pat against Oxfordism. Don't fail to get the Board's little Life of Philip Henry ; librum vere aureum. My father abridged it. Love to Madame, Mesdemoiselles, et les petits bons hommes. I am deeply yours.

PRINCETON, *ult.*, 1841.

A happy New Year, in all the senses, especially the best, to you and you-ess and the youths ! Your letter of the 25th was of a more Christian length than your late foregoing ones. Pray, don't let press of business tend to curtail a correspondence which has lasted some half a century, or less. If I send you —'s sermon, it is not as a sample of rhetoric purity ; the metaphors are mixed as much as communion-wines. Dr. Torrey has hired the Bayard House : he deposits in our library his herbarium, equal in bulk to 500 folio volumes, and containing, as I remember, 50,000 species ; the number of existing species, by estimate, is 100,000.

More than once I remember to have expressed to you my sense of the importance of writing down things *on the spot*—con-

<sup>1</sup> His correspondent was able to return an inscription copied from a stone in a Trenten marble (not church) yard.

“ The boiling coffee did on me fall,  
 And by it I was slain ;  
 But Christ has bought my liberty,  
 And in him I'll rise again.”

versations of an interesting kind—death-bed facts—striking retributions—successful cures of soul-sickness—results of experience as to matters of duty, or policy—cases in one's own family, children, &c. Such records are valuable when one is gone. "I agree," says H. Walpole, "with Mr. Gray, 'that any man living may make a book worth reading, if he will but set down with truth what he has seen or heard, no matter whether the book is well written or not.'" I wish the practice were commoner of introducing the text by the introduction, and not the introduction by the text.

How nicely one might see the river from your window, if it were not for Mr. Potts's house. In 1780 a Mr. Shirley built a house on the Thames, on purpose to intercept a view of the river from his opposite neighbour; the people gave it the name of *Spite-hall*. My good old father, after spying out for threescore years, strongly maintains, that there is less and less appearance of amalgamation among Protestant sects; that is, so far as their admitting one another's ordinances goes; *e. g.* the Episcopalians and the Baptists are more exclusive than formerly. The newspapers are intolerably dull; what more unprofitable and really nauseous than legislative debates, murders, bankruptcies, &c.? There ought to be an epitome for scholars and busy men. One of the few things I can read is Walsh's Letters [from Paris] to the National Intelligencer. Will it be worth your reception for me to mail one to you now and then? We have a tutor descended from Jonathan Edwards, and two students, grandsons of Drs. McWhorter and Richards. We have a half-hour prayer meeting every evening. This term, already, we have heard of the conversion of five of our late "students," some of whom were great rowdies. In 1 Cor. ix. ult., I don't believe that *ἀδοκίμος* means "castaway," in the usual acceptation. It is a word of the palæstra; the apostle says, "I keep under my body, lest I become *unfit* for service—for contention." I know of an excellent place for a young lady, as governess, in Goochland co., Va. \$300 a-year and found—pious old-school family: piano-teaching required. Dod has the advowson of the benefice.

The Costa Rica earthquake is awful indeed; read about it in your newspaper: if it had extended a few minutes northwarder, — would no doubt have a sermon on it.

— is a truly good man, and a man of strong mind and strong delivery, but he has made the grand mistake of spending his strength chiefly in rebuke. I do not mean that he is too minatory; this I should not easily think one, if this were all, but he aims at showing faults, and constantly "plies the conscience," as he would call it. I do not think such preaching,



alone, ever fails to be deadening. It does little good to awaken mere conscience, without reaching the heart. We know better what we ought to do, than we feel motives to do otherwise. I think this the great difference between New England, and the best Old England preachers of the best time. It is wonderful how different is the strain of address to Christians in the New Testament epistles.

I see Kirk is like to be settled in Boston, over a new church. His manner of preaching has attracted many stragglers from the Unitarian ranks. I hope he will be useful there.

The notice of Yeomans' inaugural in the Repertory is by Dr. Miller, as are sundry of the short notices. The Doctor is in another dispute with some layman in the Episcopal Recorder, who has really treated the old gentleman most dishonestly, attributing an odious phrase to him, which he protests he never used. If [Dr. E.] Robinson's maps can be got apart from the book, one ought to have them. O, it is grand to have such a feeling of reality in reading about the "holy places;" Ramah, Shiloh, Nob, Mizpeh, &c. They are engraved at Berlin, and printed at London.

PRINCETON, *January 15, 1842.*

Don't you think, on the whole, we have had quite a mild winter? The roads have been very dreadful. I learn with pain, that poor —— has probably lost another child with scarlet fever. My father had a letter from him on Friday, and he was despairing of it then. O how deep such rebukes pierce! For a season life is a cup which has lost its zest. What is there but God and Heaven that can do any thing for a man in such a case? Our Congress is really blackguard, and more so every year. Just listen to the fish-market talk of —— &c. Don't think I read 'em; enough runs over from ——, who, I suppose, has not failed to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest, every speech, bill, report, nay word, of every session of Congress, as reported by his own-side papers, for fifteen years. His memory of every thing, but especially of what he has witnessed, is unparalleled by any thing I ever met with. There appears to be no *distance* in his retrospects, no dimness. Every day he brings things to my recollection, which I, as older, ought to remember better than he, and that with such a particularity as few men could show in regard to the last week. Dr. Phillips's people wish to move up town. Yet it seems to me, even if the congregation go up, the edifice ought to be left. There are many churches in the very bowels of London. There must be every Sunday thousands of strangers in New York, and in that part of it, not to speak of

clerks, &c., who lodge in the upper stories of places of business. Why would not it be a good plan for some to keep the house, pay a minister, reserve pews for themselves and numerous retainers, but throw open the body of the pews to the poor and strangers? To the poor the gospel is *not* preached in our crack Presbyterian churches. Mr. Olmsted of Flemington admitted nineteen on the 9th. Dr. Rice preached six times for him. [Professor] Dod has given your steeple a reprieve until Lecture 2d. Our steeple here (*viz.*, of the Seminary) is said to be of the BREWER order. As for expositions of the text Gen. iii. 15, you need not look far. I believe the common, and, as I think, (to one who has an inkling of a Messiah,) the obvious meaning has been defended by all interpreters from the Christian era. There is, perhaps, no interpretation more catholic; whence this prediction alone has received a specific technical designation, *πρωτευαγγελιον*. Even Adam Clarke, and Turner of New York, who generally give the lowest sense, plead for its Messianic application. No other fulfilment seems to me at all satisfactory, or even true. But if you wish a full examination of the question, read Hengstenberg's *Christology*, vol. 1, on the *Protevangelium*; or, see Melvill's sermon on the text; it seems an argumentative discourse. The original Hebrew, compared with Gal. iii. 16, weighs very much with me; though I confess I never could make it a doubtful matter. I have written a sermon to-day on "Our polity is in heaven." Observe how much more point the Greek

has in Col. iii. 1 and 2.  $\left. \begin{array}{l} \text{ἵνα} \\ \text{ἵνα} \end{array} \right\} \begin{array}{l} \text{ζητεῖτε.} \\ \text{φρονεῖτε.} \end{array}$  The English is feeble in

comparison, and the antithesis is entirely lost. I have been studying the Colossians lately with a good deal of attention. There is a fund of motives to holiness in chap. iii. Mede thinks the Jews will all be converted simultaneously, and that Paul's conversion was a type of it.

PRINCETON, *January 18, 1842.*

"Hic murus aëneus esto,  
 Nil conscire sibi, nullâ pallescere culpâ.  
 Roscia, die sodes, melior lex, an puerorum est  
 Nænia, quæ regnum rectè facientibus offert,  
 Et maribus Curiis et decantata Camillis?  
 Isne tibi meliùs suadet, *qui rem facias; rem,*  
*Si possis, rectè; si non, quocunque modo rem.*"

*Horat. Ep. 1, lib. 1.*

There are some quotable verses in the same epistle, on avarice, and it is really wonderful how often Horace lashes this particular vice:

Vilius argentum est auro, virtutibus aurum.

—O cives, cives, quærenda pecunia primum est,  
Virtus post nummos.

Perhaps you will remember that Pope has an imitation of the Epistle above cited, and he gives the critical lines thus, which I write as prose: "Who counsels best? who whispers, 'Be but great, With praise or infamy, leave that to fate; Get place and wealth, if possible with grace; If not, by any means get wealth and place.'" I was much struck with a saying of Addison, that we make too great a gap between some books of Scripture, and that Joshua evidently just kept up the journal after Moses' death. This would explain several difficulties. The beans you pretended you were going to give me have not arrived; having been left at Snowden's inn, and no doubt devoured by the legislature. If this letter, which goes by the same hand, should fail to reach you, please let me know in your answer. Mr. Cassels reports a revival at Norfolk. I expect, with leave of Providence, to go to Virginia about the middle of February. I found the following passage to-night in a letter of Bussy-Rabutin, (1675,) "Si vous n'en pouvez trouver d'autre [encre] que celle dont vous vous servites l'année passée, souvenez-vous de m'écrire sur papier noir, car enfin, je veux lire ce que vous m'écrivez." Not so bad. We have four of the Scriptural unclean beasts now in Princeton, "the camel, the cony, the hare, and the hog." Hogg and Colt stall together in college. The distinction of meats has now given place to the distinction of drinks. If you have not a Greek Lexicon of the critical kind, I would nominate Rose's Parkhurst, which I have used a number of years. — has obtained two bottles of the unfermented wine. It is merely a light syrup, like poor molasses, with no vinous taste to my palate, and when diluted, as ordered, not unlike vapid raspberry-vinegar. Nothing but an insane love of a hypothesis could bring one to believe, that such was the "fruit of the vine," used at the Passover. They are agitating this question among our old-school churches in Kentucky; Grundy leading the treacle-ites, and W. L. Breckinridge the wine-ites.

PRINCETON, *January 25-6, 1842.*

Walter Lowrie, who has waited three months for a vessel to go for Canton, has got off at last. He made all his Seminary preparations with a view to Africa, and very reluctantly gave up the latter destination. A couple of young Germans, one of them Israelitish, have been canvassing our town as spectacle-mongers. I am told they have had a shop in Trenton. The Jew read Hebrew for me very well; he is, moreover, a musician. I got a

penknife from him cheaper than they are found in the shops. —, alack! is coming here to brawl against Pop-pery. Have you ever read Wiseman's Lectures on the Connexion of Science and Religion? It is worth reading; and the earlier lectures, tracing the pedigree of languages, give what the great Germans have discovered in this field, which is, so far as I know, the only English account of the same. It is an economy of time to read such books. I have seen nothing in your Trenton papers in laudation of Dod's lecture; doubtless in consequence of your practices with the editors, on behalf of your steeplehouse. Resuming the subject of Wiseman, as above, I add, that if Stephens had read this book, he would not have evinced himself to be so "hideously unprovided" of antiquarian preparation for his Southern Researches. It throws great light on the history of our Indians. Of the beans I have as yet seen nothing, and "de" not "apparentibus," and not "existentibus"—I hope you have a recollection of your law-maxims. According to the proverb, "bis dat qui cito dat," you have given me only half the amount, and I am told the parcel has been broken, and some bestowed on Dr. Miller! The confusion of the *dramatis personæ* in Canticles does not exist in Hebrew, where the *verbs* have gender, and you know at each moment whether it is the sponsus or the sponsor who is addressed. Our lack of gender is felt also in Ecc. xii. 3, "the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened:" the original gives, "the female-grinders keep holiday, &c., and the female-lookers-out-of-windows, &c." I dare say many hearers think the grinders are the "dentes molares." The tee-totallers are making great conquests in Kentucky, under the command of two distinguished Ebriates, as reformed *inebriates* may be called. Why so tender about naming them drunkards?

I have just been reading over, at one sitting, the epistle to the Colossians. I have done so many times within a month, both in Greek and in all the translations I have, which are more than ten. This way of frequent reperusal, continuously, I learned of my father, many years ago. It is well to intermix it with critical study of the same portion. I like to confine myself to one book for a time, and as it were, *live in it*, till I feel very familiar. I usually find great satisfaction during such a period, in preaching from such a book, thus studied. We greatly need a book of "Introduction to the New Testament." Horne is useful, but has no mark of unity produced by an original conception; it is a scissors-book. Hug is all the reverse; you are sensible of the charm of a genius on every page: by all means, mean to get it, when you have the means; but the pun is too mean. A book

might be made containing only such matters as are in Horne's 2d and 4th volumes; leaving out of view a great deal about Interpretation, which, after all, must be left to common sense. Notwithstanding what I have said of Horne, I would, seriously, rather be the author of it than of any book in our language. Strange, that living, as he does, in one of the greatest libraries of the world, he should have written nothing else. I find laymen of intelligence greatly awakened and benefited by the book. It was so with Mr. Wirt; and [Rev. Mr.] Hare lately made the same remark to me. To return to Hug, I have found his Life of Paul, and account of his character and writings, more instructive than any thing I have ever read on the subject. Before you publish that you are going to lecture on "Phee-Phaw-Phum," you ought to remember that many read an advertisement who do not go to hear a lecture, and that with such, your taste, dignity, and judgment will suffer; as they will not hear the really wise remarks you utter. I fear our friend, the Shah-Bulkh-Bidden-B'hoo ——— will be in "King Cambyses' vein." A temperance society was formed last night here; on the "Washingtonian" plan, I guess. I expect, to-morrow, to go to the Birchine visitation at Brunswick. Mr. Hare is to lecture at our Mechanics' Institute on Edom.

CHARLOTTE COURT HOUSE, VA., *February 23, 1842.*

From the appearance of this ink, I am seriously afraid the paper will be blank when it reaches you. I arrived here on the 18th. My journey was more exposed than common. I had to travel all one cold night, in a stage, alone, over such roads as I never saw, and then all the next day. The James River at Carterville could not be crossed, by reason of the tempestuous current, thermometer at 19.° I slept on the Goochland side, in the lock-keeper's house, "three in a bed," in an unfinished house. I find my wife better than when I heard from her. As to personal comfort, I can conceive of nothing, as to external circumstances, family, servants, and the like, more favourable than what she enjoys at Ingleside, [five miles from Charlotte Court House.] My children have undergone the most extraordinary transformation as to health. Henry has, through mercy, escaped every ailment this winter. My friends think he bears every exposure quite as well as country children; he is out all day, and has his feet wet for hours. But then he is excited by his traps, birds, squirrel, and horses. Jemmy is almost as sturdy as your Caldwell. Since I saw him he has learnt to *converse*, and some of his remarks are odd enough. He informed me, as a fact in zoology, that "the little lambs suck the big lambs." Quite enough this,

however, of a subject which seldom fails to disgust any but the speaker. I try to be thankful for this alleviation of my trials. I have preached seven times since I reached Virginia; sometimes with more enlargement than is my wont. Mrs. Le Grand's house is still full, from day to day. There is not a small mechanic or labouring family in all the village or vicinage who does not freely come to her for aid, or as freely enter her doors. I sincerely think I have never seen the human being who lives so much for others. Mere sacrifice of money is little: in her case, it is sacrifice of health, time, privacy, convenience, ease, and (virtually) of life. She is about 78, and is ill enough any day to keep her bed, which she never kept except when in severe pain or extreme languor. Her cough is deadly and her attenuation extreme. You must write frequently, and remember I hear little of what the world is doing. The remoteness and quietude of the situation strikes me exceedingly. I roam over the plantations, as little obnoxious to observation or criticism as if I were in the Pacific regions. Our weather is wintry. Crocuses were blown in Richmond, but we have since had it very cold. I calculated that a fire such as is kept in my wife's room, of hickory, would cost me about \$200 a year in Princeton. I know no luxury greater than a constantly glowing fire of wood, replenished *ad libitum*. Mr. C—— averages three cords of wood a day on his estate. The slaves use it without measurement, all going to a common pile. I have not yet heard from the North. I saw Lord Morpeth in Richmond. Judge Cabell dined with him at the lieutenant-governor's, Rutherford's, and was much pleased with his mild and unpretending manners. Bishop Meade seems to be doing much for Evangelical piety in this State. There has been a great stir in Petersburg, involving the Episcopal church; ninety-three were confirmed in Mr. Cobbs's church. It is not known whether a coadjutor will be appointed to Meade. Johns has been spoken of. The Methodists have made great inroads here. There were formerly none; they are now building a respectable house. Their gain has been greater, by reason of the yielding of Presbyterians to their Thomsonian practice. In Hampden Sydney College there are about thirty students, and about as many in the Seminary. There are five schools in this village. Among these is Michael Osborne's lately erected girls' school, which has twenty-six already. I find much entertainment from the company of Dr. Brown, nephew of the Edinburgh metaphysician. He is a brother-in-law of Hart, the pastor. He was educated at Edinburgh and Paris, and is a bachelor and a genius. He is a great opposer of total abstinence, though, I believe, a temperate man, and declares that the cases of bronchitis which

he has known among sedentary people all arise from that state of body which would be prevented by a moderate stimulus, such as the clergy used to admit of. I have battled with him at great disadvantage, as his stores of medical authority overwhelm me, and he denies point-blank the testimonies of the physicians who are relied on by Tee-totalers. Being out as much by night as day, and frequently riding on horseback thirty miles a night, and even swimming rivers, he says that nothing disarms these exposures, but fire or diffusive stimulus of some sort; of which alcohol is the only one which can be given often safely. He denies that it is ineffectual to keep off cold. He was a Temperance-man five years ago. The abstinence folk are making great advances in this State. At Lynchburg they have more than a thousand signatures. They have adopted the phrases, "revival," "awakening," "conviction," and "conversion." — says he thinks these excitements highly deleterious to the cause of religion. Public opinion is made to bear upon those who dissent, and abstinence is like to be made a term of communion by many. In the country hereabouts, the body of the people have always been temperate, and Total Abstinence has few adherents.

INGLESIDE, CHARLOTTE CO., VA., *March 10, 1842.*

I have one of yours. The date I do not record, as I am away from my file. If you should have written in answer to my last, before this reaches you, please to write again: I shall await your reply to this. The weather is mild but pluvius. There have been great freshes here, perhaps thirty during the season. Peas are quite high; peach and plum trees in blossom some days. Birds are pairing, and their number, on this estate, is remarkable.\* Mr. Carrington saw four wild turkey-cocks on his grounds a day or two ago. You will have seen, by the papers, that J. R. of Roanoke's will freeing the slaves has been established. I happen to know that this is false. The clerks here are busy copying the voluminous testimony. There is no decision of the last suit. Meanwhile, the proceeds of the immense estate go to the Tuckers and Coalters and Bryan. The evidence in the case is very extraordinary. The following is a true copy, literatim et punctatim, of a letter, most reluctantly produced by my quondam elder —, as a part of his testimony. — is above 70. "To Henry A. Watkins, Come and see me if you can—I mean if you are able I beseech you—If you cannot come pray for me—for the effectual fervent *prayer of a righteous man* AVAILETH MUCH. ¶ *Friday 10*—but in fact 11 of April, un-

\* While I close this, a mocking-bird is making matchless music near me.

blotted—I am in extremis on the word of a Christian. I write with a blotting pen upon greasy paper, unclean all offensive in the eye of God—because I am under the powerful influence of the Prince of Darkness who tempts me with a——and champagne.”

I have been preaching a good deal to the negroes, a delightful work, promising, I think, as much good as any labour a man can engage in. Within a year or two much more attention is paid to this, especially by some of the Methodists. A preacher, named Skidmore, himself a slaveholder, has some thirty plantations under his charge, at one of which he preaches *every evening*. He enrolls the names, and conducts every meeting of the slaves on the plan of a Class-meeting. I am much affected by the negro singing. There is a softness in their voices, which penetrates me, and in these meetings they all sing, down to the infants. Mrs. ——’s cook (emerita) Patty, she says, is “as pious a woman, and a lady of as delicate sensibilities as I ever saw; she is one of the very best friends I have in the world.” And Mrs. —— is second to no woman I ever saw in judgment, taste, and education. The negro dialects of English are a curious study. *E. g.* The slaves on this plantation are part from Mr. C.’s, part from Mrs. C.’s estate. There are some pronunciations and phrases which never pass from one set to the other. Thus the Carrington negroes all say “Gi we sùm-hin-núr-ra fùh we bekfuss,” *i. e.* “Give us something or other for our breakfast.” But the Monte-Video negroes (whom Judge Cabell once owned, on James River) and none other, so far as Mrs. C. knows, pronounce *e* long where it ought to be short, thus: *bâde* for *bed*; *Hâlen* for *Helen*; also *Constântia* for *Constantia*. My children, having nurses of the latter, have adopted this elegance. There is no way of accounting for this phenomenon, but by supposing that the progenitors of these respective sets came from different African tribes. For several days we have had as visitors Mr. John Henry, son of Patrick, his wife, my wife’s cousin, and two little daughters. Mr. H. cut a walking-stick, cherry, from the head of his father’s grave, as a present for Gen. Harrison, who received it a few days before his last illness. He tells me that his mother was told by the mother of Patrick, that the latter always used to drive her in a gig to hear Mr. Davies preach; *æt.* about 14: place Hanover Co. Patrick Henry was a great violinist for that day; so is his son. I have always considered this region of Virginia more favourable to the highest popular eloquence than any other. There are twenty men in this county, whose elocution is enviable. The “cleverest” man since Randolph is Wood Bouldin, son of T. T. Bouldin, who succeeded J.



R. in the House of Representatives, and who died there of a fit. The Venables are an extraordinary family. I have often heard my father say that Col. Sam. Venable was the wisest man he ever saw. He married a Carrington, half-sister of my good host. He had twelve children. His wife lived to see them all married, and all converted. Dr. Paul Venable counted up to me 142 descendants of these his parents, all now living. Each of these families is rich, and they are all democrats, and all Old School Presbyterians. Of the father of H. C. (old Judge Carrington) the descendants are about 400. Such things are important elements of the state of society. I am more and more convinced of the injustice we do the slaveholders. Of their feelings towards their negroes I can form a better notion than formerly, by examining my own towards the slaves who wait on my wife and mind my children. It is a feeling most like that we have to near relations. Nanette is a mild but active brown woman, with whom I would trust any interest we have. She is an invalid, however, and in the North would long since have died in an alms-house. As it is, she will be well housed, well fed, protected, and happy, if she lives to be 100. There are two blind women (80—90) on this estate, who have done nothing for years. It is touching to see them walking out, arm in arm, to bask in the sun.

INGLESIDE, C. CY., VA., *March 21, 1842.*

Your letter, though not quite as full as usual, was very acceptable in these ends of the earth. You can have no idea how far one feels here from all the foci of news. Yesterday was July. I attended two full services, right on the back of one another: the last one was a funeral sermon of a black. I had a large collection, and preached from "Thou fool, this night, &c." Great attention, and hysterics in at least seven. The singing was transporting; positively I never enjoyed any thing more at the Musical Fund. I have preached eighteen times in Virginia. I have met here an original. — is a Yale man, about as deaf as —. Has an office built in the yard, lined with glazed cases, wherein 2,000 volumes. As much of a *litterateur* as I ever saw. Was a member of the Virginia Convention in 1830. Thorough scholar in Greek, Latin, and French. Perfect health and athletic vigour. A boxer, in all the forms. As to diet and bathing, almost a Cornaro. Has not eaten warm bread for ten years. Shaves in his shirt in a cold room in winter. A pedestrian: has walked all over Canada, and several times over New England. The last day of his return from Canada to Norfolk, he walked fifty-five miles, and then was at office business, on his feet, till ten at night. For this journey he *trained*, on Capt. Barclay's scheme;

two meals a day, of rare beef and Madeira, and stale bread; this for three weeks. He has every sort of gymnastical contrivance. Always stands at study, with legs wide apart, and no support. His chest is like the keel of a boat. He is an intimate friend of Upshur, Judge B. Tucker, and other ultra States-Right men, to which party he belongs. I have met with nothing like him for knowledge of history, biography, heraldry, and the like. He is an eloquent talker. His father-in-law —, entered the army at 19, and was desperately wounded at the battle of Eutaw, in 1781, being shot through the thigh and bayoneted in the breast. Though he was years getting well, he is now, at 80, ruddy, erect on his horse, in good flesh, and has lost only one tooth! There are many such men here. This is owing to exercise, and simple habits. Patrick Henry was a fiddle player, and that by note, and scientific too, for that day. My grandfather Waddel also played fiddle, as Mrs. Hoge told me, who has heard him. So do John and Winston Henry, sons of Patrick. Patrick, late in life, turned in to enriching himself, and died immensely wealthy. His power over men was his great implement. I expect to visit his grave at Mr. J. Henry's, Red Hill. All fruit trees are going out of blossom here. Peas are a foot high. This part of Virginia produced capital light-horse-men in the old war, and will do so again. The boys are Centaurs, and I wonder daily at the coolness with which Mrs. C., a very cautious mother, sees her son, 9 years old, galloping like the wind, through woods and over fences and ditches, on a colt or a mule or any thing that has legs. Pray at what epoch did you begin to aspirate the *h* in *humble*, and to write a *humble*? and when will you begin to say a *honest man*, or as — does, a *herb*? I have heard cockneys say a *hour*. Nothing so much engages my thoughts as the spiritual case of the negroes. I seize every chance to preach to them. Of no people, I think, is a larger portion regenerate. They are unspeakably superior to our Northern free blacks, retaining a thousand African traits of kindness and hilarity, from being together in masses. I may say with Abram —, "I love a nigger, they are better than we." So they are: grateful, devoted, self-sacrificing for their masters. I do believe that there are a dozen on this estate who would risk their lives in an instant for my wife. They are, under ordinary masters, a happy people. Their chief suffering is from cold weather. In summer they are always well, plump, and joyous. The only thing I am anxious about *for them*, is their illumination. Several wait on my wife, who are as well-bred and (in heart) refined as ladies.

When you or I depart this life, the letters of the survivor, (free as they have been about persons who may then be alive)

might prove very mischievous to the surviving party. I think, therefore, we both ought to provide for the return of the letters to the writers or the family of the writers : I beg you will not fail to append a conspicuous advertisement in respect to this, to any parcels retained by you ; I will do the like. I was 38 on the 13th. The thought overwhelmed me. It was communion day. In regard to *new measures*, I wish I had always observed this rule, viz. : " Never vent any *general principle* about them ; speak to the individual case ; nor then but when forced."

MRS. LE GRAND'S, CHARLOTTE C. H., *March 25, 1842.*

Your news of the progress of religion is good. In Virginia there are a few revivals. To-morrow Plumer [Richmond] will receive  $\mp$  fifty. My mind has been, and is, filled with the negroes. What I say on this point I say with, I do believe, as much love for the race as any man feels ; and with an extent of observation perhaps as large as I can pretend to on any subject, having seen the worst as well as the best of their condition. And the result of all, increasingly, is, what you I am sure would agree to if you were on the spot, that the *average physical evils* of their case are not greater than of sailors, soldiers, shoeblacks, or low operatives ; while their *moral evils* are unspeakably great. My point is this, then : The soul of the negro is precious and must be saved. Aim at this, at this first, at this directly, at this independently of their bondage, and the other desirable ends will be promoted even more surely than if the latter were made the great object. A gradual emancipation is that to which the interior economy of the North-Southern States was tending, is tending, and will reach ; it is desirable ; in my view it is inevitable ; it is craved by thousands here ; but an emancipation even gradual may arrive in such sort as to leave a host of blacks to be damned, who, by the other means, may be Christianized, while their eventual freedom is not less certain. It is the salvation of the slave, which is infinitely the most important, which moreover Southern Christians *can* be led to seek, and of which the very seeking directly tends to emancipation. I say this, on the obvious principle, that when the owner by seeking the salvation of his slave, gets (as he must) to love him, he will not rest (I speak of the mass) without trying to make him a free-man. I cannot describe the pleasure I have had in preaching and talking to the slaves : if I have ever done any good, this is the way. I have just been in Mrs. Le Grand's garden, which is a faery-land. There are blooming and perfuming at this moment, and by wholesale, yellow-jasmines, double-peach, hyacinths, Siberian-crab, tulip, violets, pansies, jonquils, &c. The forests

are very imperfectly leafing. After several freshes, the plows are going for corn, oats having been sown. N. B.—As to the anomaly of the plural nominative with singular verb, in our version, it is as certain a usage in old English, as in Greek, though I confess not so common. I have had my attention drawn to it, some years ago, and in other English books. Pres. Maxwell [of Hampden Sidney] and Mr. [Rev. Patrick J.] Sparrow were here yesterday, on the way to Presbytery, in Halifax Co. They are expected to stop as they return. Maxwell has good spirits, on such small provocation. Lexington has become a flourishing literary place for Virginia. The military school has rather helped the college; for, as Gen. Carrington said to me, “Among soldiers the *point d’honneur* is *obedience*.” They are meaning to have a monthly magazine at Union Seminary, which is as flourishing as it has ever been. Since I came to Virginia I have preached nineteen sermons. Since I came to Ingleside, there has been one house-burning and one death. A little [negro] girl æt. 12, daughter of Mr. C.’s miller “Henry;” peripneumony; just before dying said, “I see a beautiful dress.” Bystanders said, “She is out of her head.” Child answered, “No, I a’nt out o’ my head, I am dyin’”—and caused “Christian Moses” (Mr. C.’s head-man, so called to distinguish him from “Long Moses”) to be sent for, to sing for her a certain hymn. Poor souls, their hearts go forth almost always in hymns. The other night, after preaching to an unmixed negro flock, we sang “When I can read my title clear,” &c., and the feeling I caught was almost that of enthusiasm. Every voice joining, all loud, and all true enough in tone to have satisfied Haydn. Abram Venable is licensed by Presbytery to preach to them. I lately counted up the living descendants of Col. Sam. Venable (my father’s Mentor) and his wife (half-sister of Henry Carrington) = 140 odd. Of the original *Woodsons*, (*i. e.* the first English emigrants,) the descendants, by a rough calculation, are 20,000. The contiguous settlement of many among these, and their unmixed English-hood conditions very much the state of *old-Virginia* society.

CHARLOTTE C. H., *April 26, 1842.*

Your acceptable favour, 18th inst. is accepted. We have resolved on realizing what has all along been our plan, *viz.*, to seize the first possibility of setting off. This we propose to attempt on the 2d of May; meaning to go *viâ* P. Edward, Cartersville, Canal, Richmond, Norfolk, &c.; in every step consulting ease of motion. Our good friends here have prevented us in one important item—the getting to the canal, 60 or 70

miles from here. I was in expectation of hackney-travel from Prince Edward, and had written to engage the same, as Mr. C.'s carriage-pair have become disabled; and though he has about a dozen horses, none of them would be both safe and able. But Mrs. Le Grand has come in to relieve us in this strait. The plan is this: to take her carriage and horses and coachman Billy, (who was at my grandfather's as a lad when my father was a boy;) to have a light wagon with a horse of Mr. Carrington's, and his man Fontaine, for change, and for the trunks; with our affectionate nurse Nanette in the carriage, and a saddle-horse, (Margery Daw, so called from her easy amble; the nag I have uniformly bestridden in my last two visits.) When I remonstrated against so overwhelming a favour, Mr. C. (whom may God ever bless!) said: "Say no more, sir, it costs me nothing. I have no money to give you, but I can give you service: and remember what Jack Randolph used to say was a Virginian estate, 'plenty of serfs, plenty of horses, but not a shilling.'" We may be a fortnight and more in getting to Philadelphia, where I hope to stay a day or two. If there is any thing which could make it, in the least, burdensome to your mother, for us to pass these days under her long-tried roof, do be frank enough to say so in a line to Richmond. She gave me the kindest invitation, but I am ignorant of their family-movements just now. It is summer here; 83° at 5 *p. m.* yesterday in shade. Henry picked ripe strawberries in the field. Your Trenton and church news is just the thing; I prize your particularity; and joy in your success, almost with a personal gratification. You have bragged twice in a heathenish or lenten manner of your shad; know ye, that the Roanoke shad has been in season for weeks past, and was on the table the day your letter came; though I seldom eat the animal. Cherries are red. In Mecklenburg I picked ripe strawberries nearly two weeks ago. I there saw eglantine and coral-honeysuckles, wild, and as "plenty as blackberries." The calycanthus scents whole swamps oppressively. In Abram Venable's garden of three acres, I counted 66 beds of tulips in bloom, and in an average bed I counted 144 tulips; = 9,504 actually blooming; every shade and contour. He is equally curious in roses. His house is in full view of Prestwold, seat of the late Sir Peyton Skipwith, now occupied by Humberstone Skipwith, the 2d son. Sir Grey lives abroad. There is nothing on Virginia tables which I should care to transport, but cornbread (plain) and bacon; and I have no hope of ever seeing either elsewhere. Peas are ripe. My Henry, in chasing a hare with a dog, came across a venomous moccasin-snake; the dog killed both hare and snake. Two

other children were in company, not a hundred yards from the house.

PRINCETON, June 3, 1842.

I expected to find you in the city, when I heard that you had gone thither; but you passed us on the river, and not being civil enough to salute us, left me under the impression that you were not in the Flamingo, or whatsoever name you may have given your craft. My children, though perfect rustics, are well; an unspeakable blessing just now, [their mother an invalid in Philadelphia.] Say what is necessary to the Rices and other Tridentine friends. Give my love to them, and to Mrs. —, and all and sundry misses and masters. I heard Krebs [in General Assembly] open the defence of the [wife's sister marriage.] He spoke all Wednesday afternoon, and much of yesterday morning. Then arose Colin McIvor and declared that he could say his say in four hours. I fled. It is now several years since I was, even as a hearer, in the Assembly: I have no lust for going again.

PRINCETON, June 30, 1842.

Yesterday was exactly eight months since I took my wife away. That she should, at last, have got home, even as well as she is, should mark the day *albo lapillo* of thankfulness. The events and anxieties of the last twelvemonth have given me deep thoughts about myself, and about life. I rejoice that as I grow grayer, I do not feel, as — lately told me he felt, a growing distrust in my kind. On the contrary, I have so lived upon kindnesses, in time of need, and often from strangers, that I can only attribute the whole to that system of inexplicable divine favour, which follows and overwhelms us, despite our manifold sins and provocations. And feeling, I do think, a firmer purpose to spend my remnant of life in service, and a stronger hatred to the unslain body of death within me, I cling more to the freest views of the Divine salvation; and more and more seek to behold the gift of Christ as the gift of every thing: 1 Cor iii. 22, 23. Surely there must have been somewhere, in the teaching of the Reformers, a wonderful spring, to act so powerfully and rapidly and widely. I think I find this, when I read in their works, especially those of Luther, certain declarations which are less frequent, earnest, and prominent, in later reformed writers, even those who adhered to the same confession; especially *free justification*; change of *state*, as distinct from change of moral character; which latter was as much insisted on by good Romanists. It was the same thing when Whitefield and Wesley preached; and in this they agreed; and there was the

same effect. And I am convinced, that just so far as we seek to save God's free grace in justifying from abuse, by any condition in the sinner, except simple reception of Christ, which is only a condition-sine-qua-non, the more we produce practical Antinomianism. No communities have ever been so *thoroughly* moral as those who were most evangelical—I mean the least legal: *e. g.* the Scotch, in their best days; when everybody was externally Christian. The universal offer of a present, free salvation, to every son and daughter of Adam, for Christ's sake, is what I hold for *Gospel*; it is the good news which made the Reformation, which makes every true revival, and which makes us work, if we ever work what is right. It is the favourite topic of the old Calvinistic preachers of the 17th century; and of Boston, &c. Some of these thoughts have been suggested to me, by reading McCrie's life by his son.

PRINCETON, July 13, 1842.

I exclaimed at the improvement of your hand, before I perceived that it was all along of the ruled paper. Dr. A. goes toward Niagara, on Friday, to be away for two Sundays at least. J. W. A. cannot leave home by reason of college engagements, especially one on Monday morning. J. A. A. has a very severe and disabling catarrh, and an engagement elsewhere, to boot. Dr. R. consents to be with you—I taking his two services. Lord Congleton, who slew himself last month, is succeeded by his son John Parnell, an intimate friend, abroad, of Dr. Hodge, [see page 156;] he went out, as missionary, on his own hook, with Mr. Groves, to Bagdad, India, &c. In three years, the number of camels destroyed in the Affghanaun war = 50,000. I believe the *domestic* use of mercury worse than ditto of alcohol. I am no longer a member of any Temperance Society of any sort, except that which is 1,800 years old. I look on the present seat of war in the Affghaun region as one of the most interesting spots on earth, physically, historically, prospectively, Christianly. Think of Cabul being 6,000 feet above the sea. Think of the Indus, no river such a barrier; of the Khyber-pass, impassable in general, but just passed by Pollock; it is the gut of the river which runs by Cabul to the Indus. Think of the edging of English toward Russian power. I hope we shall live to see a Presbyterian mission on that sublime plateau. All I hear of the Congregational missions makes me more in favour of our own. You see they had to make two presbyteries, even in Sandwich aiai. Independency can't begin, of itself, as somebody said somewhere. Try to imagine it beginning among heathen. A parochial episcopacy and then a bench of presbyters is the only thing

conceivable; and this is presbytery. The Churchman may well sneer at Goode's book, ["Divine Rule of Faith and Practice:"] it is a demolishing book to them. My garden is in a poor state, in consequence of my absence at seed-time. I have neither peas nor early beans, but abundance of the "wind-compelling" roots, called radishes. Girls' schools are humbugs; *i. e.* in the long run. Yet Prof. — has just got back from an examination of Rutgers Institute, New York city: 400 pupils. He says the attainments in mathematics surpass any thing he has ever seen among lads; and I know no better judge. And therefore, I am, with every complimentary respect and regard, &c.

PRINCETON, *September 2, 1842.*

Yours of yesterday informed me, to my sincere satisfaction, that you were home and well again. I hope you may always get along with the same punctuality of pastoral presence: but do not fail, while strong, to bear the infirmities of the weak. I am delivered from my cough, but much feebler than while I had it; having been so tied at home as to be unable to fly even for a week from my sources of care. Do you see that, at the Dartmouth Commencement, Dr. — has been disparaging the reformation, and glorifying the Dark Ages? At the same place, President Lord preached a most eloquent sermon against all the boastful Philosophies; maintaining Scripture to be the only safe, and the sufficient guide, and snubbing the metaphysicians in the very style of superiority which they assume. The whole argument that there is more nearness of kin between a woman and her husband's brother, than between a woman and her sister's husband, may be thus conveniently expressed in symbols: "A = a, but a is not equal to A." Capt. Stockton has been trying his big gun; it tears every thing to flinders. Dallas Bache was here last week. He is elected *vice* Emmett, of the University of Virginia.

PHILADELPHIA, *October 12, 1842.*

It is reversing matters, with a witness, for me to write from Philadelphia to you in Trenton. We came here on the 1st, by the Doctor's prescription, and my wife has amended very much, so that she walked a mile with me this morning. We have a room at No. 163 South 9th, Mrs. Bowers's. We see some of your mother's family every day. Harlan is lionizing in New York. Humphrey of London, James's quondam fellow-prentice, is here; they say he is one of the first artists in his line, [engraving.] Mr. J. L. Wilson is here; arrived from Guinea on the 9th. Surely you ought to be here. I miss you very much,



especially as —— has been manœuvring in Massachusetts ever since I came, and ——, who is rather an unexhilarating companion, at best, foams away most of every day in the Burlington steamboat. The Board of Publication bestowed on me an eleemosynary ten dollars' worth of books this morning. Very smiling likeness of Dr. Parker in the shops. I have to preach for [J. H.] Jones, on "Sabbath first." The Presbytery is now largely British-Irish, *e. g.* Tudehope, Macklin, Hoge, Loughridge, and Stuart. I heard McCalla make a speech, of which part follows: "I beg leave to state, that my connexion with this body is precisely that which the apostle Paul had with the soldier to whom he was attached in prison; namely a *chain*."—"I have been for twenty years a sufferer for conscience' sake; the hostility between me and you, has been altogether towards myself." His speech, though ——, was first-rate, for diction and delivery. I have preached as often as I was able; perhaps more. Anna and I went on Sunday evening to the "Mariners' Church," where was an immense throng. The mariners discoursed; each had his psalm, his doctrine, his tongue, (for one was a Seminole, whose conversion was miraculous,) his revelation. The singing was grandly methodistic. The handsome Indian boy I mentioned, has really a powerful natural eloquence, notwithstanding a stutter and broken English. I was convinced that good is doing at that church, though by means as Finneyitish as could well be. A semi-genteel seaman, with forehead as per margin, [there was a profile here,] acted as a sort of Valentine to the "Orson," [the Mariners' Chaplain was the late Rev. Orson Douglas,] and descanted on the following text, which he stated to be in the Bible, "There is no repentance in the grave, whither thou goest." Election is over: you know the result. I saw a furniture cart, full of placards and a band of music, on which the painted letters made with a placard the following cross-reading "To hire—Whigs of Middle Ward;" solemn fact. Mention it over the way. There was no fighting and less drunkenness than common. —— sits next to me at table, and is an ultra Philadelphia punster already. He is as mercurial and jovial as —— is saturnine, or his father martial or —— (at present furloughed) terrestrial; I don't like the other adjective, or I should get all the old planets into my period.

I hope to spend part of Monday and Tuesday in Trenton. Till then account of me as truly yours.

PRINCETON, December 19, 1842.

Do not omit to read the ancient Call, in last Presbyterian. Half the names to it are my kindred. The pastor, Brown, was

father of [James] Brown, formerly American Minister to France. The Archibald Alexander in the list, is my great-grandfather, an eminent saint. I trust the prayers of that day are now in remembrance. A great awakening is now in progress in Mr. Skinner's church in Lexington; 105 have been admitted. The McDowell on the same list is forefather of James McDowell, at present Governor of Virginia. Our college meetings are well attended; two on Sunday, and one of half an hour every evening at 6½. I never knew a more assiduous pastor than Professor Maclean: he daily talks with some of the youth; and is doing more good than any of us.

My old cook, Judy, came in just now to tell me of some inquirers in my black church; and, speaking of plain preaching, said, "There was *Jemmy Armstrong* that used to preach at Lawrence, he didn't preach in the fear of man." She meant your and my predecessor, the Rev. J. F. A. The black Methodists here practise orgies. The other day or night a wench was brought into their church, on a bier, laid out, and *in a trance*. During the exorcism she sat up and spake. My mother's black maid speaks of it exactly as if it were a miracle. They have carried off a large portion of my congregation. I have, God willing, to preach on New Year's day P. M. in Lord's new church, [Seventh Church, Philadelphia,] then to be opened. The deficit of the A. B. C. F. M. since their extra effort is amazing: viz., \$18,000 less for this, than for same quarter 1841! \$5,000 less than average for five years! And this, when the complaint has just been that the American Board swallowed up all from the other societies. I am for using our existing machinery, while approved, to its utmost, for evangelical ends: yet *Quere* 1. Whether we do not sometimes account of the engine, (board or scheme,) as almost apostolic, and essential to church-progress? 2. Whether it is not probable that God will allow all our present enginery to decay, with the circumstances which reared it? 3. Whether the conversion of the world will not result, under God, from an action more *individual*, more cheap, and more flowing from great affections in every church and every member of it? 4. Whether such is not the New Testament missionary work, as we read it in Scripture? These views have always struck me; even while I abhor the malignant opposition to our Boards, which seem to me innocent, indispensable, and infinitely the best existing mode of doing the work thus *collectively*. But will the church keep up its zeal in the present mode? I own I never thought Irving's book on "Apostolical Missions" so foolish as it seemed to everybody. As I always welcome any hints about preaching, let me give you one. A good *plan* is invaluable, and may be turned

to better account ten years after date, than when first used. I learned of Summerfield to preach extempore, and *then* to write out the skeleton, after trial. Now this is to introduce my hint, which is, that a good plan for a ten-minutes'-session-room-harangue, is an equally good plan for a sermon. Therefore, whenever a text or passage has *opened* well before the mind, in an exhortation, write down the skeleton on going home: it will some day hatch a discourse.

PRINCETON, *January 6, 1843.*

Dr. Baird is at this moment, I guess, discoursing to the seminarists on the things of Europe. Last evening I heard him for about an hour and a half. Dod, at this same hour, is holding forth, for a second time, at the Musical Fund, [Philadelphia.] I have read a letter from Paris, by the Rev. Otto von Gerlach, of Berlin, on his way home from England, whither he went in the cortège of the king of Prussia, and where he staid five months. I mention it because of the interest felt about the proposed re-organization of the "Evangelical Church," and because, since the consecration of my namesake Alexander to the see of Jerusalem, the Oxonians have alleged that their system was to be set agoing in Prussia. Von Gerlach is an intimate of the king, and brother of one of his first privy-councillors. He says there is no truth in the report; that Frederick William admires the regularity of the Anglicans, but is not for their hierarchy; that he is for a more synodal polity. He spent five days with Pusey at Oxford, and talks of him exactly as we do. The Sunday School Journal is quite an anti-popery paper. There are four Romish priests in the Theological Seminary at Geneva. Burt and [E. S.] Ely have both come back from the West. Ely's whiskers are as white as his shirt. Walsh writes with as much vigour and pith as ever for the National Intelligencer. He gave Baird a grand feu-de-joie in his last. His health is quite good. While there is not a grain of snow in Philadelphia or at Cranbury, it is a foot deep north of us, and in some parts of Orange Co., where Sam is, three feet deep. Delavan's "colossal stomachs" [illustrating effects of alcohol] are displayed in the Seminary. Quere: whether a good Madonna is not as fine an altar-piece as any entrails whatsoever? Maclean's house providentially saved from fire, on the 4th; attic caught from an ill-jointed stove-pipe of coal-stove below. Baird thinks that Providence has given to French Protestants the ablest defender of their liberties that they have had for a century, in young Count Gasparin, master of requests to the king, and member of the chamber of Deputies. There are about sixteen of my little African flock who seem to

be seeking conversion. I perceive an increasing number in our ambitious students every year who babble the nonsensical dialect of transcendentalism. The chief lecturers on the Newark programme this winter are Bancroft, Brownson, Emerson, John Neale, Burritt, Bellows, Furness, and Emerson: I name the majority. Yankee Hill had the Dutch church (on dit) at Newark. You perceive a strong tendency towards catholic union, on the part of the suffering Scotch Presbyterians. God grant that we may see the same at home, to counteract the divisive fanaticism of the ultras! The strength of Presbyterianism, its tendency to increase, has, I think, always been in proportion to its keeping clear of polemic preaching, sectarian propagandism, and supplanting and proselyting ways; and in times when its direct aim was at converting souls. After oscillations to one side and the other, this is the resting-point of my opinion. If I have not wished you a happy-new-year, I do so now; and if I have, I doubly wish it, for you and yours. May our houses be Christian houses, and their inmates objects of special grace and mercy. If you have any coughing propensities, pray do as you would advise another, and subtract from your meetings; for you know well enough that the real good done is not always in the ratio of the number of preachings. I am in sorry condition as to strength.

PRINCETON, *January 23, 1843.*

Your Indians are here. If you have not Merle's History of the Reformation, mention to me your deficit. By all means circulate it, and by all means Carter's edition. I heard my good old father say yesterday that no book in our day he thought was doing more good. He puts the Reformation on its true ground, *i. e.* Luther made his great business the declaring of *saving doctrines*, (we lack a phrase here; I mean the truths which the soul converses with in the article of conversion,) and these went on triumphant, destroying popery, till (—when? for this is the great point) in every country the Reformers took another way, either controversy about minors, or political agitation. The difficulty you mention, of reaching certain people out of our congregations, τοῖς ἕξω, often occurs to me. It is the greatest argument I know of for new measures: an excitement brings them within the orbit of attraction. Hence I have known revivals in which Papists, Quakers, and infidels, who had not heard the gospel for years, have been awakened. Qu. Could not lay-people be the means of saving multitudes, if each would fix on an individual who never goes to church, and never cease till he brought him? if only once? Preach on John i. 46, and

context. I would put such a book as the "Saints' Rest" into the hands of a Quaker; the affections must be gained over. Somebody, the other day, in ——'s study, saw a MS. sermon on his table, marked "No. 2500." There is some excellent writing in the close of the Annual Report of the American Board of Foreign Missions.

——, in a letter to me, some time ago, says, that the only preaching which will meet the demands of the awakened public mind, is the *metaphysical*. You and I may as well shut up shop. He argues the point, but I am less than ever convinced. I did not consider his preaching metaphysical, but I deny his proposition. In every age, the interest has attached to just that preaching which most directly reached the affections and passions of souls inquiring what must we do to be saved. This I think historically incontestable. A mix of Baxter and Flavel would be my highest wish as a preacher. I took my children to a private audience with the Indians; they were bivouacking and in dishabille. Secretary Ross did the honours. I am to lose the Hares from next door, but to be indemnified by the Crabbes, on t'other: Capt. Crabbe, U. S. N. What a beautiful euphemism is the following, in Rep. A. B. C. F. M., page 44, (speaking of 80 returned missionaries:)" "Fifty were males, and thirty of these came home bereaved, or else in consequence of the sickness of their wives. About one-half of the bereaved missionaries have returned to their work with new partners." The Psalmists, whom the Assembly "set over the service of song," [a committee for new hymn-book,] have resolved to go on and print. Some fine stanzas of Watts will soon be obsolete, *e. g.* :

"Till God in human flesh I see,  
My thoughts no comfort find," etc.

I do not know a book of Scripture so consolatory as 2 Cor. Lately I culled the passages in it describing the writer's troubles, and was amazed; but the consolation is like sunshine over all, and everywhere the same—Christ. Cheerful religion is most like Scripture, and, as Dr. Hodge says, joy is an oil to every wheel of the machine. Hence I look with all but envy on such writers as Flavel, Bates, Philip and Matthew Henry, Romaine, and John Newton; they put me into working gear sooner than Brainerd, Payson, and the American school. The enclosed hymns by a valued friend of mine are better than sundry by Mrs. A., and Mrs. B., and Mrs. G., and Professor H., &c. Keep them for me. The author was a recluse "stickit minister," but a true scholar. He wrote a 12mo history of Virginia, which is the best I know, and of which Bancroft speaks highly; and a

school reader the "Columbian Reader," better than any I know except Pierpoint's.

When are you going to set up the "New Jersey Magazine," with Dr. Ewing for Editor? If you do not hurry, you will be anticipated, and surely the capital is the place. You might make it a religious and moral as well as a literary organ. I will contribute my quota; so will you. Dr. Beasley would send pieces abundantly. Trenton gentry would be glad of such an organ. I know your editorial fingers itch to paragraph a little. The records will furnish material for history. Music will find its place. Dr. ——— will embellish your pages. Poetesses will spring up, bland and numerous as poppies. The "children's department" will be attended to. The temperance-reform will have due notice.

The last Biblical Repository has an article on the Wife's Sister. He is driven to take the ground, that no church-court can declare evil that which the law of the land approves. "It is not decent," says he, "to suppose the law of the land against the law of God." Under Tiberius and Nero, Christ made no such supposition. Forsooth, the poor martyrs under Nero, who disobeyed his laws against Christianity, might have escaped martyrdom, if this second Daniel had come to judgment a few centuries earlier. Such is innovation in morals. What a pity 2 Cor. vii. 1 is torn away from the foregoing context! There is wonderful force lost in our version of 2 Cor. ix. 8; and observe it is about *giving*: *Δυνατὸς δὲ ὁ Θεὸς πᾶσαν χάριν περισσεύσαι εἰς ὑμᾶς, ἵνα ἐν παντὶ πάντοτε πᾶσαν αὐτάρκειαν, &c.* Symmes Henry told a good thing about his ways of managing the Methodists when they made inroads. There were two or three Methodist families, in whose houses the preachers held meetings. "This will never do," said Henry, "you shall have my session-house," so the bell was rung, and he sat in the pulpit. Of course, the "rider" could not say any thing uncivil. After a few trials they dropped it.

PRINCETON, February 7, 1843.

[Rev. C. F.] Worrell was received [by Presbytery] and called to 2d Upper Freehold, (what confusion worse confounded among the Freeholds! we have a 2d *Upper* Freehold and no 1st do.—"Freehold," and "Freehold village.")<sup>1</sup> So the "first church Trenton" is in Ewing, [since called Ewing.] There is a revival at Nottingham Square, [now Hamilton Square.] I came

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Worrell's is now called "Millstone;" and "Freehold" is called "the Tennent Church;" leaving the village church the only "Freehold."

from Cranbury yesterday in a sleigh, in the teeth of the worst N.W. drift I ever faced. Symmes Henry has a delightful manse, the best I know. He is a truly hospitable, friendly man in his house. There are great revivals reported in Middle Pennsylvania: Carlisle, Chambersburg, Lewisburg, &c. You see Krummacher, of Elberfeld, is elected to succeed Rauch at Mercersburg. A man may write very popular books and yet not be a good president. Some say the Duane St. church will be a collegiate church, [in connexion with a proposed new organization.] I suppose we shall never see another General Assembly, without proposals to alter our book. I am disposed to praise the bridge that has brought us safe over.

Though I should not have vetoed ——'s admission, I think every Presbytery has a right to refuse entrance, without reasons stated; a man might be litigious, abusive, erratic, &c. The day may come when this Presbyterial right shall be very dear to us.

Don't you think our cities are rather feebly manned? O that our country-ministers would only aim at more learning and piety! Most of the great Puritans were in the provinces. So it was in old New England. But our country-pastors think themselves exempt from all scriptural research. I have turned schoolmaster, and teach Henry at home: I wish at least that he may know the Bible. I have been studying 2 Corinthians for a week or two, and have come at some little discoveries which please me a good deal. The heart of Paul breaks forth wonderfully in that epistle. Does not the spirit of the scriptural teaching go against female-prayer-meetings? As to Maternal Associations—why not Parental Associations, where *men* might lead in prayer? Look carefully at the Greek of 1 Tim. ii. 8, τοὺς ἀνδρας—not ἀνθρώπους—and mark the antithesis, afterwards, αὐτῶς καὶ τὰς γυναῖκας, etc. Read over the whole passage in connexion, and see how, immediately after enjoining on *the men* to pray, he subjoins “let the woman learn in silence,” &c.

PRINCETON, *February* 14, 1843.

Henry goes to-morrow to Trenton on some business, by whom I hope to send this valuable missive. My old and poor black kitchen-woman gives 12½ cents a month to Foreign Missions. This is nearly twice as much as the pro rata of our Presbyterial-demand.

Come up and see the mortified, schirrous, and cancerous stomachs in the oratory [p. 362;] they are magnified, so as to tally with the statistics. An article on our national debt to two races, the black and the red, would do good. I wish I had some paper or

magazine in which to insert literary scraps, which turn up in my reading, with an interspersion of religious remark. In regard to the Newark Daily, as I am the only one who writes in this line for it, I am found out and accosted about every thing I pen.

I think it likely my notes on 2 Corinthians will grow into something like an informal commentary. Much as we laugh at Rous's version, some of the psalms are wonderfully fine; and if we would only make the allowance which we do in regard to the old English ballads, we should find them noble, *e. g.* Ps. xxiii. Then they stick so close to the original. I do not wonder that those who have been brought up on them should be loth to give them up. A young Quaker from Bucks, graduated last year, who seemed only moral, writes that his being at College was blessed, he thinks, to his becoming acquainted with the grace of the gospel. Two youths, room-mates, eminent scholars, have been hopefully converted this winter. I don't see why everybody should not learn Greek enough to read the New Testament. It would be worth ten times as much as the nonsensical boarding school French, which never does any good to anybody.

PRINCETON, *February 20, 1843.*

I am reading very steadily on 2 Corinthians, and could easily make a book, if I could only satisfy myself as to what sort of a one. Three plans occur to me: 1. A critical exposition, analyzing the Greek text, and discussing the various opinions. If our clergy would read such a book, I believe it would be far the best. 2. A current, running comment, by way of *text*, with abundant notes of critical and contested points, by way of *marginal notes*. 3. A commentary, *all text*, without critical notices or authors cited, so written as to be readable straight ahead, for common readers, giving simply but fully my view of the sense. The more I meditate the more difficult does it seem; I mean to choose a plan. Hodge's method [Romans] chops up the matter too much into bits and compartments. Is it not better to put in the text after the Henry, than after the Scott method? Of all the commentaries I have examined, there is the most constant glow of piety in Calvin, and this without setting his pious remarks by themselves. I mean to send you a specimen chapter, for I wish sharp criticism, and the aid of other eyes. — is the most laborious Bible student I know. I never saw a man who comes so near reading nothing but the Bible. He has whole paragraphs of the Hebrew in his head. His method is to hang over a single portion for days and weeks. He never reads cursorily. Yet he does not produce any thing



interesting in the pulpit. He has no history, no science, no literature, no news. I think he is singularly devoid of *constructive* power; like one who quarries tons of stone, but builds nothing. I think him one of the most devout, serious, reverent men, but strangely blind to every thing like evangelical *privilege*.

Our trials and apprehensions, personal and domestic, ought to drive or draw us to greater spirituality, and more devotion to the best things. Let us pray for one another. Here is a paragraph of beautiful latinity, from Calvin, ad 2 Cor. i. 10, "Tametsi autem" [&c.]

PRINCETON, March 3, 1843.

I mean to send you Borrow's two books, ["Bible in Spain" and "The Zincoli."] You will find them after-dinner reading of the best. You will devour them, always having your granum salis on the edge of your plate. His religion is of a peculiar kind, but his genius, chivalry, and good-nature will delight you; and whatever good he may have done in Spain, his adventures will suggest to you a hundred thoughts about the value of individual daring and apostolic missions among the Popish peasantry.

In a wood near this place are four old chestnut trees, the only ones of that species; so planted as to form a square. A few weeks ago, a deep hole was discovered between them, newly opened, with marks and remnants of two boxes, which have been taken out. Nobody can explain it. I hear a good deal about Millerism among the lowest sort of people; who, unfortunately, are those who become the prey, in such cases. — has bought, for the aisle of the Library, a Cashmere carpet, which Runjeet Singh gave to John C. Lowrie.

PRINCETON, March 27, 1843.

It is snowing again; what a March! For the improvident poor, it is really a serious matter. The comet seems to grow dim, but my namesake Stephen has had observations enough to derive elements for a very satisfactory calculation. From these he constructs an ephemeris, and if the thing's place every night answers to the ephemeris, the calculation is conceived to be verified. He will publish it. I attended a soir e of select observers in a case of Mesmerism, the other night. Further than the apparent sleep of the patient, I saw nothing wonderful.

Matt. xii. 30 is often quoted, with a very edifying sense, but how can it be made, in such sense, to cohere at all with what goes before and after? The ancients thought it referred to the

devil. The connexion is certainly difficult. Our session is running down rapidly to a close; it ends April 13. Davidson has arrived at New Brunswick. If, as ——— demands, we must have Scripture injunction for every thing in our polity, I think we must go vastly further than his present move. I see no title of Scripture for the life-long continuance of ministerial character, or against electing elders every other year, as the Dutch do, or for the power of a majority to govern, or for synods and general-assembly, or for the principle of representation. Where does the Bible say that ruling-elders are representatives of the people, or that they may not be chosen by the pastor? The whole of his arguments are from the *jure-divino* mint. I have no doubt that the majority of American Presbyterians stand on lower ground than this. Archbishop Whately's book ["Kingdom of Christ Delineated"] is of great value in this respect. It settles some principles about the freedom of the church, within certain limits, to organize itself, which are very comfortable to my mind. But for these, I should have to unchurch the Baptists, as much as they unchurch us, as they are ordained in many cases by laymen. It strikes me with great force, that when the apostle Paul is defending his apostolical claims in his epistles to the Corinthians, he never founds any of them on his external connexion, or succession, or any rites, (which might easily have been verified,) but in every instance, on his doctrine, spirit, and life; 1 Cor. iv. 1, and 9—15; ix. 1, 2, "the seal of mine apostleship are ye." 2 Cor. vi. 4, "approving ourselves as the ministers of God"—how?—"in much patience," &c.; xi. 23, "Are they ministers of Christ? I am more;" then he gives his proofs, xii. 12. He gives "the signs of an apostle," with no breath of rituality. And so much does he make of *doctrine* as a criterion, that though an angel preach otherwise, he is to be accursed, Gal. i. 8.

PRINCETON, *March 30, 1843.*

I send herewith a couple of catalogues, which you will please give to Capt. Ewing, (I suppose you know your elder is a miles emeritus, once a captain of horse.) In reperusing Foster's inimitable essays, I am much struck with the fitness of the last, to be put into the hands of a thoughtful, literary man, who feels a sort of contempt for the vulgar manifestations of religion, with which many are offended. Yesterday to my extreme surprise I received a call from Natchez. I am truly and only grieved, for, as I cannot live in that climate, that suffering people have again compassed a denial. The least hint of it beforehand would have led to my preventing such a step. I congratulate you on

some symptoms of spring. We have had to boat it, from and to the depôt. Stephen Alexander has been delivering a public lecture on the comet, which gave much satisfaction. Gen. Jackson gives a recommendation (very religious too) of Pease's candy. A very decent Irishman told me yesterday he had been five months out of work. Great revivals and protracted meetings among the Seceders, at Newburgh. I see the Edinburgh Review bepraises Borrow as much as the Quarterly. Lowrie's Travels is a very good book, and worth reading. Dr. somebody in Albany has come out, giving the lie to Sewell's stomach-pictures, which, he says, are caricatures. Moffatt speaks of whole tribes as living for weeks on locusts in Africa. My regards to your "familiares," and am yours.

PRINCETON, April 8, 1843.

The languors of spring have come upon me with a witness. I know not many feelings worse than that of feeling no just cause for inactivity, and yet being unable to do any thing. If Providence permit, we shall be in Philadelphia next Thursday; probably at our former lodgings, Ninth and Spruce. I congratulate you on the accession of shad, a favourite Trenton dish. College duties are substantially over. There are to be 150 trees set out next week in the Library lot. You will find in the Repertory some things which I said in a late letter, [March 27,] but which, nevertheless, I did not get from the author of the article on "Ruling Elders." I am pleased to see a Layman in Virginia giving \$525 as a "thank-offering." I should like to know from —, what master of literature or art can produce a work, like his who made the lizard or the crow. Will any man compare the Venus de Medici with a living organization, having reproductive powers? I have no doubt that there was high civilization immediately before the deluge. Allison, the Scotchman, has resigned his charge at Paterson. The new school Psalm and Hymn book is out; compiled by Beman. The Methodists are going to have a meeting-house about halfway between us. You know, perhaps, that a second Dutch church is hatching in New Brunswick. There is a man in the Seminary, who is said to have been an actor in Philadelphia. One of Shakspeare's daughters married a John Hall, M. D., whose arms were, "Or on a bend sable," &c. Her epitaph ran thus:

"Witty above her sex; but that's not all:  
Wise to salvation was good Mistress Hall.  
Something of Shakspeare was in *that*: but this  
Wholly of *him*, with whom she's now in bliss,"

Your next son should be called William S. The death of

poor — [an idiot] must be a relief to his afflicted mother ; though in such cases the very wen seems to involve some of the vital circulation. This year the months of April and Nisan begin together, which makes the passover fall on Good-Friday ; this is worth putting into the papers. I must try to get to the synagogue. I do not expect to be among you until the Council of Trent, [meeting of Presbytery at Trenton.] I have a resolution to propound, recommending sturdy folks not to sit during prayer. I wish in my heart our church had adopted kneeling in prayer, and standing in song. The comet has entirely absented itself. Only two lecturers-errant this week. —, so I hear since I began, has taken advisement with — about the Hebrew letters going to make up 666. If you wish to know, I will find out. Vinegar is now said to be a fine thing for the teeth.

PHILADELPHIA, *April 18, 1843.*

Your friends here are well. We are 163 South 9th. Quaker Yearly Meeting, which accounts for the rain.<sup>1</sup> I attended a grand Concert of the Blind, yesterday, in full force ; it was passing fine. I saw six elephants walking two and two, up Spruce Street. In a proof of —'s, instead of "and when Abraham drew near the camp, *he heard a shout,*" it had "*he tore his shirt.*" I did not think the church very well filled on Sunday, considering the eminence of the divine [himself] who preached. Next Sunday I am caught for St. Louis le Grand's, Penn Square, [an elegant new church.] Dr. Tyng's lectures are very largely attended. The rain has kept me from going about much. The Episcopal churches are much thronged ; there is good policy in laying so much stress on the "service," which is, like potatoes, always present, whatsoever the other dishes may be. The cheapness of goods is wonderful. I bought very good white pocket handkerchiefs for 25 cents.

PHILADELPHIA, *April 24, 1843.*

My visit to Philadelphia, from which I anticipated much pleasure, has proved somewhat Tantalie, as I have had to be supine most of the time, with a complaint which has rendered locomotion excruciating. Otherwise I am well. Confined to the house, I have little news. I saw McCalla going by, looking like a general officer ; hair as before. Leeser has started a magazine, "The Occident." The spring display of city-flowers is very charming. I bought a razor-strop from the celebrated "Strop-man," who harangues in front of the State House ; I

<sup>1</sup> This is a common saying in Philadelphia.

got it for 25 cents, more for fun than any thing else, and I find it excellent. The "converted thief," Munday, goes about, rain or shine, bare-headed, but chin covered with an abundant shag. Odenheimer is out with a new book, "The True Churchman no Romanist." Bp. Kenrick lectures stately, on the controverted points. There is a schism among the Jews in this country about instrumental music in the synagogue; Leeser thinks it "labour," and so forbidden; I think their yelling and eructation much more laborious.

PRINCETON, *May 11, 1843.*

The green fields, trees, birds, &c., are beyond all praise. I am glad to get back to my cabbage-garden. The Seminary examination is "being" made. I have been very busy, since my return, on a piece of writing, which has to be ready by Assembly-times.<sup>1</sup> On dit, that they will certainly have a tramontane Assembly next year.<sup>2</sup> Allan Mackenzie, who digs my garden, is afraid the troubles in the Kirk will lead to the "bringing in of episcopacy *and* prelacy." A crazy man lives next door; perhaps we shall have "vegetable marrows" thrown over the fence; vide Nicholas Nickleby "by Mr. Dickens of South Britain," as — calls him in his newest series of letters. — has left young —, a half-converted Jew-lad, here, to study.<sup>3</sup> If you want some okra-seed, I raised a bushel<sup>o</sup> last year. The giant, the dwarf, and the harpers have been here, but the "razor-strop" man has not yet got on so far. I hear of direful mercantile failures among some of the wealthiest of my acquaintances in Virginia. Our students begin to return; I see a few new faces. My old uncle Maj. John Alexander is to be in the Assembly; and D. v., my father will return with him to Virginia.<sup>4</sup> I hope he may be prospered in this, probably his last, visit to his native county. Never can I be sufficiently grateful for the preservation of my honoured parents to an old age of cheerfulness, health, and activity. The last British Critic is out in favour of auricular confession. Dr. McElroy is still at Santa Cruz. Dr. Chalmers says, in a speech, which I know not whether our papers have extracted, that the Scotch clergy are preparing for their change of circumstances, by going into smaller houses. Dr. Gordon, leaving one of the

<sup>1</sup> I cannot discover from the Minutes, or otherwise, what this paper was.

<sup>2</sup> The Assembly of 1844 met at Louisville, Kentucky.

<sup>3</sup> The conversion proved to be even less than half.

<sup>4</sup> For an account of this visit see "The Life of Archibald Alexander, D. D.," Chap. xviii.

finest mansions in Edinburgh, goes into a house of £35 rent. The new body will be called "the Free Presbyterian Church."

PRINCETON, *May 24, 1843.*

The Occidentals will, I have no doubt, have the next Assembly at Louisville. The New-School folks are in the expected trouble about abolition; and it will not be strange if their Southern members fall off. In this case, I confidently expect that the most of the latter will join us. Before this reaches you, I suppose the ruling-elder question will have been decided; perhaps to be reversed at Louisville.<sup>1</sup> Dr. McElroy has returned from St. Croix, in good health. During Maclean's absence [at General Assembly] I conduct a daily prayer-meeting at half-past five. I was at the communion at Dutch Neck last Sunday; 12 accession. I am suffering a most painful languor and debility; the cause must be latent disease, yet my ordinary functions are as usual. It is itself a disease, and one for which one can ask no sympathy, and which is not sufficiently pronounced to absolve the conscience from the obligation to work. I often feel that the effort of rising from my chair is a labour. Too soon has the grasshopper become a burden. Œconomos, one of our late Greeks, [in College,] died of consumption, in Fairfax co., Va., on the 9th inst. There is a young Jew here, [mentioned in last letter,] injudiciously sent by —, one —, of Posen, Germany, æt. 20, who has excited my strong commiseration. He is speculatively a Christian, and convinced of his sinfulness, but as blind as Pharisaism itself as to the plan of grace, and so distressed at being rejected by his parents, that he told me the other evening he had not been in bed for four nights. He speaks German, Polish, and English, and is a thorough Hebrew and Chaldee scholar, has read all the Talmud, and understands French. He is a "puer ingenui vultus," and certainly of fine capacity; but unless he obtains some relief he will go mad. He showed me his phylacteries. His change of views was occasioned by the simple perusal of a New Testament, seen first by him since he grew up, and given him by a clergyman in Germany. John Miller is going to Richmond to assist Plumer in the redaction of the Watchman, and in preaching. A late drunkard of our town once said that the soil about Dutch Neck was like self-righteousness; the more a man had of it, the worse he was off. Young Wadsworth, late of the Seminary, now of Troy, is said to be a phoenix of eloquence; he is in Philadelphia.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The decision, by a vote of 83 to 35, was that three ministers (though without a ruling elder) constitute a quorum of Presbytery.

<sup>2</sup> Now pastor of the Fifth church there.

PRINCETON, *May 30, 1843.*

My father and uncle set out this week for "the old Colony and Dominion of Virginia." I am not well, but potter about in my garden on the few clear days; my truck looks promising, and it is a great amusement to me. [Jos. B.] Stratton is gone to supply Natchez, [now the Pastor.] Dr. Lindsly and Dr. Edgar both have sons, physicians, coming to the Seminary. I have had two visits from an old man who was in the battle of Princeton. My weight is just 132 lbs.

TYLERTON,<sup>1</sup> *June 12, 1843.*

You will judge from the papers that we have all been Tyler-mad; sundry of us have been so. I feel anxious that it should be generally known, that the programme of the part to be enacted by the Faculty of the College, was printed and posted, and the appointment made on our grounds, without consultation with us. As a faculty we did nothing. Several of us were present in the throng. The President and suite, viz., Wickliffe, wife and two daughters, Spencer, &c., went to the Episcopal church in the morning, and to the Presbyterian at night. Between services a grand dinner. They left us, with music and a great cortège, about 8 this morning. A large number of naval and some army officers were at Com. Stockton's in uniform. As the cavalcade passed [Mr. J. S.] Green's, departing, [Rev.] Dr. [Ashbel] Green came out; on which Tyler rapidly dismounted from his chariot and four and uncovered himself to the old man: the only impressive scene in the melodrama.

PRINCETON, *June 15, 1843.*

All your malignant evil speaking concerning ——, may be accounted for from the chagrin you experience at not being invited to orate. Notwithstanding what you say, I must honour the King: not that I did much for King John III.: but I am opposed to all ultra-democracy, of which the very extreme, I take it, is to make our tribute of respect dependent on mere popular like or dislike. [After referring to a medical friend, for whom he wished to find some public employment.] His mildness, reading, &c., would make him a good principal of an Insane Asylum. Could he not be spirited up to an agitation of the public in behalf of such an institution in Trenton? He might write a lecture and deliver it in our chief towns.<sup>2</sup> My father is heard from as far on as Waynesborough. He preached four or five

<sup>1</sup> The President of the United States had just been visiting at Princeton.

<sup>2</sup> This suggestion was made two years before the Legislature of New Jersey established the Insane Asylum near Trenton

times at Charlottesville, and, from Dr. Cabell's letter, must have been in his very best mood. The college tee-total society, of which Maclean is the soul, has more than a hundred pledges: exclusive of an eminent professor, [himself,] who is suspected of daily potations of Oporto. I preached last evening from Prov. i. 32. Dr. — [in New York] is down again, and uttering the Macedonian cry. I can certify, of personal observation this morning, that some toads are still found in Princeton: "Personally appeared before me," &c., &c. Give our kind regards to — and circumjacent friends. A new pamphlet on the sister-question sent to me from Natchez. It has some hard arguments in it, some quite puzzling ones.

PRINCETON, *June 24, 1843.*

A little tropical weather after all. Dr. O'Shaughnessy, of Calcutta, (Prof. Phys.,) has been here. Brisbane, the Fourierist, and some aids, are looking out for a farm of a thousand acres in this neighbourhood, whereon to exemplify their socialism. The following is from the *Leipsic Acta Eruditorum*: "Jacobi Alexandri paradoxam opinionem de motu terræ circa lunam, ceu planetæ secundarii circa primarium, recensuimus in Actis, A. 1728, p. 127." I write a fresh lecture every week on Latin literature, which I read to the Sophomores, over and above their regular recitations. Musgrave has published an 8vo volume against the Methodists. Henry Van Dyck picked 50 quarts of strawberries yesterday morning: I have none worth naming. — has become a regular hack, and writes on every topic which promises to catch the million: this may do for a laureat, but it is not the plan of a poet. There are some things often mentioned but seldom seen: yesterday, for the first time, I saw the death of a cow. At the present rate every family ought to take the Sunday School Journal. I propose, next Friday, to publish, with my name, a card in the Princeton Whig, calling attention to it. Suppose you do the same, simultaneously. I acknowledge the seven [Acts vi.] are not called deacons, but I suppose no one ever doubted that these are they; the duties being so much the same. It is a case where universal, uncontradicted tradition goes far with me, as in the case of the change of the Sabbath.

PRINCETON, *July 19, 1843.*

I am sorry that I cannot render you the assistance you ask on the next Lord's day. Not only have I to preach for Dr. Rice, but early next morning I have to examine a class, at our Quarterly Examination, to which I could not be back in time. I have



been very much debilitated this summer, and lately, for the first time in my life, had to sit down in the midst of a sermon, from a sudden affection of the head.

There is more of the influenza within a few days, than we have had. Of ecclesiastical news there seems to be none. Last Sunday afternoon Dr. Green preached to my Africans. Though his voice laboured, the sermon was excellent, and towards the close very impressive. My father, when last heard from, was in Bath co., Va. Sam has gone on to accompany him home. Mr. Rogers, of Northern India, has been here. Mr. Walsh, late of the Seminary, is about to go to that mission. Smyth's new work on Presbyterianism is out. Joseph Tracy is making an abridgment of his former one. If ——— should follow the example of some of the Oxonians, and turn Romanist, it would lower his dignity very much to be ordained sub-deacon, deacon, &c. A short-hand teacher is enlightening us at this time. I begin to need spectacles to read long-hand. It is not one of the agreeables of our college arrangements, that our hardest work and heaviest examinations come in the heat of summer: our terrible "Final" begins on the 7th of August. Do you hear of any colleges about to doctor us this fall? What a grand method it would be to sell D.D.s as they do commissions in the British army! They would then be sure to fall on such of us as long for them, while others who care not for them might be spared all trouble. Some painters have been pottering about the outside of our house for more than a month; what with ladders, daubing, and smell, it is decidedly worse than house-cleaning. I never, in my craziest moments, feel the slightest desire to share the greatness or fame of kings, grandees, poets, grand authors, orators, or the like; but I often feel a sort of envy for quiet folks, whom I see, far from all publicity, carrying on some humble household labour. These Fourier-systems would make every one live in public, and obliterate little family-circles, and all that we call Home. One of my neighbours lately caught a bull-frog, which had a whole cat-bird in his insides; he also caught a pike, with a sucker six inches long in its stomach. These marvels you will report to your Lyceum. Judge Tucker, of the University of Va., had for many years a periodical rheumatism in one knee, recurring with perfect accuracy every 13th day: it has for a year past been exchanged for a syncope, returning for some months at the same interval, but now oftener. The legislature of Virginia gave the widow of Prof. Davis \$12,000 for the copyright of a work of his on Criminal Law.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The death of Professor Davis is mentioned on page 315.

PRINCETON, *August*, 1843.

My father has returned. He was gone sixty-four days, and in that time delivered thirty-two public discourses. So Pusey was really suspended: Vide his letter of the 2d inst. A man came last week into the office of the Board of Foreign Missions [New York] with a bag of money, laid it on the table, and said it was for the China Mission, on condition no questions should be asked: the contents were \$10,000. Such an event ought to be laid before our people, to show them, by a scale they all too well understand, how some Christians rate the Mission work.

PRINCETON, *Sept. 5*, 1843.

I am truly glad to hear that your resort to the hill-country has done you good. My stay at the Cape [May] was very delightful, but very short; I arrived there on Monday evening, and came away on Saturday morning of the same week. Yet my spirits were much refreshed, and I think, if I could have stayed three weeks, I should have been made quite well. The Seminary has opened with a larger accession than is usual at this point of time. More are expected, as several commencements are yet to come off. The "Princeton" [a Navy Steam-ship] is to be launched this week. We had Dr. May of Alexandria [Episcopal Theological Seminary] at Cape ditto; a very agreeable man; as near being a low churchman as any I have seen. When called on by me, he made an extempore prayer at a meeting. I also made myself acquainted with Judge Stroud [of Philadelphia] formerly of our college. I see all connexion between Bokum and the Jews' Society is dissolved by proclamation. Did I ever tell you of a little quarrel I had this summer with Bokum? It arose from my "accusing him of injudiciousness." Thereupon ensued a correspondence, &c. I have been honoured with a picture of Hustee-coluck-chee, alias John Douglass Bemo. He is on his way back to the Seminoles. Eleven of the last class, Andover, have agreed to go together to Iowa. Quere: whether all missionary enterprises among us ought not to yield precedence to the work of evangelizing the Southern slaves? Ministers ought to be among them, in sufficient numbers, even if they were to be emancipated to-morrow; so that the question has no limitation from that of Abolition. Next in order, I think, come the Indians, whose condition is now more favourable than that of any heathen tribes on earth, for receiving the gospel. The préstige, however, of this mission = 0 Will — go to —? No, I guess. If he does, he will go away from home. There is nothing in a professoral place at all resembling the worship which a popular city-pastor receives.

PRINCETON, *Sept. 15, 1843.*

I have read Young's sermon, [afterwards a "Campbellite Baptist:"] he must be an Arian. His fundamental articles make no mention of Trinity, Atonement, or even Incarnation. He objects to such terms as Trinity, Triune, three in one, coessential and coeternal. When a man objects to creeds, he always has a reason for it. I perceive he is out upon the Corn-laws. I hope to re-open my house on the 1st prox. Beds, stabling, the choicest wines, (in part of the stock of the late — Esq.,) omnibuses passing twice a day, &c. Dr. Rice thinks he has a disease of the heart. He is like to go to Augusta, Ga., for the winter. I have, for a rarity, to marry a couple on Saturday night. Our venerable friend Mr. John McMullin has been released at last: all my thoughts of him are pleasant.<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Smith, relict of Dr. John B. Smith, is dead in Indiana, æt. 82. Capt. Stockton is ordered out for a four-months' cruise in the "Princeton." What a difference between us and the English, in regard to school-books! They still use, in all their great schools, the grammar of Edward VI. I have a copy of it. It is full of forms, and primary rules, but few observations. Our American Bibles vary exceedingly from the standard British ones, in small points, especially of orthography. Dr. Hodge's organ has come.

PRINCETON, *Sept. 20, 1843.*

I am conscious of no indebtedness in regard of letters, but being more good for nothing than common, I shall vent the contents of noddle on you. On Monday, a very ingenuous-looking young man, calling himself McMana, applied with much humility for aid to get to Albany. He offered to leave books in pawn, &c., and showed a certificate of church-membership from Mr. W. S. Potts of St. Louis. In the evening, Prof. Henry, going to the depot, happened to get into the same hack with this man, and (it being dark) shortly heard the fellow take great liberties with his name, asserting that he had dined with Prof. H., and moreover declaring that he was on his way to *Philadelphia*. At the depot he saw Prof. H., and tried to hide behind a platform. My brother Sam pulled him out, and H. extracted from him the money he had begged, and the certificate of church-membership. The Hon. Mr. ———, in the Quarterly Register, in a piece lamenting the decay of classic learning, recommends the Bible as "*corpus juris divinæ*." This is the eventful day at

<sup>1</sup> Mr. McMullin was an elder of the Third Church of Philadelphia, when Dr. A. Alexander was pastor, and afterwards, and until his death, of the Sixth Church.

Easton: visions of gigantic Ds float before my mind. "Between the acting of a dreadful thing, &c.," v. Shakspeare. Our annual Examination is now being holden. I wish I had a number of the Christian Mirror to show you. There is a piece in it about Princeton, lauding every thing to the skies. Inter alia, much as follows; (I don't pretend to give exact words :) speaking of Dod:—"whose colloquial powers are no less extraordinary than those reported of Johnson, Sir James McIntosh, and Coleridge . . . The profound metaphysician, mathematician, divine—pupil of Sir Christopher Wren and Palladio." This, as Sam Slick says, is cutting it very fat.

PRINCETON, *September 25, 1843.*

I neglected to say to you that we will give you a bed during Commencement times, and a napkin at my father's. Do not imagine, my dear sir, that any elevation of rank on my part will prevent me from exercising all the condescension which is seemly towards my humbler friends. Come freely, and lay aside all the dread which the circumstances are fitted to inspire.<sup>1</sup>

TRENTON, *October 2, 1843.*

I am disposed to make a stand on this position, viz., that wherever our church has made great advances, it has been by the pressing of *converting truth*. The following words are uniformly spelled thus, in standard English Bibles; I mean certain places in all editions: 'Ax, horseleach, mortar, brasen, throughly, whiles, Rahel, Judæa, houshold, enquire, sope, jubile, intreat, asswage, pluckt, caterpillar, lothe." Dr. Brownlee has had a paralytic stroke, from which he is not expected to recover.<sup>2</sup> We are hereafter to have Commencement in June, and a summer vacation. The faculty, who are most interested in not going wrong in such a matter, are unanimously for it. It was opposed by only four Trustees. In order to bring it about, we have to make the next nine months equal to twelve, by working double tides, and having only a fortnight of vacation, from opening of next term till the close of the succeeding one. Your friend, Dr. Kidd,<sup>3</sup> was a crony of old Mr. Potts's, and dedicated one of his works to him, in connexion, I think, with Dr. Green. He published, about 1815, a large octavo, on the Trinity; a

<sup>1</sup> The sportive allusion is to his having received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Lafayette College. This honour was doubled upon him, in 1854, by Harvard University.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Brownlee survived until February, 1860.

<sup>3</sup> I had inquired of him concerning a Professor Kidd, of Aberdeen, who had received the degree of D. D. from Princeton in 1818.

very heavy and abstruse work, in which he endeavoured to derive a metaphysical argument from mere reason.

PRINCETON, *October 24, 1843.*

When I parted with you on the 16th, I did not expect to go to Synod ; but that night I repented and went. I got to Newark about 10 P. M. Next morning I awoke early, and finding it clear and frosty, I traversed the streets and surveyed the markets. I breakfasted at the Park House with Kinney and McDonald, and their wives. At 9 I ascended the cars for Morristown, and found myself in company with Mr. Helm of Salem. I have seen no cars more agreeable. We arrived at Morristown about half-past 10, having gone through a rolling country ; fertile looking ; snug houses, clean hamlets, signs of comfort ; in a word, a little New England. Morristown is a pleasant but irregular village, on high ground, in sight of hills. Mr. Johnson, elder of Mr. Kirtland, here joined us, and we three went together to Newton. Dr. Rice, Maclean, and Talmage had lodged in Morristown, and taken an extra. Mr. Kirtland was detained by a funeral, and Mr. Dumont by the illness of his wife. We took a four-horse stage-coach, and began to climb the hills ; and from this to Newton we had a perpetual succession of ups and downs. Yet even among the mountains the roads are smooth ; often however mere galleries, cut around precipitous ledges. The inequalities, and the zig-zag of the trail, made it eight hours before we got to Newton at 7. It was 35 miles. We had passed through places called Denville, Dover, Rockaway, Sparta, (a pleasant village, where Torrey, formerly of Rio, is New-School minister.) I was enchanted all the way with the mountain and valley prospects. Like the Virginia valley, but not so much distant mountain range, and of course less bold than the Alleghany. Many iron-works, and much limestone. Millions of loose rocks in the fields ; yet settlements close together, and many fine houses. The Synod had been four hours in session. Gray had preached, and McLean was in the chair : Rodgers and Imbrie clerks. We went in, and found a missionary meeting in progress. Morrison from India had spoken ; Lowrie was speaking ; then followed Dr. Janeway. Davidson prayed, and the choir (though a good one) balked in a tune. Perhaps you would like the names of the bishops : From the *North-west*, Foster, Hand, and Colton ; from *Elizabethtown Pby.*, Williamson, Hunt, Ogden, Murray, (Kirtland, 2d day,) Cochrane, J. Cory, B. Cory, Street, and Imbrie ; from *New Brunswick*, Comfort, Janeway, Rice, Rodgers, Deruelle, Maclean, Davidson, McLean, Vandoren, Mahon, Hale, Worrell, and Schenck ; from *Raritan*,

Kirkpatrick, Studdiford, Hunt, Olmstead, Hull, Williams, and Sherwood; from *Newton*, Shafer, Castner, Longmore, Gray, Yeomans, Nassau, Jonnston, Webster, Junkin, Lewers, Irwin, Worrell, Tully, McGee, McWilliam, Mack, and Lowrie; from *West Jersey*, Beach Jones, Helm, and Lawrence. I lodged at Dr. Shafer's. We were treated with great kindness. They live well in Sussex; it is a land of milk and honey, and their buckwheat cakes are unrivalled. Their butter equals Goshen, and is their chief export. Every thing went on pleasantly at Synod. There was no judicial business; there were no angry words. There was much conversation on the progress of religion and of our benevolent church-schemes. A uniform plan of raising money was reported, adopted, and recommended. The Synod yielded assent to the proposal for a new synod in Pennsylvania. On Wednesday Morrison spoke an hour on Foreign Missions. Though a very Moses in elocution, he deeply affected every one with his statements. I never before had such a notion of the missionary's contact with thousands of the heathen. Murray followed with a very spirited and effective speech. In the evening there was a meeting for domestic missions; full house and pulpit. Deruelle prayed, and — and — orated: the one as fine as silk, the other as coarse as cordage: — is a splendid declaimer; his organ is incomparable. — abused the Episcopalians beyond aught I ever heard in public: many of them were there. *Inter alia*, he called (*horresco referens*) the sign of the cross, "the sign of the beast." On Thursday 19th, some resolutions for the Free Church passed, *nem. contradicente*. Our presbytery-minutes occasioned much mirth, by the Latin of the recorded exegeses: it was horrible indeed; and was pounced upon by some of the Newtonian Latinists. They must have been penned by some Bunyan among us: "the Latin I borrow." *e. g.* "An opera bona necessaria *sit?*" The next meeting to be at New Brunswick; where Dr. D. is effecting a painting in distemper back of the pulpit. He introduced a resolution assertory of what is falsely called the *strict* mode of baptism. He withdrew it, after satisfying himself that his view was the popular one. The business was all done at 1 P. M. on Thursday. We spent the afternoon, however, in devotion; addresses by Dr. Rice, Maclean, Vandoren, and McLean: and there was preaching at night by "P. P. clerk of this parish" [himself].

I found a number of former pupils in Synod, and there were residing in *Newton*, Martin Ryerson, Geo. Ryerson, Thomas Ryerson, Shafer, Thomson, (the surrogate,) and McCarter; all students of ours; from whom I received much attention. Friday, the 20th, was a fine day, but I saw quite thick ice, under

the shade of a mountain, as late as half-past nine. Father Comfort offered me a seat in his vehicle, and the journey homeward was truly delightful. The old man fought all his battles o'er again, and was fine company. He knew every cross-road, and almost every house. We passed several little crystal lakes, and abundance of hills and valleys. We had in company, in other carriages, McLean, Vandoren, and Schenck. Our way was through Hackettstown, Schooley's Mountain, where we drank of the waters; German valley, where we dined; Germanstown, in Hunterdon; Lamington, Pluckamin, Somerville, Harlingen, and Kingston. We passed the natal spots of the McDonnells, I. V. Brown, and S. C. Henry. We lodged at Major Talmage's near Somerville, where we had profuse hospitality. I saw Dominic Messler, and called on Dominic Chambers and Dominic Labagh of Harlingen. I was, by a kind Providence, returned home in safety by 4 P. M. on Saturday, after a very delightful week. I passed through nine counties, viz., Mercer, Middlesex, Essex, Morris, Sussex, Warren, Hunterdon, Passaic, and Somerset. Not a word was said about Elders' impositions, [of hands in ordaining Ruling Elders.] Wife's sister, or the Psalm Book. I believe every member of the Synod went away with a pleasant feeling. Old Dr. Shafer is a most affectionate and pious man. I have volunteered to preach for Helm on the 5th of November, or Gunpowder-day. I learn from Mr. Lowrie, who got here on Saturday, that the Philadelphia Synod were in the trenches, and like to be some days, on the elder and quorum question.

PRINCETON, *November 2, 1843.*

I shall not be able to stop on my return from Salem, as the opening of our term will be so near. The awakening among the Jews, at Pesth, see last *Missionary Herald*, is a striking event. There have been two more deaths by small-pox, but it has not extended beyond the family, nor to any vaccinated subject. Gov. Haines [of New Jersey] was my classmate. Dr. Miller speaks of his mother as an eminent Christian. Rich. Johnson is expected here, to be fêted. John Owen, in his famous work on Congregationalism, after declaring that there is no such thing as a minister, who has no congregation, asserts expressly, that the church has no power to send men to preach to the heathen, or to any people not gathered into a church. This is a corollary to be sure. He, as were all the New England pilgrim fathers, was stiff for ruling elders. All the early New England churches had them. He (O.) argues plausibly, that the Bible knows no visible organized church, except a particular congregation. This was also the New England tenet. I trust those members of

legislature who profess godliness, will do something to bring their unconverted colleagues to church, &c. Morrison preached and spoke here on Sunday. Four young men of the Seminary are assigned to China. One of these and another during the long vacation, paid two thousand family-visits in the pines; everywhere giving advice, books, &c. One of the four, Culbertson, [Rev. M. S. C., now at Shanghai,] was an army-officer, and highly honoured at West Point; chosen to go on some military mission to France. I have a black synonyme or homonyme in Africa, [in one of the Mission Schools.] Nevins has published a pamphlet intituled "The Anxious Seat." The Western [Theological] Seminary [Alleghany city] has forty students. Clow, our college steward, is lord-mayor, and I am yours, with much sleepiness.

PRINCETON, *November 21, 1843.*

I preached on Sunday for ——. He is the best specimen I know of a country pastor, for demeanour, piety, and sound learning; a good theologian, and a ripe Hebraist and classical scholar. None but a Hercules should attempt three services. At his house I met Dr. ——, a surgeon in the army. He has been several years in the south and west; his last post being Fort Gibson. Last summer he went far into the Indian prairies, with a command of mounted dragoons, under Capt. Boon, a son of the famous hunter of Kentucky. Their business was the protection of the Santa Fe traders. He showed me specimens of the salt-rock, with which extensive tracts of that country are covered. He has been constantly among the Indians. He ridicules the notion of savage life being favourable to health, and says he never saw more disease among any people. Thousands die in infancy. They have perpetual coughs and pleurisies. Their doctors have scarcely any remedies, no knowledge of herbs, and little credit among the people, except as conjurers. They had a sorry fellow for chaplain, at Fort Gibson. He found a soldier with a bottle of rum, ordered him to deliver it, and on refusal drew a pistol on him. On one occasion, preaching, he chose to expound the phrase "fear and trembling." "Fear, my brethren," said he, "is—is—is—the emotion which fills your breast upon the approach of an enemy." This is like the New England parson, who, in preaching before a court, prayed "that all their decisions might be *overruled*." You will seldom find a more enchanting drive than the upper end of the river-road to Lambertville; I mean in summer. Studdiford has an English MS. of a tract of Wicklif's in good preservation, on vellum, which is at least four hundred years old. You should see it. A work of thrilling



interest has appeared, intituled "Letters to a very young Lady:" it is not certain whether by Chalmers or Macaulay.<sup>1</sup> It is likely to move both hemispheres. I fear a church can never be supported at Titusville; the district is too small, and nobody is likely to attend from Pennsylvania.<sup>2</sup> Dr. Phillips's people [Wall Street Church, New York] have bought ground up town, [Fifth Avenue.] I am told that Merle d'Aubigné makes nothing beyond expenses by his original work, few copies of the French being sold. Suppose you and I get him to send us a copy in advance, and give him part proceeds of the translation, which would have a great sale. We have admitted more than seventy students, of whom more than twenty are communicants. From a concurrence of causes, my teaching labours are trebled this year. In Charlotte Elizabeth's Magazine, this dashing woman declares Cowper's melancholy to have been a judgment on him for translating Homer: an odd prolepsis, surely, inasmuch as he tried to hang himself shortly after he was of age, and never thought of his translation until he was more than fifty. All she ever will write will do less for the gospel than Cowper's Task, Truth, Charity, Expostulation, and Hymns. His translation, like his other works, was the refuge from a madness, which but for this would have driven him to suicide, or at least to the cells. Though he is not our only Christian poet, he is certainly (of the great ones) our only evangelical one. The cruelty of the aspersion is affecting. The woman is deaf herself. When Charles the Second taunted Milton with losing his sight, as a judgment, Milton reminded him that his majesty's father had lost his head. And when Warburton, in a like vein, told old Quin, that all the regicide judges came to a bloody end, the actor replied, "The same, your lordship may observe, is true of the twelve apostles." Missionary Morrison preached on Sunday at Pennington. Dr. Hare departs tomorrow, [for Philadelphia;] he does not abandon his school scheme.

PRINCETON, *December 11, 1843.*

I send you a catalogue of the Seminary. The commercial turn of the Seminary is evident from the accession of "Byers" and "Sellers." Mr. Webber has been a Texan major. Thomas Thomas is a Welshman. Mr. Byers is a Nova-Scotian licentiate. W. Scudder is a Ceylonese. I do not know any thing which I ever read so much from a sense of duty, as the

<sup>1</sup> A work of his own, published by the Sunday School Union, pp. 251.

<sup>2</sup> This proved a groundless fear. The enterprise has flourished so well that a handsome church edifice has already succeeded the one first occupied.

“Message:” it teaches one nothing, and gives no amusement. On Thanksgiving Day, I preached on the blessing of Peace. We were providentially prevented by the storm from having our parents to dine with us, as projected, but through divine favour we had the whole remainder of our large family. It was an event to be recorded with thanksgiving, as it has not occurred for many years, nor is likely ever to occur again; at least at such a season. We endeavoured to rejoice and be merry, and ate and drank: 2 Sam. vi. 19. We cannot in English compress like the Latins: this morning I read with my class Juvenal’s *nemo malus felix*. My father has a severe catarrh; so has Dod; so has Dr. Miller; so has Dr. Hodge. The latest Oxford Bibles contain the following orthographic anomalies: “subtil, sycamore, agone, goodman, intreat, injoin, subtilly, sneeced, fetcht, ringstraked, scrowl, Nicolaitanes, vallies.” I have a serious request to make of you, in which my feelings are very much interested. There ought to appear an article in our Princeton paper on Drinking and drinking-houses; and I wish not to be the writer. Do me the favour to send me such a piece on the following, brief, sharp, and short: “Beer-houses; danger even of fermented liquors; groups of young men at doors of such places; effect on good name; the *kind* of men who frequent; the sudden fall of many not reputed drunkards; delirium tremens, &c.” The whole intended to warn young men, and to show that *such persons attract public attention*. Chalmers, in a written report, has a sentence much like this: “there are other channels, the foundations of which are connectable with our object.” Prof. Dod begins this evening a course of lectures on Architecture in the Seminary, ladies to be admitted; Monday and Wednesday evenings. So [Daniel] O’Connell, lawyer like, is going to slip through the meshes of the law. There are said to be 30,000 witnesses on his side. Dr. Chalmers has sent for the Repertory, and requests a review of his Romans.<sup>1</sup> [Professor] Stuart ought to understand the Revelation; he has been lecturing on it 25 years. In Den’s Theology, the Roman Catholic text-book, high Predestinarianism is taught, exactly as Turretine teaches it. I see Sydney Smith writes common-shore [sewer] exactly as it is pronounced. The probable withdrawing of Calhoun from the presidential race, will greatly brighten up Van Buren’s prospect. I pray against the annexation of Texas; it would spread slavery over Mexico, and I fear add a century

<sup>1</sup> The theological works of Dr. Chalmers were reviewed by Mr. Alexander, in the Repertory of January, 1841, and those on education and ecclesiastical economy in the number for October, 1842. Part of the first article was by his father.

to its existence in the United States. Nothing but the opening of new cotton and sugar lands within twenty years has prevented the abolition of slavery (at least in regard to post-nati) in Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee. If a wall were built around these States, the slaves would eat their own heads off in a twelvemonth.

PRINCETON, *December 30, 1843.*

Dr. Cunningham has been here for several days ; but this is not his main visit. He is altogether the most satisfactory foreigner I have seen. By the Scotch papers I perceive he ranks among the first four or five in the Free Church. Height about 6 ft., and large in proportion ; a stout but finely formed man ; very handsomely dressed, and in an eminent degree the gentleman, in every thing but excess of snuff. Age, I reckon, about 41 ; spectacles. A shock of thick curly hair. He has no airs of patronage. Powerful reasoning and sound judgment seem to be his characteristics ; and he is a walking treasury of facts, dates, and ecclesiastical law. I heard him for an hour, on Friday, in a speech to the students. Indescribable Scotch intonation, (but little idiom,) and convulsion of body, but flowing, elegant language, and amazing power in presenting argument. Though his manner is rugged and uncouth, and he has no sign of imagination, yet when he gets on tender topics of religion, he is so scriptural, and so sound, that one is affected by what he says. I have seldom listened to a man with more instruction. New and Old School in New York have joined in regard to him, and he has preached for both sides. On Sunday he is to preach for Drs. Phillips and Potts. On the 26th and 27th I was in Brunswick—visitation, [of committee of Presbytery.] Rodgers and I were the only foreign bishops. Good assemblies. Three weeks ago McClelland preached in the Second Dutch church, on profane swearing. He said that on a recent occasion he had gone to Rahway in the cars, and had counted seventy oaths. Also "It was once customary to rend the garments on hearing a false oath : if this were customary here, we should all go naked." "The sin prevails from the President in his bed, to the beggar on his dunghill." My father's address at Lexington [College] is printed ; but the fashion of sending a copy to the author has not been introduced there. On Christmas day we were favoured of Providence to meet, all of us, at my father's, with three distant relations. My father preached an Advent sermon. New Year's day is the New York saints' day. I am concerned at having to say that good old Dr. Miller is quite ill, with pleurisy. The loss of him would be a sad blow to us. I think him one of

the most conscientious and pious men I ever knew. His behaviour in a parlour-controversy is an example to every one, and has often put me to shame. According to the New England decision about incest, a man may now marry his step-mother; thus it is likely to be no longer so odd a thing "that one should have his father's wife." Cunningham says the prejudice against reading sermons is still very general in Scotland, and that committing to memory is the prevalent method; the Moderates have always read. Cunningham is to be professor of Church-polity, &c., with Chalmers, Welsh, and Duncan, in their new college, which is already in operation. I have had a file of "the Witness," which gives all the speeches in October. The men I should like to hear are five, three ministers and two elders: 1. Chalmers; 2. Guthrie; 3. Crichton; 4. Gordon; 5. Dunlop. My wife and I desire to wish you and yours every blessing in the new-year. For a motto, I will give you "Is any thing too hard for the Lord?"

PRINCETON, *January 25, 1844.*

Did you observe how distinctly Dr. Cunningham said *juty* for *duty*? He says, *Lighton*, (*Leighton*,) and so I find it written in old Scotch books. We have about \$500 subscribed in Princeton, [for Free Church.] Potts, I think, is gaining on Wainwright, [in newspaper controversy on Episcopacy.] The latter has no more logic than a pudding. Our present plan of Presbyterian visitation is a great waste of labour. If the committee were all together, they might confer, and stir one another up. As it is, the visit becomes a simple protracted meeting, and that of the least profitable sort. Poor Dr. Rice, who is a most affectionate father, has heard of the death of his second daughter, wife of the Rev. Ezekiel Forman, of Versailles, Ky. The Dr. has some good signs in his congregation. From eight to twelve seeming conversions within a week or two. I have taken some pains to examine the series of texts preached on by Whitefield and Wesley: few of them are odd, or even uncommon; they are the familiar, evangelical, everlasting verses, which God has owned in all ages. I have been reading, with great delight, the Life of Dr. Waugh, a Scotch minister who died about fifteen years ago in London. He was a man of great eloquence, and a leader in the London Missionary Society. The average of his sermons for forty-six years was three a sabbath, and about 400 over. I have consulted several Scotch and one English copy of the catechism,

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Alexander for a long time followed the Moravian custom of adopting a "year-word," or text for the year; and while a pastor in New York, gave a sermon upon it to his congregation on the first Lord's-day of every year.

and find in all, scriptures in the plural. Wines is coming back here. A student in the Seminary lives on bread and water. I have heard that [Lyman] Coleman, (brother of the cross-banneret) [Editor of "The Banner of the Cross," an Episcopal periodical in Philadelphia,] is about to issue an anti-prelatic book, composed by him at Berlin, under the guidance of Neander. ["The Apostolic and Primitive Church," with Introduction by Neander.] Mrs. —, an excellent old lady, but not a respecter of Priscian's head, being once at my father's, when two of our Greeks were there, turned round and said, "Am they Scotch?" I have heard an affecting story of poor Nordheimer. He foresaw his death, and, calculating pretty well when it would come, gave *double recitations* as long as he could sit up, so that his class might lose nothing. His Grammar is lauded in Gesenius's last edition of Lexicon. There is a great stir among the Baptists at Penn's Neck, on the straight turnpike from Trenton to Brunswick. Dr. Scudder is to be here this week. Dod is lecturing twice a week to crowds of Seminarists and ladies, on Architecture. He has reached his tenth lecture. I wonder if Cunningham will wake up the Philadelphians much. He is a powerful fellow; and a noble instance of what may be done without any pathos or any decoration. How I rejoice that Father Pollock [page 200] has had the hearing of him! — has one good quality—he is afraid of nobody. I believe him also to be absolutely ignorant of personal rancour in controversy: he would be the first man in town to ask his enemy to dinner, after oceans of abuse; and that not of policy, but out of real good will. Dr. Miller, after a sore attack, begins to walk about the house. Grace seems to work in him, under this trial. I have a book (some 150 pp.) nearly ready for Sunday School Union, ["Good—Better—Best."] It is a narrative, but not aimed at children. Subject: the three methods of relieving human misery; to show that doing good to men's souls brings other relief in its train.

PRINCETON, *February 20, 1844.*

The Scotch delegates thicken upon us: we have had [Rev. Dr.] Burns and [Elder] Fergusson, and are daily expecting Lewis, who has arrived at New York. Burns, you know, is in Witherspoon's pulpit, at Paisley: he has been settled there thirty-three years. He is one of the most learned men in Scotland—has edited Halyburton's works, Wodrow's history, and is author of *Memoirs of Prof. McGill*. Burns's manner in the pulpit (gesture excepted) is more *outré* than Cunningham's. But his sermon was noble, rich, original, scriptural, and evangelical, and in diction elegant: and his closing prayer was seraphic. Fergusson is

a smallish man, about 37: about the dress and ways of a common weaver; no apparent shirt. I was thunderstruck—especially when I found that Chalmers had picked him out. But my wonder ceased when I heard him, on the evening of the 18th. He spoke an hour and three-quarters by the watch—I wish it had been twice as long. In the first half of his speech he erred, by causing too much laughter. His *vis comica* is amazing. In the latter part he arose to a height of passion such as I have seldom witnessed. A critic would have condemned every thing in the elocution and gesture—but the eloquence was penetrating and transporting. I found Addison affected precisely as I was. In a word, it is utterly vain for me to communicate to you any idea of the degree of his power. As he rose, his diction became elegant and sublime. And yet he is only a merchant of Dundee.

A bad sore-throat prevails here. My father *has been* seriously, perhaps dangerously, ill with it. There is certainly a more general attention to religion here than I have ever known, but nothing like excitement. Scores of persons, who have neglected ordinances for years, come to every thing. Some of our most substantial men and women are affected. I suppose a hundred copies of the “Way of Life,” [by Dr. Hodge,] and the “Great Change,” [by Dr. Redford,] have been sold here within a few weeks. The latter has been blessed to the awakening of a number. A most visible effect has taken place on our tavern-haunters. In college we have little appearance of revival. Deruelle preached a very good sermon here last week. Burns thinks *Chammers* (so they all call him) will be out in the summer. Dr. Miller has recovered. I went to the African church on Sunday to hear [Elymas P.] Rogers, and heard a black named —. He preached on Saving Faith, from the text, “In your *faith* possess ye your souls.” Happily, he did not name chapter and verse. With a lecture of an hour every morning, a recitation every afternoon, and once or twice a week a sermon at night, I am kept in pretty good tension. Burns says he preaches four times on Sunday, a good part of his time. I am told Fergusson failed in speaking in Philadelphia.

PRINCETON, *March* 7, 1844.

Mr. Lewis of Dundee spoke twice here this week. He is a gentlemanly man, and gave us a delightful gospel-sermon. On leap-day [Feb. 29] I married a black couple: the bridegroom and bridemaïd were both one-eyed.

Since I began this letter, a mournful event has occurred—the death of Mrs. [B. H.] Rice. She was ill about seventeen days. Her fever was violent and unyielding from the beginning. It left her, for several days before her death, in a state of extreme prostration.

Her mind was all peace, without a single cloud or anxiety, and she declared her triumph in Christ. Her friends, though deeply grieved, are filled with a sense of divine grace as displayed in her remarkable faith and hope. Poor Dr. Rice will feel his loss more hereafter. I know no man who leaned more upon a wife, nor any woman more remarkably fitted to cheer a desponding husband. She was as pious, open-hearted, benevolent, and self-sacrificing a person as I ever saw; and it is a general expression in town, that every one has lost a personal friend. Thus my good old father has, within a month, lost the oldest and the youngest of his brothers and sisters. He has one brother and two sisters surviving. I was at Worrell's [Monmouth co.] visitation on Saturday and Sunday, and had some hard work. Next Sunday is our Communion. About thirty will make profession of faith. The seriousness is not abated. It is a remarkable fact, that no one means of awakening has been so much blessed here, as the putting of books into people's hands; especially, "The Great Change," and "The Way of Life." We have had no inquiry-meetings, and latterly no increase of preaching. Domestic prayer-meetings have been a good deal multiplied. My father has not regained his strength, though he passes for well.

PRINCETON, *March 16, 1844.*

Dr. Cunningham is here again; chiefly to gather some hints about theological instruction. He has been laid up with lumbago. He grows in my esteem as a man of knowledge, piety, and consummate prudence.—(*Sunday.*) I heard Cunningham this morning, in the Seminary chapel. Text, 2 Cor. v. 14, 15. He explained the text, as I have for twenty years found myself constrained to understand it: "if one died (*ἀπέθавεν*) for all—then all died," (*ἀπέθавον.*) The sermon was a most able one, uniting the highest degrees of plainness, argument, and unction. He read it, but exactly as he made his address. There was no ornament or illustration. In the evening Dr. C. preached; Heb. vii. 26, "Seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for us." Fifty minutes. I. The nature of the intercession. II. Practical application; in regard (1,) to the sins of believers; (2,) to the circumstances of believers; (3,) to their prayers; (4,) to their prospects and ultimate happiness. It was a noble sermon, as plain and unillustrated as before, but mighty in argument, and robustly eloquent. A very touching passage, seemingly for poor Dr. Rice. In his prayer he used that phrase of our excellent (Presbyterian) liturgy, "bless this *corner* of thy vineyard." *Quære de hoc*: how many corners has this polygon? are all the churches at the *cor*

ners? He nevertheless prayed with great solemnity and devotion. In private, I am full of admiration for his considerate and discreet and gentlemanlike demeanour and words.—(*Monday.*) Senakerim called here just now p. p. c., with a younger brother. He has been in America seven years, and goes back to Stamboul, as a naturalized citizen, and M.D. He has always behaved himself very well. None of our outlandishmen have been less offensive. Dr. Rice admitted 36 on profession of their faith. For the sake of a testimony for truth and godliness, I wish Frelinghuysen could be elected Vice President. I do not think I shall vote for Clay. I think Potts and Wainwright have been at it long enough, and should be choked off. A new periodical, (probably) to be called the *Scottish Review*, [“*North British Review*,”] will begin next month. The first number will have articles by Chalmers, Candlish, Sir David Brewster, Welsh, &c. • It will not be merely religious. They want American articles, and will pay £15 a sheet. Reviews of American books of travel are specially mentioned. Dr. Chalmers says (in a note I heard read just now) that his class numbers 209: Dr. Lee’s, (University of Edinburgh,) 30. A tract of my father’s has been published in Armenian. The papers have given our late LL.D. to *John*, instead of *Alexander Dunlop*. They are very different men. The latter is the chief legal defender of the Free Church. His answer to the *Dean of Faculty* (Hope) is both a cogent and an elegant thing. Dunlop is lineally descended from two of the greatest leaders of the Scotch Kirk, (Dr. Carstairs, the friend of William III., and Dr. Robertson, the historian.)

PRINCETON, *March 22, 1844.*

Dr. Burns has been here; and, spite of my prejudices, I must say he preached, on Wednesday evening, one of the very noblest discourses I ever heard. The text was, *Zec. xiii. 7*, “Awake, O sword,” etc. It was teeming with Scripture, but even the most familiar texts were made brilliant by their setting and connexion. I did not see him in private. You must read Webster’s speech in the Girard College case: it is a noble defence of the Bible, the ministry, and religious training. I am to have a recitation four days in the week, at six o’clock in the morning, all summer. You see Dr. Potts has gone up town, [University Place Church.] Smyth’s [of Charleston] sermon on the Free Church is out in Edinburgh. The *Edinburgh Witness* (of which I have had the reading lately) is conducted with great power. Plan of the Record; but the editor, Hugh Miller, is a genius, and a writer of extraordinary force and originality. He was a common mason at Cromarty, is now a leading geologist, and author. His severi-



ties are like those of Brougham ; who, by-the-bye, is coming out in a book against us.

PRINCETON, April 9, 1844.

If it had been in my power I should have hastened to Trenton upon receiving your note. But I was suffering from an attack of sore-throat and influenza. I am particularly glad to hear that your brother George is better ; though from what you have said from time to time I gather that his case is serious. What you say of —— is really melancholy, if not alarming. His giving up music is like King Saul's flinging the javelin at David. The Rev. Tract Agent —— is here. He is a pleasant, scholarly, gentlemanly man, and made a fine impression, even on some among us who like few things from the pulpit. *Coal-porter* [Colporteur] is like to be a famous word in Anglo-American. You must be sure to attend the Methodist Conference in your city. When I was at the last one in Trenton, I thought it the most decorous ecclesiastical body I ever saw. So old Mr. Duponceau [of Philadelphia] is dead. Soon there will be none left of the magnates we used to look up to, and the great men will be our own coevals. Soon you will be startled with the compellation of "Father Hall,"—"the venerable father, who last addressed you,"—"the dear old man ! I call him my spiritual father"—"years should speak," &c. You ought to follow up your piece in the Presbyterian, on Church-schools. It is a good string, and this is a good time. Only this morning I had a letter from Richmond, entreating for a man to set up a Female Seminary there ; "what we want," he says, "is to get a first-rate Presbyterian school, and thus be relieved of the necessity of having our daughters *educated* Episcopalians."

You see the Abolitionists are out upon the Scotchmen, for fingering the wages of iniquity, [receiving donations for the Free Church from slaveholders.] They will learn a lesson as to the animus of American anti-slavery men. Having to go to College at 6½ A. M., I find my "matinal labours," as Walsh calls them, somewhat onerous. Dr. Yeomans wrote to me that they had 115 students in Lafayette College. Parke Godwin, the leading Fourierite, is an alumnus of the College and Seminary. Cooke represents the scheme as becoming formidable, from the numbers taken in. What a delightful book might be made about Philadelphia, if somebody would do what Watson ["Annals of Philadelphia"] tried to do:—antiquities, growth of city, views of all the old buildings, abundance of pictures, Penn, Benezet, Franklin, Morris, Rush, Wistar, White, Collin, Eastburn, Girard, Duponceau, Peale, &c. Could not you recall some

of the incidents of your youth? Capt. Cox? David Allen? old Carswell? Mr. McElwaine? [all of his father's church in Pine street.] I am more and more convinced, that the greatest preparation for preaching extempore, is to know the English Bible by heart. An old black man, 78 years old, has learned to read, within six months, in this place. This being election-day, there has been not a little cursing of the "parsons," who all vote the Clay ticket, if any. You see that Pettit has made another speech in Congress, [against chaplains,] and again has had no echo. I wish old Adams would take him in hand. Hammit, of Congress, was a Methodist preacher in Virginia when I lived there. The Irish Catholics have been in treaty for an old stone house just back of my garden, for a mass-house. If they succeed, you are invited to the consecration.

PRINCETON, *April 14, 1844.*<sup>1</sup>

Though I thought a great deal about you, I did not dare to write until I received John's letter, which contained such comfortable statements, that I feel as if the opening were plain. I need scarcely say I sympathize with you and your mother, most deeply, under this affliction. It is true of your family, as of ours, that death has spared you long, only to make the blow of bereavement more severe. My recollection of George goes back to a very early period, and my renewed acquaintance with him, not many months ago, brought me into still nearer acquaintance with his kind and affectionate qualities. But I will not enlarge upon those considerations, which only serve to aggravate your loss. I know you feel it in your inmost soul. I know in some degree, what an interest you took in your brother's prosperity, and that his death must inflict a corresponding wound. And I think it very likely, that under the first impulse of the trial, you find yourself the subject of entirely new experience, and in danger of being "swallowed up of overmuch sorrow." And a certain time must elapse, before you can respond altogether to those statements of divine truth, which are applicable to your present condition, and which you will afterwards feel in all their force. It is my wish and prayer, that you, and your bereaved mother, and all the family, may be—not simply *comforted*—but what is infinitely better, *sanctified* by means of this affliction. For surely, if George is in heaven, as we are permitted to think he is, what have we more to wish for him? what have we more to wish for ourselves? Don't think of him

<sup>1</sup> I insert this letter of condolence on the death of a brother, notwithstanding it was first addressed to my sister.

as suffering, and dying—all that is past—it is no more to him than the suffering of your infancy is to you—think of him as “with Christ,” “present with the Lord,”—adoring the infinite grace which saves sinners. The moment he departed, all the anxious prayers you ever put up for him were in an instant answered. Now let me very earnestly recommend to you, as a duty you owe to Christ, not to brood over the dark part of a dispensation which has so very bright a side. O that we may all be led to look more at the slightness of the hold we have on friends, and be prepared to go with them!

I have said these few words, not as believing there was any information to be given you, but as a testimony that you are not forgotten in your afflictions. And I beg that you will assure your mother and sister of my tender condolence. But how shall I speak of his widow? The Lord must comfort her; I trust He does; I am sure He will. I felt disposed to write to her, but did not feel that I had any call to intrude in this way, so soon after an unspeakable trial.

Every member of my father’s family feels the blow which has fallen on yours. We have ourselves had a great loss, in the death of Aunt Rice. God grant that each of us may be prepared in the day of His coming!

I do not look for a reply until such time as you shall feel able to say something more calmly than you now can.

PRINCETON, May 6, 1844.

——— has written an article [for a religious paper] on the Elder Question, [the right of Ruling Elders to participate in the act of ordination.] The chief points are these: 1. The Scriptures ascribe to the *people* an important part in the government of the church. 2. Ruling Elders are the *representatives of the people*, in the exercise of this power, and are so called in our Standards. 3. The office is therefore of divine authority. 4. The power of elders is only that of the people whom they represent. 5. Ruling Elders are never said in our Standards to be the *Presbyters* of Scriptures; who (as we always contend against the prelatists) are bishops. (Turn to our Form of Government on this point.) 6. Ruling Elders, being representatives of the people, are not invested with the authority to ordain. This controversy is working great evil in the Southern churches. I would willingly give them the quorum-principle, if they would give up agitation on the other. David H. Bogart, a young lawyer of this place, was buried to-day. Dr. Rice preached, and Chaplain Starr read the Episcopal service, as part of the Odd Fellows’ ceremony. What a poverty of invention among these

O. F., that they must needs borrow slavishly the cast-off sprig-throwing into the grave, from the Free-masons. Addison is about completing a bargain with Wiley & Putnam for the publication of his Commentary on Isaiah. He will print it in a very leisurely manner, as it is not fully written out. It will be chiefly for clerical readers, &c., and will make a large 8vo volume. He has laboured very much at it, and has gone over almost every part, repeatedly with pupils. I hear no word of my communication to the Christian Advocate and Journal [Methodist] about Summerfield. I can think of no reason why they should reject it. [It was published.] Oblige me by looking into two or three of the last numbers, as I do not see the paper.

PRINCETON, *May 8, 1844.*

I send you a catalogue of our college. You will find only five errors in Cortlandt Van Rensselaer's name.

Very much against my wish, I have to preach in New York [Duane Street Church] next Sunday. Some time ago they wrote to my father, to know whether I would entertain a call from them. I answered, through my father, very decidedly, in the negative. On the strength of this, I accepted, with others here, an invitation to preach for them. Now I learn, with regret, that they still mean to press the matter. I earnestly begged off, but they would not allow it.

I am now authorized to write a tract on Early Rising. I attend college prayers every morning, and spend an hour with a class before breakfast.

Shocking work in Philadelphia! [Destruction of a Roman Catholic Church by a mob.] I am afraid of the consequences of this Native American organization. Bishop Kenrick murders Scripture in a manner worth of the Anti-Bible party, in the end of his pacific proclamation.

One of our hens has eight ducklings. Three other hens are mothers, and two more will soon be. I never alighted on any home-attraction, which is so fertile in amusement for the children. Feeding, eggs, chicks, and ducklings, give them never-ending variety; especially as we have a regular Chicken College, roll-call, lectures on Clucking, Swimming, &c. Let me recommend a coop in your back-court. Capt. Crabb, U. S. N., my next-door neighbour, sometimes gets twenty-eight eggs per diem.

The new Pilgrim's Progress is elegant, but \$4 will make it a book for the rich. The sumptuousness does not befit John Bunyan. Retzsch ought to illustrate it, in his outline way—broad and antique. The only picture in the book which pleases

me, is Cruikshank's Vanity Fair. Charles Lamb has a capital letter to Bernard Barton, against the misplaced elegance of Southey's English edition. I see they have not followed Southey in retaining Bunyan's genuine street-English, such as "I thought you would *a* come in with violence."

A sloop, built on the canal, at Rocky Hill, passes by us, on regular trips, to and from Texas, (Galveston.)

There will be five churches up town in New York, which will hear one another's organs. Duane Street will be left alone below.

PRINCETON, *June 29, 1844.*

I have had a disorder which has relaxed me a good deal. I have also had a call from Duane St. which has a similar effect.<sup>1</sup> I have to speak at New York the day after to-morrow, and Commencement is just over. These are reasons enough for not writing before, and for not writing eloquently now. The New York business I should settle very speedily, if it were left to my feelings; my friends, especially my father, warn me against a hasty determination. On the first vote (by ballot) when every one, without nomination, expressed his individual preference, I had 30; [scattering 21, blank 3.] On the fifth ballot, I had 47; [scattering 6, blank 3.] On the last (*viva voce*) I had 55 and there was 1 against. I have been reperusing Campbell's Gospels, with much pleasure. He directs one's attention to little variations of the common version from the Greek, which escape one even in reading the latter alone. Charlotte Elizabeth, who is one of the most influential writers of the age, has published a letter to Bishop Alexander [of Jerusalem] in which she remonstrates with him for not having his children circumcised. Charlotte should take the name of Zipporah. Quite a sect is rising in England, who think the Jews, when converted, should retain their ceremonies.

PRINCETON, *July 4, 1844.*

You perhaps have heard of certain matters, concerning which the true version may be welcome. The Duane people have agreed to call me. The vote was not unanimous. I spoke with none of them in New York. While there, I was visited by Mr. Greeley, a son-in-law of Dr. Tyler, and Mr. Dana, nephew of Dr. D. of Newburyport; both Bostonians, and introduced by John C. Green, with whom Mr. D. had been intimate in China. They are a deputation from the Committee of the

<sup>1</sup> He had preached in the Duane Street church as yet only on May 12th.

Bowdoin St. Church, formerly Dr. Beecher's, and more lately Mr. Winslow's. Their mission, to get me to candidate. On learning about the Duane business, they professed to be concerned, and returned, I believe, to Boston, requesting me not to decide the matter. We had a large assembly at the University chapel, but the heat and dyspnœa were terrible.<sup>1</sup> Burleigh pronounced a fine Christian poem, and was received with plaudits. Dr. Potts is to have a noble Gothic church; the walls are up. I heard Dr. Taylor in Grace church. His manner is very uncommon, *sui generis*, but, to me, exceedingly striking. I heard Andrews at the Tabernacle, and am not surprised at his great popularity. About 2,500 were out; I observed I was the only person who stood during prayer. I visited the Princeton and the North Carolina; and on the latter attended a party, at which I saw the officers of the two Mexican steamers in full dress; they danced; some of them are mulattoes. Bache says the prejudice of colour is absolutely gone, in Spanish America. I saw a party of Iowa Indians at the mission-rooms, in full dress; they were just about to embark for England. They are the party of "White Cloud." I became acquainted in New York with Sir Wm. Burnaby, an English proprietor in Bermuda; a pleasant, Roger de Coverley sort of man. We are all packed up for the Cape. This business of the call has given me unspeakable anxiety. The twofold solicitation, if I may so call it, makes me pause and ask, whether Providence does not mean to unsettle me from my semi-secular post. On examination, I do not find that I am drawn New Yorkward, so far as I know, by any attraction of a worldly nature. Ease, quiet, friends, retirement &c., are all *here*. I do feel a strong desire to preach. I am in a strait.

CAPE MAY, N. J., July 10, 1844.

Your acceptable letter came to hand last evening. By the same mail, two of same date, from Boston, about the church of St. Bowdoin. This island is the same which Thomson describes in his *Castle of Indolence*: "a dreamie land of drowsihede it was." The "salt-air" vindicates every thing; canine appetite, nakedness, sloth, and double naps. Mr. [now Bishop] Odenheimer is here; he and I at present represent the two parts of the church militant. Musicians abound. A troupe of Italians are very delightful. Dr. May of the Alexandria Seminary, who was my pleasant companion last summer, is not to be here till the 16th. My wife and children go in, of course, with me, and give me occupation enough in the surf. It has been uncom-

<sup>1</sup> On the 31st June he delivered the annual oration before the literary societies of the University of New York.

monly fine to-day. The number of visiters at present is about 1,000. There are a number of new houses, especially private cottages. One Capt. Hart and one Fotterall, have Chinese houses, very grand. We were on the steamboat Rob. Morris, when an accident befell the engine. The boat was detained at Newcastle from 11 on Saturday to 5 A. M., on Sunday. Five or six of us, out of 300, remained over the Sabbath. I was most hospitably entertained by Chancellor Johns, who is one of the principal persons there, and a very instructive host. His father, æt. 86, old Judge Johns, is as erect and merry as a bird, and has chewed tobacco enormously for seventeen years. He was chief justice for fifteen years, in which [Rev.] James P. Wilson was lawyer. I noted a number of anecdotes about him. I preached twice there, and have preached once here. Newcastle is like an old-world village—a sleepy hollow; but they have a regular sea-breeze, and good bathing. The air here is restorative in a high degree to me. I wish you were here, if only for a week.

I have had great anxieties about my duty in regard to Duane St. I have very earnestly wished to be fully employed in the work of the ministry; but I never thought of so responsible a charge. My visit to New York greatly impressed me with the mighty field on which even a moderate man might operate from that centre. I have no notion of abandoning the downtown, which, to me, is the city proper, in both New York and Philadelphia.

(*Thursday.*)—I failed to get this off yesterday. Politics here dull. The chief question is between Poverty Beach and the Light-House. Trade flourishes. The apple business rising. Ginger-bread dull. A handsome operation in straw hats has attracted attention. Oysters as per last quotation. Crabs rising.

My kind regards, and those of the “Capers” (sic in lingua insulari, verbo nempe pro hujus insulæ incolis usurpato) wait on you all. Yours very much.

CAPE MAY, N. J., *July 15, 1844, 6 A. M.*

Yesterday I preached twice, once at Cold Spring, once at the Mansion House, (Ludlam’s.) There are many more opportunities of doing good than I could have imagined. I humbly trust that I have been enabled to gain the ear of a number of Quakers. What delightful inmates of a public house educated Friends are! You feel sure they will never swear, drink, or fight. They are too clannish; but to this they owe the maintenance of their peculiarities. Young Dr. Parrish, Dillwyn Parrish, their sister, and their wives, are here. They are highly educated and

refined. ——— is here. It is a lesson to one, to observe how this good and really sensible man has coddled himself, and sacrificed to Fear, until the grass-hopper-burden is always on his back. I retract some of my opinions of ———; notwithstanding his intolerable manner and undeniable lack of *nous*, he is, I really think, one of the most God-fearing young men I ever saw. The care of a family makes me somewhat less free than on my former visits, but I have seldom passed a week of less trouble of mind than the last; and this notwithstanding the pendency of two serious questions. The Bowdoin St. Church have made me out a call; but the consent of the *Pew-proprietors* is awaited, and certain days' notice is required for this. The call from New York weighs more heavily on me. To go thither, I plainly see, will cut up by the roots my goodly tree of literary shade and family quiet, and deprive me of a support from parents, brothers, and elder ministers, on which I have leaned most pleasantly, but too long. I shall, if I go, seem to many to go for the gaud of a large stipend; this is of no weight, however, in the great account. If I go, it will be under this feeling, which I own grows upon me, *I dare not stay*.

CAPE ISLAND, July 17, 6 A. M., 1844.

Your very acceptable letter came to me by yesterday's mail in company with 269 new bathers. Three hundred are expected this evening. Three hundred sat down to tea at the Atlantic last evening. There cannot be less than 1,500 in all. Rooms are not to be had for love or money; people are sent several miles into the country, or laid out on dining-room floors. We have more than 100 here, chiefly Quakers. Our table is reputed the best. Three bands of music give us harmony to satiety. I preached twice on Sunday, once at Ludlam's to a very large audience. The New-School Elders and people seem as cordial with me as the others. I do hope that ugly wound is to be healed. It is a little Philadelphia down here, riots excepted. I wish you were here. A week would give you strength for all summer. Every evening I have to change my coat, and sleep under a blanket; nor have I had the feeling of unpleasant heat since I came, except when at some distance from the beach. Our head-waiter Brookes speaks French and Spanish fluently; and keeps all the accounts. Old Alexander Wilson (Quaker preacher) is here, and had an opportunity in our parlour. Mr. Eckel, of Barnes's church, is here, and, I fear, approaches his end. Though it is before breakfast, I hear a band of music playing on the strand. Chaplain Grier and son have arrived, also John K. Kane, Lapsley, Atwood, Dunton, Cleaveland. More



letters from Boston. I am to be a Congregationalist; but New York claims rather preponderate.

PRINCETON, August 9, 1844.

The college opened yesterday. Thus far, about fifty matriculates. It is a sign of getting old, that I find numbers of my old college friends bringing sons on. All the *letters* I get from Boston indicate unanimous welcome. I do not think of turning Congregationalist, and they say nothing of turning Presbyterian; that settles the point, so far as I can see it with my present facts. Dr. Hodge, Prof. Henry, Mr. Packard, and Dr. Maclean, are the only persons who strenuously oppose my leaving Princeton. But, in my heart of hearts, I think they all, in their calculations, discount too liberally from the value of the *preached* word. Several of them are men whom I scarcely dare oppose, in a prudential question; yet, in my most solemn hours, I declare to you, their arguments have little weight with me, because I so profoundly believe *preaching* (including parochial teaching) to be God's great ordinance. O how much I need prayer and counsel! I am, after all, undecided. Give my love to ———. We shall welcome her at No. 499 Bowdoin St., or No. 1 Duane St., or No. 3 Steadman St., [Princeton,] as the case may be. Stilling's life, which everybody reads, was published at an obscure town in Pennsylvania, a number of years ago, and I then read it: it fell dead from the matrix. So much for having the entrée of the book-market. I think the book will do good among people who will not read an evangelical book.

PRINCETON, August 21, 1844.

I have asked myself repeatedly *ubi gentium* you are, that you do not reply to my last esteemed favour. Not to keep you in darkness, I now break through my silence, to say that I have accepted the call to New York. I feel, as you may imagine, almost terrified at what I have done. Yet I have no doubt as to the moral rightness of what I have done: success is a different thing. "Events are God's." The last two or three months have been a season of mental struggle. I have had to breast a current of advice and powerful reasoning, from some friends of ours, who are no mean argumentators, against my intimate convictions; and I have felt with them, that leaving Princeton is leaving *home*. At the same time, even in view of possible failure, I have quite a comfortable hope that God will not forsake me, and this sustains me more than usual. ——— says that the opinion is openly expressed, every day more and more, in his part of Virginia, that slavery is a curse, economically, and that

the annexation of Texas is defended at the hustings, on the ground that it will tend to drain off the black race into that tropical region, in which the races are already mixed, and the prejudice of colour unknown. My father has been ill, but now goes about: so does Dr. Miller, though still feeble. We have matriculated about sixty-four new students, two from Massachusetts. I am very hard at work, giving my course to the Seniors before October 1st.

PRINCETON, *September 3, 1844.*

Several things have put me in the vocative, or case of O! 1. A catarrh, now in its 13th day; 2. Another disorder, in its 2d do.; and 3. A sermon, which has just been finished, after several days hammering at it. My good old father is unwell again. The difference between temperature of day and night, at this season, is a cause of many disorders; much more, I think, than even the abundance of fruit. The agitation of the public mind at our election-crises is a very injurious paroxysm. Democracy must be a cornucopia, to balance such evils; processions, rallies, torch-bearings, "yaller-kiver" minstrelsy, poles, coons, banners, lies, idle days and weeks, gaping for office by ten for one who gets it, rotation, absorption of mind in matters too high for such minds, endless restlessness, sacrifice of regular trades, &c., for temporary office, loquacity and debate, ending in alienation, disappointment, chagrin, and disaffection to lawful authorities. Such are the heads of my next political brochure. When you have opportunity, do not fail to talk with——, on his own subject, on the general or fundamental principles. Half an hour with him is quite equal to any 8vo volume I ever read. He loves to be questioned, and never talks for display or argument. I rejoice that Walsh has the Consulship, [Paris;] his Americanism deserves it. I never tire of his *ana*, [in his letters to the *Intelligencer*,] which are copious during the vacation of Congress. By-the-bye, I think the *National Intelligencer* the very best of our papers, for dignity and honesty. It is wonderful how deep a Papist poor B. has become: I can liken it to nothing but a man's filling his eyes up with ounces of wax: it is part of his religion to see nothing and hear nothing; so I am told by those who know. The Seminary has more students than for ten years before. Watson's *Annals* [of Philadelphia] is fine, as to facts, but what a style! it is that of the youngest milliner's 'prentice. Dr. Green goes on with his autobiography. I prize his company: he is living on the verge of heaven. I always envied his most comfortable fixedness of opinion on all subjects. Several Princetonians enter the Seminary; my brother Samuel,

Archd. Rice, William A. Dod, and Frederick Kington. All have been law students, and the third a lawyer. [J. S.] Green [Esq.] has sent at least seven pupils to the ministry. [George] Bush sends specimen-proofs of two works of his in the press. The one entitled *Anastasis* will, I fear, go against the catholic doctrine of resurrection. Did I speak to you about an article on the "New Jerusalem Church," in Rupp's new volume, on all the religions? It is by a Virginia planter, and is the best article in the book, in point of style and scholarship. While I write, some one of the numerous bawling processions, with cheers and hip-hip-hurrahs, music, &c., is passing: cause unknown. I bid you good-night.

PRINCETON, *September 11, 1844.*

I am not shaken in any degree by what A.<sup>1</sup> says of the Free Church. I am aware that many seceders retain this old grudge, after all the causes are removed. The worst that can be said of the Free Church is that their retractation (it is such in effect) has been tardy, and that a false consistency makes them loth to eat up their old sayings. True it is, that they were truculent and absurd against Voluntaryism. I have a painful and threatening cough, now in its twenty-first day. I resisted all housing, &c., went to New York, Staten Island, &c; but it is obstinate. I must stand ready to see the predictions of some verified, as to my capacity for pastoral labour. Staten Island is another Isle of Wight. I was altogether surprised and enchanted. A very gem: sea, bay, rivers, vales, mountains, incomparable verdure, villas, absence of all high-roads and noise. From one point, you see the Atlantic, New York, Brooklyn, Newark, Elizabethtown, Rahway, and immeasurable tracts of sea and land. Sunday morning I drove six miles to Richmond, the county-town, to hear Dr. Moore, eldest son of the old Bishop. Fancy the very ideal of an English country church; on a green hill top, with a stretch of prospect over a narrow, sinuous valley, through which a pretty river flows towards the "Kills." It was well filled, and Mr. Peet of Rahway preached. In the P. M. I went to Fort Richmond, to worship with Brownlee's church, (Dutch:) here I heard James Romeyn; and a more extraordinary man I never heard. Fulness of matter, every step sudden and unexpected, genius, strength, fire, terror, amazing and preposterous rapidity, contempt of rule and taste. It was an awful discourse; 1 Thess. v. 3. It is one which I shall not

<sup>1</sup> A clergyman of the Scottish Relief Synod, who had spoken to his correspondent, in derogatory terms, of the newly professed liberality of the Free Church.

soon forget. In New York I overworked myself, looking for lodgings, and found none answering all conditions. Therefore, by urgent advice of my elders, I took a house, 83 White Street, east of Broadway, between Broadway and Elm Street, south side of White; two stories: look at a map of New York; you will see the yards are larger than usual there. But how unlike a Philadelphia house! \$600 rent. After I had taken it, I learned that its first occupant had been the first pastor of our church, Dr. Romeyn. Installation probably Oct. 3. But not unless we hear from Moderator Webster pretty shortly.

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J. W. Alexander.

FORTY YEARS'

FAMILIAR LETTERS

OF

JAMES W. ALEXANDER, D.D.

CONSTITUTING, WITH THE NOTES,

A MEMOIR OF HIS LIFE.

EDITED BY THE SURVIVING CORRESPONDENT,

JOHN HALL, D.D.

TWO VOLUMES IN ONE.

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## CHAPTER IX.

### LETTERS WHILE PASTOR OF DUANE STREET CHURCH, NEW YORK.

1844—1849.

NEW YORK, *October 4, 1844.*

I WAS licensed just nineteen years ago, this day. Last evening I was installed. My father preached. Dr. Potts gave me a good charge, very kind, but somewhat laudatorial. Dr. Krebs charge to the people. Mr. Greenleaf presided. Dr. Spring made the last prayer, in a very memorable manner; it was a prayer of great pathos. The house was full. The presentation to the people was long, wearisome, exciting, but accompanied with such circumstances as cheer and humble me. I slept little and am tremulous with a cup of unwonted coffee. Till advised, address J. W. A., "Care Hugh Auchincloss & Sons, 49 Beaver Street." <sup>1</sup>

NEW YORK, *October 10, 1844.*

Where shall I begin about this Babel? I ought to begin by expressing my thanks to benignant Providence for the pleasantness of every thing, and especially the warm reception I have had. We are not yet admitted to our new house, but remain with our good friends [the late Mr. Hugh Auchincloss] in Barclay St. We hope to set up our tent this week. I have the back room, 2d story, for my study, which I regard as the chief room in a parson's house. Ours is only a two-story house. From my window I have a constant view of the "Tombs."

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Alexander preached his first sermon, after the instalment, October 6th, from Psalm li. 12; and in the afternoon from Matthew xi. 16-19.

I preached all day, on Sunday; and Monthly Concert on Monday. Attendance good, but nothing which need cause any resort to the police, as yet. As for myself, the worst I have experienced is bodily fatigue. Running all day, and dead sleep all night. Yesterday I attended my first funeral, and my first clinical case. In the evening, Mr. Auchincloss took a raft of us to the Tabernacle, to see and hear the Campanologians. They are really Tyrolese, and in costume. It passes belief. They are seven, and the music is as exact as a Geneva box. I wished for Dr. Ewing. *Inter alia*, they gave the overture to Fra Diavolo, with every rapid and every chromatic passage perfectly, and all the varieties of pianissimo and fortissimo. The bells, on a rough count, are 30—40. Each man has a cluster before him. But they do not stick to this arrangement, but snatch up one another's bells with the rapidity of lightning. At a distance, exactly like common table or hand-bells, the largest about three pints measure. On examination, the handles are leathern, stiff and elastic, and within are cushions so that no shake but in a certain plane will give a sound. I presume the vibration is checked by a slight twirl of the wrist, such as throws the clapper against the cushion. The audience about 4,000. I saw the Rev. Symmes C. Henry and daughter there. My sexton is a treasure; both intelligent and pious, and withal as humble and "bid-able" as a Helot. His name is Peter Tarlsen, from Mandel, near Christiansand, in Norway. Of course his vernacular is Danish; but he has twelve years' worth of English. He is my man Friday, and does all manner of chores for me, being this moment toting my books from the basement. We have the Croton, but no bathroom. Indeed, New York is immeasurably behind Philadelphia in all that concerns neatness &c. *E. g.* we have no back alley; nor has one house in a thousand. I told you I have the house where Dr. Romeyn once was. I have found out a number of very agreeable neighbours. We have every thing near. Centre Market is about three Philadelphia squares off; Broadway, seven doors; the Harlaem railway-route, about two squares. The market folk send every thing home for you, and all sorts of trades-people come to one's house, on receiving a note through the Despatch-post. The thing which most strikes me, is the loss of time by the immense distances. For instance, Presbytery met at Chelsea, three miles from the Battery. One hundred guns this afternoon in the park. These are days of general muster. Presented one bag of coffee and one box black tea; one barrel flour, one do. sugar; item, one rocking chair, and one arm ditto. Stolen, one pile of boards from the "stoop." I wish you to say to my Trenton friends, especially in your street, that, in

the extraordinary hurry of departure, having one house dismantled, and the other unfurnished, I was barely able to say adieu to my Princeton friends; nay, one or two of them I had to leave ungreeted. The processional politics of New York amounts to a furor. Thousands must be spent on banners and music alone, not to speak of drink and time. I think I have spent half a dollar a day on omnibuses. The weather has been delightful. Unless I err, there is a great desire for real pastoral attention, and for Christian profit.

NEW YORK, *October 23, 1844.*

I verily believe the exchange is against Trenton; but, for an ensample, I write. Last night, or this morning, was allotted [by the "Millerites"] for the day of doom. Some went out and encamped at Harlaem. On Monday evening I heard the Rev. Mrs. Bishop, of the True Israelites persuasion, at the Tabernacle; which is now "a house of merchandise." Her delivery, grammar, Scripture-citation, &c., excellent. Her main point was the exaltation of woman. This day has been one of great hubbub: the Young Whigs' celebration. A live eagle; three live coons; procession of trades; cavalcade of some thousands; bands and banners sans number. Nothing gratified my eyes so much as the Boston delegation, amounting to hundreds: fine fellows all. Willis has started a daily; and for New York gossip and idle, but witty badinage, it deserves well. Kirk called yesterday. I have, in my flock, Mrs. Renwick, the "Jane" of Burns: she knew the poet well. The New Yorkers mean to have a new paper: both new and old synods have jumped together in this, and in assaulting the American Tract Society, about Merle's book.<sup>1</sup> I find myself in a very central situation for my charge. The church and lecture room are easy to speak in. Mr. Andrew and two daughters, of my parish, have just arrived from England. Capt. Auchincloss is every day expected from Rio. My friends here have attended very properly to my wants in the grocery line. The fair of the American Institute is worth seeing. Serious talk of a railway in Broadway, to exclude the omnibuses, which peril life every moment. A member of our congregation was killed by an omnibus, some months since. Leeser called on me, on Sunday; he had been supplying the pulpit of Rabbi Lyon in Crosby Street. Rabbi Isaacs lives just round a corner from me; and two synagogues are near. The omnibuses of the better sort are lined with velvet or plush, spring cushions, some


<sup>1</sup> Dr. Merle d'Aubigné's History of the Reformation, which had been slightly altered in the republication.

of them having mahogany arms dividing seat from seat. Wainwright and Richmond's edition of the Potts controversy is mean beyond common meanness. The annotator is bold in billingsgate. Our door bell hardly ceases to vibrate. I have laid my people under an injunction to furnish me in writing, with their respective names and number of house. Dr. Potts has not yet elected elders. I hope you will come on very soon; bed and all ready; the "Tombs" in the rear; I am in the "bloody Sixth Ward."

Yours most interruptedly.

- NEW YORK, *October 30, 1844.*

Last night, after my return from lecture, who should come in but Packard, on his way to Boston. On Saturday night I heard the guns announcing the Great Western; these big things are now quite punctual. Smyth [of Charleston] came in the Western, bringing \$1,500 worth of books with him. He was called up, impromptu, in the Farewell Missionary meeting, on Sunday, and made an admirable address. Brown (for China) sailed yesterday. Mr. Masters [an elder of Duane street] is ill with fever. Mr. Auchincloss had a touch of illness on the 28th. Mr. Hinsdale has left us for Brooklyn. Mr. Beers, our only remaining elder, is up the river. On Monday evening I heard Major Mordecai Manasseh Noah, on the Restoration of Israel; an hour and a half; rain, but full house. Doctrine: the Jews are to be restored to their own land. Inference: Christians should aid, by procuring for Israelites a secure tenure of land in Palestine. He proposed to the Society for Conversion of Jews, to deliver several lectures under their auspices. The outcry against Merle's History as altered by the Tract Society is very absurd. The book is exactly what it was, to all intents and purposes: and its influence is rendered a hundredfold greater by the Society taking it up. I have carefully collated all the passages in question; and while I think the alterations needless, I would not give one cent for the difference. Certain New School men are bent on awakening a New School sectarianism, as against all Union Societies. They mean to have a Publication Board. These jealousies are horrid. I do not wonder that some pastors feel themselves at length constrained to do all their works within their own parish. I cannot but think that spiritual religion is at a low ebb in our churches in this city. Never have I heard, in the same amount of visiting, so little savoury discourse. I believe Puseyism triumphs, (not because Presbyterians fight so little, brag so little, and stickle

so little ; so saith —,) but because our actual state, in Presbyterian churches, *has so little to awaken and fill the affections.* Old spiritualism (Pollockism) [i. 199] is no more. Revivalism is no more. The only activity visible is a mere business bustle in regard to organisms and agencies. Must we not go deeper than we have gone? I am deeply affected with a sense of this. But how to begin? *At home*, we need most of all. I have shut up books, and live in the streets and houses, all the available hours of the day. Bush is out with his anti-resurrection book.  Expect him to turn Swedenborgian. [This took place.] — and family in the Great Western, from third visit abroad. He says he saw much of Carlyle. C. and Tennyson had a night with him just before he left London. Pipe-smoking, with wash-basin on table for spittoon. Carlyle is in talk as in his books; only “more so.” As Addison is printing [Isaiah] with Wiley & Putnam, I have the entrée there, and enjoy a grand gloat on the arrival of each steamer. The English books are reaching a sumptuosity which constitutes a branch of *luxé* quite new in the world; *e. g.* Murray’s 4to edition of Byron. While I write, the grand Whig procession is advancing: *Vanitas vanitatum.* The under-current of religious activity in this city strikes me with unexpected force, as strong and branching into a vast number of charities. I did not conceive that so much was effected in regard to seamen, tract distribution, and care of poor. The increase of foreigners is amazing: I perceive it in the increase of foreign newspapers in New York, signs of stores, and lingos in shop and market. Liveries are all the go again: everywhere coachmen with white neckcloths, of true dissenting cut. I am just called down to talk with a man from Rome (N. Y.) who heard me preach on Sunday, and is under great distress of mind.

NEW YORK, November 18, 1844.

Mr. Masters was buried on Thursday. The body was brought to our church, contrary to New York usage. Dr. Potts, and Dr. Cummins of Florida, an old friend, assisted. I spoke from John xvii. 24. Large assembly, including some of the chief merchants of New York. We have lost the leading mind in our church. In the use of his pen, Mr. Masters took rank with scholars. As a merchant, he was sagacious to a remarkable degree. I have now but two elders; and old Mr. Beers [since deceased] is out of town nine-tenths of the time. I catechize every Saturday from nine to ten. My lecture is on Tuesday evening, half-past seven, in the basement. Last Thursday (which



is our prayer-meeting) we had the Rev. John Macnaughton of Paisley. You may remember the long debate in the Free Assembly of '43, which resulted in refusing to translate him to N. Leith, on account of the resistance of his flock. He has been on a special mission to Canada, and sailed on the 16th in the *Hibernia*. He has preached much oftener than once a day, in America; on several Sabbaths four times. Young, ruddy, handsome, uncommonly plain in dress, and a most eloquent preacher. He never uses a note, and says "reading sermons is almost exploded in the Free Church." None of the Scotchmen come near him for unction, elegance of diction, and Summerfieldian soaring of imagination. In the Native American procession, among abundance of Bibles and Bible-banners, I read, with my own eyes, the following, on a large canvas, and most prominent place: "By the eternal, we must and shall"—I presume the last word was "rule." I regard the outcry against the Tract Society's edition of Merle d'Aubigné as factious and wicked. For all the ends, the mutilated book is not one stiver worse than the other. The New School men are intent on having a sectarian Board of Publication. They are angry with the Tract Society for being so old-fashioned in doctrine. In two years, the Society would have had 100,000 copies all over the land. Now they are paralyzed, not only in regard to this, but all their operations. All this, while I think the alterations should have been first submitted to Merle. I fully agree with you about Polk; he never fought a duel; that is something: Ezek. xxii. 6. A visit from you will be truly acceptable. If at any time you find us full, your kin will receive you; here are the names and residences, in full, viz.: [Here a list of "Halls" from the Directory.]

My prospects of a full house are certainly not less than I expected. All our down-stairs pews are sold, but there are *seats* offered to let. Gallery-pews are not sought. I have not visited —, lest I should seem to be canvassing; the name has not been given to me, as among our hearers, and my time is unequal to the search for such as are. Several cases of awakening are known to me. It is generally believed that no church in New York has so many young men. They have a monthly association, which I have attended. Kidder has put out a valuable translation from the Portuguese, on Celibacy: see this week's *Observer*. I have met him twice. *Me judice*, the Methodists are doing more than all of us, in evangelizing this Sodom. The monthly visits of the City Tract Society's distributors, is the most wonderful and blessed agency; the half had not been told me. Burns has determined to settle at Toronto. A visiter told me

this of — which follows : He was presented to the Governor of New Brunswick. After he had blathered away, as he is wont, for about an hour, the Governor rose and said : “ As I find no opportunity to say any thing, I will take my leave.” The Scotch Publication scheme is grand ; they will have no lofts filled with unsold books. It is this : No books are in market, nor any printed, but for subscribers. *All the money* goes to cheapen the books. Each subscriber, who at first received two bound vols. per annum for 4s. sterling, now receives four bound vols. for the same. Subscribers now, 40,000. This ensures their being read, and they are cheaper than our “ cheap literature.” In all our operations here, I am afraid much of the water runs beside the mill-wheel ; *e. g.* the millions of “ winged messengers ” which fly into waste-paper-deposit. But let’s not croak : for croaking is already hindering half we attempt. I wish Willis was not so incorrigibly and laboriously frivolous. His “ Mirror,” now daily, gives the best daguerreotype of this frivolous city. — is to be the editor of the New School paper, “ and to party give up, what was meant for mankind.” My people will not stand up in prayer. Some pastors have used pains to introduce what Dr. Cox calls a “ sedentary reclina-  
ture.” I hope they will not introduce berths, for repose in devotion.

NEW YORK, *December 2, 1844.*

Your thoughts about the Sabbath Convention show how well you have succeeded in picking up my views, probably from my old parishioners. Beware how you use “ my thunder.” Our ponderous fire-bell is telling of fire. Though we hear the tocsin at least daily, I have never seen an engine, nor met with that sort of hubbub which agitates all Philadelphia at once, on such occasions. The reason perhaps is, that the law forbids engines to go out of their own district, unless a special call be made for more help. I have a choking new cold ; yet I preached twice yesterday, and was at a funeral to-day : Dr. Milnor, Dr. Snodgrass and I. Fourteen white scarfs, of fine twined linen. Burial in vault in Trinity-yard, where Milnor officiated, after my service at the house. The old Doctor is right hale for 72. [He died April 8, 1845.] He tells me he practised law, actively, twenty years. Morse, after long silence, is editorializing about Merle’s history. The life of McCheyne humbles me. What zeal and faith ! what a proof that Old Calvinism is not insusceptible of being used as an arousing instrument ! Macnaughton seems to be of the same school. The book is open to an objection, conveyed in an anecdote told me by a nice Scotswoman, the

other day. Dr. Chalmers said of Burns jr., McCheyne, McDonald, &c. : "These young brethren are doing a good work ; but I wish they would have done with their *nursery endearments.*" Noah is repeating his lecture this evening. Potts has been challenged by Richmond, to discuss prelacy in an oral way. This, you remember, was Potts' proposal to Wainwright. "And," Richmond adds, "as you are well prepared, let us begin to-morrow." The November number of the "North British Review" is good. Leading article by Chalmers. One on Davy, by *Carlyle* ; one on America, by Cunningham ; admirable. One on somebody's telescope, by Brewster. The best is on Backhouse (quaker)'s missionary visit to Africa ; developing the principle of a book called "Good—Better—Best." Among all my catechumens, I find but two who know the whole Shorter Catechism. I find it my pleasantest hour in the week. Much talk in Princeton of the amazing genius of a young poet. He belongs to the set which may be said to constitute the "New America." They go for metaphysic, Coleridge, almost for Spinoza. They laugh at Locke, Reid, Stewart, &c. They undervalue Newton and Bacon. They applaud Plato. They care less, than they once did, for prayer-meetings, missions, &c. Keep your eye on this. How much we need to stick by the plain declarations of the written word ! Reading McCheyne makes me feel how defective we ministers are, in helping one another in the main point. It is a great thing to have one to go to in a soul-trouble. Bustle, bustle. It was temperance—it is now the Sabbath. I am trying to fall in with a good little Moravian, named Bigler, who is said to preach the old gospel with much unction. Some of the Methodists preach delightfully ; and when they all sing together, it leaves the orchestral style far behind. I am anxiously concerned about new elders, having only Messrs. Auchincloss and Beers. I have never had any one to pay a visit of introduction with me ; still I am getting on. I lecture on Hebrews, and wish I could do nothing but expound. I read one sermon a week ; with a growing persuasion, that written sermons have undoubted points of superiority ; but that these are all *worldly*. I more and more believe (my practice belies it) that (1) constant Bible-study, using Scripture to explain itself, and (2) culture of the heart, by prayer, &c., are the great preparation for the pulpit. O for a generation of the old sort of preachers ! Matt. Henry, Newton, Cecil, &c. We are dying of *Moderatism*. Listen to the talk of our divinity-students ; it is of Coleridge, Emerson, &c. In New York, the result of the former exciting revivals is seen, even in good men, in the making all religion consist in evangelical

*effort.* Some are very busy saving souls, with all the dialect and levity and coarseness of Maj. Downing. I feel my own defects. I desire to be a parish-minister, wholly, and with all my soul.

NEW YORK, *December 9, 1844.*

I think we are at cross-purposes about the "old sort of preachers." I meant such Presbyterian pastors and preachers as were known to our fathers. I would not demand that any of us should adopt those peculiarities which belonged to the age and fashion of the Puritans; their "pun-divinity," as Charles Lamb called it. Nor do I deny that they sometimes introduced inconvenient niceties of distinction. Yet even in respect to these, I believe it may be taken as universally true, that every distinction arises from some new error to be opposed. The Apostles' creed sufficed, till Arianism arose. Sabellius made other distinctions necessary, and so on to the end of the chapter. Some of the distinctions of the Reformed Theology, and even of our Confession, have become obsolete, but new ones have taken their place, and the number does not seem to be lessened. But the technical formulas of these nonconformists and Scotch Presbyterians are not the things I would imitate. One good characteristic, however, of this whole class, I do wish we had in greater measure; they not only held Scripture truth, but they associated it with Scripture *language*. Their writings teem with Bible phrase and Bible figure; a necessary result, in any age, of affectionate devotion to the book. For this I love them; and, in my best moods, in this I feel myself sliding into imitation of them. I do *not*, I own it, think even the Puritan writers, as a body, chargeable with overlaying the truth, or complicating its simplicity. True, they pursue doctrines into minute ramifications; the necessary consequence of their dwelling so profoundly on them. The *general* statement of a doctrine is, I know, true; it is, also, more intelligible, and more fit for a beginner; but the fault of modern divinity is that it too seldom gets beyond these generalities. *Jay* represents such a truth as this, "Christ died to save us," in a thousand ways, and each of them coloured with some Scriptural phrase, figure, or example. Some of us, if we taught the same, would scrupulously avoid every such vehicle, and would translate the Bible-diction into that of philosophic elegance. The former I think most luminous, most interesting to common minds, and most safe. It is a great merit of this way, that it is prized by our Stuarts, Pollocks, and Woodruffs, [humble parishioners.] It is the way which made them just what they are. If all our youth were bred in this way, all our old folks would

relish it, as the Scotch peasantry actually do. The reverse method, though simpler, and less liable to the charge of cant, has never produced as desirable fruit. And we must not take as our model the way which pleases such as are, by the supposition, uninstructed. We must interpose some long words in the child's lesson, or he will never know any but the short ones. And I cannot help thinking it one of the chief faults of the New School or revival era, that its plan of teaching had respect too exclusively to the initiation of new converts. One thing I more and more feel, the excellency of figures and illustrations and examples drawn from the text of the Word. To aim at either simplicity or elegance, by avoiding these, leads either to vagueness or dryness. Hence I never could get along with this rule of Dr. —: "if you have a figurative text, explain the figure, and then dismiss it." It is the secret of the good Doctor's tameness. By this rule, all sermons on *Faith* will be the same sermon. I will send you shortly two numbers of "Punch." Though the old Adam in me relishes his passes, yet I agree in what a very poor editor lately said of him, that it is bad, week after week, to undermine the *eneration* of a people. We are too fond of laughing at every thing. On the 4th I was at a soiree, at —. He is a McElroyalist; and is eldest of eight sons of a late clergyman of Glasgow. One of the ablest lay-talkers on theological matters. I met there Hugh Maxwell, Esq. Our host had that same day entertained Dr. McLean, husband of Miss Landon, L. E. L.; and Governor of Cape-Coast-Castle; said castle covers several acres. Said governor is autocrat; and has condemned as many as eleven to death; he also buries and baptizes. A parishioner of mine spent some time in Madeira. He knows good Dr. Kalley. I have before me two of his letters; date 1840. Facts from them: He was bent on China, to join Dr. Parker, as an M. D. Wife's health prevented, and took him to Madeira, October 1838. In 1839 he went home and was ordained; independently, though a Scotch Calvinist. The London Missionary Society would not, however, take Madeira as a station. The Continental (now the European) Society also refused. He began as M. D., gave medicine gratis, prescribed. "During the last twenty-five days, I have come into contact with 112 individuals as patients; and during the last eight days, forty-five besides patients have had opportunity to hear more or less of the word of God." "When the room is filled, I take the Bible and read a few verses," &c., &c. He mentions in detail different classes during each week. "One of the most regular attendants is a schoolmistress, who has 130 scholars." "One old woman has a family of six, but till lately has had

nothing of the Scripture of God in her house. I gave her a Testament. Next day she returned, inquiring about the reward people receive, who love to pray that they may be seen of men, and various other questions about prayer. She said she had spent many hours in saying *rezas*, but never felt as if speaking to God; and asked very earnestly what it is to pray. Another day she complained that, though she felt a *toca di Dios* (touch of God) in her heart, while she prayed, it went away when she got home to her family and *fazenda*; and wished to know if that were sin." He mentions numerous cases of persons dying in lively faith.

*Tuesday 10.*—This morning I married two of my Sunday School teachers; this evening another couple. The savour of the old old-schoolism is not good here. Many have never seen old-schoolism allied to any zeal, and have all their early associations connected with new measures. Such a character as McCheyne would be to them as out of nature as a Centaur, a Sphynx, or a Griffin. The new school of Scotland, predominant in the Free Church, gives some occasion to Chalmers's censure of their "nursery-endearments of style." They have also much to learn about the evils of unseasonable meetings, outcries, &c. But they are in earnest, and they exalt Christ. I am convinced you are right about the place ministers seek to occupy in society. One loses nothing, either, by being behind the fashion. Paul, or Luther, or Swartz, would perhaps have been poor Mentors about a visiting card, or a sack-coat. Their tea-service was perhaps humbler than a Methodist's. If we had more men, we ought to have more and smaller churches, and smaller stipends. I have seriously proposed to our clergy, as we have no night-meetings for the young and strangers, that the Presbyterians of New York buy the Broadway Tabernacle, and have first-rate preaching Sunday evenings all the year round. It holds 3,000, and has always 2,000, *whoever preaches*. The site is incomparable.

NEW YORK, *December 18, 1844.*

I expect to be here all the holidays. The custom is for the congregation, one and all, to call on the pastor on New Year's Day, to eat a morsel, &c.: I must of course be in place; and I shall be glad to have you to do some of the pump-handling for me. You will be particularly welcome. If the worst comes to the worst, and company from Princeton should be here, I know my deacon and deaconess will give you a chamber in ditto [Chambers] Street, and I can answer for their pie: *probatum est*.

A sermon in your pocket will celebrate Tuesday evening, if they have a meeting. I regret to say that my attic-room has but a dormouse-window, but otherwise it is as good as any we have. Any how, come on. The "Tombs" I now see, as I write; admission free, and company sociable. My mother went this morning. I write merely to tell you to come, wherefore adieu, and love to all, and all friends, with "Merrie Christmase."

NEW YORK, *January 10, 1845.*

Van Rensselaer is working here, [for endowment of Princeton Seminary.] He will have to work hard to get the \$40,000 he has assessed on our island. Dr. Phillips's church has given him \$13,000. When the new railway to Boston, viâ New Haven, is done, it will be a great thing. They say already that its terminus will be where the Brick Church stands. To-day I attended the funeral of the only surviving child of a new-comer. I was trying to light a lamp at an expiring fire, when it breathed its last. This evening I preached a preparatory lecture, from Cant. iv. 16. Seven on profession, twelve on certificate. The apostles have sold the copyright of the trial, [of B. T. Onderdonk,] which is *sub prelo*. Berrian has a manual, "Enter into thy Closet," from the prayer-book, and "ancient litanies:" some beautiful prayers in it. I always admired the Latin collects of the Catholics. The lapse of ages has given some of these old prayers a polish, and rotundity, and denseness, such as pebbles get in a river-bed. The rhythm of the almost metrical Latin is exquisite, and untranslatable. Most of them, however, are idolatrous. Dr. Hawes has published a very simple, touching sermon, on the death of his missionary daughter, Mrs. Van Lennep. Williamsburg has 8,000 inhabitants; and Paul Stevenson, late of Staunton, is gathering a first Presbyterian church there. I am appalled at the extent to which our city churches have become machines for raising money. Every month a stated collection, and almost weekly calls between-whiles. Now, aside from any selfish feelings, is this right? Is it the ideal of a true gospel state? Is not most of these sums given by worldlings? Is not the pecuniary association kept rankling, to the hurt of piety? These are questions more easily asked than answered. Ecclesiastico-politico-economy wants an Adam Smith. More equalization is certainly one thing we ought to aim at.

It is rumoured that the Episcopalians are meditating a revolt against the Episcopal degradation of Onderdonk; but *que faire?*

Do you know that Sue's "Wandering Jew" is aimed at the Jesuits? It is an awful book, and its principles are clearly anti-christian. Hordes of scavengers do not remove the ordure and smell of our streets. We have none of the great sewers of Philadelphia.

I see a new book on the Ruling-Elder, by King, of Scotland. He seems to adopt the view of a bench of Presbyters, some of whom preach. Thornwell is out with a volume against the Apocrypha; it looks very learned, and is no doubt able. He has certainly touched the right string. The Jews are evidently very uneasy. Witness Leeser's "Occident," and others summoning them to defensive efforts; Noah's Lecture; the reforms in Germany; the prevailing and admitted rationalism; the forsaking by many of their belief for ages in a personal Messiah.

I want to preach a sermon on this subject, viz., Men of Business live in a perpetual hurry, scarcely taking time to refresh nature. This keeps out thoughts of God. This spell must be broken. *For such men*, stated inviolable periods of devotion are therefore necessary. Apply to closet-prayer, family-worship, and especially the Sabbath. I feel the evil as I never did before. Broadway is a spectacle these sunny mornings. I sat by —, [a fashionable author,] in an omnibus, to-day; black, shaggy sack, plaid pants, gaiter-boots, blue and red neckcloth, crook-dangling curls like a Miss, face of a vinous character. I have always felt serious concern at the evident repugnance of a friend of ours to the Tract Society. It is unfortunate, for the principle of compromise in the two charities is identical. And the only privilege of the S. S. Union in the event of disaster, will be that of "being devoured last." I am loth to say it; but to this I apprehend it will come. Even the New School, who spread wide their no-sect flag in '37, are now moving every thing to be as sectarian as possible—newspaper, Board of Publication, complaint about suppression of Calvinism, &c. A great protraction of meetings and revival reported at Sag Harbor, L. I., (Old School.)

NEW YORK, *January 30, 1845.*

I have just returned from my weekly prayer-meeting. Prayer-meetings are like Jeremiah's figs. Where gifts are rare, and graces are small, the edification, and certainly the comfort, are accordingly. One of our men is ill, I fear dying. It is a case in which severe remedies afford the only hope; but he has two Homœopathists. Contrary to every principle avow-



ed, and all their denunciation of "Allopathic" means, they are now, when he is moribund, giving strong medicines. The more I see of them, the more am I confirmed in my belief, that their pretensions are those of systematized charlatany. Bush is going over fast to the New Jerusalem, [Swedenborgian.] In the Tribune, he challenges all the world to prove the resurrection. He has a book coming out on the "Soul." He practises Mesmerism. He told me of a lady who can read any one's character by feeling a paper on which he has written: and read me a copy of his own character thus deduced. His talk is mild, self-complacent, learned, and fascinating. He has a man translating the German account of the famous Clairvoyante of Prevorst. You can imagine nothing of the sort too big for his swallow. The coalition between Mesmer and Swedenborg is becoming patent: both affect to see things beyond the vulgar ken. You have read the account of young Dr. Bodenier's extirpation of a glandular parotid tumour, from a woman, during magnetic sleep, in presence of Mott, Rodgers, Doane, Delafield, &c. Come on and be mesmerized. I am strangely obtuse, for I can't wake up enough to see these things in the favourable light. That they can put people asleep, I believe: but so can I. McCartee is called to the Canal Street church. You see that Texas is all but annexed, and the "area of *freedom*" widened: N. B. *area* is the Latin for "threshing-floor." I am heretic enough to believe, in very earnest, that this very enormity will be overruled to the good of the negro. It will drain Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee of their slaves. It will push the slave-mass towards the tropics. There they may physically thrive; there they are always happiest. There they will outgrow their white holders. There they will be in the region which is exempt from the real hinderance to their freedom, the prejudice of colour and caste. In Mexico, Central America, and Colombia, black is almost as good as white. Half the Mexican officers of the two steamers, whom I saw, were one-half or two-thirds Africans. Amalgamation, say what they please, can go on, does go on, and will go on. The longer we put off the national break, the greater will be the Free America. All this, I think, leaves the emancipation question just where it was. But leave this out of view, and what becomes of our negroes, slave or free? Those called by mockery free people, are a race of Helots or Yahoos, in our estimation. We do not give them our dinners, or our daughters; we debar them from pulpits, pews, and omnibuses; we deny them actual citizenship. We smell their rancid odours, and hustle them off our streets more vehemently now that they are free, than when they were slaves. Educate them, and this prejudice makes them

miserable. Look at ——, a sensible, travelled, pious woman yet hanging between the two races.

NEW YORK, *February 10, 1845.*

Your letter of 8th to-day. When the House of Representatives assents to the new and reasonable postage, [it was then ten cents a sheet,] we can write more fully. I lament with you our friend's troubles, and feel sure you have traced them to their true source: only physical derangement is usually the cause of the depression. I also agree with you as to what would be best. A southern or a foreign trip would probably cure. Such cares cannot be thrown off at home: every domestic association forbids it. Travelling is beyond all things the best remedy. *Nolens volens*, the patient becomes filled with new objects. I wish you would tell me when and how I could render any aid, in a case where I am so truly interested. Good old Mr. Fenton! [a pious bookseller in Trenton,] I doubt not he rests in peace. We have a letter telling us of Mrs. Le Grand's death. I suppose I had no better friend on earth. Mrs. Le Grand has been an extraordinary woman. Her views of her own religious state were always dark: on every other point, no one could be less morbid, or more clear of sight. Her conscience and intrepidity exceeded all I ever read in books. I do not believe the human being lived to whom she durst not speak her mind. Her beneficence, for sixty years, has been, so far as I know, unexampled. Like most planters she had little ready money; but she has been a perennial fountain of good works. She has washed the saints' feet. Her notions of plainness were extreme. Her personal attire was little above that of her servants, in expense. She loved all, of every sect, who loved religion; and such as did not, she exhorted and warned, in a way which shames me when I write. She was distressingly exercised about slavery. But what could she do? She often asked me, but I was dumb. She had as many as possible taught to read, and this up to the present time. A large number of her slaves are real Christians, not to speak of perhaps a hundred who have gone to heaven. I fully believe that more of them have secured eternal life, than would have been the case in any freedom conceivable. And surely, if eternity is more than time, this is a consideration to be pondered. But she saw no escape; individual opinion was inert. She greatly opposed the acts of '37, in the church, and was therefore called New School, but adhered to the church. Several fires last night; and they are serious things, now that the streets are so filled with snow. It is scarcely safe to cross Broadway. Every

thing on runners; six pair of horses in some cases, and such a din of bells, and bellowing of drivers, and mad rush of cutters and horses, as confounds one. The Moravians had their last *αγαπη* and service, yesterday, in their meek little chapel in Fulton street, before migrating up-town. Arnold's Life is a *bonne-bouche*. Latitudinary, but O, how fresh, original, vigorous, increasingly Christian, Catholic, anti-puseyite, scholarlike!<sup>1</sup> Our travelled merchants say our new Post Office is the best in the world. You find yourself in a well-warmed colonnade, and see into the interior hall and proceedings. I do not know the number of private boxes, but the number I saw was somewhere about 3,000. The exterior is squat and Dutch. One of our clergymen, a paralytic, goes about the room, but is said to be a speechless infant, though comfortable. I can never forget seeing another minister in the same case: "And Swift expires, a driveller and a show." Not only "I would not live alway," but I would humbly pray not to live thus. Yet let us say, *fiat Voluntas Tua*. I see a desert place within; but I think eternity is oftener in my mind than it was. For pleasant views, one must look at some thing more organized than this world.

NEW YORK, February 17, 1845.

Speaking of Plutarch, I think him the best story-teller out of Scripture. His universal popularity shows this. Our English translations are vile and paraphrastic. G. Long, Prof. &c., of London, has just issued, as one of "Knight's Weekly Volumes" a shilling volume of Roman Lives from Plutarch. The version is literal, strong, vivacious; and the book delightful. It is good for a boy. Two-thirds of all we believe about the Roman Commonwealth is out of Plutarch, including all our famous anecdotes. Forgive what is egotistic in the following incident, for the sake of the little romance about it, a quality not rife in New York. This morning I was at the Sunday School Depository in Nassau Street, when a little old woman, cleanly, but poor, came in, and in German-English asked for half a dollar's worth of my *Infant Library*. I found they knew her, and was surprised to learn that she was in the habit of *giving them away*. I talked with her in such German as I could produce, and found her a warm-hearted, overflowing Christian—a Lutheran—worshipping in Columbia street. But the thing

<sup>1</sup> Stanley's Life of Dr. Arnold, reviewed by him in Repertory, April, 1845.

which struck me was, that she pointed out to me her aged blind husband, at the door, holding a harp, on which he plays for his livelihood, while she leads him about. They play chiefly in families. The husband, before his blindness, was a man of some education. My young people have agreed to support an Evangelist in France, \$250. The snow is rapidly going from our broadways. Omnibuses on wheels to-day, for the first. We have no further news from Charlotte, [Mrs. Le Grand's death.] The more I reflect on it, the more I feel the solemnity of our good friend's departure. My father lived under her roof several years; so did I, thirty years after. My first interview with my wife was there. There also was my first ministry. A longer course of good doing (*εὐποιΐα*, Heb. xiii.) I never knew. The executive part of Christianity seemed almost perfect in her. Frugal and self-denying, laborious, constant, independent, fearless, tender, and sympathizing. Yet I have to add this remarkable fact: during all her life, she knew nothing of *comfortable frames*. She was always panic-struck, in view of the standard she had set up; and so she judged others. Her mind was always under the stress of *obligation*. Yet a more operative religion could scarcely be pictured. She was always the same—always taking the religious view of things—sober, vigilant, looking to the judgment. No man seemed to have left such an impress on her as her old pastor, John Blair Smith; and he was a John the Baptist; opposite, in all but eloquence, to his brother S. Stanhope Smith. This grave, somewhat hard and unforbearing type of religion, appears in all the fruits of the great Revival, which founded our church in that part of Virginia. Plainness in dress, expenditure, and manner, was indispensable to the Christian character.<sup>1</sup>

NEW YORK, February 27, 1845.

My boys are both in bed with the measles. The younger has a very bad cough. In these circumstances I am a nursing father, and have risen from a bed of small slumbers. This always depresses my animal powers. Some things in my labours are encouraging. Three are propounded for communion, on profession of faith. A few are under concern of mind. Seven female Sunday School teachers, who meet for prayers, seem well exercised. One of them, besides regular Sunday School duty, has all her class, two hours, every

<sup>1</sup> Among other legacies Mrs. Le Grand bequeathed \$2,000 to the Union Theological Seminary of Virginia, and \$1,000 to Mr. Alexander.

Saturday, for instruction. For five years she has taught a class of six poor girls, from 9—12, *five days in the week*, at her own house. On my proposing that our young men and young women should sustain an Evangelist in France, she raised \$164 in a week.

I have lectured to Heb. iv. 11. The next passage is a *crux interpretum*. I spent a pleasant evening with Bro. —, the Moravian. About 37; healthy, ruddy, vivacious, with that happy “no manner,” which is common to Moravians and noblesse, and that absence of sanctimony which is uncommon among Puritan Christians; more marked by quickness and hilarity, than tenderness or pensive gravity. He was a missionary in Antigua. One of our pastors tells me that he does not pretend to visit any but emergent cases. I see more and more how naturally and necessarily a man comes to this. I have been engaged, late and early, every day, and have not yet effected a thorough visitation, though I have, for this, sacrificed almost all writing of new sermons. One of our ministers avows the opinion, that, in such a society as ours, the pulpit is the great engine. Accordingly, he spends every day from 8—3 in his study, not answering knocks before 1. Most of this time he is sermonizing. He writes one fresh sermon every week, and says he has not failed to have it done by noon, on Saturday, once in ten years. He has a series of sermons, on the system of doctrines, which he has delivered three times. He is always catering for a sermon; all his conversation is on the topic he is about, and it is therefore stimulating and instructive. He has had an unparalleled hold on his people, and influence over them. They visit him a good deal in his study. He is the airiest, youngest man, of his years, I know anywhere. Another pastor always goes out (when well) on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday. On these days he has no fire in his study. The remaining days he sees no one; gives himself to study; but never writes any. Did I tell you that I was copulped with good Mr. [the late Dr. John] Johnston, who preached the installation sermon? It was read, every word, 40 minutes, and filled just  $\frac{1}{6}$  of a sheet like this! S— is a grand fellow, good sense, gravity, suavity, independence, honesty, kindness, every thing but animation. Consternation in our church, by reason of a *base-vile*, last Sabbath. O that we could chant the psalms, in a selection, as they are! Jacobus [Brooklyn] does it, at times. C. S. Stewart is very active. As many as 100 converts among sailors reported this winter. Good text, 1 John iv. 5.

NEW YORK, March 10, 1845.

How do you feel this morning, after the unrest of the Sabbath? I own to a little megrim, for yesterday was our Communion. Three on confession, of whom one, a painter, and the other a lithographer; both born in England, as was the third also. The book-cheapening business is poor here. I miss two of my old pleasures, (1) shops like Redman's, [a second-hand book shop in Philadelphia,] and (2) rows of old standard books. The auctions have revived the first, and the two weekly steamers the other. Ask for such a book as Witsius, and the answer is: "No, but we will take your order, and have it in a month." Kernott (Wiley's factotum, a Pater Noster man) says: "We try to *have* all fresh works, but to *keep* none." After twenty years, I say decidedly, "No comment, no lexicon, like a Greek concordance;" *i. e.* if you ponder the contexts. Take such a word as *μετανοια*, or *μυστηριον*; and how the conventional meanings fly away! How odd that we learn to write English from Scotchmen; viz., Kaimes, Campbells, and Blair. After teaching them ten years, I am just learning how they have betrayed me. Fear of provincialisms drives them (as us Americans) into prudery; just as parvenus dare not dress plain. Think of Blair's nonsense about the evil of ending a sentence with a particle! *E contra*, read Shakspeare's "ills that flesh is heir to," or the sentence cited by Lord J. Russell, "Shall there be a God to swear *by*, and none to pray *to*?" Pascal had the courage to break through the French rules of his day. He says, (golden words!) "Masquer la nature, et la déguiser: plus de 'roi,' de 'pape,' d'évêques, mais *auguste monarque*, etc. Il y a des lieux où il faut appeler Paris, Paris; et d'autres où il le faut appeler capitale de royaume." And better still, about having the same words over again: "Quand, dans un discours se trouvent des mots répétés, et qu'essayant de les corriger, on les trouve si propres qu'on gaterait le discours, *il les faut laisser*." Macaulay has found this out. Johnson and Gibbon ruined us about this. After all the thousand disputes about 2 Pet. i. 20, I think all difficulty removed, by translating *ιδίας* literally: "no Scripture-prophecy is of *its own* interpretation;" *i. e.* it does not explain itself. And see how exactly this suits the context: "FOR prophecy came not by *man's will* (as if the prophet so originated it, as to give us means of exposition in his words) but by *God's will*—by the Holy Ghost." Even the Vulgate has "*propria interpretatione*." Apropos of which, the collation of the Vulgate is useful, to show us traditional errors in our interpretation. I find no common error more growing among our young people, than that men are not responsible for what they

believe. This is the dogma of Brougham, Mackintosh, and Bailey. We should preach against it: Prov. xiv. 12. If Lalor lives, give him my love, and please to read John xvii., or a part, to him, as my best message. Also, in regard to his being cut off from expected earthly service, dwell on the word "serve," in Rev. xxii. 3.<sup>1</sup> A unitarian pair have been offended, and walk no more with us. Qu. *Up to what age* should we baptize children of parents coming into the church? The usage of this church answers, *To seven years*. Potts and I exchanged on the 2d. His church to be done inside in May. It is a beautiful interior. Capt. Auchincloss sails on the 12th for Tarragona. Our clerical meeting goes on; a Question and skeleton each time. Thus far, Spring, Snodgrass, Potts, Lowrie, Krebs, Jacobus, and Stevenson.

NEW YORK, *March 19, 1845.*

I have been at a wedding; but do not ascribe any subsequent brilliancy to the potatoes, for the lemonade was very thin. They waited for me to give the signal; so we sat a good hour; I thinking every creaking of the door would bring in the pallid pair. At length one of the children of the bridechamber set me right, and I summoned the parties. As you anathematize ——'s wrappings, while you wear gum shoes yourself, so I detest his a-thé-ism, while I repudiate coffee most virtuously. I hope you will button up till you get quit of your cold, for the March is searching. The rise of Pennsylvania-fives has killed Sidney Smith. Buxton is no more. Wellington has lost his brother Mornington. Smyth's book against Confirmation is nearly out; with an Appendix, almost as long as the book, defending the public aisle-profession, and anxious-stand, of new-communicants. I have thought, for a good while, that any Christians might lawfully celebrate the Communion; though, as a municipal regulation, a restriction like ours seems needful, to repress bold spirits and promote discipline. I thought you would like Arnold. The account of his death is graphic. I long to read his histories. He has shown how great a study history may be made. If he had lived a little longer, I think he would have got better. His portrait is noble. My lectures on Hebrews give me more and more comfort; and I am pleased to observe an increased attendance of men. Looking back—for I have now passed the XL—I lament many things in my preaching; and among these that I have not from the beginning aimed at the *greatest subjects*. Two

<sup>1</sup> Jeremiah D. Lalor, a candidate for the ministry. He had died in Trenton two days before this message was written.

things keep us from this: 1, a diffidence about treating them, because they are great; 2, a dislike to topics which seem so familiar. By the great topics, I mean, not the outworks of Christianity, but the citadel; the Fall, the Atonement, Faith, Judgment. The same remark applies to the famous parts of Scripture, the Crucifixion, the Good Samaritan, the Ten Virgins, &c. We are in danger, from neglect of this, of passing our short lives in frittering away at the appendages of the Gospel. I am much delighted with old John Brown's Explanation of the Catechism. My catechetical class delights me more and more. I wish I could hope as much from my sermons. When I compare professor with professor, what a difference between those who were taught early, and those who were not! I am much touched at reading in Socrates's Ecc. History, the old story, remembered from my childhood, of Origen's father, who used to uncover the bosom of his sleeping boy, and kissing it, say, "It is a temple of the Holy Ghost." Insert in your Almanac, (for May and onwards,) *about this time expect a display of gown—and—bands*. The Church of the Pilgrims, at Brooklyn, is to have (on dit) a series of painted windows, representing the "gests" of the paint-hating pilgrims. Day by day do I quakerize about these things, priesthood, paraphernalia, pomps. But riches begets ceremony, as surely as dung begets weeds, and blue flowers among the wheat. Would the apostles know their own children? Would that by some turn of the wheel we could see a Puritanism without sanctimony, without stickling, without fierceness, and without bigotry! I sometimes think, with Arnold, that Christ will throw all our exciting church-forms into the crucible, to produce a new form out of the molten mass. Before I got your rescript, I had baptized the girl (æet. 13½) against the immemorial usage of St. Duane; especially moved to it, as the child had been withheld from her right by the pressing of a false scruple, a scruple inconsistent, I think, with our hypothesis of household baptism. But O how we neglect that ordinance! treating children, in the church, just as if they were out of it. Ought we not daily to say (in its spirit) to our children, "You are Christian children, you are Christ's, you ought to think and feel and act as such!" And, on this plan, carried out, might we not expect more early fruit of grace, than by keeping them always looking forward to a point of time at which they shall have new hearts and *join the church*? I am distressed with long-harboured misgivings on this point. Read our Directory, chap. ix. § 1, what a dead letter! I fear thousands perish, indirectly, from within the communion, from our and their overrating the church-judgment of their piety; and from confounding full com-



munion with experience of renewing grace. All the epistles seem written *to the church*; yet how full of searching tests, as to personal piety. When a preacher addresses (1) saints and (2) sinners, all of the former is commonly taken by professors, as such. There seems really to be a great revival of the old seed, in Holland. Ferris told me some pleasant things about this. I had a present to-day of a share in the Society Library, where, a few steps off, I can see all the periodicals, home and foreign, and a tolerable collection of books. Take care of your cold, and believe me yours,

JAMES DUANE.

NEW YORK, April 2, 1845.

I have had a turn of vertigo, which would not have deserved mention, if it had not seized me in the pulpit. I was myself again for the afternoon, and am much as usual; though I think I have run rather too long without considering the need of a breathing-spell. Your argument against systematizing I do not admit; I mean that from the truth that all the Bible runs up into two great principles: for it is the glory of all systems to admit this; and it is as true of astronomy, and other sciences; and it proves too much, for it would not only destroy systems, but sermons and the Bible itself. I have at last been reading "Froude's Remains." He is the true leader of the Newmanites; but one thing explains all, he had no glimpse of true religion. His whole diary contains no allusion to Christ! Newman, the Editor, admits this; and explains it in some transcendental way. *Bush* has preached for *Bellows*; his name will consort with the other fuel—*Greenwood, Sparks, Burnap, Furness, &c.*, [all Unitarian preachers.] He leans most, however, to the New Jerusalem. *Cheever* begins to coruscate in the Evangelist; he will not join against the Tract Society, with *Cox, Patton, McLean, Eddy & Co.* I am about to get *Carter* to print *McCheyne's* scheme for reading through the Old Testament once, and the New Testament twice in the year. It includes family worship as well as private reading, and the table will do to hang up, or paste in a book; though as he issued it, it is a pamphlet, with remarks. *Wayland* has, you know, had a controversy on slavery, with *Dr. Fuller* of S. C. It is out in a brochure, and is very readable. We have had many rebuffs, in seeking new members of session. It will probably stand thus: Elders—*Mr. Walker, Mr. Jennings, and Dr. McLean*; Deacons—*Mr. T. U. Smith, Mr. Burchard, and Mr. Greenough.* Having gone over all the accessible members of my charge, in visiting, I have a *residuum* of 30—40, concerning whom I can scarcely get any information. Every week brings in some new family, or indi-

vidual to increase the task. At my lecture, the number of *men* greatly preponderates; young men chiefly. My catechizing class holds at about 50. Our collections are encouraging, but not a tithe of what is due. Since I came, we have received about \$900 for foreign missions. — is our chief-giver; he is a broker, and knows how to let money go out gracefully. I have not met five undeniable Quakers among the world of people in my walks; one would think Philadelphia visitors would furnish more than this. I am *au desespoir* about psalmody. The best I ever heard was in a German church, hard by, where every man, woman, and child joined *con fuoco*. I am in favour of chanting prose-psalmody, *without repeats*; they do it at Jacobus's. Also, I am more in the notion of a plain, unartificial, somewhat slow, chant-like music. Even the best choirs I hear, affect me thus: my mind is too much attracted to the individual, or insulated performance. Seriously, I hope for nothing in our day. What they call fine music here, is orchestral. The Methodists sing all, but then I am put out with the jiggish melodies. I wish we had the Apostles' Creed in our Liturgy, as we have it (though nobody seems to know it) in our Confession, &c. Dr. Wilson once lectured on it; and, if he lives, another Doctor probably will. I also wish the Lord's Prayer reinstated. I am also for a vestry, but not for vestments; I am also for the old table in the communion. What a blessing it would be if we could have more preachers, smaller churches, and, of course, more of them! With grief and anxiety I see that, if I do any study whatever, my utmost parochial visiting amounts to little. Our ministers must be more active in concerted plans for increasing the efficiency of church-measures, by new methods within each parish. The crying evil is, strength in the laity is not brought out; we are an army in which all the battle is done by the commissioned officers. We are tolerably well, and send salutateries. Greet the friends by name.

NEW YORK, April 17, 1845.

I do not know that I have ever been in a busier week. Besides more patients than common, and usual parish cares, we have had the presbytery these three days; have talked the ordinary twaddle on points of order, and have licensed nine probationers. Last evening, I took tea with Mr. Griffin, and met Mr. Bremmer, (?) late Mayor of Boston, and Mrs. Sigourney, who is sojourning with the Griffins. She is free from any the least pretension, and shines in my eye far more in private than in her books. I have never talked with a more sensible or a more unassuming woman. Benj. Richards is here with two daughters

of Gov. McDowell of Virginia. Item Dr. Sprague, item Kirk, item Mahou, item two Hammills, item Miss Reid of Va., (chez nous,) item Mr. Lacy, (chez nous,) item Miss Rice, (chez nous.) Cheever has yet to show, whether a fine essayist is necessarily a good editor. Paragraphing is an art by itself: his rhetorical circuits are, I judge, not the thing: *non tempus eget*, &c., &c. — reappears, plenshed with new layers of adipose matter. Old Mr. Johnston avers that, in Scotland, it is universally the case that a minister who demits his pastoral charge ipso facto loses his "status" in the Presbytery. The new Congregational Church of "the Pilgrims" in Brooklyn, is a noble, massive affair, with wealthy, aspiring people: it will be a great chance for somebody. The oftener I go to Brooklyn, the more I admire the site. The view from the "Heights" is, I am sure, more than Neapolitan, and the air is freshness itself. It is quiet and cool, like the country, and nearer to New York business than Bond Street, to say nothing of University Place. Therefore, name your price, abjure presbytery, take the palmer's gown and scallop shell of a pilgrim, show your descent from Jack Robinson, affect cod-fish and baked beans, keep Saturday evening, and prepare for having read to you, through spectacles, an eloquent "right-hand-of-fellowship." Bacon preached on Tuesday, in the Tabernacle, at Thomson's installation. I have been several times to see [David] Abeel, who is in the precincts of heaven, in regard to his feelings. His lungs are almost gone. Our commissioners [to General Assembly] are Goldsmith and Krebs, Platt and Baldwin. — is just fitting out his eldest boy for a mercantile post in China. He is a faithful minister, and a most worthy companion; unaffected, unpretending, well-informed, and judicious. I made some "improvement" of Dr. Milnor's death, and of the loss of the Swallow. Kidder is nearly out with his two volumes on Brazil. My honoured father is 73 this day. Should I say this, without adding that I know how ungrateful my habitual state of mind is, for such a favour as the preserved life of my parents, until now? I have adopted the plan of writing a monthly letter to my associated Young Men. Should I see next year, I propose to print a little monthly sheet, to be put in the pews, containing such statements as may bear on our missions, church condition, collections, &c. —, the poet, has a volume in the press; I have not seen any of it. It is underwritten by —, —, &c., &c. Whether he will alight on Zion or Parnassus, may depend on the market he finds. Bush is in the straw, with an answer to Skinner, and a work on the Soul. He has now got Bellows to blow him up. There is no great preacher here among the Episcopalians. The last

“Punch” pictures Pusey and the Pope, in a most loving hug. The “Pictorial Times” gives serious likenesses of Pusey, Ward, &c. The Infidels are becoming bold, and have summoned an Infidel Convention, under that name. They seem to think the new Geology upsets Moses. Tayler Lewis is coming out with “Plato contra Atheos,” with dissertations. I suppose he is as much steeped in the Greeks, as any man living. So poor — has had to go. Why did he not stick to his Episcopal see at — ? Will not — have a sort of “proximus-Ucalegonardet” feeling about it? What—what is the matter? something is surely wrong with us. Is it that we are all too stiff, unreal, formal, routine-ish, in our ministry? Is it that we copy others? that we do not copy primitive ways? that we do not act out our Bible-persuasions? that we are cowardly about the world? that we seek the subordinate church and congregational ends, instead of the principal ones? Whatever it be, our churches are in a heavy, slow state; wheels deep in ruts and mud. Our preaching, I feel it, is too little like earnest talking; we are too unlike, in and out of the “sacred desk.” Old Dr. Wilson, with “a gill of lightning into him,” would be the thing for the pulpit, and Commodore Eastburn [the Mariners’ Minister] out of it.

NEW YORK, April 28, 1845.

Monday is an ill day for letter-writing. I have no chance to say any thing. I praught for Read [Pearl Street Church] yesterday; a good quiet congregation. Thompson has immense audiences in the Tabernacle; he is said to be a good preacher, but of New Haven divinity.

There is some small-pox in town; ten cases mortal last week.

The Bowery-burning [theatre] was superb; we had a fine view of the pillar of fire.

The Anni- }  
domus- }  
caput- } versaries are on the approach. I will freely

say, their original interest, for me, is gone. They feel this; and *sermons* are reviving again. But even sermons, like Samsons, lose their strength. Religious showmanism is the order of the day; a church, an organ, a poll of hair, a neat stock, a ditto hand, a gown; these are thy gods, O Israel!

I am in some thought of gathering a few of the remnant of Quakerism, to form a new society. The succession may be secured through Gurney, quite as well as Abp. Parker’s, at the Nag’s head.

— lectures on Babylon on Friday; a good selection; he

will speak all the tongues, with a little original confusion of his own *babble*. Visitors knock and ring "frae morn till e'en." Addison says I should practise self-denial—at the door.

Yours almost in the cab.

WHITE STREET, *May 3, 1845.*

My epistolary hours must be snatches. I am glad you have — with you. I hope she will open her eye wide to all the gracious goodness that is the very life and soul of the new dispensation. You say right about praying for earthly good. That is a great verse, Matthew vi. 32. Reading a book of prayers, (a kind of book, by-the-bye, which I find I much need, at certain moods,) by one Hardman, and admiring the same very much, I was struck with this in his Preface: "Should any persons think them too spiritual, or experimental, they are requested, first, to consider, that *temporal* blessings can never be asked for, but conditionally, and secondarily to spiritual," &c. The article on Pascal in the April Repertory is Addison's.

I am more and more persuaded, that a man who walks "in the Spirit," must often seem to himself and others to walk alone. I mean he must follow leadings towards paths of feeling and conduct, remote from the precedent and fashion even of good people. Don't we find things, in Christ's teachings, which, if all our books, and human patterns, and diaries were forgotten, would lead us further and in other directions than we have gone? and is not this accompanied with an inward feeling, that what is thus indicated is true, and right, and sanctifying? In regard to the care of souls, I am constrained, after trial, to give over wearing other men's clothes, however much better than my own. I have found pain and barrenness in every attempt to do things by the approved methods for getting up "an interest," &c. Truths, found in Scripture, and affecting my own mind, freshly, strongly, and as it were newly, I mean coming to me, after frequent perusals, as living words of God, verifying themselves in my experience, are those which, when simply spoken or preached, seem to reach other people. Suppose the result is *not* the awakening of A B, or of anybody on the spot; suppose no revival ensues: my growing judgment is, that the utterance of such truths will accomplish God's end on his elect: "for they know His voice." Surely, in our craving for effect, we lose the value of such remarkable passages as John x. 27; 2 Cor. iv. 2, 3; 2 Thess. ii. 10. *Simplicity*, in following Christ as a teacher, is worthy of our consideration.

I am led to think I have erred, in the direction of ultra-prot-estantism, in regard to *fasting*; when I look out the connexions

of the word and thing in the New Testament. A favourite notion of mine is that a church is a school. As you may not have Owen, let me extract a passage on Hebrews v. 11-15, which pleased me the more from coming from a source whence I did not expect it: "Our hearers do not look upon it as their duty to learn to be Teachers. They think it enough for them, if at best they can hear with some profit to themselves. But this was not the state of things in primitive times. Every church was then a Seminary, wherein provision and preparation was made, not only for the continuation of the preaching of the gospel in itself, but for the calling, gathering, and teaching of other churches also. When therefore a church was first planted by the ministry of the apostles, it was for a time continued under their own immediate care and inspection, and then usually committed by them unto the ministry of some evangelists." Then *overseers*. "Upon their decease, others were to be called and chosen from among themselves to the same work by the church." "And men in those days did not only learn in the church, that they might be able afterwards to teach in the same, but also that they might be instrumental in the work of the gospel in other places. For out of these churches went those who were made use of in the propagation of the gospel ordinarily"—"wherefore *hearers* in the church were not only taught those things which might be sufficient unto their own edification, but every thing also that was necessary to the edification of others; an ability for whose instruction was their duty to aim it." (Owen on Heb. c. v., verse 12.) All our missionary gifts will fall short, unless people come to give their own selves first unto the Lord; in some such sense. *Monday 5.*—Holy Week [Anniversaries] has begun. White cravats swarm; chiefly from New England, of which this is the capital. The Biblical Repository for May contains a racy McClelland-like article on South, by Withington. Henry's Calvin, which I gutted for the Repertory years ago, is made much of in a similar article in the Repository as bran new. Ditto of Zuingle's works, p. 402, which I long since reviewed. So little known is labour, out of the Land of Promise. Give me some hints towards a prayer-book for the Navy and Marine.<sup>1</sup>

NEW YORK, *May 23, 1845.*

After rain and thunder in the night, we have very good weather. My parents have been a week with us. To see my

<sup>1</sup> He prepared for the Presbyterian Board of Publication "A Manual of Devotion for Soldiers and Sailors," comprising Prayers, compend of Bible Truth, Shorter Catechism, and Hymns.

father so brisk and happy, at 73, is matter of thankful acknowledgment. But what is this to old Mrs. Lindsay, whom I visited to-day, æt. 97! She is a native, and has lived near a century in Liberty Street, (next to the one you enter by, from the ferry,) which was a rural suburban hill in her youth. She remembers the rector and curate of the "English church," in which she was bred. She sits in her chair, a venerable and still fine-looking woman, almost in full use of her mind, and full of Christian knowledge and piety. She gave me two fine folios of Erskine's works, for the Seminary; and bade me observe that the shortest sermon in the book was the means of awakening Dr. John Mason, the father of Dr. J. M. Mason: this she had from the lips of the former. She lives with Mrs. Lowndes, (who is the wife of her nephew,) and one of the Crowells of Pine Street; umquhile numbered among the green-bench catechumens, *ou vous savez*, [the aisle of Pine Street church, Philadelphia.] Dr. McElroy visits this ancient woman once a week. I felt a peculiar reverence in her presence. My election as Tract-committee-man [American Tract Society] was unexpected. I know not how to act. I am overladen. It is giving away time I owe to our own schemes. Yet it is something to have a voice in selecting religious books for so many thousands, and standing in the gap against error. A Neapolitan gun-ship is here. Bp. Hughes made most of the crew give up Bibles which had been given them. They are fine fellows, swarthy, but blooming, clean and trim, and with a jovial but temperate look. Wm. E. Schenck has begun at Hammond Street. The small-pox prevails fearfully in some parts of the city. Making every allowance for exaggeration, it is formidable. The list of the General Assembly furnishes only a few whom one could think of for speech or action, and these all young. Of Seminarists, I note these: Reeve, Frame, Krebs, Goldsmith, Imbrie, Davidson, Perkins, Curran, Olmstead, Corss, Jones, Hope, Harrison, Williamson, McMaster, Smith, Weed, Rice, Wood, Alexander, Crowe, Montfort, Goodrich, Cowan, Dickson, Bard, Cunningham, Edgar, Bowman, Pratt, Morrow, Weatherby, Twitchell: no doubt others not recognized by me. In expectation of taking the chair in '46, prepare yourself with a good Indian speech, and wampum, for Je-chah-tu-guck-click-hoh, (Walk-in-prairie-grass,) Chief of the Flat-noses, who may greet you as "father." As the Assembly gave "six barrels of provisions" to "No-heart-of-fear," it is likely we shall have a numerous council in the Xth church-wigwam, [Philadelphia.] "Church of Trenton City, seventeen barrels of jerked meat."

Our summer-birds are on the wing. Last Tuesday, my father

lectured. Among the hearers was the Rev. Mr. Arnott, with wife, sent to Canada for three months by the Free Church. They had not yet slept in America; and seemed melted by a service, so exactly (as they said) like their own. Lord's poems are out. Kidder's book also, [Brazil;] good style, beautiful illustration, and grand reading. I mean to give an article (D. v.) in *Repertorio*, [July 1845.] I hope the abolitionists are ready to support all the superannuated negroes, called slaves, who are living snugly in warm comfort over Jersey. How little relief has followed all their thousands yet expended! Herschell is a good speaker, and though slow yet pathetic, full of unction, and abundant in apt Scripture citation such as none but a Hebrew of the Hebrews ever employs. He had several thousands at the Tabernacle of Witness, or House of David, (Hale.) Dr. Adams found twenty-three young Americans at Rome, in preparation for the tonsure. Our streets are cloacine, mephitic, stercoraceous, Augæan, fimous, and infamous.

NEW YORK, *June 11, 1845.*

When I examine myself, for being somewhat slack in my letter-writing, I seem to find my excuse in the thermometer. Sunday, Monday, and part of yesterday were equatorial. Mr. Hotchkin, one of my people, late from Java, says he did not suffer as much there; but this he attributes in part to their houses and their habits. I have been an hour on the battery this evening; by sunset and moonlight. A thousand people, but mostly canaille. Fashion does not acknowledge this lordly park. Wherever I saw a knot of gentlefolk I heard French, or more often Spanish. The 74 near by, the ships in the distance, the scores of small craft under gentle sail, the hundreds of small boats, the blue shores, the water, the delicious breeze, the lights among the shipping, the fine trees, the half-seen groups—end the period, according to the rule in that case made and provided. Dr. Potts's church is to be dedicated to-morrow. I would rather preach Christ, by such a history as Merle d'Aubigné's, than by many sermons; yet men judge differently, from going by names instead of things. Herschell is a fine preacher; I mean he is a good one: full of uncommon Scriptures, of unction, of force, and of Christ. He feels our climate very much. Monod and Merle have both been at Edinburgh. Dr. Phillips has a noble session-house, separate, back from street, but fronting full on the cross street. I have always considered June our healthiest month: it is so here now. Yet I cannot describe what I see in my walks in certain streets: dunghills, nakedness, dead dogs



and cats, offal, garbage, leprous folk, lazars, magdalens. The stench, in some quarters, is mephitic. The single element of water (nota bene, not Croton) flows, and floods, and smells in a manner unmentionable. Cloacina herself must preside in and about the park and its purlieus. Nobody ever cares about this or any thing similar, for it is characteristic of a New Yorker to feel like a stranger within his gates: no esprit de corps, no responsibility. I think Unitarianism flourishes here; also its ally Swedenborgianism. The vast body of young New Englanders who are here, affect the easy young-lady philosophy of these teachers. I think there is a great deal in Hazlitt's Table Talk which would please you; scoff as he sometimes is. The pews in the beautiful Jersey City Church are almost all taken. Their steeple is commanding, and is said to be the first object, on entering the Narrows. I have some hopes of erasing my pulpit scenery, [painted in perspective.] Sometimes I dream of resuming my old plan of a Comment on the New Testament, simple notes. Surely it is wanted. I can't feel easy under this deliverance [in General Assembly] anent Popish baptism, [as invalid.] Perhaps it is right: but to me it savours of Succession, Braminical orders, Puseyism, &c. Our "erring sister" is naughty enough, but I choke a little about "Antichrist," the "Son of Perdition," &c. Alas! I feel my own indecision, and know my own mistiness, on points which other men see as plain as Polus's sky-dragon: quidst ever read "Polus," in Erasmus's Colloquiæ? Every day I have to go to the pure New Testament, especially Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John; as one goes to the hydrant, after coffee, tea, lemonade, beer, wine, brandy, and physic; in all which, natheless, are some true aqueous particles: βλέπομεν γὰρ ἄρτι δι' ἰσόπτρου, ἐν αἰνίγματι. I am yours and yours's.

NEW YORK, July 14, 1845.

The hot weather makes the page so dripping, that epistolation is more onerous than common. Besides, we sat ten solid days in Presbytery; on one of these fourteen hours; on another was in the room from 3 till 10 P. M., after a morning session.

I am tired of my correspondence with the "Northern War-der,"<sup>1</sup> and now propose to you to take it; which, by agreement, I have a right to do. Terms, a column (about) a month, by the steamer, or oftener on emergency. I will send you my files, so that you can follow in the footsteps of your illustrious predecessor. I confidently expect your acceptance by next advices.

<sup>1</sup> A religious newspaper published in Dundee, Scotland, for which Dr. Alexander wrote as its American correspondent, a monthly letter.

Say nothing about the thermometer. I sat up much of Sunday night in Georgia summer costume. Generally towards evening there is a breeze, especially grateful down town, but it has failed us. It was our communion, and our church is very warm, and pulpit at the south end.

My mind is led a good deal more than formerly to consider the topic of gnat-filtering and camel-bolting. With all our talk about our "Pilgrim-fathers," some of the said fathers' pills are a little too grim for me. It seems to have been an indigestion of the age in England, and bred Quakerism as well as Puritanism. It rejected mince pies and the word "Sunday" as violently as crosses and bishops. Have you lighted on some "Sketches of Newburyport," &c.? In 1752 one Bartlett was "dealt with" for refusing communion with the pastor, because the latter wore a "wigg." In Judge Sewall's diary, these entries: "1685, Sept. 13th. Three admitted to the church. Two wore periwigs." "1697. Mr. Noyes of Salem wrote a treatise on periwigs, &c." "1708. Aug. 20. Mr. Cheever died. The welfare of the province was much upon his heart. He abominated periwigs." John Eliot, the Indian apostle, attributed King Philip's war to a judgment on periwigs. My father remembers the birth of a calf in Rockbridge, with an extraordinary tuft or top-knot: it was voted by the good people to be a monition of heaven against a prevailing mode of dressing women's hair. A Ruling Elder, being at Saratoga, set his face very sourly against the playing of nine-pins for exercise: the camel which he swallowed was something more robust.

Clirehugh, hairdresser, is a character. I never saw a man with a more decided gentlemanly air, quiet, dignified, easy, deferential. He is a collector of coins, has a volume made of all the Tartans of the different Highland clans and families, has all the Scotch music ever issued, gives lectures on Burns, with songs, and has a world of old engravings. He cuts one's hair with the gravity of an inquisitor, and talks literature and vertu.

The modern schools are all humbugs. Teach a boy Latin and Greek; the rest will come of course. But fritter up his time on a dozen branches, and he misses the lingo: and if he misses a fair grounding in them from 10 to 13, he never gets it. In hundreds of pupils whom I have examined and taught, I never knew an exception.

NEWARK, *August 30, 1845.*

For a time I did not know of your return, and then I was jaunting about in regions where for the most part writing facilities are not easy to get. My journeys afford no journals. The

whole thing was somewhat dull, especially as the burning drought, up the North River, has been universal. They are longer about our church [painting, &c.] than I had thought, and I propose to charter the cellar [basement] after to-morrow. We have made a clean riddance of the fresco painting, which had become a Nehushtan, [2 Kings, xviii. 4,] with some of the mothers in our corner of the vineyard. I traversed the Great Britain, a wonderful piece of hardware. The British steamers are intensely filthy compared with ours; and I learn that the observation is true of all their shipping. She has twenty-four fire-places, and burns 100 tons of coal per diem. When the last touch is put on, she will have cost \$600,000. I am informed by one who pretends to know, that Cogswell is going on laboriously, making out the catalogue of the great Library, which Astor is to found; after which he is to go to Europe and realize the plan. We hope to re-open our house about the 12th prox. This is a beautiful town, and, near as it is to New York, is remarkable for quiet and honesty. I am at the house of three maiden ladies, at a corner, in a thinly-built part of the town; yet they have never had any fastening to their windows, or their side-door. I have not rallied as much as I need to do, to encounter another campaign. My New York experiment is by no means tried: but as I never did any thing with more wish to do right, so I now endeavour to cast myself on the Master, for the result. Yesterday I came from Staten Island. Every time I visit that delightful isle, I perceive it to be unequalled as a summer retreat; such variety of coast and prospects, such numerous drives on roads almost uniformly shaded with rows of trees, such graceful ups and downs, and green recesses, and such a feeling of remoteness from the world, though you are but an hour from the city, that I should like of all things to have a house there, and go to town every day in summer. This is done by several scores of New York merchants, &c. I saw the coffer-dam, at Caldwell's, which they are making around Capt. Kidd's vessel; \$60,000 have been expended already. I saw the ruins of Anthony's Nose; they have blown the nose so hardly, that no rhinoplastic means can ever restore it.

NEWARK, *September 1, 1845.*

I fear my letter of this morning was "as vinegar upon nitre;" for, five minutes after mailing it, I heard the news of your sister's death, and tried to get it out of the office, but in vain. Had I learnt the melancholy tidings earlier, I should certainly have hastened to the funeral: as it is, I have searched the papers in vain for the date. O what a change in your mother's household, and what a shade over her hearth! Your brothers have really lost a

guardian angel, at least from this world. Anna's qualities come very freshly before me. She was certainly a marked character. I do think I never knew any person of more honesty, truth, self denial, charity, or liberality. Her standard was high, and she judged fellow-Christians severely; but she judged justly in this, and condemned herself in full measure. I forbear to say what you have lost, or to indulge in ordinary condolence. God grant that this renewed call on your family may be blessed to those who remain, especially to your mother.

These gathering shades on our path, as we go onward, tell us that "the night cometh." I look back to the days of *Sixth street*, [his earlier visits to Philadelphia,] and my eyes fill with unaccustomed tears. What manner of persons ought we to be, &c.? How many of our cares and anxieties are very vain, when seen in the light of coming things! Under a gracious influence, our character is no doubt *formed* by successive dispensations of this kind. It is a new immersion, and we come out with a graver tinge. I feel unusually serious under this sudden news; and as yet know no particulars.

NEW YORK, *September 25, 1845.*

I should feel better and stronger, if I had taken some bonafide distant jaunts, which the state of my family did not allow. The Boston people have the good sense to put their ministers' vacation into the call as a matter of claim. In many of our congregations there is enough of the croaking sort to grudge even that recreation to a minister, which a humane drayman would give to his horse. I have a presentation copy of [Rev. Mr.] Lewis's [of Scotland] *Impressions of the American churches*. He censures right and left. Our preaching, in particular, he describes as characterized by want of animation and earnestness. He is very severe on slavery and democracy. In fine, very little pleases him. There is, throughout, a very offensive air of self-sufficiency and patronage. Dr. — thinks there never was among our churches so general an indifference; that ministers give undue value to learning, and less than is due to piety; that such men as Payson and Nettleton were of a generation, of whom we have not one left. Lewis speaks of the total desuetude into which pastoral visiting has fallen. Cheap literature blasts religious reading. I seldom see a young professor with a spiritual book. Church extension goes on coldly. We are not quite as far behindhand, as to new churches, as Philadelphia, but we add them by threes and fours, when we should by twenties and thirties. Vacant ministers swarm in our cities, beseeching one for places, instead of rushing into the wild West and South, as

was done by the McKennies, Henrys, Blairs, Todds, Grahams, and Davieses, who founded our church. I feel the justice of Lewis's remarks on this topic, when contrasting our lethargy with the actual state of the Scotch churches. I don't wonder at the sympathy he felt with the Methodists.

NEW YORK, *October 3, 1845.*

Heavy rains. I have seen specimens of words and sentences, *printed* by the new magnetic telegraph; it works by keys, like a piano. Music is well off here; Ole Bull, Templeton, and de Meyer. One of our missionaries in India is succeeding well in teaching Hindoo boys to read the Hebrew. Its connexion with Arabic renders it both easy and desirable. Rankin, our most valuable missionary there, will have to come back; he is almost dead. Austin Dickinson thinks he has such arrangements with news-editors, as to ensure the publication of any religious paragraph, in 40,000 copies of *secular* prints. This is worth considering. He is very avid of scraps. Send me for him a bit of a sermon, and you may do good. I am just from Monthly Concert. I think our average of collection at it slowly rises. Bush goes the whole Swedenborgian figure. Some of his revelations are not so very fascinating; as of people's being conscious in their coffins, thinking themselves on earth, while they are in heaven.

One of the great Christian problems of the age seems to me to be how to carry the gospel to the thousands, in cities, who will not enter any church. Pews are high. Or they are not dressed well enough. An effort is making to establish minor religious meetings, for such purposes, here and there, all over the city. It is a fine scheme, though not a new one, being that of the old Evangelical Society of our boyhood.<sup>1</sup> But its simplicity and homeliness gives it a Bible-look. When shall we come down from our stilts, and be in earnest with a perishing world? Decorum and conservatism do not rank as the most needed virtues just now. Lewis justly charges our church with want of aggressive power in the cities. We have lost much by stiffness. A covenanter minister said to me, last week, and I had thought it myself, "If your church had only allowed the 'Old Psalms' and a few such things, to old-country people, on their coming here, *our* church would by this time have had no existence here." I did not hear Wines's Lectures, but he was very well patronized.

<sup>1</sup> Described in Life of Dr. Archibald Alexander, chap. xii. Dr. J. W. Alexander gave some thoughts on "Poverty and Crime in Cities," in the Repertory, October, 1845.

Dr. Spring has a very good plan for a preachers' library here. It could be easily accomplished. There is frequently a call to consult volumes, which are not to be found at all. A building is all that stands much in the way. Look out for a "Christian-Alliance man," with the cry of the daughters of the horse-leech. Could not some Christian Newton arise with advantage, and simplify our methods, indicate some gravitation, or what not? We have a wonderful diversity of methods, whereby to reach the same ends. Thus, take the one object of *European popery*; I have been solicited to open our doors to (1) this Christian Alliance; (2) to Herman Norton, well known in Trenton, but now more familiar with Trent, agent for the Protestant Association; (3) The Foreign Evangelical Society; while I prefer (4) The Presbyterian Board which we are endeavouring to aid, in this very field, by sustaining an Evangelist in France.

NEW YORK, October 7, 1845.

The late Free Church Assembly at Inverness fills two of the large Scotch papers pretty full. — slips by the whole in two or three sentences, without a word of extract, and yet I have seldom read any proceedings more full of interest and edification. It is "life in earnest." This extra meeting was all in a glow. Day after day, in the absence of all ordinary business, they warmed one another up, in regard to their "schemes." That church seems to me all in one great revival. Where could one hundred and twenty ministers be found among us to engage each for a month's Missionary itinerancy? Their "pavilion" had four thousand worshippers, thrice a day. Inman says Chalmers was very charming, while sitting for his portrait, [for a gentleman in New York.] He used to go to breakfast, and family worship. He says Macaulay spoke of the American clipping of words in pronunciation: to which I rejoined, every Englishman says "Ill thenk ye for thet het." Inman is a great artist, and a fine talker. Have you seen Bailey's "Festus," a poem? A bold, irregular, but gigantic genius. Some things equal any thing I ever read. But the extravagance is wonderful, and the great aim is to enforce Restorationism. Bush is to establish Swedenborg's divine mission next Sunday. Dr. Cumming, an educated Scotchman, says, that having re-visited Scotland after the disruption, he could scarce believe the change; a spirit breathed into every thing; even drowsy country ministers roused up and elevated by zeal for a great cause. Dr. Potts's church is certainly very beautiful. As a work of art it is exquisite. They have very nobly resolved to leave no debt on the congregation. The cost is at least \$80,000. One pew-sale has come off. I understand

half the down-stairs pews were sold. The highest price was \$1,008. I am told the purchases equal \$35,000. On the 1st day of the 7th month, Tisri, or New Year's day, I attended synagogue, and saw men in their shrouds, (an old usage,) heard the ram's horns blown, &c. Saturday is the day of Atonement. I also saw the Levites pour water from a silver pitcher on the hands of the Cohens; and the latter ascend, shoeless, and bless the people, according to the trine benediction in Deuteronomy. There are now nine synagogues in this city. Neander is working away among the Jews. I saw Abeel yesterday; alive, but scarcely more; full of faith and love; going to Savannah.

NEW YORK, *October 20, 1845.*

Dr. [Kearney] Rodgers, about ten days ago, performed an operation, for aneurism, which is considered unique: the tying of the *left* subclavian artery. Sir Astley Cooper attempted it once, and failed. The man is thus far doing well. Mott, Stevens, Cheeseman, and three hundred spectators, were present.

Thus far I had written on Friday, the 19th; now, on 20th, I add that Baynard R. Hall is here, and is to preach for me tomorrow. A new book on Tobacco, dedicated by S. H. Cox, D.D., to the "*Right Honorable*" (sic) John Quincy Adams. The New School Synod are at work to-day, hammer-and-tongs, settling the mutilations of the Tract Society. Wines is here on the Hebrew Commonwealth. D. X. Junkin, in press, on the Oath. Bush has great audiences and is making converts. Bellows [Unitarian] has got into his new house. It has two conspicuous crosses in alto relievo, in front: lucus a non, &c. J. F. Clark, formerly of Flemington, has got into hot water (strange to say) at Cold Spring, by circulating some Douay Bibles among Romanists, who would receive no others. The Hydrarchos Sillimani is said to be artificial. The Mastodon is in full feather. Templeton and de Meyer are convulsing the musical world. I wish some new Whitefield or even Summerfield could rise, to carry the crowd a little that way. I believe more than I did in the need of some radical, revolutionary, aggressive action, in our Christianity. Our present method does well enough to keep what we have got. I am about to make a small Hymn Book, to contain none but *unaltered Hymns*, about two hundred and fifty.

Bickersteth on the Prophecies, though a 1000-narian book, is in a lovely Christian spirit, and is very delightful. All the delegates from the Established Church of Scotland have been here; some of them more than once. I do not know of their preaching anywhere.

NEW YORK, November 17, 1845.

Yesterday I compassed three services, a thing I have not done for some years. For two successive Sabbaths I have had in church, Peter R. Livingston, brother of Mrs. Armstrong, [of Trenton,] also Maturin Livingston; and, on the 9th, the former partook of the Lord's Supper, in our church, a very pleasing sight to me. One of the most agreeable hours I spend in the week, contrary to all my expectations, is on Monday morning at the Foreign Missionary Executive Board. Dr. [J. J.] Janeway, who comes more than thirty miles, is our most punctual member. We have adopted as a missionary to Africa, *Ellis*, the learned blacksmith, of Alabama. Two synods have bought him and his for \$2,500. His attainments (without a teacher) in Latin and Greek are certified to us as extraordinary. A late German has the following scheme, which is certainly ingenious. Christian doctrine has four grand epochs: 1. *Theology*, proper; *περι του Θεου*. The Trinity, &c., settled in the early age; doctrine not moved since; this was done by the *Greeks*. 2. *Anthropology*: Doctrine of fall and grace; the Pelagian controversy; this was done by the *Latins*. 3. *Soterology*: Doctrine of the way of salvation; Justification controversy; this by the *Germans*. 4. *Ecclesiology*: Doctrine of the Church. In this era we now are. There is, to me, a beautiful vraisemblance in this. No. 4 is undoubtedly true of our times. Some notions have lately struck me more than ever before; such as these: In proportion as cheap publication goes on, *books* become more and more like *conversation*; and the attributes and laws of the latter belong to the former: this admits of being carried out to wonderful particulars. Again, the more we are flooded with bad books, the more should we read the Bible—I mean the simple text; even of ministers, few do what they ought of this. Lest you should be overburdened, I spare you the remaining aphorisms; which shall appear in my “*Novissimum Organon*, vol. iii. § cccxcviii. *De libris supprimendis*.” I heard de Meyer, [pianist;] it was with astonishment and almost fright, but I was not touched. I have gone through seven chapters of Hebrews, [in weekly lectures.<sup>1</sup>] What a wonderful *abandon* in the style of Hamilton's “*Life in Earnest!*”

NEW YORK, December 2, 1845.

I lament over your provincialism, in using the word “*freshet*” [for *fresh*] as you do, in letter of October 17. Perhaps you have not met with “*The New Methodist Pocket Hymn Book* :” the following is from it:

<sup>1</sup> The series of lectures on the Hebrews extended from October 29, 1844, to February 23, 1847.



“When I was blind, I could not see,  
 The Calvinists deceived me ;  
 They, by the Scripture, strive to show,  
 That sinners nothing had to do :  
 At length I heard another preach,  
 Who ways of righteousness did teach :  
 He warned me of the Calvinist,  
 And how God’s word they would resist.”

P. 113.

I have this day had a most painful interview with a man of some note in the world of art. I talked earnestly with him about his soul. (He is, I fear, on his death-bed.) He received it well, considered as kindness ; but considered as gospel, I think he did not receive it at all. After my most serious endeavours, he very calmly changed the whole subject, and talked about his last picture, and a bas-relief for the tomb of a friend.

I believe all the pews not sold, in the lower part of Dr. Potts’s church, are rented. Old Dr. Milledoler preached at the Installation : he made a prayer which I shall certainly long remember ; it was exalted, scriptural, childlike, tender, and moving. The man who can so pray, (and even so preach, as he did,) is a man I should like to know better ; and I mean to seek his acquaintance, at the first opportunity.

NEW YORK, *December 9, 1845.*

Your hints about mission-efforts around our city- (you may add town-) churches are good : so much so, that I have been harping on that same string ever since I came here, and have preached one sermon very directly to that point. Our city is not altogether behind, in the matter, even now ; we have twenty city missionaries, and more than a hundred weekly meetings of the sort you mean. But this does not reach my notion, and I am not going to rest until, as a congregation, we have a preaching-place and missionary in regular operation. This, with God’s blessing, I hope to set agoing, before the season is over. We already support two missionaries in the West, and one in France ; and I have this moment had a note, saying that our young women have assumed the whole charge of the last, leaving the young men (formerly associated) to give their money another direction. I am recommending the coloured people to their care.

I do not see any great exaggeration in regard to Dod.<sup>1</sup> It is my deliberate opinion that I never saw his superior in extent of knowledge, in exactness in certain branches, in capacity to teach, in power of colloquial argument, in generous enthusiasm.

<sup>1</sup> Professor Albert B. Dod died at Princeton, Nov. 20, 1845.

Just at this time, I am doubtless disposed to look at the bright side of his character, and to consider his death a very significant blow to the college. There is something very pleasing to me, in the almost universal expression of sorrow among all classes in New Jersey, and especially among his pupils. His dying exercises strike me as truly gracious.

I forgot to talk to you about ——'s preposterous elocution. When warmed, he thoroughly forgets it; but he read a passage in a way which may be thus represented: "P*R*aise ye the Lo*R*d; p*R*aise ye the name of the Lo*R*d; p*R*aise him, O ye Se*R*vants of the Lo*R*d." The effect was great, and the click of the articulating wheel-work almost drove me out of the pulpit.

I spent two charming hours to-day at the Protestant Half-Orphan Asylum, where I speechified; 175 children. Wetmore, who conducts the City mission, &c., is an extraordinary man. He is ten hours every day at ironmongery, yet labours beyond every body else in religious matters, and is withal as gentleman-like a man as you will find in a summer's day. What a mean, nasty, anti-analogical word "reliable" is. Fanny Kemble laughs at "Bakery;" what would she say of "Bindery," and "Paintery," which I see passim. In due time, a church may be called a "preachery."

I am now in the 8th chapter of Hebrews. I have never had an exercise more acceptable. To myself, I trust, it has been useful, as leading me to dwell much on the very marrow and riches of gospel grace. One thing, to my mind, above all others, grows in centrality (ut ita dicam) among converting doctrines; the infinite, sovereign, freeness of grace, through the death of Christ. Within a few days I have been directed to several persons, who, I think, are savingly exercised.

NEW YORK, December 23, 1845.

I have never yet felt the argument to be demonstrative which would keep a poor bedridden creature from ever partaking of the Lord's Supper. I preached on War, at great length, a fortnight ago. Elders and Trustees were for printing it; but I was wiser than all that. South, in his sermons, constantly uses "shew" for the perfect tense of "show," (blow, blew, grow, grew, &c. ;) but Sorin and Ball's edition (Phila.) constantly makes it "show," supposing it a various spelling of "show." I never have read as keen a writer as South; nor one *me judice* of better style.

Jones has made a valuable and most entertaining book.<sup>1</sup> I

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Joseph H. Jones's "Influence of Physical Causes on Religious Experience," enlarged in 1860 in his volume entitled "Man Moral and Physical."

trust you will apply the principles anent reporting, exemplified in the "slips" of your lecture, to the newspaper report of my sermon on Dod. The Observer makes me say at least ten things which I did not say, and leaves out every one of the qualifications on which I laid much stress, and my earnest attempt to withdraw notice from D.'s metaphysics to the simplicities of his dying hour.

— makes a prayer which one feels and remembers: I think this is a point which I observe more than formerly. The Offertory [Christmas] is promising; one turkey, two barrels apples, one do. flour, half do. sugar, one wrapper. I have preached, this evening, on Eph. vi. 19, 20; look at it. I used to see a number of things from Germany, at Princeton, which I miss now. It reminds me of what Lamb says, about missing the stationery of the India House: "When Adam laid out his first penny upon nonpareils in Mesopotamia, I think it went hard with him, reflecting on his old goodly orchard, where he had so many for nothing." I hope to have my father and mother here, on New Year's, when we desire our boy to be baptized. The absence of Quakers in New York is wonderful. I have never seen one in full rig, and do not meet any kind of perceivable ones more than once in a month. But we have an Armenian store, with "Notions" from Stamboul. Our confectioners and toymen are in high feather. Wild turkeys and venison abound. Gentlemen wear "shawls," London-wise, also a very thick-soled, sensible English shoe. Our Executive Committee have, for months, been anxiously endeavouring, by correspondence with our missionaries, and with other societies, to mature a plan for the education of missionaries' children. It is a painful and delicate subject. On Monday we were two hours upon it.

Sunday School Meetings are common here on Christmas. My sexton, who is here just now, says he has a brother named Ole, and that Christmas in Danish is *Yule*. The words of my good father become more and more precious to me, like the books of the Tarquinian Sibyl; I therefore copy what follows from his last letter:

"As to the effects of the truth preached, never doubt that every faithful sermon will produce its effect; it will not return void. Give it efficacy by prayer. If you have any persons in the church who are mighty in prayer, engage them to pray for the success of the gospel. Payson instituted little circles, called 'Aaron-and-Hur-societies,' the sole object of which was to pray every Sunday morning for the success of the word preached."

NEW YORK, *January 16, 1846.*

Knowing your dislike to thin paper, I have now provided some, which I know will suit you to a nicety. I have been sitting for my "effigies," as Cromwell calls it; a mean business. Prof. Henry thinks the late discovery of the late Michael Faraday, of the relation of electro-magnetism to light, the greatest made in our day. He has also examined the talking-machine, [an automaton,] and pronounces it valid and wonderful.

For some time I have not had access to Inman's chamber. To-day I was sent for with a message that he was dying. He had just (*vix et ne vix quidem*) finished a portrait of Harper. Certainly he is great in that line. Perhaps you have seen his \$1,000 full length of Bishop White. His Chalmers, Wordsworth, and Macaulay, are great. There are, I think, no services in which we need a prescribed schedule, more than those which come often, as for example, sacramental preparations: they are apt to be the same thing over and over. For many months I have been going over our Lord's own preparatory words and acts, in the Gospels. Last Sabbath four on examination, and fifteen on certificate. Three hundred dollars anonymously for Theological Seminary. In preaching on Home Missions, on "Sabbath first," I shall touch a little on War again; text, "Righteousness exalteth," &c. Mr. [E. F.] Cooley might have gone back much further with his [edition of the New England] primer: I wait for a chance to send you an exact reprint of that of 1777; some of the *lectiones* are fine; *e. g.*:

C. "Christ crucify'd For sinners dy'd."

D. "The Deluge drown'd The Earth around."

E. "Elijah hid By Ravens fed."

F. "The Judgment made Felix afraid."

L. "Lot fled to Zoar, Saw fiery Shower, On Sodom pour."

T. "Young Timothy Learnt sin to fly."

Dr. Potts has one hundred at his catechizing, and sixty ladies at his Dorcas Society. I am glad S. has shown the pole-bags to be means of grace, for they have hitherto lacked due reverence of me.<sup>1</sup> What a euphonious title, that of his Oglethorpe University Address: "Denominational Education." I have a young merchant, in ample business, who studies the Greek Testament, with lexicon and commentaries. The abolitionists seem to have adopted a motto from Julius Cæsar: "Help, *Cassius*, [Clay,] or I sink!" The —— [a religious paper] is obviously improving. Do I err in detecting your hand in the item on "Preparing

<sup>1</sup> In the times of "Pine St. Church," the usual Sunday "collections" were taken with velvet bags at the end of long handles.

Potatoes for Stock?" Who contributes the piece, in the same on "Save your Salt Barrels"? I have sought for an anagogical or mystical meaning in this last. How touching the allusion to "glanders, grease, mange, blindness, coughs, and broken wind"! What is your judgment of crib-biting? The very violent attempts at visible Unity, as in the Liverpool Convention, savour of an unworthy suspicion that there is no Gospel Union but in protocols, and platform *accolades*. The unity (*ni fallor*) which the Bible enjoins, is no such thing, and is consistent with great diversity. Push a ritualist, and how little he can show for real unity. A Dominican and a Jesuit are far more asunder than Kidder [Methodist] and I, in dress, in creed, and in service. Who authorizes them to say that unity resides in swearing by one and the same pope?

NEW YORK, *January 26, 1846.*

The evils of indiscriminate reading, even of religious books, has so weighed with me, that on Sunday I devoted both sermons to "Christian Reading." Inter alia, I gave a list of books, under these heads: 1. Explanatory of the Bible; 2. Awakening and Inviting; 3. Experimental Religion; 4. Theology; 5. History; 6. Biography; 7. Poetry; 8. Miscellaneous, including Periodical. Our collection for Domestic Missions=\$520; add \$100 by an individual, and \$300 by Young Men=\$920. I was vaccinated last spring, and had a perfect pustule; so my Doctor says. My father's book on Colonization is out. I have preached three times on three Sabbaths this winter; but I find it too much. Don't fail to read the articles from the "Times," on the Polk-Messsage, in the "Warder." I feel ashamed of our American bluster. But how plain is it, that the British dread a war far more than we! They know better what it means. I have a letter from Abeel, in Savannah; low in body, but triumphant in mind; as he has been ever since I knew him. The sleighing has been a perfect intoxication, till the thaw came. Such a display of costly vehicles, furs, &c., is seen nowhere south of this: some had fourteen and even twenty horses. It would have been worth a visit to see the omnibus-sleighs, carrying forty, fifty, and sixty, and bedizened with all manner of pictures, &c. We have two hundred and fifty omnibuses constantly running in New York. Talk of railway in Hudson street. — continues prolific; but how unreadable! a swill-tub of citations. Though given to quotation myself, I think it below the highest method. There is more in a man who spins all out *e propriis visceribus*. This has often struck me in my good father,—no scraps, no pretty "phrases," no poetry, no Latin sentences. The other way is a

sign of weakness: *habeas confidentem reum*. Yet still more am I convinced that a man must be himself, and that he gains by following his bent. I have read Carlyle's Cromwell, and believe he was a converted man.

NEW YORK, *February* 19, 1846.

If my little sister Mary Ann had lived, she would have been thirty-five years old yesterday. This makes me think of the flight of time, and of the mercy of God, in that long interval, to my father's house. Mr. Lowrie authorizes me to say, that, though the knowledge of Wilson's<sup>1</sup> wants did not all come through himself, they have long since been supplied, as far as could be done here. His troubles, *mutatis mutandis*, are those of all missionaries, and such as occupy our Monday mornings, all the year. You might properly say to Wilson, that in every case he should make known his wants directly to the Board: the reasons are obvious. I am glad of your contempt of weariness, [on Mondays;] I cannot brag of the like, but still belong to the paradoxical class who find the day of greatest lassitude immediately after the day of greatest labour. The Tabernacle [Broadway] is filled every Sunday night, no matter who preaches. My church-mission-project is in abeyance, until I see how the Presbytery's plan (for the same end) turns out. I have no idea, however, of doing our work through the Presbytery: it is a slow work. After all the outcry of the Synod of Philadelphia for a "separate organization," whereby to give their benefactions to domestic missions,—just look at their amount of contributions!

One of the unreasonable demands on a pastor is, that he should like and dislike the people whom A, B, and C dislike. I try hard to let no prejudices or bickerings affect me. But oh! what a disposition, in ourselves and others, to be censorious; to see faults before excellencies in our neighbours; to applaud ourselves tacitly, by criticizing others openly, as to the points where we feel less vulnerable! I know no Scripture precept harder than that, "Let each esteem other better," &c. Sometimes I am painfully affected with the consciousness that this or that duty, which I have performed, would certainly have been neglected or deferred, if no human being were to have known it. I wish I felt more the force of the phrase, "the praise which cometh from God." Protracted Meetings seem to me absolutely indifferent; to be used, if there be cause, but not as a crack-measure to get up excitement. Where there is a hearing ear, it seems reasona-

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Wilson, a coloured man, who went to Africa under the Board of Foreign Missions, and died at his post, September 8, 1846.

ble to multiply instructions. Perhaps Edwards (on Revivals) goes a little too far ; but his general views strike me as just.

I reluctantly break my rule against *lecturing*, in order to mendicate in that way for the Princeton church. For three weeks I have had cold and sore throat. I have lost, however, only one exercise by it, which was in the week. Kidder and I have been exchanging calls for fourteen months, but have never met in a house. The St. Valentine's day is so serious a thing here, that the city post is interrupted for three or four days ; they put on extra carriers, and have a special chest in the Post Office. There are Valentines offered at \$200 a-piece ; being ingenious pictured integuments of gold watches, pins, brooches, &c.

NEW YORK, *March 16, 1846.*

It was only at a late hour this evening, on my brother Henry's return from Princeton, that I heard of your recent anxiety. And now I do sincerely hope that all cause of serious apprehension is removed, and that you will feel at ease to write me soon that you are giving thanks for great deliverance. I say this with the more feeling, as for a few days we have been in much fear, by reason of the sudden and severe illness of our second child. He has had a fever ; and, though still confined to his bed, is greatly mended. Let the God of our salvation be exalted.

How much, in time of sickening fears, we are made to feel our need of a *direct* and *immediate* Divine influence ; and how gracious is the hand which so often gives it to us ! Our reasonings, even on the basis of the word, do not reach the case in such a time.

The healings, and manifold compassionate acts of our Lord, while on earth, as given in the simple narrative of the gospels, have been an unspeakable comfort to me, in days of despondency. "When my foot slipped, thy mercy, O Lord, held me up."

NEW YORK, *March 24, 1846.*

The Gospel is not attractive enough for people now-a-days. Ministers must bait their trap with something else. The old-fashioned topics are seldom heard. This diminishes one's wonder at the small progress made in spirituals. The following is taken, just as it stands, from the *Journal of Commerce*.<sup>1</sup> A

<sup>1</sup> Here followed a few advertisements of sermons on "the Holy Week at Rome," "Washington the Friend of Peace," "The Influence of Calvin," "Signs of Stability and Decay in the Government of our Country," &c. ; but the custom has become so familiar since the date above, and the incongruous subjects so multiplied, that the notices pasted in the letter would not now seem curious.

sermon which I preached on the 15th, seems to have been graciously owned to the awakening of two persons. It is a sermon above all I have, remarkable for two faults: first, it is common-place; secondly, it is flowery. Mr. Begg, of Edinburgh, is to preach for us next Sunday evening. He is a very warm, interesting preacher. Like all the Scotch, he interweaves Scripture passages, out of the common line, in a way to surprise and charm. My Presbyterian folio, for the Blind, is published by the Board. It contains, 1, Prayers; 2, Hymns; 3, The Catechism; 4, A Compend of Doctrine, by my father. I have not, since McCheyne's, had such a treat as in "Housman's Life," just published by Carter. I am just about to have my favourite tract "Poor Joseph," printed in large type, with covers, for the aged and for poor readers. We collected \$600 in February for Education, and about the same in March, for the Bible Society. Dr. S. has come over to our views, against public aisle-covenant, at communions, after practising thirty years the other way. Addison's first volume [Isaiah] is all "in hands," and daily expected. A stranger lately gave me \$250 for colportage. Walsh's letters, in the National Intelligencer, are equal to his best days. Don't fail to read every extract in the "Warder," from the Examiner. I never saw such a sustained wit, as in the leaders of that paper. Savage Landor is said to write many of them. A Chinaman, with tails, &c., parades our streets. First fruits of our mission at Amoy, are reported. Abeel is expected here every day. In our chief churches here, the praise of God is now performed by committee, and sometimes by a very small one. In some tunes, I am sure, not more than six constitute the acting-worshippers. Why not *one*? *Instrumental Worship* would be a good title for an Essay. Begg says it was overwhelming, at Inverness, to hear 15,000 voices, all joining, *sub dio*, in the old psalms. O to hear it!

NEW YORK, April 8, 1846.

The lowest down-town church is the North Dutch, then Vandewater St., (Free Episcopal,) then Dr. Spring's, then ours. I manage somehow to have a third service almost every Sunday. My article in the Repertory ["Metaphysical Theology of the Schoolmen"] has some brilliant typographic variations, as "hired for hindered." It is worth coming to New York to see the power-presses in the Bible House. One of the most learned Jews is become a Christian; to my knowledge. He does not wish it bruited till he has prepared a treatise, in German and English. He tried Unitarianism, to avoid the grand "offence"; but it would not do; he has come out a thorough trinitarian.



More of this anon. Swedenborgianism grows. Dr. Potts is the star of our pulpit-sky. Cheever is gathering a Congregational congregation at Union Square. The interior of Trinity Church is grand. The pulpit is crawled up to, around one of the pillars, as it were in a corner. A pupil of mine heard Bellows the other night, and said the substance was: "Be good; and if you can't be good, be as good as you can." I this day corrected the title-page of Addison's book. Mr. Read has a revival. I cannot dismiss the conviction, that the thing to be aimed at is a warmth which may be continued; numbers always inquiring; additions each communion; so necessitating no breach of routine in preaching. On Sunday mornings I always preach straight on in the catechism, except when my monthly collections come. I have had much hope from the effect of my last four, on "Adoption," "Assurance," "Peace," and "Joy." The new missionary map of the world, (Colton's,) 14 feet by 8, is worth having. Y.'s piece takes no account of the distinction between Assurance of *faith* and of *hope*; and hence he charges confusion on our theologians which does not exist. This is the eighteenth letter or note (some of them long) I have had to write, within twenty-four hours. If I may judge in such a case, my best effusions [in the Sunday School Journal] have been as "An Old Contributor." My weekly catechizing continues to be delightful to me. Several of the young people are very seriously inquiring. We have averaged sixty from the beginning. There is immense need of an Explanation of the Catechism, not to exceed 100 pages, and with these qualities: 1. Simplicity. 2. The breaking of the matter into short—very short questions and answers. 3. Avoiding unnecessary accumulation of texts. 4. Absence of school-divinity. A member of my church gave \$1,400 to repair a country church, and has given \$200 a year, several years, to the minister's salary. Another member does as much for the Thomsonville church. Would it not be a good rule, in visiting, to contrive to repeat a few verses of the Bible at every place? How much precious matter it would give the pastor, for his meditations. Again, might not a man, properly, make a point, in every prayer he offers in houses, to have a sentence or two specially bearing on his own pastoral and individual wants? By these two methods, what we lose from private culture might in a good degree be made up. I have resorted to the old plan, of carrying select tracts, &c. One who has free use of one's pen, may gain much by little notes, even to persons who are shy, unapproachable, and unfeeling. I have had more calls to converse with people on religion, lately, than ever before.

NEW YORK, *May 11, 1846.*

Your letter reveals to me that you are not altogether relieved from your anxieties. I lately preached on Mark ix. 19; a subject which I felt a good deal myself, in reference to some former domestic experiences, and which seemed to affect my people more than usual. *Direct bringing of our cares to Christ*, is a duty or privilege less practised than is thought. If we *ventured* more on Him, (unless the very term savours of unbelief,) we should doubtless have more to praise for. See Psalm xxxiv. 4—6. Is not our Christianity derived too much from report, from a sort of average, from common experience of those about us, and not from the simple Word? You will find some sweet, useful things in the “Mount of Olives,” a pendant to “Life in Earnest.”

Yesterday was our Communion; seventeen on certificate, and eight on examination. A Free Church minister, Mr. Stevenson, was with us, but did not partake. Another, Dr. Willis, of Glasgow, has been here. They adhere boldly to their plan of sending over settled pastors of some note, on missions of three months, to Canada. This strikes me as a noble plan, fitted to do great good, at least to the deputies themselves.

How can I pray for a blessing on our fight with Mexico! Poor creatures, they have done as little against us as we could have expected. As a Christian nation, we should have sent them the Gospel; but now, unless God interpose wonderfully, we shall rob and invade them. Who knows but that we may find ourselves engaged with a stronger than they?

I am more and more of opinion, that the great Missionary work of America should be among the two races which we have most injured, viz., the black and the red. I have misgivings whenever we send men to Northern India, (British ground,) and neglect the perfectly open field among our Indians. The government yields every facility for the prosecution of this work. To-day I heard a letter read, in which the Superintendent of Indian Affairs offers to accompany our Secretary, in a tour among all the Western Tribes. We all feel that this work presses on us more than heretofore. The intercourse of a year with —, has led me to set him down as one of the best men living; for honesty, generosity, self-denial, greatness of love, good sense, and zeal for God. He seems to me to have the heart of a father, towards every one of the missionaries; and when he engages in the harassing labour of purchasing for China, Africa, or the Indians, does it as for dear children. Old-fashioned pastors are about as common as knee-breeches. Literary clergymen abound. Europe is like to have a full representation this summer. The question will soon be, “Who has not been in Europe?” I con-

less I should like to spend three months in the Free Church, to try and find out the secret of their ardour. Beyond this, the longing for Europe, which haunted me for years, is all gone.

NEW YORK, May 28, 1846.

I am occasionally struck with the force of a phrase in the Greek, which is lost in our own version: ex. gr. Romans xvi. 25, *σεσργημενοι*.<sup>1</sup> That chapter is a great trap for orthoepists. Urbane ought to be Urban, as it is in the old English version, being a man's name. Andronicus, Aristobulus, and Epenetus, are seldom hit right. Next Sunday I hope to preach a Sunday School sermon. The cause needs lifting among us. My little report on Parochial schools has made a breeze in our Assembly, which I was unprepared for.<sup>2</sup> The resolutions appear to me milk-and-water enough for anybody. Yet I feel no zeal for them, beyond this, that I should like the skirt of the Assembly to be cast over those who are attempting church-schools. I see no proof that Onesimus ever ran away, in the technical sense, at all. I can go a peg higher than you about slavery, and fail to see the scripturalness of much that is postulated now-a-days, respecting the popular idol, liberty. As existing, slavery is fraught with moral evil; the want of marriage, and of the Bible, and the separation of families, &c., &c., are crying sins; but I am totally unable to see the relation to be necessarily unjust. The moral questions are so various from the circumstances, that each must be decided apart, *e. g.*, "Is A justifiable in holding B to service?" Our church, I am clear, ought to protest against the laws about reading, &c. As clear am I, that our States should regard slavery as a transition-state, to be terminated as soon as possible, and that they should enact laws about the *post-nati*. That the most miserable portion, physically and morally, of the black race in the United States, is the portion which is free, I am as well assured as I can be of any similar proposition. That immediate emancipation would be a crime, I have no doubt; and therefore believe there are cases in which there is neither injustice nor inhumanity in holding. I have had but eleven weddings in New York, and only half-a-dozen in my own charge. Dr. Cox once met my good Puritan brother, Greenleaf, and as his wont is, saluted him in Latin, to which G. replied, "Let him that speaketh in an unknown tongue

<sup>1</sup> In our version "kept secret;" in Wiclif's, "holden still."

<sup>2</sup> The General Assembly of 1844 appointed a committee to consider the expediency of establishing Presbyterian Parochial Schools. Of this committee Dr. Alexander, though not in the Assembly, was chairman. The report was not ready until the Assembly of 1846, when it was, after some debate, adopted and ordered to be printed in the Appendix to the Minutes of that year.

pray that he may interpret." Cox is fond of tinkering about the top of his house and sheds. Greenleaf, seeing him thus aloft, gave him this text to expound: "What aileth thee now, that thou art wholly gone up to the house-tops?"

NEW YORK, *June 15, 1846.*

My father spent last week with us. Gen. Scott, of soup-memory, is now called Marshal *Tureen*. We have set up Cornish in a coloured congregation—Potts and I becoming responsible for the rent of the room. My congregation is perceptibly thinning. Our lieut.-governor, Gardiner, of Rochester, worships with us when he is in town. He is a pious man, and a zealous Sunday School teacher. If this treaty with England really goes into effect, we shall have occasion for heartfelt thanks. As to Mexico, I fear their defiles and sierras will give them opportunity to protract the war, much beyond present expectations. Five members of one family in our church are in Paris, or on the way. The Central Church committee [seeking a pastor] called here on Wednesday, on their way to Troy, as fond and avid as ever the Greeks were after Helen. Seekers of vacancies are as abundant as crows in a cornfield. I believe I am solicitor for a dozen at this moment. All make for the cities. Young probationers all hover about home. Quere: whether, in the present destitution of the West, every candidate for orders should not be compelled to do two years of missionary service? It would be a good test. I wish I had means to draw up a schedule of the licentiates of the last five years, and where they are. Among persons who desire vacancies are four or five settled ministers. Van Rensselaer is full of a new magazine. ["Presbyterian Magazine," began in 1851.] I think I should like to write bits for such a thing, sometimes; so would you. Though I did not doubt that Taylor would be nominated for President, I did not surmise that Trenton and Tucker would have the honour of taking the initiative. I saw a gold-headed cane, to-day, made of wood from the first Presbyterian Church in America, the old McKemie church of Accomac, Va. It was in the hands of Mr. Locke, a minister of Northampton, Va. It is marked "1690." Trinity Church is open at 9½ and 4 for prayers, daily. This I like, Pusey or no Pusey. Yet it never comes to aught in practice. Have you read the "Fox and the Geese"? It lacks all probability, and is in my opinion a sheer invention, to be added to the fictitious literature of the day, concerning which see "American Messenger," *passim*. It encourages expectations which can never be realized, of seeing elephants keeping shop, and using their trunks for dry-goods. It is erroneous in point

of natural history. The goose (*anas anser*, Linn.) is not endowed with the faculty of speech, like some of the genus *Psittacus*; and to represent it as thatching its house, is absurd. But the ridiculous falsity of the book may be considered as *au comble*, when the common fox (*vulpes callida*, Linn.) is represented as carrying a torch. This in a religious age, and in the nineteenth century!<sup>1</sup>

NEW YORK, June 29, 1846.

Dr. Rice came in this evening from his mission to the Massachusetts General Association at Pepperell. He says the Congregationalists are blowing up the sectarian flame very hard, and labouring to propagate their "distinctive" principles. Congregational Puseyism is funny enough. I wish you would read *Schaff's* famous book; ["Historical Development"?] Cry out as we may, he tells us some plain truths, and reveals things which none but a transatlantic eye could discern. It is a most exciting and suggestive volume, with a figment for the hypothesis, but great genius, learning, and truth in many of the details. I have always felt the force of what he says about the Puritans having cut to the quick, in regard to externals; about the charity we should have for Papists; and about the evils of innumerable sects. But he goes fearfully far, about visible unity. The dread of Millenarianism has sealed the mouths of too many of us, I think, in respect to the Second Coming. There is a great deal about it in the New Testament. If others teach a false second-advent, why should not we, all the more earnestly, enforce the true? I have no recollection of having ever heard any brother preach on it. We have (Potts and I) at length got our Old School coloured church a-going. I have thus far failed entirely to get a room for our Duane St. Mission-Church. But there seems to be a readiness among our people. Waterbury has accepted the call to St. Bowdoin's, (I merely transpose the "St.") A very large proportion of my flock is now in rustication; their place is very much filled by travellers. The constant presence of such, governs my preparations more than it did. Some very encouraging things have occurred, from

<sup>1</sup> This ironical notice of the objections to fables and fictions reminds one of the lines of Cowper, which the letter-writer quoted in a graver article on the same subject long before this, (Sunday School Journal, January 9, 1833.)

"I shall not ask Jean Jacques Rousseau  
If birds confabulate or no;  
'Tis clear that they were always able  
To hold discourse—at least in fable;  
And e'en the child who knows no better,  
Than to interpret by the letter  
A story of a cock and bull,  
Must have a most uncommon skull."

time to time, in regard to such drawings of the bow at a venture. I beheld the other day about 500 new army-recruits, for Mexico, a most sorry collection of ragamuffins. My proximity to the arsenal gives me plenty of this playing at soldiers. Another Free Church minister was here to-day, from Canada, where he has been preaching, almost daily, for several months in Gaelic. His name is MacTavish, from Inverness-shire: a plain, honest, warm fellow. Williamson, who preaches here in one of the French Protestant churches, is a native of London, yet speaks broken English, having been "raised" in France. He is an evangelical Episcopalian.

PRINCETON, *July 22, 1846.*

Addison is in my place in New York; but for no reason but that of a more perfect seclusion, in order to complete his work. He has finished to the end of the 57th chap., since the first volume was published. He is almost overwhelmed by it, and I do not wonder he escapes all engagements when he can. I feel no sympathy with your Quaker propensities. There is, indeed, something good in Gurney, *videlicet*, the very part which is not Quaker, and for which his tribe are ready to abjure him. When I consider their anilities about coats, days, and grammar, and the fruits they have borne, I feel no regret that they are so near dissolution. Their way of treating death and eternal things, and their opiates to all conscience, except that of mint, anise, and cummin, make their influence a most irreligious one wherever I have met them.

NEW YORK, *August 25, 1846.*<sup>1</sup>

I will not inquire how you were affected by a sight of the "Falls," [Niagara.] I remember the great object, with a sort of religious awe. None of our Heavenly Father's works seems more expressive of his sublime, incomprehensible greatness. Yet, I dare say, so far as pleasure is concerned, you more value the moment in which you met with your children. There is a depth of joy in such affections, which no external objects can produce.

I am writing in my solitary house; having returned to the city without my family. We were afraid to bring our infant back too suddenly from the purer air of the country. Of my season of holidays I spent ten days at Saratoga, with much advantage, and four or five at Long Branch, with none at all: for I took a cold and cough, under which I am still labouring.

The place of our daily duties, with all its cares, is, after all,

<sup>1</sup> This letter was addressed to one of the family of the editor of the correspondence.

the place where we are usually most happy. This I feel very sensibly on my return to New York. Though almost overwhelmed with the press of matters which have been waiting for me, I am nevertheless rejoiced to be at home.

Let us be instructed by the many mercies which we receive, to trust our God and Saviour more implicitly, and to yield ourselves to his service with more entire resignation of all that we have and are. To write and to say such things is easy, but we need special grace to enable us in any degree to realize such a character of mind and life. A cheerful reliance on God, and a firm hope in his promises, are great part of our duty; and these tempers should be encouraged in us, by every new instance of Divine compassion.

You will understand me when I say, that home is not home without my children. I am more dependent than most men, for personal comfort, on the presence of my immediate family-circle. I pray for the hour when, by God's favour, we may be gathered once more.

NEW YORK, *September 1, 1846.*

The summer is, by no means, over; and I am not sure that I do not feel the heat more than in July; we have, however, a very perceptible sea-breeze towards evening, and the nights are not at all oppressive. Addison finished his second volume, including a large introduction. I communicated your strictures to him. He says his own private wish always was to make a commentary of the popular sort, and that he was overruled by his friends and advisers.

Those of my people who pretend to pass the summer in the country, are still abroad. Yet our congregations have been full; in part from other churches, in part from the hotels. I never saw the latter more overflowing. Mr. Wetmore, our indefatigable Tract-and-City-mission-man, not long since said at a meeting: "New York Christians appear to think that souls cannot be converted in the month of August." Gospel-efforts, like Oysters, are for the months which have an R in them. I have been reading John Foster's life, with more pain than pleasure.<sup>1</sup> A great, original genius, but too radical, too censorious, too contemptuous of his brethren, too prone to see good only in his own ways. I greatly prefer Hall, or even Jay.

NEW YORK, *September 28, 1846.*

I have been somewhat occupied in getting my family home, which is one reason why I have not written. Our police now constitute a strong body, being visible at numerous stations,

<sup>1</sup> He had reviewed Foster's Essays in the Repertory, October, 1844.

well understood, with conspicuous badges. Two fire-companies have been disbanded, since I came here, for fighting; the only instances of disorder in the corps. Our fires are very silent affairs. Niblo's garden and theatre were burnt down, without any cry in the streets. Stewart's new store is considered, and I dare say justly, the greatest dry-goods shop in the world. The sales, on three days, were \$30,000. A withered old apple-woman used to sit on the step of his old store. Stewart, on removing, sent his porter for the old body's basket, and she now graces his marble threshold. Of the returned members from the Holy [Evangelical] Alliance, I have chatted with Forsyth and De Witt. Both were chiefly impressed by Baptist Noel. De Witt says it is worth a voyage to look at him, and that he made *the* speech, par excellence. They also talk with admiration of Adolphe Monod and Tholuck. De Witt reports a few hopeful things about the churches of Holland. Elliott Cresson sent the Autocrat [Emperor of Russia] a copy of my father's Colonization Book. The oldest lawyers in New York (Matthews of Rochester) and New Jersey (Smith Scudder) have died within a few weeks of each other.

I am very busy in looking up my people. In this long-street-city it is no short job. This morning I had an affecting conversation with a lady, of Quaker education, who has long been feeling her way in the dark towards religion. Probably it was the first conversation she ever had on the subject. Such instances, I fear, are very numerous. It was pleasing to preach the news of a free gospel to one who had not been hardened to its phrases. The Free Church people of Scotland are amazed at our Assembly's decision on Romish baptism. I have just been down to chat with Mr. Leckie, a Scotch parishioner of mine. His father, a secession minister of Peebles, raised a family of ten sons and three daughters, on a stipend of £120, educated five of them at the University, and died without owing a penny. Bp. Howley, now Archbishop, on hearing the circumstances, gave the widow £10. I have lately obtained the copy of Milton which my mother's father had read to him during his blindness. You have no idea what a place New York is for musquitoes (moschettoes.) But the natives tell you it is nothing. It is remarkable how generally these Scotch merchants have had a liberal education. This is fine weather for all sorts of people, and I hope you are all in good health. Adieu.

NEW YORK, October 12, 1846.

The passage<sup>1</sup> is in the *Punica* of Silius Italicus, (vii. 41.) It

<sup>1</sup> Supposed to illustrate the *yoke* of Matthew xi. 29.



occurs in a speech of one Cilius to the Pœni, when about to deal with the famous procrastinator Fabius. Speaking of the latter, he says :

“Nosces Fabios certamine ab uno.  
Veientum populi violata pace negabant  
Acceptare jugum, ac vicino Marte furebat  
Ad portas bellum, consulque ciebat ad arma.”

There is nothing further in the context, to clear the matter. The passage in Livy (xxxvi. 37) relates to the campaign of L. Cornelius Scipio against Antiochus, about B. C. 190. The words are in a reply of S. to the ambassador of A., who had offered S. “auri pondus ingens.” They concern certain offers of surrendering cities, &c. Scipio says, “Concesso vero in Asian transitu, et non solum frenis, sed etiam jugo accepto, quæ disceptatio ex æquò, quum imperium patiendum sit, relicta est?” The sense I take to be : “If you once let us into Asia, and thus submit not only to restraint, but subjugation, it is vain for you to talk of treating on terms of equality, since the controversy is for sovereignty.” Dr. Wm. Smith, in Dict. Class. Antiq., says : “By another figure, the yoke meant *slavery*, or the condition in which men were compelled, against their will, like oxen or horses, to labour for others. Hence to express symbolically the subjugation of conquered nations, the Romans made their captives pass under a yoke,” &c., *i. e.* a spear upon two other spears placed upright.

My measure of experience teaches me, that it is God’s method never to leave me long in a season of such freedom from anxiety as shall make me forget my dependence. You know something of what it is to preach under such burdens, and to go home afraid to open the door. At such times, one thought predominates : *my sin*. Is not this one chief end of trials ? I sometimes sink, but, I think, I do not rebel. God is just, and he is good. We, who teach others, need a peculiar discipline. I am thankful that my domestic trials, on the review, seem all right. Yet I confess to you, my anxieties are almost always inordinate ; nor do I grow any wiser. It is, no doubt, wisely ordered, that we suffer in those we love. I did not intend a sermon ; but I have thought more of your trials, amidst my own. Is there not a lesson in this also ? When we pray for a more useful ministry, God answers us by stripes which we did not expect ; but they fall from a gracious hand. I have to preach before Presbytery, and to lecture on Tuesday. The “Great Britain” is anxiously looked for. People seem to have misgivings about these steamers ; but it seems to me that nothing saved the “Great Western,” under God, but its engine, which

never stopped, or went awry. Some time since, being in a pulpit with Mr. Johnstone, of Jersey City, I observed him read from a paper, half this sheet in size. The fourth page was but a quarter covered. He declared to me that he had read every word, and he spoke forty minutes. It was a stenography, which he has used forty years; his father a still longer time. This would save paper, ink, pens, chest, and time.

*October 14.*—Thus far I had previously written. Our Presbytery is meeting. I gladly abdicate in favour of W. E. Schenck. The "Great Britain" is not reported yet. An eastern storm is beginning. Dr. Beecher is on the arena; giving the echoes of the Alliance. The Monterey affair gives me little but pain. O the lightness with which hundreds of men are sent into eternity! There is a peculiar use of the word PEACE, in the Bible, which gives it great emphasis.

NEW YORK, *November 23, 1846.*

Yours of the 2d lies unanswered. The period has been one of much pastoral anxiety. Inter alia, one of my hearers has been lying ill, with a rapid consumption, at Brunswick. I never before wrote a letter to a dying man. I suppose he is dead. Mr. Nathaniel B. Boyd, a bachelor, member of our church, was at our lecture on Tuesday, and went home well, and spoke with interest of the exposition. In the night he was smitten with apoplexy; and died on the 21st. I have had for months a case of mental anguish beyond all I ever saw described, unless it be Bunyan's man in the cage, or Cowper's latter days. Our Philadelphia friends fear our endeavours towards a City-Mission; but we cannot live without it. Our collection yesterday for Domestic Missions (the general cause) was \$512.30. I am not convinced that any Episcopal element would help our church. I am least of all convinced by the progress of Episcopalians. What have they done, except in towns? They had the whole South once, and where is it now? I am not convinced by the Methodists, for the Baptists have increased as much as they. And their episcopate is but nominal. It is their itinerancy and lay-labour, which has pushed them on. Two of the most learned German Jews (from Rotterdam) are studying Addison's Isaiah.

NEW YORK, *November 30, 1846.*

I have just returned from Dr. [Wm. J.] Armstrong's funeral, and write sooner than I meant to do, in remembrance of his connexion with your church, and to give you some accounts "in advance of the mail." Dr. A. was accustomed to go to Boston, the last week of every month, to confer with the Prudential Committee.

He had accomplished his business, and was on his return in the steamboat Atlantic. It seems the storm had begun before he left Boston ; and his friends urged him not to leave them ; but he earnestly desired to be with his little family on Thanksgiving Day. You know the general course of the events. When, on Thursday, it appeared that the danger was imminent, and that no vessel could near them, Dr. A. got permission of the captain to have religious services. He gathered all the passengers below, read the Scripture, prayed, called on two other gentlemen to pray ; and invited all present to spend a few moments in silent devotion, which they did. From various accounts, it appears that he was much engaged in comforting and corroborating the minds of those around him. While he was praying, a lieutenant in the United States Navy thought he recognized the voice, and on going to him, remembered him as the pastor of his infancy in Richmond. This gentleman's mother was also on board, but has perished. Her son was in church to-day. Dr. A. put on the life-preserver with which his poor wife had supplied him, and with others, at the instance of Lieut. M., tore slips of blanket and bound about the head. What a sight it must have been ! They already expected to go to pieces at sunset ; but they did not till 4 A. M. All night in the howling storm, the fires all out, the cold insufferable, a few biscuits, but no drink, and the bell tolling all the while. The last time Dr. A. is reported to have been seen, he was standing above, surveying the scene, perfectly calm ; he then uttered these words (I think) to a hearer of mine : " I entertain hope that we may reach the shore ; but if not, my confidence is firm in that God who doeth all things well, in wisdom and in love ! " Surely no man in the serenity of a dying chamber could be better employed. Young C. S. Stewart (United States Engineer) who was saved, stayed by the vessel till the timbers parted, in company with Capt. Cullum and Lieut. Norton. At length, his hair and eyelashes being frozen, his hands were so benumbed, that he thought they would become useless, unless he let himself down at once, which he did. After struggling in the surf, he gained footing. Shortly after he heard Capt. Cullum's voice. Norton was lost. Charles S. was much bruised, and so exhausted as to fall down three times before reaching the house ; of which they had previously endeavoured, by day-light, to fix the locality in their minds. After ten hours he reached New London, whence he had set out ; he is there engaged on the new fortification. Dr. Armstrong was struck on the head a violent blow by the falling timber, which probably killed him instantly. His body was taken to Norwich, but was not recognized for some time, as the pockets had been

cut and rifled of every thing. The funeral services were attended, at 11 this morning, in the Broome St. church, which was crowded, in every standing-place; hundreds could not gain entrance. The hymn, "Unvail thy bosom faithful tomb," was sung. Dr. Adams delivered a simple, touching, and admirable address; in which he did justice to the excellent character of the deceased, and applied to him with much force those words, as eminently characterizing him, "In simplicity and godly sincerity, not with fleshly wisdom, but by the grace of God, we have had our conversation in the world," 2 Cor. i. 12. The choir sang, "Hear what the voice from heaven proclaims." The pulpit was occupied by Drs. Skinner, Adams, De Witt, and Cox. Dr. De Witt offered a prayer of great earnestness and impression. The clergy of our city were very generally there, and deep emotion was manifested.

Dr. Armstrong has left a wife and five children, one a young infant. The remains are gone, to be laid by those of his venerable father, the Rev. Dr. Amzi Armstrong, of New Jersey.

You will find that our departed brother is remembered with respect in Trenton. He was an upright, believing man, and a solemn, and often pathetic preacher. Those who have often been warned and entreated by him should remember the voice of God by him.

NEW YORK, *December 31, 1846.*

Monday, which is always a day of many interruptions, has this day been busier than usual. One Mission-committee, one Seamen's-committee, one Church-extension-committee, and one prayer-meeting of ministers. The last I could not attend. Letters from China tell us that the anxiety, in consequence of the riots, is very great. I saw in my church yesterday a Dane, a Swede, and a Chinese. We have recently gained a Jew, who is a candidate for baptism. Count Zinzendorf, on one occasion, (as I find by his Life,) extemporized six hymns, during one meeting; it was his frequent practice. Most of the Moravian hymns are by him, and these are very beautiful in German, however ludicrous in the wretched English version. The fine gold has become dim. If ever there was true religion, since primitive days, it was among the Bohemian and Moravian confessors. Two of my young men have interrupted me, and taken up two hours. Yet I am not sorry. What little strength I have here, lies in this. How humiliating it is to find that I am pained, when I learn that M or N does not like my preaching, yet am so calm, when all the alphabet, for years, reject my Master's message! Our theory of a church-session is grand; but O

what a practice! It is made for a church in a high spiritual state, and this I think is in its favour. One of my elders makes up to every man, woman, and child, who frequent the church. He visits as much as I do; knows every church-member; talks to every inquirer; goes often to every house; and, when I point out any place, is sure to be there within twenty-four hours. This leads me to two practical reflections: 1. How important to have a number of young men in training for such offices. 2. How desirable for a pastor so to labour, as to leave the church in the best possible state for his successor; in regard particularly to the children, youth, family-habits, &c. My latest texts have been such as have much interested me: 2 Tim. i. 19, John xiii. 36, Eph. v. 2, Matt. vi. ult., Deut. xxxiii. 1, Ps. cxix. 9, Rom. viii. 34, Matt. xxv. 10, Luke xii. 57, John xvi. 12, 13, Matt. v. 6, Heb. ii. 4, Rom. viii. 1. What we seem to want here, is not polish or literature in sermons, but something earnest, real, and affectionate; something to make the people hear as if some truth of transcendent present interest was set forth. Never was I more convinced that in order to this there is nothing so necessary as a direct and specific influence from on High. Rhetorical interest is impotent. There was great interest under the Finneyitish revivals, but it was not evangelical, and I am working among its bitter fruits every day. There is a wonderful vitality and permanency in experience which is built on the preaching of Christ. The style of sermons in the Scottish Free Church seems to be the thing. When the new-divinity-converts grow cold, they are colder than ice, nothing but a biting censoriousness. I had no idea, even in Jersey, of the modifications wrought in the religion of this city, by the overwrought revivalism of past years. Some, even of those who were once fiery, have degenerated into pulpit-metaphysicians, subtile and elegant. Vanity-Fair is beginning. New Year's day is a very carnival hereabouts. I am in despair about church-music. The nearest approach to my ideal is in the German church near me, where every creature sings, where the tunes are all slow, making up in volume for the lack of twiddle-diddle, and where they never have a new tune. In some churches here, the choir is about a pew-full, and the people use a purely vicarious psalmody. I sometimes feel a tune, in our lecture-room; in our church, never. Do we employ psalms and hymns sufficiently, as a means of grace, in our families? A poor Irishman has found, I trust, the true foundation, in his sick-room. Last night he sat up, with his popish host, till they had read over twelve or fourteen chapters of the Bible. He has been faithfully followed up by a most assiduous young man of ours. This young man spends

part of every day among the poor. I fear our Whig Congressmen are going to use no general exertion for peace. I honour Calhoun for his manful resistance to both the war-measures. I am astonished at the greatness of the evangelical movement among the Papists of France, as detailed in the late French reports; whole villages reformed, assemblies of several thousands, &c. I wish you, beforehand, a happy New Year. Let us seek to have one of simpler walk, and higher usefulness.

NEW YORK, *January 9, 1847.*

I compliment you on the termination of your church-debt; we are making an effort towards ending our own "pious fraud." I hope both parsons may soon have their respective parsonages. The immigration to this port alone, last year, was 115,000; or more than 315 per diem. An effort is making to get decent Temperance-ism out of the gutter, and on its legs again. It has been sadly drugged hereabouts, and is in a state of titubation. Falstaff's regiment could not have exceeded our recruits for Mexico. My congregation is a receiving-ship for up-town. I am just setting up a converted popish book-pedler, with a basket of books for the wharfs, sloops, and grog-shops. I saw to-day a Californian paper, (Colton's,) Spanish and English. My text for the year was, "We are the Lord's." I have since seen it in a "copy of verses" *penes me*, and engraved on a (phylactery) gold-ring. As I used to remark in Trenton an endemic pronunciation, in the female choristers, of "m<sup>1</sup>ide" for "m<sup>1</sup>ade," "t<sup>1</sup>yke" for "t<sup>1</sup>ake," &c.; so here I find in the same class, "f<sup>2</sup><sub>1</sub>-er" for "fire," "t<sup>2</sup><sub>1</sub>-em" for "time." I perceive little or nothing like congregational devotion in psalmody, often scarcely attention. I have a trifling book in hands of Sunday School Union, which I have written out of pity for town-boys.<sup>1</sup>

NEW YORK, *January 25, 1847.*

I had to-day the offer of a ticket to the grand concert, 13th prox., for the Popish orphans. It is to surpass all ever heard "on this side." Except the operatic corps, amateurs are to do the thing. The "lady patronesses" are all Protestants. The Presbyterians make so much of a call from a congregation, and in theory are so much opposed to ordination *sine titulo*, that I lately made a search of the whole New Testament in quest of authority. I find none. I find no minister undeniably marked out as the pastor of

<sup>1</sup> "Frank Harper; or, the Country Boy in Town."

any single flock. I have copious notes of the results. Mondays are much alike with me; first our Foreign Committee, which I always meet with pleasure, and then a round of visits till three. Yesterday our Bible collection was made; \$374. We add about \$180 by female association. One young lady in my flock does a work which is very unusual and pleasing. She devotes about three hours a day to teaching poor girls. Almost every one of those who have left her class, perhaps twelve, is well educated, and truly pious. I can almost pick out her pupils in the gallery by their looks. She also teaches in Sunday School; is a leading Dorcas, and collects annually \$250 for a French evangelist. What a change, if each of us had even six such: and does not this suggest the importance of separate and deliberate efforts to train individual helpers? I am unspeakably blessed in several of my young men. A, a schoolmaster, superintendent of Sunday School, is a model of modest, able, indefatigable service. B, a dry-goods man, Sunday School teacher, is the most of a Harlan Page I ever saw; shrewd, original, humorous, always among the poor, courageous, and prudent. I could hardly wish him other than he is. C, teller in bank, Sunday School teacher, well-read, gentle, orthodox, punctual, liberal, looked up to by the others. D, more reserved, but valuable, and always in his place, a ship-chandler. E, lawyer, accomplished, active, a good collector, and real aid. F, a bookseller, graduate of Princeton, ditto, ditto. All, except the last, are New Englanders; all are unfailing at prayer meetings, &c. Their influence on young men coming in among us is great. Nothing is more remarkable in all these, than their readiness to do any thing I propose. It is my chief comfort. I sensibly feel what you say about reports of sermons. Some months ago I was shocked at the inane stupidity of a report of one of mine. A few days after, a poor mantuamaker, not of my parish, read it in the newspaper, and found something in it the means of bringing her to Christ, after two years bondage. I wonder whether our meanest sermons are not our best. Loughridge's<sup>1</sup> death made me say to myself: "How seldom, now-a-days, does a minister die among his own people! From this time our Board of Foreign Missions will have the annual distribution of some of the government money, for Indian Schools. Our Choctaw Academy is quite a college; Ramsey is a noble fellow.

NEW YORK, *January 26, 1847.*

I follow one letter with another thus soon, because I omitted what I meant to say in my last on a point of interest. Some time ago you mentioned, in passing, a desire to have an occasional

<sup>1</sup> Pastor of the Fourth Church, Philadelphia.

German discourse in Trenton. There is a man here well fitted for such a work, to whom a few dollars would be a great help; if some of your people would bestow it. For a trifle more than expenses, I think, he would go on, once a month, or perhaps a fortnight. He has been taken under our Presbytery, though Lutheran by ordination. A Jew, but very long under the best Christian and University training. A learned man. As far as can be judged, warmly pious. He has preached repeatedly in the German pulpits here, and is said to be highly acceptable. He preaches every Sunday in the Almshouse, gratuitously, to the seven hundred Germans who are there. I know not what could be done in Trenton, in this regard; but if any thing is needed, you could scarcely alight on a better person for an occasional sermon and an experiment. I hope before long to get him some permanent preaching-post here; but things do not mature as fast as I could wish. He speaks poor English, but can talk French and Latin.

NEW YORK, *February 22, 1847.*

The snow has set in (like some preachers) with a codicil, after the conclusion. Broadway is beginning to ring and swarm. I can't help thinking how much better off the Southern slaves are, physically and morally, than the Irish. Who ever heard of slaves starving until the master starved? I see no trace of the modern dogmas about absolute freedom in the Bible. The wretchedest portion, by far, of the black race, is the free portion. Our New York negroes are lower than savages in many respects. I believe slavery will be abolished; and will be abolished in Mexican lands, and parts adjacent, where the climate suits, and where the taint of colour is less felt; and that all attempts to wall slavery within its present bounds, only hurts the negro and procrastinates the grand result. I am more and more convinced that our endeavours to do at a blow, what Providence does by degrees, is disastrous to those whom we would benefit. To give the gospel to the slaves, is a duty pressing above all others; and my painful and mortifying endeavours for two years to build up a black church here, and my previous preaching for six years to free people in Jersey, convince me that it is easier to give the gospel to the slaves. I am looking for a house. That in which I live has been a perpetual mortification to me: no spare room to which I may ask a friend without chagrin. I am forced to live down town; and here there are no new houses. I have inspected many houses. Scarcely five have had Croton water, and only one a bath-room. I was pleased with one in Barclay street, two stories and a half: the rent was \$950. I heard Gough the other



night. I never willingly miss him. His pathos and his humour and acting are beyond any thing I know of just now. What a nasty mean little squabbling your Trenton papers keep up. I have taken the Newark Daily for ten years, and have never seen a line which would apprise me of the *existence* of the rival print. In regard to correspondents, you are the only regular one I have in the world. Did you ever meet with an expression of Jane Taylor's, "Preserve me from *affrontable* people" ?

NEW YORK, *March 5, 1847.*

I am a little disturbed about our epistolary debits and credits,—so here goes. The military funeral to-day of sundry officers slain in Mexico, is holden to have been a failure. The mud and mire was such, that the "municipalities" would not "walk." The canaille were out in force, by tens of thousands. I felt it to be a bathetic affair, and no honour to the poor victims. Our church-collection, chiefly for Scotland, is a little short of \$700 : individual subscriptions among our people, in addition, about \$1,000. Mr. G. last night, gave some of his views, as a lawyer, of the evidences of Christianity. Take the following mems : "Every regeneration is a *miracle*—answers all the definitions. Most Christians, at some time or other, are sure they have been subjects of it. Suppose the affidavits of these, taken on dying-beds, were collected, (say 300,000,000,) how far ought this to go, with an honest sceptic, as *testimony*?" "Hume, &c., say a miracle cannot be made credible. But if so extraordinary a thing as a *revelation* could be proved, it might be credible that *for this* even a miracle might be wrought. I would, therefore, seek to prove a *revelation* on separate grounds. Thus : the human race is not eternal. They were created. They could not have continued in existence without some Divine instruction. *This is a revelation.*" Dr. Boardman has spent a week here. He sails for Europe proximo. Greeley said, in a speech, that this city has already made twenty-five millions by the scarcity in Europe. How our good brother — removes the claws and horns from autocrats ! Having done that office for Nicholas, and shown that he never wronged the Poles, he has now presented the Grand Turk in the same amiable guise. Would that he had seen the Pope ! I have finished my exposition of the Hebrews ; in sixty-two lectures : I trust to my own instruction at least. L—, who has just uttered a volume on the Apocalypse, (moderately millenarian,) is a retired merchant ; the same who some years ago mauled the New Havenites so unmercifully, in his periodical pamphlets, entitled "Views in Theology." He is very acute, cool, perspicuous, consistent, and erudite ; and I sup-

pose has guessed about as near as the rest. Our streets are at the acme of filth and putrescence. The new planet, I hear, is to be called Neptune, and its sign  $\Psi$ . Dr. Cox is lecturing on it. The next should be Vulcan; for steam, ocean, and iron, are in the astrological ascendant. My congregation sends a captain and a lieutenant in the new regiment of regulars.

NEW YORK, *April 5, 1847.*

Your kind letter of the 2d was received on the 4th, and you will accept my thanks. Our little one was a very lovely object in our eyes; and our remembrance of him is peculiarly free from all that could give pain. He faded away exactly like a slowly-dying flower. Partly to avoid funeral mockeries, and partly to have the three little graves together, for the moral influence on my other children, I removed the remains to Princeton, to "the plot of ground" where I shall probably lie myself.

I have this morning been furnishing New Testaments (they cannot carry large-print Bibles) to a company of the 10th regiment. I have been stimulated by the war to prepare a manual of devotions for sailors and soldiers, which is now complete.<sup>1</sup> Bunsen is getting out the most magnificent work on Rome, pictorial and antiquarian, which has ever been made. The American Messenger (of American Tract Society) is expected this year to rise to a circulation of 100,000. One should write for such a paper, however slim it is, and to make it less so. I dreamed that I heard Dr. Yeomans say these words, on hearing a Presbyterian lecture, or the like: "Yes, it is only *nonsense*: but nothing is more damning than nonsense; especially when it purports to be the Word of God, in exposition." I have recovered my father's trial sermon, preached fifty-six years ago, æt. 19. He was very boyish, and the text was Jer. i. 7. The style is exactly that of his present writing.

118 CHAMBERS STREET, *May 8, 1847.*

I am writing on a most shoemaking sort of paper, which please ascribe to my study-less condition; my work-place being the back-parlour. Coming into a house which has been "improved" by a defaulting boarding-house keeper, we find horrid filth, damage, and dilapidation, and are amidst a gang of glaziers, whitewashers, plumbers, and joiners. I have gone up one story, leaving the first-floor-back (Anglicè) for distinguished clergymen. Your patronage is solicited. The military display to-day was

<sup>1</sup> Published by the Board of Publication in 1847. In the same year, his "Thoughts on Family Worship" was published by that Board. The latter work was republished in Edinburgh in 1853.

very grand: once it would have pleased me: it did not: and the illumination, which is about to begin in a few moments, I do not expect to see.<sup>1</sup> I feel like preaching on "Charity . . . rejoiceth not in iniquity—vaunteth not itself." Dr. Burns of Toronto left town this evening, after a sojourn of two or three days. He goes to Halifax about a new theological school there. I think he has more exactness and extent of knowledge, and a greater outpouring of it in vehement and often affectionate discourse, than any man I ever met; unless I except Chancellor Kent, whom he resembles in his contempt of all conventionalities. Our communion is coming on, without one addition on examination. This causes "searchings of heart." I feel no disposition to look at other parties' share of the blame. From my soul I say, *confitentem habes reum!* On an examination of my preaching, I do not see any thing in doctrine, topics, or application, (notwithstanding grievous defects in zeal and faith,) which I condemn myself in: yet I am not "hereby justified." This day of festivity has found me very sad, at times, in the survey of every sort of temper almost or quite as bad as years ago. Few things startle me more than this *permanency* of one's inward features: the same man, the same nature, in a degree. If it were not for other, and sometimes countervailing tendencies, I might well doubt whether any new nature exists. If I have any experience it fully agrees with that exegesis which ascribes Romans vii. to a believer, who "delights in the law of God after the inner man." Durbin's Travels in the East are full of good matter for a preacher; he has a knack at painting the scene to your imagination. We cannot be too well versed in the physique of the Holy Land.

Dr. Jenks's Explanatory Atlas is the best geographical help for a pastor I have seen. Robinson's book will be a great one. The Conference of the American Branch of the Evangelical Alliance have been fighting several days about slavery, &c., and do not seem to know what the aforesaid Alliance is for. A man of prudence may be pardoned for not securing a berth until he knows whither the ship is bound. From the pugnacity of the crew, the "sign" would seem to be "Castor and Pollux." They will probably succeed in creating a new anti-slavery sect. One speaker said, if they went wrong about slavery, a *new Alliance* would certainly be formed. Perhaps it would be as well to have enough new ones to suit us all. Murray's Letters to Hughes are producing a great sensation; far beyond any thing I can account for. They are read with avidity in kitchens, and will sell by thousands among the Irish. The Irish abolitionists are agitating, with tremendous fury, because the Dublin Committee

<sup>1</sup> For the victories of General Taylor in Mexico.

did not "send back the money" of the slave-holding States. So great is their compassion for Cuffee, that Paddy may die of starvation. Poor Lichtenstein lies very low, with a fever which he probably caught from the infected air of the almshouse. His religion shines in this affliction. Dr. Burns's son, æt. 20, is just settled in Kingston, in one of the chief posts in Canada. An elder son is in the ministry in Scotland. Mrs. Burns is a cousin-german of Bonar, who accompanied McCheyne and wrote his life: (the Latins would have avoided that ambiguity, "*et hujus scripsit vitam.*")

NEW YORK, May 13, 1847.

I thank you for reminding me of the date of our correspondence. I feel it somewhat tenderly in connexion with the kindness you intend for us, in the naming of your boy. My tears (I seldom shed tears) flow profusely while I think that in a sort he takes the place of our sweet translated child. Forgive this burst (unusual in our long correspondence, and proving, perhaps, that I grow weaker as I grow older,) and accept my prayers for the little one's eternal good.

Our anniversaries are as much thronged as usual, but less and less by New Yorkers. I also perceive that the old, staid societies, *e. g.* Bible and Tract, are forsaken by the more fiery persons. At the Bible Society to-day, the prime thing was a glorious speech from the delegate of the British and Foreign Bible Society, a Londoner, Mr. Corderoy, a youngish, soldierly-looking layman. Fine delivery, noble elocution, and that tact and pathos which I have never found in our American cut-and-dried speeches. Hundreds of pocket-handkerchiefs were moistened, and the enormous auditory, usually impatient, would not let him stop. I will try to send you a report, but perhaps it was all in his manner, pronunciation, tone and *feeling*. I sat between Vermilye and Pres. Hopkins (both cool men) and both weeping. You will see nothing in the words to account for this. Lewis Green made an eloquent speech yesterday at the American Tract Society. Fred. Douglass is a black Demosthenes. For the mere quality of *strength* I never heard his superior. He has a diabolical smile, from ear to ear, which contrasts with his ferocious, lowering brow, in an indescribable manner. It was Catilinarian and treasonable. He said, up and down, that he despised and hated the country and the Constitution, and invoked the aid of England. The Millerites, the Fourierites, and other Bedlamites, have protracted agonisms. The Evangelical Alliance has been sweetly pugnacious, like Gen. Scott, bent on "conquering a peace." Like the dear Baptist brethren, the

open their arms to all Christendom, free-gratis, full admission, to the broad union-platform; only with proviso, that no one enters the door who mispronounces the Shibboleth. In their chagrin at their smallness, they anathematize all who have not sued for entrance. Is Christendom really more united than before, by such means? I trow not.

If there is such a thing as the duty of warring, I think a Mexican might assert it. Who can deny them the credit of bravery? Military martinets here, as I happen to know, are now glorifying Scott at Taylor's expense: they say Scott's way of killing Mexicans is *selon les règles*. Certainly it effuses less of our own blood. I loathe and fear this war. We shall be readier for another. Yet perhaps Popery may lose its secular hold on Mexico.

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, *May 27, 1847.*

Having done the job for which I came to Richmond,<sup>1</sup> I proceeded to another matter of very great moment, which has brought me here. The Assembly looks young. Scarcely any gray heads. The fathers are Dr. Janeway and Mr. Smylie. Great array of sunburnt, broad-brimmed southern and western Chorepiscopi. Some sons of Anak, noble specimens of manly beauty from the west. Thornwell is the great man of the south, and I do not think his learning or powers of mind have been overrated. His speech on taking the chair was a *chef d'œuvre*. His sermon (not the popery one) was ill-delivered, but naththeless a model of what is rare, viz., burning-hot argument, logic in ignition, and glowing more and more to the end; it was memoriter, and with terrific "contentio laterum." The spring was very late; consequently the sudden outburst just before we came clothed every thing with beauty. The mountains are green to the very tops. Albemarle is the crack county of Virginia; and the state of the grain-market has thrown much tobacco-land into wheat. I passed numerous wheat-fields in full ear, not one of which was less than one hundred acres. The education of the gentry here has led to a brisk competition in scientific tillage; observable around the seats of such men as Mr. Rives, Col. Randolph, Gen. Gordon, Dr. Merriwether. The foreground is all arable land, one sea of grass, blossoming-clover, and wheat, slowly rising, without any visible fences or artificial demarcations to injure the landscape, and the background a chain of wooded or cultivated heights (S. W. Mountain) unequalled by any I know. I have seen hills, and I have seen farming; but I never saw them so blended. After going westward for some miles to this place, crossing a lap of

<sup>1</sup> He preached the annual sermon on Missions, before the General Assembly, in Richmond, May 25. The text was Phil. ii. 11.

this ridge, and skirting the Rivanna, which has craggy and precipitous banks, full of rhododendron, honeysuckle, &c., we come to the side of Monticello, and then into this valley, over which the long chain of the Blue Ridge begins to tower in the North-west. Jefferson knew how to select one of the finest plateaus in the land for this college. His antichristian plans have been singularly thwarted every way. For example, here is a chapel, (since I was here last;) three professors communicants, besides Dr. McGuffey, who is a Presbyterian minister; and a proctor and treasurer who are Presbyterian communicants. McGuffey is a West Pennsylvanian, and is second to no man in Virginia for fame as a lecturer and public speaker. He does not preach here, but often in other places. I shall not be surprised if, before ten years, this rich and central institution should have on its very grounds a Presbyterian theological school; as the law founding the University gives leave to any Christian sect to build, and to have a theological professor, with freedom of library, apparatus, &c. Schele, professor of Modern languages, is a Prussian, and a pious Lutheran. The chaplain for next year is Gillette, a Baptist of Philadelphia, [now of New York.] I have met with all the Professors here; they are remarkable for their courtesy to strangers. Dr. Cabell is just closing his year of presidentship, with some eclat. I see he is nominated in the Richmond Enquirer to succeed Dr. Warner in the Surgical Chair. Emery tells me their edifice (Medical College of Hampden Sydney) is the finest in the city. I think I observe more prevalence of religious warmth here than with us. I lodged with Mr. Beadle of New Orleans, four years Missionary in Syria; he is fluent in Arabic. To-morrow, Deo volente, I go to Gordonsville, to visit the house of my birth, which I have not been in for forty-two years: this will consume one day. I hope to reach home by Thursday or Friday night. The Charleston and Columbia folks have a refinement of manners which has always struck me. They do not depend on Northern cities, but get their books and fashions direct from London and Paris. It is something new under the sun, for Virginia daily-prints to report doings of a General Assembly. There is preaching every morning, and service every evening. Dr. Empie, formerly President of William and Mary, (Episcopal,) opens his church, St. James's, all Sunday and thrice during the week, for the Presbyterians. So do all the Baptists and Methodists. Fleming James gave a great soirée in his palatial house, to sundry of our brethren; among whom I was present. We are revelling on strawberries, with floods of bona-fide cream; and ice-cream is what its name imports.

NEW YORK, *June 15, 1847.*

I have been waiting for time to fill a sheet, but cannot any longer hope for it. Till my Princeton Discourse<sup>1</sup> it is utterly out of my power to do any thing out of New York and Princeton, great or small. This must be my reply to your invitation, which I fully estimate, to baptize your child. There is, however, another thing: though not often moved, I am sometimes very weak, and I do not think I *could*, publicly in Trenton, pronounce the name you have given your boy<sup>2</sup> without a degree of pain, which I am perfectly sure you would not allow me to incur, even for the pleasure which the solemn service, thus administered, might afford your friendly minds.

LONG BRANCH, *July 28, 1847.*

I ran away from your capital, much disordered, reached New York about two yesterday; visited Junk. The Chinamen look very much like Malays; but I saw one of them writing Chinese characters. Embarked at seven this morning; cool, but fine passage; but in the outer bay a great prevalence of cascading. Found all well here. At this present I am in my pigeon-hole; our children's shakedown on the floor; voices of female and male singing on the piazza. A glorious full red moon rose out of the ocean. Bathing is cold work. I saw one of the Junk-men drunk with opium. Addison has engaged for another month at Dr. Boardman's. More than five hundred obits in New York last week: more than eighteen hundred emigrants in one day.

Love to the young and rising generation, not forgetting my godson Johanniculus, as Luther often calls his young Hans.

What a useless pest capital letters are: the ancients had none, or rather they had none other; nor were they bothered with punctuation. How I envy them. A capital plagues me so, that I foresee it with apprehension, as one foresees a mudhole in driving.

i am your friend,  
j. w. alexander.

NEW YORK, *September 3, 1847.*

We got home on the 1st, and are in the hubbub of fixation, and the heats of our second edition of summer. Choir and organ business, everywhere, seems fruitful of ills. Lowell Mason has now come out against choirs, but, I fancy, not against organs. My idea of psalmodic service is, that it should be: (1) universal; (2) vocal; (3) slow, (in general;); (4) without complication

<sup>1</sup> At the Centenary of the College, June 29, 1847.

<sup>2</sup> John Alexander, the name of one of his deceased children.

of parts ; (5) simple ; (6) little varied ; *i. e.* a few tunes well learnt ; (7) with no prominence of individual voices, (duets or solos ;) (8) without fugue ; (9) without frequent repetition of words ; (10) depending on volume of many voices, rather than brilliant execution of one or two. It is plain as A B C, that whole masses cannot sing, unless the tunes be familiar to a high degree. This ideal I never expect to see realized. The nearest approach is in the large Lutheran congregations, barring their harshness ; but better the harshness, than the feeble warble of twenty per cent. *in vacuo*. Much illness about ; chiefly dysentery. Every day some case of sorrow in my large flock attracts my feeble help. My topic for Sunday is "Sorrow is better than Laughter."

This is my fifth letter, at one sitting. The Mexicans seem to me plainly below our free blacks ; except a corps of desperate military leaders, whose trade and hope have been War, nothing but war ever since they broke with Spain. Taylor's election, I judge, would be a national vote for peace.

NEW YORK, *Sept.* 20, 1847.

Elizabeth Fry's life (the large one, vol. 1) will make many quakeresses : a lovelier woman I never read of or heard of ; humility, meekness, love, and sense. The "meek and quiet spirit" in such a case, looks, as it is, *πολυτελής*. Dictionaries and id genus being my chief helps for exposition, I have added Kitto's Biblical Cyclopaedia, and find it the best thing yet, in its line : it is rationalistic and Andover-like, in many places. One of the missionaries lately sent out by A. B. C. F. M., before his going, being then at New Haven, told a friend of mine, approvingly, that Dr. Taylor said *in his lectures*, in regard to David's expression, (Psalm 51,) "In sin did my mother," &c. ; that they are to be interpreted as exaggerations like that of the sailor, [who in prayer spoke of himself in a phrase of vulgar slang.] Three services yesterday. I addressed my young men and women. The city is vile with common sewers. Nathan Rice's book against Popery is good : only about two pages can I except to. Why do you not have a Reading-room in Trenton ? The Newarkers have laid the corner of a grand Library. I was invited to lay it, but pleaded un-Masonic dispositions.

NEW YORK, *Sept.* 23, 1847.

Yesterday we had the O'Connell obsequies. It speaks well for the good nature of our people, that so immense a procession should have marched for miles, with effigies of the pope, &c.,



&c., yet without a word or gesture of interruption. Apropos of which, the recent site of Niblo's is occupied by the "Great Tent" of the Millerites, with a lofty flag, bearing, "Thy Kingdom come!" Preachments, concourse, &c. Failures have occurred here, and more are looked for. Addison's popularity in Philadelphia surprises me the more, as his last summer's work here seemed to draw scarcely anybody. The sphere, I admit, is very different: a people engaged solely in trade affords small intellectual ability. I think I am not censorious, nor chagrined, in judging that religion in New York runs very much towards externals. Fine churches, pews, and music, fine sermons, fine 'enterprises,' viewed in the same light as stock-company concerns, fine collections; such are the stimulating ideas. "Moderatism" is the *terminus ad quem*. So far as my researches go, Presbyterianism has never and nowhere made striking advances, except when the body of preachers and people has been animated with a zeal for truth and saving souls, such as at the very time has been a little too strong, methodistical, pietistical, enthusiastical, in the eyes even of many sound, good sort of brethren. When we substitute for this secular stimulants, wealth, apparatus, ritual, decorum, letters, or oratory, we find that these (at least in the apprehension of the million) exist in greater force among the Episcopalians. Nor do we mend the matter by fighting these last, on questions of difference. Our real aggression has always been by warm pushing of our evangelical tenets. Right or wrong, this has become more and more my theory: I would I could show some corresponding practice: *negatively* I think I can.

NEW YORK, *October 5, 1847.*

If these rumours of new horrors in Mexico are true, what an account will our country, and we, as claiming to be self-governors, have to render to God! I am much impressed by Webster's speech at Springfield. It is a war of pretexts. None of the alleged causes existed. It has gone from small skirmishing beginnings to the most hideous atrocities. Never have I so much feared the judgments of God on us as a nation. Yet I am not quite clear as to the duty of individuals; or what means are best for stopping further carnage. Who knows but our judgment will be, that our people, having tasted blood, and grown proud of their undoubted prowess, will become, as Rome became, a people with war for a trade? Military lust for conquest is manifestly on the rise. All Mexico would not (on worldly grounds even) repay us for the American lives which have been lost. A Chinese youth, named Khur, was here to see me to-day;

on his third voyage to America, from Amoy; wishes to go to school here. He speaks a most funny mixture of English, Portuguese, and Chinese, an almost unintelligible baby-talk. But he is acute and bright-faced. The Millerite tent, Chinese Junk, and Fair of American Institute, are all in full force. Powers's Greek Slave is only a beautiful piece of licentious nudity. Mons. Niel, a reformed French popish priest, has appeared. Old Mr. Gallatin still receives company, and takes lively interest in philological inquiries. It is a wonderful fact, that the characters on the famous stone, found at Grave Creek Mound, on the Ohio, (Virginia,) are fully proved to be ancient *Libyan*. It is the very first documentary link between the red men and the old world. No doubt of the above fact remains with our knowing ones. I am pleased that you like Simeon:<sup>1</sup> his influence was owing, perhaps, in no small degree, to his amazing colloquial flow, chirping oddity, and irrepressible vivacity: hence his soirées, which nobody else could reproduce. As to his dread of systems, I do not share in it; unless said systems be false; and even then I prefer methodized to immethodized statements. His own system was clear enough, though he chose not to own it. In regard to his plan of preaching both sides of questions, on which the Scriptures seem to speak both ways, no man ever did it, except on two or three picked topics. Every man's common sense teaches him that he must aim at conciliation of apparent discrepancies, or abandon inspiration. No man ever preached *e. g.* that the planet is eternal, though Scripture seems to say so. They have a noble copy of his *Skeletons*, twenty odd volumes, in the Seminary Library at Princeton, the gift of Wilberforce. On Sunday night I had a soirée under our church, where I chatted to fifty of our young men. I saw Addison's big congregation in pretty full review. The steamers to Bremen are quite an epoch: I hope you saw traveller Stephens's account of the jollification at arrival in Bremen. George P. Marsh (M. C.) of Vt., speaks French like a Frenchman, and Swedish like a Swede, and is thorough in Danish, German, and Spanish; yet he has never been abroad. He is associated with Gallatin, Robinson, Turner, Gibbs, Salisbury, &c., in the Ethnological Society. The modern books of note on Arithmetic, such as Davies's, adopt the French billion, which makes the whole series go homogeneously by threes, (000 000 000 000.) A six-story house in my daily walks seventy-five feet long, which had been completed to cornice, has just been taken down brick by brick to the very ground from fault in the foundation: it filled me with thoughts every day as I passed.

<sup>1</sup> Life of Rev. Charles Simeon, of Cambridge.

NEW YORK, *October 27, 1847.*

When the demission business was sent down to the presbyteries some years ago, I voted against it. Since then I have doubted. The demission takes place all over the land, *de facto*: the question seems to be, how to legalize what we already allow, and avoid the evils of our "anomalous condition." But *curia vult avisare*. Before I look for your extension-table, let me say an experience of one of the crack (not cracked) ones is unfavourable. Madame says the old way, of annexing a common table, in case of clerical invasions, is better. Our extension-table is too heavy, on the floor, as a fixture; hurts carpets, and is hurt by hoofs of youth, &c. If one is used, the one we have *quà extensio*, is admirable. It is, however, paying for a daily encumbrance, in view of an occasional need. I went to Astoria yesterday, to see my landlady and parishioner, who is dying with consumption; a fine specimen of old-fashioned Presbyterian religion; all the doctrines turned into experience; full of calm hope and wisdom; a lesson for life. — is homœopathically cured of a fever. What cured was, however, by no means accordant with *homœopathic* peculiarities; it was cold shower-bath, when the fever was hottest: this looks like reason; but it is not "similia similibus curantur," the great maxim of Hahnemann. — is getting well of a fever, on the old plan. A bachelor presents me Hutter's New Testament in twelve languages, (1699.) I am at 1 Thess. ii. 9 in exposition. Look at the untranslated force of *εαυτης* 1 Thess. ii. 7, and at the exquisite tenderness of the whole verse. Jacobus is coming out with notes on Matthew. I know not what to say about the flocks of candidates who frequent every even the smallest vacancy. Strangers come to me every week, as if I kept a "vacancy intelligence office." Want of missionary zeal seems to be the cause, not want of room. Cheever's church [Union Square] opens on Sabbath first. Henry Beecher is the Brooklyn star; — being the comet. Our synod did nothing about the war. The details of Chapultepec are equal to any thing military I remember.

NEW YORK, *November 16, 1847.*

I owe you for yours of the 4th. How time flies! I should have said it was not a week old. Perhaps this is the way the market women make such anachronisms about their eggs. I heartily rejoice in Governor Haines's election, not only because he is my classmate, but because I think he fears God. Good Mr. F. seemed to join in my expression of the same opinion. How the last-named good man is embushel-ed in this our uni-

versity! Had he abode in Jersey, his light would have been like that of Sandy Hook. He tells me he has been to see old Chancellor Kent, at Chatham; who is sinking. All our young men are ravening for good places; and erring as to what constitutes a good place. There is a congestion of candidates about our cities, while at the extremities and frontiers, all is chill and suffering. Unless we all get awakened, in some extraordinary degree, I don't see how we are to fail sinking into Moderatism. Some people absurdly ascribe the diminished zeal of ministers to Seminaries. This is much as if I should ascribe our poor beef to the change of market-house. Those who never saw a college or seminary are as low as we. It lies deeper, and affects the whole church, I verily believe. It means just this, want of zeal for the salvation of souls. Though you mentioned Mr. ——'s "losing his eyesight," I imagined him to be out of town, till I saw he was dead. Oh how my conscience pierces me that, though he was my occasional hearer, I never urged this matter on him in private! How, how shall we meet people at judgment! Addison's popularity in Philadelphia is quite extraordinary.<sup>1</sup> I am pleased to think that it urges him to regard more and more the great end of preaching. Last week I saw a new painting (small) by Leslie, "the Pharisee and the Publican;" it begat a sermon in me. Item, a copy of the first Bible ever printed—the *Mazarin Bible*—of which only nine other copies are known of. It is perfect; two vols. folio; Mentz, 1450–1455; illuminated, incomparably noble for paper, ink, and press-work; printer *Guttenberg*. This was the copy of Mr. Hibbert. Other copies are (so far as I remember) 1, Bodleian; 2, Mazarin lib. Paris; 3, George III.'s lib. British Museum; 4, Advocates' lib. Edinburgh; 5, late Duke of Sussex's lib.; 6, Duke of Devonshire; 7, Estate of late Richard Heber, Esq. On beholding it, my emotion was altogether a religious one; thinking of the effects of the printed Scriptures.

NEW YORK, *December 14, 1847.*

You see [Chancellor] Kent is dead. Mr. F. tells me he lately talked with him, and found him much troubled about the "new birth," &c. He has been a constant defender of religion. H., in his new book, several times has the pleasant adverb "illy," which does not sound altogether "welly." Pope-stock rises. See how most papers take the Jesuit side in regard to Switzerland. See the avatar of romish prelates in England,

<sup>1</sup> He was supplying the pulpit of the Tenth Church during the absence of the pastor, Dr. Boardman.

with legal titles. I wish I had a copy of the last North British, to send you a review of (Arnold's friend) Bunsen's book on the Church. I have seldom been more moved than by some passages there. Do try to get hold of it. It opens a vista into an absolutely new forest of opinions on the great question of the age—the Church. For high churchism to be rebuked from such a height as the cabinet of the greatest king alive, is like thunder from mid heaven. And yet Bunsen's is a kind of catholicism: only it makes Puseyism look very mean and toy-shop like; like a snug China mandarin beside a Jupiter tonans. For the relief of the red appearance on Hale's church,<sup>1</sup>

“ R. pap. Kirwan, 3 iij.

Van Renss. scrupuli xxxij.

Fiat haustus.”

Unless penance be your object, I see no rational cause of lament at the freezing off of your bath; for all health-purposes indoor water is cold enough. Did you ever read the story of Diogenes, embracing the brazen statue, in winter? Stand in a good big tub, with a good big sponge, and give yourself a swashing of water every morning; that is Sir Astley Cooper's recipe.

NEW YORK, *January 4, 1848.*

• I am a little belated with my New Year wishes; but they are none the less sincere in behalf of you and your family, and church. Dr. Spring very truly said yesterday, at our cleric prayer-meeting, that ministers sinned when they did not care about the edification of their neighbours' churches. He also said this: “I am almost tempted at this late day to prepare myself to preach without notes; the day a man who reads his sermons puts on spectacles, he is shorn of half his strength.” I do not know when I have begun a year with more serious feelings; even the hurly-burly of New Year's day did not remove the impression. My verse for the year is Heb. xiii. 8: “Jesus Christ, &c.” It would “convene” me very much (as an agent said to me in a note) if you would come on, and give me a sermon; why not next Sunday evening? I have, for some time, had three services; though doubtful about my duty as to health. I have no extras to lop off; never having made a platform-harangue here; exhortations are not *extras*. Your eclaireissement with H.<sup>2</sup> is characteristic. Nobody ever knows whose

<sup>1</sup> When the scaffolding of the new church at Pennington, N. J., was taken down, it was discovered that the workmen had disposed some red slates among the black, so as to form a huge *cross* on each side of the high roof.

<sup>2</sup> A hearer who falsely suspected a political object in a sermon.

face a "double-header" will fly into. It has already taught you what something like it taught me. Hardly any thing so raises my pride and indignation, as when ministerial independence is assaulted in my person; but I continue to have difficulty in knowing how the line lies between the man and the minister. In regard to the latter, we are authorized to take high ground. I am much reflected on by a few in my congregation, for my expressed opposition to the war. My Henry will feel thankful for the coins you send, when they shall have arrived; it is, however, not unfrequently the case, in this island, that expected coin fails to arrive. You do not mention whether sovereigns, rupees, or louis d'or. If you have the *Missionary Chronicle* for 1843, see how near [the Rev. Walter M.] Lowrie was to death by drowning in 1842, (page 134.) *Then* it was that he was prepared for an event which occurred five years later, [August, 1847.] What a mercy that he leaves no wife. I am beginning the year with a weight of 145 lbs. Julius Hare (now Archdeacon of Lewes) has a volume of parish sermons I should like to lend you; they surpass the other [Augustus William] Hare's (who died abroad) whose you excerpted from, I think, for the *Journal*. The Archdeacon's are as plain, but more racy. Which of us would say as follows: "What, I ask, have you been doing during the whole of this year 1833? Eating and drinking, sleeping and waking, working for your wages, and receiving your wages, and spending your wages. Well! and of all this, what fruit have ye now? Nothing. All this has brought you forward in the journey of life, just as much as a horse gets forward that keeps going round and round in a mill. How will you ever get to heaven in the end? And if you do not get to heaven, where will you be? When this world is swept away, there will be only two places; and he who is not at the gate of heaven, when he dies, will find himself at one of the gates of hell. For hell has a thousand gates, yawning around us on every side, and ready to close upon us and shut us in; whereas heaven has only one gate, even our Lord Jesus Christ."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> With the saddening associations of January, 1860, I find on one of the pages of the letters of that month in 1848, the following characteristic specimen of the humour of his brother Addison:

"NEW YORK, 7th day, 1st Month 18, 1848.

"ESTEEMED FRIEND,—Not knowing that thy mouth had been opened in meeting, nor even that thy principles were friendly, I was greatly tendered to learn that thou has had a concern to review the *Life of Elizabeth Fry*, and has had to give up to it. I trust thy piece was written after the necessary preparatory baptisms, and under a very solemn covering; and also that thou will follow the opening in which thou has been led to stand up.

"Thy friend,

DEBORAH DARBY."

CHAMBERS ST., *March 1, 1848.*

The day that a child says "I will" or "I won't" a second time, is a bad day for parent and child. It is just the point where our American license begins and where parental capacity is tried. Probably several thousand children under fourteen, in this city, own no allegiance whatever, but are *sui juris*.

Mr. G. of the State Department dined with us yesterday; amazing as a talker, a historian, and a polyglott. His memory of places, maps, dates, and facts, is beyond all I ever thought possible. He is at home in all the southern languages. Though he spent some years in Italy, he thinks Mexico a far more interesting country. There lies on my table a letter, dated Puebla, January 1. I will crib a few sentences: "I am still in Puebla, living under the shade of the glorious Popocatapetl; what a mountain! The very sight of it would pay for a visit to Mexico. One of the greatest curiosities in this city is the library and picture-gallery of the late Bishop. The library is the finest private one I have ever seen. Among the pictures are some of great value. He was a man of great erudition, cultivated manners, and elegant tastes, and appears to have been beloved by all classes of people. He died on the 11th of October last, at the ancient city of Cholula, æt. 80. This library, the pictures, and various articles of vertu, were bequeathed to the poor." "I have been reading Prescott; and you may judge of the pleasure of such pages, on the very soil immortalized by the achievements of the 'Conqueror.'" "I am reading Clavigero, one of the best historians of ancient Mexico; to whom Prescott is much indebted for his elegant work." "The [theatrical] pieces called *pastorellas* are a mixture of the ludicrous and the religious; the infant Saviour, Joseph, Mary, the manger, the ass, being introduced on the stage, the piece winding up with *la Polka*." Mr. G. says the constant impression made on him, all over Mexico, was, that the people are an Indian race; the white and the black blood secondary. The new treaty will give us "little but deserts;" but better we should have these (for the Mexicans) than they; it will more effectually keep our fellows off their border. O how desirous one feels that the Gospel might pour in through these channels! What a glorious thing if the ambition of war could only be emulated by any analogous zeal for the introduction of the Gospel! I do not perceive why these poor, simple, brave, perfidious, paganized people might not be plied by thousands of books and tracts. They are not more hopeless than were the boors of Bohemia and Germany, when the tracts of Wiclif and the Lollards came among them, or than the Swiss mountaineers

when the writings of Zuingle and Calvin roused them. Further, I soberly think some daring young ministers (if any such are left in these days of literary clerical *petit-maitres*) ought to dash into Vera Cruz, Perote, Puebla, and Mexico, and blow at least a long loud blast of defiance, where Satan's seat is. In 1555, men were found to go to torrid Brazil, from Geneva; and several died martyrs there. I have expressed this opinion in my official capacity; but my brethren think me flighty. Would God my boys might preach Christ in that, or any other foreign land; so only they be faithful! Amen.

NEW YORK, *March 28, 1848.*

Gurley, the auctioneer, who has just died of erysipelas, will be regretted. He was a wonderful bibliographer, and a man of remarkable tact and courtesy, as well as honesty. I never heard him make an extravagant remark, in selling. The news by the "Caledonia" surprises people. That the [French] Republic should slip on the rails, as by a mere turning of the switch, with no friction and loss of life, is wonderful. The editor of the "Schnell Post," a German radical, was off in the "Cambria," as soon as the first news came, to take part in the revolution that is to be in Germany. Two of his comrades sang the Marseillaise to him, from the wharf. The horrible treachery of Louis Philippe, in regard to the Protestants, and especially the Spanish marriages, is now visited on him; as well as the blood of Frenchmen and Arabs shed for nothing in Algeria. Algeria declared part of the French Republic! We have authorized a new mission under the Equator, near J. L. Wilson, and at his instance. None of the return-missionaries have instructed me more than he. History has often made much of less daring than his. The practice of funeral sermons months *post mortem* is common in Virginia; I think the more common way in rural places. I lament to hear such painful things of your kind old aunt; my mind reverts to antediluvian banquets, of steaming coffee, cakes and sausage. May the world never want a race of affectionate old-fashioned people, who shall so spread their bounties as to make them remembered for a whole generation! I wish her a safe and gentle descent down the slippery foot of the hill. By reason of preaching twice on Sunday, as I ought not, on top of a sore throat, I have made myself ("war-horse" as a plain man translated) *hors de combat*. I believe I make less of [ecclesiastical] differences than I did. Though a reunion with the New School body, just as it is, would be unedifying, and a signal for unprecedented squabbles and disciplines, I think there are many among them with whom we ought to maintain the most brotherly



correspondence. Nevin [Mercersburg] holds unimaginable doctrines; *e. g.* that Christ is now incarnate in the church; (progressively;) that whoso denies this, is an anti-christ; that we eat Christ's body, and derive our life from it, so that our life is the very life (theanthropic life) which Christ has; that we are justified by the transfusion of Christ's righteousness, as head, to us as members; (the popish doctrine;) that all other Presbyterians in America are a set of Puritans, who have apostatized from Calvin.

NEW YORK, *May* 11, 1848.

Dr. Neander's *Life of Jesus* is about as bad a book, for us, as could be furnished by Germany. It will keep in countenance those numerous persons who are half ready to give up all inspiration. The book of the day is the *Life of Pollok*, by Scott. Take a few sentences: "Scotland gave him birth, and England donated him a tomb;" p. 350. "His hair dark, and his countenance touched with the olivaster shade;" p. 360. "His thoughts, imagery, logomachy, style, and plan are his own, and most appropriate for the great psalm which he indited;" p. 362. If you ever see it in a shop, read the first sentence, which is too big and rotten to bear transportation. Dr. Schroeder's people have bought the Eighth Street church. There had been a little squinting towards it among our folks, but they got no countenance from me.

At no time have things looked duller in my charge. Additions very few, and a general fluctuation, which makes me doubt whether our church, like so many others, will not be swept away before the surge of commerce. About twelve families leave us. Of nine persons dismissed by us since last communion, all but one were dismissed to us within five years. If my powers were of the arousing sort, I might hope for more in a mission-church, but all the little I can attempt is in the way of gradual training; and this requires people to stay with you. Our Sunday services are as full as ever, but our other indications are all bad. When I look at home, I no longer marvel it should be so. There is some likelihood that I shall take boarding for my family at Astoria, for about six weeks in summer; it is an hour by coach, and half an hour by steamboat; and is right on the strait and violent channel between the East River and the Sound: "Hurlgate."

Accept for self and co. our loves, and allow me to subscribe myself, in the mode which threatens to become the laconism of American epistles,

"Respectfully, &c."

NEW YORK, *May 30, 1848.*

In yours of the 16th, you speak of "chirography" vice "penmanship;" it would be a good exercise in a school or college, or even for ourselves, to make out a list of cases in which the lean kine have thus eaten up the fat: *e. g.* "commence" for "begin," "truthful" for "true," (though it has a meaning of its own;) "indebtedness" for "debt;" "stand-point" for "point of view;" &c. This month is turning into a Pluviose. I see numbers of waistcoats à la Robespierre; white, with high turn-over lappels. The "café des 1,000 colonnes" has come out fresh as "café de la République." Mr. Bridel has large congregations in French; on these occasions he confines himself to the simple gospel. Four prayers and two entire chapters in the service; opening prayer read, and apostolical benediction at beginning, as in France. I have just read the Augsburg Confession, for the first time; it is not a dry list of points, but a beautiful and stirring argument and protest. I fear from hints in papers, that the General Assembly are going to apply the knife of frugality to the very life of our Boards; perhaps I mistake. At a moment when the world, in its very selfishness, sees the importance of giving full salaries, &c., in every bank and insurance-office, what a cowardly concession to misers and Nabals, to complain that such a man as —, gets his \$1,500 or \$1,800. Mr. Sosnosky (I need not say whence) is colporting here, among French, as Mr. Rauschenbusch among Germans. On the 28th and 29th the emigrants landed at our Quarantine, for the two days, = 10,030; mostly Germans, and no disease but small-pox. Are any of us at all awake to what this influx means? I propose *D. v.* to take my family out of this noise about the middle of June, to some quiet riverside, near enough for me to do duty. After that, I will make an exchange with you, or will go to you without exchange, as circumstances may admit. I see, beyond denial, that my congregation is suffering from its site. Though we have tens of thousands downtown, they are mission folks, and increasingly foreigners, if not papists. The talent they require is not mine. I say truly, when I add, that I have not even a momentary hankering for uptown: my leading members feel otherwise; so should I, were I they. We have sent away about fifteen families this spring, thither and out of town.

ASTORIA, *June 22, 1848.*

We have six passages a day, from here to town, by steamboat, besides omnibuses and railway on crossing the ferry—the

latter every hour. Price sixpence. This is a beautiful cove on the end of Long Island, formerly called Hallet's Cove, and just opposite the upper end of Blackwell's Island. From the upper windows of this house we can see across to the North River. All the navigation of the Sound passes directly at our feet; for the house (Mr. Henry Mulligan's) is on a terraced bank, at the bottom of which, separated only by a road, is the East River. I think it an unspeakable mercy to be permitted to bring my family here, as — cannot bear a longer trip, and we have a downstairs room, two piazzas, a fine garden, and a lawn like a nobleman's. To me it is almost like being in town. Next lot is Mr. George Douglass; next Dr. Alexander Stevens; next Thorburn's nursery, &c. Mr. Walker (elder) and Mr. Jas. Soutter are out here. The sea-air is very perceptible. Last night a quite thick blanket was in order. I saw old Mr. [Albert] Gallatin yesterday; a wonderful, wonderful man! I am always struck with the fact, that the whole of his conversation is on important topics, always in choice language, and always novel. He gave me the best account I ever had of the respective systems of Boodh, Brahma, and Confucius; of the Chinese language and of the Polynesian languages. He showed me the latest Genevese version of the Bible in 3 vols. 8vo, and laughingly said it was "very orthodox." He showed me a book on Geneva, by Goliffé, and complained that he was very unfair to Calvin, whom Mr. G. regards as one of the greatest mortals. On a former occasion he drew a comparison between Calvin and the Puritans, on the subject of witchcraft, &c., very unfavourable to the latter. He has just completed a volume, of some hundreds of pages, on the Aboriginal languages of America. His ethical and theistical feelings are very correct and profound; I cannot find out what he thinks of Christ. He is minutely acquainted with all the nice points of Calvinistic controversy.

ALBANY, *July 28, 1848.*

You will hardly believe me when I say that I went to Saratoga reluctantly; nothing but a desire to gratify my good mother, who needed the water and a companion, took me thither. We remained just a week. It is a most unagreeable place to me, unspeakably less agreeable than the seashore. We left there yesterday, and made the trip to this place in a heavy rain and thunder-storm. I propose to preach at home on Sunday.

I am at the Delavan House, which I continue to think, of taverns, the best house I ever stopped at. When we came up in the boat last week, we had the Van Burens, father and son,

with us ; Martin looks hale, and had a fresh cabbage-leaf inside of his hat ; reason unknown. To one who passes up the East River, Dr. Tyng's church is the most conspicuous building in upper New York, and yet it wants the two steeple-towers, which are to be 250—300 feet high. The church is to seat 2,000, and to cost, they say, \$200,000. There is a vestry-discussion as to which of the two houses shall be St. George's church, and which St. George's chapel.

After some hot, steaming days, this is one of the pleasantest of the season. I have been giving my mother and sister a drive around the city ; and am much surprised to find so many improvements, beautiful buildings, sweet gardens, &c. The upper part is to be very charming.

NEW YORK, August 21, 1848.

This is my first literary act, on returning home, after an absence of 58 days. Seldom have I been gladder to get back, for I have scarcely had a week without illness. The Hellgate end of Long Island is almost as much broken into ups and downs, as a mountain-ridge. My second sojourn was with my elder Walker. From his house I could see, not only Astoria, the East River, and the west side of the North River, but Staten Island, and a fine view of New York in the distance. Astoria is a place of villas. The sea-breeze is fresh, but I opine they will have agues. Nearly 100 embark on the little steamers for New York every morning. My first visiter, on return, was Mr. Bridel, a very lovely little man. There has been great prevalence of dysentery on Long Island, and in other country-places about here. New York has also approximated, this year, towards Philadelphia, in respect to cholera infantum. I observe by the bills, however, that febrile disorders decrease, in the ratio that bowel-disorders increase ; *e. g.* last week but one, of all fevers, 14 ; of all bowel-ills, 114 ; last week, of former 26, of latter 126. Good old Dr. Miller said to me, the other day : " When the semi-centenary of my ministry came round, I was glad to let it pass in silence, as I was ashamed of my ministerial performances." When Dr. Emmons was dying, he said to Dr Hawes : " I shall soon be on the other side, but O how ashamed I shall feel, to be there ! " I lately saw, in German, a history of the world, in many volumes, all biographical ; *i. e.* a chain of individuals, from Adam down, each comprising the age he lived in : it struck me that a Biblical History, on a similar plan, might fill a series of lectures. It is remarkable how much this is the plan of the Bible itself. Addison is here, on his way to orate at East Windsor.

NEW YORK, *September 7, 1848.*

The rumours of yellow-fever die away. The Board of Health ceases to report any at the *Currentine*—such is the current pronunciation—and no cases are believed to exist on this island. Dr. —, of Glasgow, was in my church on Sunday. Like almost all these Scotsmen, he seems to have a mighty good conceit of himself, and a superciliousness towards every thing American; this incenses me, because there is so little pretence of foundation for it. I could perhaps bear it in an Oxonian or Cantab dignitary; but in a snuffy Sawney, speaking the horriblest dialect that ever came from the mouth of a Briton, I can't stand it. People are beginning to come back to their quarters; and, after all, there is nothing like one's own home.

I do not think the Sunday School Journal can ever occupy that place in public notice which its *redaction* merits; its title is so narrow, and its period of revolution in its orbit so long and irregular: I would as soon calculate the moon's motion, as tell when it is coming. We have again essayed a ministers' prayer-meeting; I don't know how it will go. Text last Sunday afternoon, Ecc. iv. 9, 10. A clergyman, known to me, publicly read in a service, a chapter in the Apocrypha, and never found it out. I have been reperusing Herodotus, in English. Several things strike me: 1. It is a series of grand old stories; as entertaining as the Arabian Nights. 2. The extraordinary advance of the world, since then, in science. What hideous incredibilities! 3. The equal advance (under Christianity) of humanity. You can scarcely read ten pages anywhere in Herodotus, without lighting on some atrocity. 4. A delightful book might be made, by stringing together the best ancient narratives, cutting off superfluities, and taking any liberties with language, and entitling, *Stories from the Old Historians*.<sup>1</sup> In a month, one might from Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, Plutarch, Diogenes Laertius, Livy, Sallust, and Tacitus, make one of the best and most saleable volumes of the day. It should have many maps, titles, notes, and Christian comments, and should be well printed. It would necessarily comprise the most famous events of olden time, such as people are constantly alluding to, without exact knowledge. Plutarch is an inexhaustible magazine himself.

NEW YORK, *October 11, 1848.*

The loss of good Mrs. Rice,<sup>2</sup> gives me many serious feelings.

<sup>1</sup> His correspondent had anticipated this hint in a series of "Old Stories" from Herodotus: Sunday School Journal, September and October, 1839.

<sup>2</sup> Of Trenton, see vol. i., 186, 201.

The more I think of it, the more I believe, that such quiet and meekness of well-doing will be more prized in "that day," than many brilliant qualities. How much better than the self-tormenting pride we have known in some families. I am glad your tour in the Pines has caused itinerancy to rise in your estimation; Presbyterianism owes almost its existence to it, in new settlements. Do you see that Nevin sets up the "Mercersburg Review"? I have been with my children to the Fair of the American Institute, in Castle Garden. There were thousands of things, but not much that I coveted, except the pears. They talk of building out the Battery further into the bay. A balloon and man went up to-day. A military band is going by, which reminds me how vastly that branch of art is improved since my boyish days; I am as much pleased with the sound as I ever was. The number of such bands is astonishing; great numbers of them are Germans. Surgeons see a very bloody side of war. I observe that Luther's original Catechism omits the second commandment, and divides the tenth; just as the Papists do. On the first of this month, my father said it was the anniversary of his licensure, fifty-seven years ago; I have his trial-sermon, though he does not know it.

NEW YORK, *October 29, 1848.*

I congratulate in regard to your North Church; it was time, and it will not hurt the "old South." The Repertory Article on Chalmers, is by my father, who seldom contributes now. Paul Delaroche's great painting of Napoleon crossing the Alps, is in the new style—matter-of-fact; nothing ideal. You see the wear and tear of the breeches, and gray surtout; the mule is a common mule. In this respect, one is gratified. You remember David's on the same subject, in the old Academy. I have just received notice that the Board [of Publication] would stereotype my "Family Worship." Looking over Walsh's "United States and England," lately, I find it entirely free from those twists of diction, which characterize his later writings. It would surely be carrying coals to Newcastle, to give you any *ana* of Mr. [James F.] Armstrong, [of Trenton,] close as you are to headquarters. I remember the old gentleman very well; but he was past preaching. You know he had a fine library. Where are all his sermons? what becomes of sermons? He was very much the gentleman; cordial and benignant, even to children; disposed to fun. I have heard that he was very animated and pathetic in his discourses, when in his prime. I suppose Mr. A. would have been called an old-side Presbyterian. He was of the Stanhope Smith school, and they were very intimate. Ask

for the exact particulars of an incident, at the old parsonage, between Mr. A. and Dr. Witherspoon, when the Dr. came with coach-and-four, just after his marriage to a young wife. We are in expectation of the cholera soon in New York. I heard Gough the other night, and still think him a master of eloquence in his way. [David] Lord is really a genius. I don't believe in his applications, but his main principles [of interpreting Prophecy] are the true ones, and are almost self-evident. He takes all the symbols which are *explained in* the Scriptures, and from these deduces rules.

NEW YORK, November 16, 1848.

I have ministered at two instalments, within a week, and have taken a very annoying cold. I never was in the Jersey City church till yesterday; <sup>1</sup> you know it is the old Wall Street do.; it is a model of beauty to my eye. I know of no good models for cheaper edifices. Potts once named to me, as a great invention of a certain architect, a very economical plan, of so building that the church might at any future time be enlarged in either dimension. At Yorkville, where I was installing<sup>2</sup> last week, Mr. Butts has put up a very snug affair for \$1,500; wood. A MS. history of Virginia has come to light, several years older than Capt. John Smith's. It makes the bragging descendants of the princess Pocahontas flutter, as it shows that her highness had an Indian husband two years before she was married to Rolfe.

My heart is thankful for the result of the election. Whatever Gen. Taylor may do, or not do, the reign of corrupt office-holders is broken for a time. Old Mr. Johnstone showed me a whole sermon written on half such a sheet as this: he says his father, who was a clergyman, taught him it when he was a boy and he has used it ever since to the saving of much eye and hand, ink, paper, and time. By a home-made scheme of small marks for the most commonly occurring words, (the, and, for from, Gospel, church, proof, text,) it is surprising to one who has not made the calculation, how much work is abridged. By about fifty such marks, I think fully half would be saved. What a libel on Mary Magdalene, to name —— after her; there is not a breath of proof that she was a profligate person; or even that she was the sinful woman of Simon's house: there is every presumption that she was a lady of leisure, if not of wealth.

<sup>1</sup> When he preached at the ordination and instalment (as assistant pastor) of the Rev. Lewis H. Lee.

<sup>2</sup> The Rev. Joshua Butts.

NEW YORK, December 14, 1848.

I can scarce think of a finer subject for a Philadelphian to write on, than "The first hundred years of Philadelphia." The first fifty would be the chief. Men and manners, houses, antiquities, &c. How Watson [Annals] has murdered this in his Higgledy-piggledy! The gold fever is wondrous; thirty-one vessels now advertised for California. Mr. O. hired a ship to government; when arrived all hands deserted; could not get a raft manned; consequence, United States forfeits to Mr. O. \$80 per diem, for every day the ship is detained beyond a certain time.

Dr. Dill [from Ireland] is a superior man; young, but canny, like Cunningham. He is tall and eloquent. A couple, former Finnemites, whipped their children, to make them submit; next became perfectionists; next rejected Old Testament, and now are wondering after Davis, the clairvoyant. I have just been buying my winter butter at 22 cents; but I reckon you can get it cheaper, as I know you can better. I have never, in a single instance, tasted New York butter equal to Philadelphia. Old Schoolism has no good chance in New York, where the warp is Dutch and the woof Yankee. See how little room between



Naturally enough all immigrant Yankees go to the Congregationalists. The Dutch churches here command my respect for their peacefulness and conservatism. The state of things in Austria and Prussia looks very threatening. It looks like another general war in Europe. Hengstenberg and his class denounce all this liberalism as Anti-christ itself; and these are the king's advisers. *Domestic Missions* seems to be pointed out as our work. A letter of my grandfather Waddel has come to hand, dictated by him, in blindness, to my mother, and addressed to Dr. Hoge. It has one remarkable sentence: "There is a *minimum feci* written on all the actions of my life."



NEW YORK, *December 22, 1848.*

Lately I sent two small articles to the "American Messenger." They circulate 130,000. I suppose the snow which is coming down here is also coming down on you. The new Congregational Journal, the "Independent," has taken in Joshua Leavitt, as the real editor. They lead off with much spirit.

Another death of cholera in town yesterday. All the old disputes about contagion. Every case thus far is traceable to the crew of the "New York." The rate of mortality here is formidable. Yesterday's case was just from Pittsburg, but had communication with above passengers. Dr. Stevens, who, in last cholera, said "No contagion," now talks otherwise. In looking at the history of the Puritans, I find very few of the things which they scrupled to be such as would hurt my conscience; though I might wish them altered. The tendencies of Independency in England have been very latitudinary and disorganizing.

I was at the New York Lying-in-Asylum, yesterday. What a blessed refuge for poor creatures in their extremity! Last year between two and three hundred confinements, and not one death, or unhappy result!

Carter has imported a very large stock of the Bibles printed at Coldstream, by Dr. Adam Thompson, who broke up the monopoly. As imported books, paying ten per cent., their cheapness is remarkable; and they are worth looking at, by one who loves linen-paper, British press-work, and immaculate typography. The small New Testaments are 12½ cents, small Bibles 25, 50, &c. Large 4to Family Bible, with short notes, calf, \$5. All have the Scotch Psalms; all are faulty in regard to size of paper.

I once mentioned to you the erroneous and deceptive retention of the *e* in *Urbane*. The same is true of *clothes*, which should be *cloths*, to be intelligible to modern readers. The Scotch Bibles all have "brasen, mortar, caterpillar, jubile, throughly;" in this agreeing with the English. It seems odd to me, that — should praise A. Monod & Co. for sticking to a National church, which is Arian, and which, by synodal act, has refused to make either baptism or moral conduct a condition of church-membership.

To-day I went to see a sick parishioner. All shut. Dead. What solemn reflections should this produce!

A doctor from Bellevue almshouse tells me they have the ship-fever there horribly; it broke out in a room of eighty persons. Conscience, about such matters, is so dispersed, as to amount to nothing. The filth of our streets is absolutely mysterious. In the driest weather I have seen the crossings quite sloppy; this is chiefly from ordure and swill, squeezed up from

between the paving-stones, by the heavy loads, &c. The Irish Deputation [Dill and Simpson] have netted more than \$6,000 in this city. With all its faults New York is certainly a giving place.

My old chum, Waterbury, preached for me on Sunday. Princeton must have been very rank for doctorizing, not to be able to contain till Commencement; perhaps they were afraid the candidates would die. So Baptist Noel has come out of the Establishment. I doubt the wisdom of the method.

NEW YORK, *January 8, 1849.*

A Happy New Year! In what country but Scotland would 950 [Prize] essays on the Sabbath be sent in by *labouring men*? This even more strikes me than that the best should be written by a woman, ["The Pearl of Days."] I think almost every body undervalues the actual good done by our Missions; say, among the Indians; which is the one I regard most. Just in their infancy, yet they affect the tribes through and through. Mr. Dougherty has twenty native communicants; at two other places there are sixteen; and among the Choctaws, the Presbyterian church (though under the A. B. C. F. M.) has 264 native members. Where is there more success, proportionally? Dickens's Christmas story is paltry; though one of its puns showed me how the English pronounce "*Ma*;" though I might have inferred it from the concurrence of New England and Virginia. Pittsburg is unfortunate in fires, and New Orleans in pestilences. I hear every day of merchants and people of that class having died of the epidemic in New Orleans. The New Haven road is now open; passage in two hours, fine cars; next thing will be Albany. Already we go on rails (Eric Railway) about 200 miles. Our markets show it. Venison is a drug. For the *cuisine recherchée*, nothing will do but prairie-hens from Illinois, \$2 a pair, which is as low as canvass-backs; as Juvenal says: "Instruit ergo focum provincia."—Sat. v. I visit old Mr. Gallatin, in his bed. It is a treat to have his reminiscences of our greatest men, all of them. On such topics his powers are unbroken, and he is equal to anybody I ever heard, for never hesitating, and always hitting just the word, with a *curiosa felicitas*. He professes firm belief in Christianity, and I understand him now to admit the divinity of Christ. He thinks Madison the greatest argumentative parliamentarian we ever had; I have heard that Marshall had the same opinion. It just occurs to me, that in his earlier life Madison used to have family-worship. Afterwards his religion assumed a Washingtonian invisibility. My New Year's text, and motto, is: "Hope thou in God." The condition of our vicious poor is very dreadful. When I think

of the hunger and nakedness of some, I cannot lie down in my warm bed, without a feeling akin to shame. · Contrary to my expectations, a good many of my young men are away in winter, on commercial travels ; it is the only season in which they dare traverse the Western States.

NEW YORK, *February 1, 1849.*

I saw an advertisement which says : “ A quill-pen begins a letter like a pen, continues it like a pin, and ends it like a shaving-brush.” The respectability of the people going to California is very marked. Among those known to me, many are educated, and many are religious. One party of a hundred has included Sabbath observance in their indentures. One ship known to me is to have daily worship. Having long believed colonies to be the best missions, I see in this a most hopeful means for spreading the gospel. California churches can send missions with ease to China, Japan, and Polynesia. The great proportion of northern men going thither, will be favourable to the preserving of our Union. Miss Martineau comes out Pantheist, in her readable book on Palestine. The pull and vexation of these numerous charitable collections upon us is dreadful, and injurious, I feel sure, to the growth of our congregations. No other sect is so harassed, and no other ministers so “ serve tables.” Look at an able article on Immigration (statistical) in the American Almanac for 1849. The “ German Messenger” of the Tract Society is edited by an excellent German, Mr. Rauschenbusch. There is also here a Mr. Ungewitter, a friend of Hengstenberg, and sometime editor of a loyalist journal in Berlin, but driven away by the Republican movement. The German method of singing is the true one, in these respects : 1. The harmony is confined to the organ. 2. The choir, which is small, sings the *air*. 3. They introduce no new tunes. 4. The *chorals*, which they sing, (Old Hundred being one,) are slow and familiar. 5. Consequently the people all sing ; and all sing the *air*, except as individual fancy may vary to suit the voice.

I have read Miss —s’ tale, and think it wonderful ; but I know, by previous trials, that our booksellers would do nothing with it. I was particularly struck with the knowledge of religion evinced, and with the absence of all turgid language. Except “ resurrection-morn,” in the last sentence, I do not remember a young-ladyism. Would that Bishop Doane could see it, before again he prints a sermon ! I am surprised your Lutheran knows nothing of Old Hundred. I have it before me in two German collections, where it is referred to two other books, of date 1666 and 1772. The ascription of it to Luther is no doubt

mythic. The more pious divines (pietists) in Wurtemberg, look on the democratic uproars as "Anti-Christ;" and expect a speedy intervention of God, by *χαρισματα* and miracle.

INAUGURATION-DAY OF ZACHARY TAYLOR, *March 5, 1849.*

There is something pleasing in the chase of a text through several versions. I have just been looking at that delightful but obscure one, Eph. iv. 16. The phrase *διὰ πάσης ἀφῆς τῆς ἐπιχορηγίας*, is thus given: 1. Eng. Auth. Vers., "by that which every joint supplieth." 2. Geneva, "in every joynt, wherwith one ministreth to another." 3. Tyndale, "in every ioynt wherwith one ministreth to another." 4. Cranmer, "joynt wherwith one ministreth to another." 5. Vulgate, "per omnem juncturam subministrationis." 6. Rheims, "by al iuncture of subministration." 7. Wicklif, "bi eche ioynture of undir seruying." (These last are just the Vulgate transferred.) Robinson, in Lexicon, renders, "by all the joints of supply." This is just the force of the (8) Dutch, "door alle vægselen der tœbreuginge," and (9) the old French, "par toutes les jointures du fournissement." Luther (10) has "durch alle Gelenke; dadurch eins dem andern Handreichung thut," (which is very like the English;) and (11) deWette, "durch allerlei Gelenke der Handreichung," which is very exact, I think, namely, "by every-kind-of joint of (hand-reaching) supply-help." I do not think our version here maintains its usual superiority. Before leaving this matter, I must copy a sample of Wicklif's literal following of the Vulgate, in 2 Cor. i. 17—19:

"Ether the thingis that I thenke, I thenke aftir the fleische, that at me, be it is & it is not, but god is trewe, for our word that was at you is & is not, is not therinne, but is in it, for whi ihesus crist the sone of god, which is prechid among you bi us, by me & siluan and tymothe, ther was not in him is & is not: but is was in him," &c.

All this arises from the singular fact that the Romans had no word for *Yes*, and had to use *Est*, *Ita*, *Immo*, *Maxime*. This perpetual moving is a plague to a family situated as mine is. The house I occupy has just been sold over my head, and the new landlord raises the rent from \$700 to \$800. My congregation is going down, by going up (town). We dismiss two for one we receive. Though the house continues full, it is of transient people; no pews are sold, though all are hired for short terms. About nine-tenths of the property-holders want to sell and go up town; they would do so in a moment if I should say the word; and with every probability of a new and full church there: but that word I dare not say, nor have ever given any countenance to the proposal. Two of my elders move up-

town in May. If you want a colleague you had better strike while the iron is hot, and call me now. Addison has a Comment on the Psalms going through the press; popular; no strange tongues. I have not lately met with a remark more exactly suiting me than the following of W. S. Landor, respecting Southey: "no prose writer, except Cobbett and Sydney Smith, has written such pure English." No week passes without some one going from our congregation to California, almost all very respectable persons. I am sorry to perceive that the cholera is increasing at New Orleans and on the plantations.

NEW YORK, *March 19, 1849.*

Addison is certainly printing on Psalms: I am glad of it, as no book is more needed. Poor Ebenezer Mason was buried yesterday, in a vault to which his father's remains [Dr. John M. Mason] had been conveyed the day before. Violent sudden rheumatism. Duncan of Baltimore, on his way to the funeral, was paralyzed in a coach from our wharf, and lies ill, but better. My house is sold over my head, and also rented, and I am as yet houseless. The kind of house I need cannot be had, but for such sums as \$800, \$900, and even \$1,000. Atkinson (when a lawyer) was a particular friend of mine; he was an uncommonly amiable man.<sup>1</sup> I do not expect to lose fewer than twenty families from my church by the 1st of May. I went yesterday to see the man from whom my child took the varioloid; he has had the most dreadful form of confluent small-pox. The mask on his face was half-an-inch thick, so that he cut it off with a knife. I am glad to see the Bostonians have printed Macaulay without the "offense," "chimist," "traveler," "highth," and "luster." There is a third impression for twenty-five cents. I continue to see Mr. Gallatin, and talk to him on divine things. Even at his almost hopeless age, he seems to make some progress; disavows deism; disavows Unitarianism; speaks of relying on the merits of Christ alone; on being saved by faith; and on the last occasion used these words, with tears in his eyes, "My love to my redeeming God." But his mind loses its thread instantly if you oppose any thing he is saying. A pleasant boy of my church suffered amputation of the leg, last week, for the second time in six years: in the last instance he was entirely insensible, under chloroform.

NEW YORK *April 24, 1849.*

I thought you would be pleased with [Life of Dr.] Channing; The book did me much good. How refreshing to find a man

<sup>1</sup> The Rev. William M. Atkinson, D. D., died February 24, 1849.

who is in earnest about something. I make great distinction between Channing and his biographer: who knows how far the suppressio has gone? My taste increases for books which flow straight on, as from an inner source; little erudition, no quotation, no heads or divisions, growing, swelling, &c.: not the less, because I am individually of the opposite sort, and tend to mince things up, and put them into patty-pans, with numbers. I got a shove for weeks from reading "Foster's Estimate of R. Hall, as a Preacher." Don't fail to read it, especially what he says about Hall's faults. John Howe is the only Puritan writer of the sort I mean. Addison, in one or two of his best sermons, exemplifies my meaning. The year's pew-letting (how I hate it!) has resulted in the taking of as many seats as at any time before: it is with peculiar pleasure that I see the galleries filling up. Coquerel has an answer to Strauss, which (Unitarian though he be) contains some fine suggestions about the life of Christ. Mr. Gallatin joins in the prayers, which I offer by his bed-side, with a fervour and tenderness which fill me with wonder: I certainly never saw a human face more radiant with emotion. I wonder if every other Presbyterian minister in New York feels (in secret) the same want of brotherly support and communion that I do. Four distinct times I have essayed a weekly ministerial meeting, chiefly for prayer. All other sects but ours, I believe, maintain such a service here.<sup>1</sup> The Düsseldorf collection of paintings, by great modern Germans, strikes me as surpassing any *collection* I ever saw. Ensingmuller (?) has a picture in the Academy, "Christ and his Church," from Solomon's Song: but oh, the amatoriousness of it, when painted, is fearful! It is the most gorgeous, furnace-like piece of colouring I ever beheld, and yet has originality and merit. I am greatly struck with Ezek. xxxv. 10, as a text: "whereas Jehovah was there:" it had escaped me till now.

NEW YORK, May 8, 1849.

Our new house [10 Beach street] is an oddity. It is bulging in front, deep in the basement, and high like a tower. I cannot account for it, but I never was in a house from which you could look down on so many others. From our attic we can count most of the city steeples. From my study I behold Trinity, St. Paul's, St. Gardiner's, St. McLauren's, St. Hardenburg's, the Hospital; and from every front window St. John's tower and dial. A tall liberty-pole, both front and rear, with conspicuous vane. Though not precisely on St. John's Park, we are in view, and have sight of the jet d'eau. For the sake of having a bath-

<sup>1</sup> A meeting of this kind was afterwards established.

room, with hot and cold, and shower, we have even consented to have plumbers and id genus in our kitchen for a week, and have not yet cooked a dinner at home. My study is in a chaotic state. Our yard is smaller than before. We have two good trees at the door, a wide street, free sweep of winds, no neighbour on the west, and exemption from all objects of nuisant aspect. It has been a soaking time for the anniverse, (qu.: "any-fuss-eries"?) the Board of (Foreign) Missions yesterday and to-day: several hours of debate about appointing a general agent; postponed till June. I was glad to hear from the Rev. Dr. J—— (indirectly) that you are the author of the "Letters to a Young Minister."<sup>1</sup> They do you credit. Go on, my dear brother, to rear the tender youth!

NEW YORK, *May 21, 1849.*

Dr. Spring goes to Assembly after all, by the illness of Greenleaf, (green leaves have generally followed Spring.) What a time of disasters! Crevasse at New Orleans; cholera and conflagration at St. Louis; loss of steamboat Empire; riots and cholera here. There is little disposition among us to turn this to a religious account, as our fathers used to do. The true state of the case as to our mob [Astor-Place Opera House] is, that it was crushed by one timely, though afflictive blow, instead of being left to dribble on year after year: it is the first street-disturbance since I have been here. I saw and heard no sign of it; all my information being from the papers. Rauschenbusch (a rough but devoted and Luther-like man) is going back to the West. He says the revolutions have driven to America great numbers of royalists and religious scholars. The average number of sick Germans in the Staten Island Emigrant Hospital is seven hundred. For these there is no Protestant chaplaincy; while the Popish priests and Sisters of Charity are constantly there. A learned and pious German of Elberfeld, named Fliedener, has a seminary for Protestant deaconesses, to do the same work in hospitals that the *Sœurs* do. He has trained one hundred and fifty, some of wealth and rank. He is to be here in July, and I have the promise of being made acquainted with him. Whether feasible or not, the scheme is beautiful and gospel-like. New potatoes abound, from Charleston, at 37½cts. the half peck. The gold dollar is a pretty plaything; I can't think it will live. I am trustee for three persons in the Savings Bank. One of them, a servant, has \$200 deposited to-day. Our chambermaid

<sup>1</sup> This was a series of articles written by himself, and published in "The Presbyterian."

has \$500 there. One of the officers says a few days ago a known prostitute deposited \$1,600, and that they receive a great deal from strange women. At my communion last Sunday five on examination; one on certificate. I know of a few persons inquiring. Mr. Gallatin grows constantly more right-minded in religion; this is the more remarkable, as it includes points on which I never address him, and no other religious person has access to him.

NEW YORK, *May 31, 1849.*

Just at this time, as you may suppose, I am in much heaviness.<sup>1</sup> Only a day or two had I any warning of what was impending, as it did not spring from my Princeton friends. At this moment I am absolutely void of all information except the telegraphic vote. The thing gives me unspeakable pain. To you I will say, believing you can understand it, that any little uncton of flattery in the appointment is instantly more than absorbed by the greatness of the question, and the anguish of a separation from my charge, if I accept. They (with no syllable from me) seem to give up at once, and think I have no option. *This* I do not think: but, at the same time, the judgment of our highest court is very grave, in a case where all previous plans seemed to fail. There is no need of saying so to the public, but to *know* that I might remain here would be a joy unspeakable. No dreams of mine respecting the social happiness of the pastoral relation have failed to be realized: in this I compare it to marriage. I have tried academic and Princeton life, and was less happy. Every thing makes me feel solemn, and I am (not metaphorically, but literally) sick. All my ministerial friends, to a man, say *Go*. Seldom have I more deeply felt my utter insignificance—the blindness of fellow-creatures, who from some view of outside think me of any value in such a matter—and the unimportance of the question, in all but a religious and eternal view. Life is very short: *Dirigat Deus!*

I have just purchased for the College a collection of ancient Greek and Roman medals, imitated perfectly in a composition of

<sup>1</sup> In the General Assembly, at Pittsburg, May 21, 1849, the Report of the Directors of the Princeton Seminary was received, in which it was announced that the venerable Professor Miller, on account of bodily infirmities, wished to resign his office. The Assembly resolved to continue Dr. Miller's connexion with the institution, under the title of Emeritus Professor, with its salary and all other rights during his life, and to elect a new professor for the active duties of instruction. On the 26th May, the Assembly proceeded to the election, and Dr. Alexander received a majority of the votes. The professorship was that of Ecclesiastical History and Church Government. Dr. Miller survived until January 7, 1850.



sulphur, as to colour, detrition, &c. They are chronologically arranged in twenty-two boxes, each having six *cassettes*. They number 6,089. They were made for Lord Vernon, by Odelli, of Rome. A few alumni of the College, being called on, raised the money immediately. You can hardly imagine the effect produced on the imagination by looking over such a series, so like reality; seeing the same emperor's face, going through phases, and the legends in such Roman-looking Roman uncials. I have several things to tell you about Mr. Gallatin, but *coram*. I think he is renewed by direct spiritual agency. There is a something which looks more supernatural than what I ever observed. I want to propose to you an article, which you have facilities for preparing, in the State Library: a Digest of the Laws of the several States concerning Marriage, so far as they respect the officiating clergyman. It might lead to excellent results, and open way for kindred remarks, &c. In some States ministers are liable in heavy penalties, without any authority to take depositions, or any protection by license. In Virginia, most sensibly, all responsibility is on the county-clerk, who gives the license, after inquiry, oath, &c.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Within a few weeks after the date of this letter, Dr. Alexander declared his acceptance of the professorship, and removed to Princeton. Although he entered upon the duties of the office soon after the opening of the session of the Seminary, his inauguration did not take place until November 20, 1849.

## CHAPTER X.

LETTERS WHILE PROFESSOR IN THE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

1849—1851.

PRINCETON, *June 14, 1849.*

My anxious suspense is so far relieved that I have determined to remove hither. The voice of the Assembly seemed to leave me little option, except in points of which they could not be cognizant. The voice of my clerical brethren, in and out of New York, so far as known to me, has been in favour of my translation. Jones informs me that this is the unanimous wish in Philadelphia; and a number of my own people have reluctantly owned that they think it my duty to go. I have been somewhat moved by this singular concurrence; but more by the unexpected Providence which has secured such a result, by the frustration of all preceding plans. As to competency I cannot judge of that. As to the comparative importance of the two posts, I have never had any question, that (to one competent) the teaching-place was equal in importance to any ten of the other.

I have seen clearly that the Duane Street Church could live only by moving up-town, and thither I wished not to move. I have seen as clearly that my powers were tasked to a tension which must soon be fatal; while, in the steadier routine of teaching, I might last a season, with ordinary favour of Providence.

Do not be surprised to see me on Sunday, but do not look for me. My going, if I go, is merely to attend on my father. I have been very much unwell, even in bed for a time. The cause I think was my extreme trouble of mind about removal.

PRINCETON, *June 30, 1849.*

Again our relation is changed, and you are once more the city, and I the country mouse. President Bonaparte seems to be con-

tradicting all previous beliefs of his imbecility: they say he managed the late émeute admirably. You see *Baptist* W. Noel has become an anabaptist. I am in the thick of painting, scouring, mending, whitening, &c., and have not yet got in any of my furniture. I have never read such personality and scurrility in ecclesiastical debate in the United States, as in the two Scotch Assemblies. In the Established Church they debated three hours about the two nominees for Moderator, Bell and Simpson; with very unbecoming opprobrium on both. Nobody seems to know any thing of Bannerman, who succeeds Dr. Chalmers; he may be none the worse for that. Addison (pro more) has moved again, and has chambers in the Seminary, lowest floor, front, next to Dr. Hodge's.

PRINCETON, July 19, 1849.

Paint, paint! Hammer, Hammer! Still in transitu. When a house has had no regular inhabitant for four or five years, it is wonderful how many things get awry; locks, keys, grates, pot-hooks, pins, bolts, panes, drawers, knobs, ceilings, floors, steps, spouts, shingles, gates, hinges, coops, well-buckets, volunteer trees, weeds, &c. We have not got in yet; though I write in my quondam study. I will give you two hundred young paper-mulberry trees, now growing in my grounds, on condition you take away the parent dittos. An excellent, pious cook, whom we left in New York, has had the cholera; a girl of whom I made a little purchase of mint lozenges the other day, has since died of the same. Mrs. S. (New York) was taken with formidable symptoms, including marble-coldness, sinking, and nausea, on Sunday night. Dr. Beatty of Ohio, who is here, encountered cases everywhere on the canal. In an upland village near him, the Rev. John K. Cunningham, one of our alumni, has lost his wife, and seven or eight valuable members of his church. — is a good-natured fellow, and I think may be led into ways of much more usefulness than he has. When I see how he has gained in a year or two, I have hopes he may get over even his desire *digito monstrari*. In Princeton College, I am certain, a boy will be better taught, more developed, and made a man of, than in a city college. True, he will be more endangered; but, after all, strength cannot come but by some peril. I have scarcely ever known a studious boy injured in college; never one who added good habits and dutifulness, on entrance. Though I own my parental apprehensions would forbid me to do it, I soberly think our sons would gain most, by going through the entire college-trials, commons and all.

PRINCETON, *August 11, 1849.*

The only critical case among the car-wrecked people,<sup>1</sup> is that of Walters. Mr. Schenck, Dr. Maclean, and Dr. Hodge have been daily with the afflicted. Three of them have chiefly fallen under my notice; one of these is a black woman, a seemingly pious Baptist. Another, dreadfully hurt in the legs—wounds a hand's breadth deep, with iron screw in bottom of one—is a good-looking German tanner, from Magdeburg. He cannot speak a word of English. This morning it occurred to me to quote the beginning of the Hymn, "O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden;" he immediately repeated the whole fourteen stanzas of eight lines each; it was evidently to him an act of devotion. He also repeated two other long hymns, highly evangelical, but new to me. What an instance of the good of hymns got by heart! Next to him lies a New York Yankee, who perhaps does not know one, though the more intelligent, and possibly the more pious of the two. The Company spare no pains: indeed no pains or price can neutralize the effect of the testimony before the coroner. Our lives have all been at the mercy of a switch-tender, who may be miles away. I think it a kindly Providence that the sufferers are where they can receive so much soothing and useful truth. I preached to a fine congregation on Fast Day, at Blawenburg, and to Africans on Sunday. I desire not to be away for more than a night, till I can get through my heavy preparations. After I am a week or two warm in the saddle, I will gladly give you one, two, or three Sundays. Mr. de Sandran, the French master, died this morning from apoplexy. Though somewhat settled, our painters have left us with a number of window-shutters off, front-door barricaded, and stairs uncarpeted. We took in half a hogshead of water, which entered loft, attic, and guest-chamber. Chancellor, Bishop, and Dr. Johns have each a son in College. Accession about 50. Prof. Loomis is recalled to University, New York city. I fear we none of us feel duly our exemption from the plague, (cholera.) What a difference between Trenton and Brunswick! By avoiding all aperient fruits and vegetables, I have, since coming here, enjoyed (what I never had before in July) a perfect regularity of health. Still I look on the cholera very much as I do on a stroke of lightning, and have no notion of charging every one who has it with imprudence. Two deaths of it on Sourland Mountain, in a high, airy, secluded nook. At Blockley they tried every variety of approved practice; almost all died. Several very near neighbours of ours in New York have been carried off by it, including two physicians, and three in the family of one of them.

<sup>1</sup> An accident on the railway near Princeton.

PRINCETON, *August 28, 1849.*

I do not know that I ever applied myself more constantly or closely than for two months past. On the 30th our duties begin. The next two Sabbaths I expect to preach in Duane street. For some time past Mr. Gallatin was unable to see me, or even hear my name. Just before his death his exercises were as follows: "He has been at the point of death, and his situation is still very critical. During his extremest illness he had the most blessed assurance of acceptance and salvation through Christ, repeatedly praising and thanking God for his mercies and goodness, in that *he* should have been made a partaker of this salvation, as he expressed himself continually. The God-Man still a mystery to him, but (no longer doubted) fully believed and received. For one hour heaven was opened unto him, and he appeared on the threshold of Eternity; but it pleased God to bring him again to earth, with shattered frame and intellect, &c."

I own no copy of Doddridge but the one volume one. By-the-bye, I have got more good from that book than from any commentator. There ought to be a new edition with modernized references; nobody knows the numerous dissenting authors whom he cites in the notes. Addison has saddled himself with a tremendous job in his book on Psalms, but his working-power exceeds any thing I ever dreamt of. I hope you see Copperfield, [Dickens' Tale;] it is delightful and useful. I wish you had been here to meet the Rev. Theodore Fliedner, of Prussia, who has been at Dr. Hodge's. For thirteen years, besides being a pastor, he has been training Christian nurses, (*secours de charité*), or, "Evangelical deaconesses," of whom he and his wife have trained a hundred and fifty. He has been making a flying visit to the United States, to set up four of his deaconesses at Pittsburg. They are under no vows, but engage to serve five years. I have his reports. Among his subscribers are all the royal and princely names of Prussia, and all the ecclesiastical authorities. He is a most earnest, one-ideal man, full of the tenderness gendered by such pursuits. Some of his remarks in conversation abridged: "You Americans far surpass us in some things, especially in practical tact; but O, what a want of tenderness and heart! O, what singing in the churches; not half singing; and some schools where no singing is taught! Your American church is a good *father*, but it is not a *mother*; it lacks the mother-love to the poor, and sick, and prisoner. This you leave to Free Masons, Odd Fellows, and Sons of Temperance. Your young ministers are not trained at bedsides, and in gaols; the best training. Are the difficulties greater for you than for Papists? Surely, there are maiden ladies in America

who would love to nurse Christ in his sick members." He publishes a Magazine for the *Poor and Sick*, and for those who attend them. I have it. They have been especially useful in the Magdalen cause, (as it is calumniously called.) I don't think I shall ever lose the impression of his gentleness and energy. If I hear of his coming here, in time, I will send for you, and you must come, if only for an hour.

PRINCETON, September 13, 1849.

Since I wrote last, I have passed through a thicket of thoughts and cares, though I have been blessed with unusual health. My new business involves more pressing study than I had thought; and in a new habitation there are daily wants emergent which take time and money. Then the pleasing-painful care of other peoples' cares has been daily. I am glad you have escaped the model of the Pánthéon, as all un-hellenistic people call it, even in verse. See Pope to the contrary. My inauguration is to be on the 20th of November: at which time you will appear at bed and board. Phillips and Plumer induct, by charge and sermon. "O Mother dear Jerusalem," is a famous Scotch hymn or ballad, by Dickson of the 17th century. I cannot lay my hands on it: it is very long, and is the mother dear of "Jerusalem my Happy Home." The least of my doubts concerning Fliedner is on the point you mention: I think it clear that there were deaconesses of old. Look at 1 Tim. iii. 11, of which the whole force is lost in our version: *γυναίκας* does not mean *their wives* (why should the qualifications of wives of *deacons* and of no other officers be named?) but *the females*, i. e. the *deaconesses*. Just look at this in the whole connexion. I am afraid you will find the chronology of our Lord's doctrines second in perplexity only to the precession of the equinoxes. My poor congregation in New York is in a bad way. The two or three old-hunkers, who can't see that the earth has gone round any since Dr. Romeyn's day, would never believe (what is undeniable) that the Church cannot be maintained where it is, except as a free church. This I perceived two years ago, and discovered six months ago that five-sixths of the people were ready to move. But the plan was quashed by the conservatives, and I fear they will be left alone, unless they in stantier remove. The house is almost embedded in places of disreputable resort. Its real supporters live far above it. Drs. Spring and McElroy will soon go up, and the sense of being a preacher to a fluent crowd was what chiefly discouraged me, and hindered my labours. I say these things to them freely now, because they cannot charge me with any worldly lust of a better *locale*, which they constructively did while I was with them. I

have said to Mr. Auchincloss that two years hence there cannot by possibility be a Presbyterian church at that corner. They must choose between scattering (already repeated till the identity is gone) and removal. The greater the man they get, the sooner will he translate the Church. Lower New York is in no proper sense other than as a *warehouse*, compared with a *dwelling*.

Our Directors being done with, do come on and bring your family. I have beans and spinach, and a bushel of sour grapes; and though beef is rare, we have a great diversity of agnine parts, such as neck, breast, loin, kidneys, &c. My dear old father is a little unwell again. He will preach when asked, and people will ask him. Two sermons and a lecture in three days!

PRINCETON, September 19, *pridie Æquinoct.*, 1849.

In the sore loss of my parochial comforts, which were always delightful to me, in the net result, and which are to a sincere man a sort of expansion of his fireside pleasures, I try to comfort myself by looking with new eyes on my pupils. We have matriculated fifty-three, and "still they come." I am struck with the amount of good healthy flesh and bone. Nothing is so pleasing to me as the Sunday *conference*.<sup>1</sup> It is a genuine primitive "prophesying." My dear old father, whose feebleness reaches my heart, is nowhere so felicitous. About half the young men are off at schools and meetings. The subjects are always practical or experimental. When you exchange with me, be sure to arrange for attending this meeting. Of Scots and Hibernians we have about a dozen, several being Glasgow graduates; also a Baptist preacher, and wife, from Charleston. Last year there were five or six Baptists, all most promising men. Dr. Miller is really too weak to go about with safety. John Miller, after the tour of Europe, and after being a prisoner for half a day in Rome, seeing the Pope's house at Gaeta, and lying ill in Holland, is on the return, *viâ* Edinburgh. — is a good preacher, a pious man, a most affable, unpretending companion, but overladen with extraordinary knowledge of books, beyond proportion to his mental powers. That is a splendid oration of Victor Hugo at the Peace Congress. You have, through —, an opportunity to get a national thanksgiving on account of the diminution of the pestilence. Poor Blythe is still silenced, by sequelæ of dysentery. The Second Church is nearly ready; a snug little place. Washington Irving, in his "Goldsmith," has *illy*, and several other illiterate expressions.

<sup>1</sup> A meeting for devotion and remarks on topics of experimental religion, held by the professors with the students of the Seminary, every Lord's-day afternoon.

PRINCETON, October 4, 1849

I have for you a copy of "O Mother Dear," singularly thrown in my way, how or whence I know not: I picked it up in the mire of the road. The Mons. Perrin you name is an extraordinary violinist; except the miraculous Oles and Sivoris, he beats any thing I remember. As to stoves, I anticipated your despair. The diversification is ridiculous, like Horace's

Qui variare cupit rem prodigialiter unam.

I have stuck an old second-hand franklin in my study-hearth, for wood: it does well enough for moderate weather. I shall miss nothing of New York so much as English coal; for I can't afford to burn it here.

I should like to lend you Milman's History of Christianity, volume by volume, for though it is written with an almost infidel coolness, it is the only English work that gives the distilled essence of the Germanic researches into out-of-the-way antiquities of early mother church. If I live, I must be some years familiarizing myself with the original documents of the former ages.

It would be chimerical to expect the same watch over hundreds of young men as a father has over half-a-dozen; and there must also be a period of transition from home to the world, but this period should be (O how carefully!) guarded. I should like to have the following queries discussed in some journal, concerning any college, or all colleges: How often does the President appear in private chambers? How many times in a year does he avail himself of the prayer-assembly, to make any fatherly remarks? What assurance have you that lads are in their chambers from 11—12 P. M.? Suppose twenty are at a grog-hole all night, what means of assuring yourselves of this? What limit to walking all over the city or village on Sunday? What superintendence at feeding-time, in those houses where ten to twelve fellows take their grub separate from the family?

Great evils arise in the United States from the ease with which new congregations, churches, and even sects are formed. Ex. gr.: suppose a minority in Smithville choose to do wrong. Presbytery animadverts. Minority turns on heel; "who cares!" Presbytery more stringent. Minority turns on heel; new church; two steeples; two miserable handfals; two starving preachers; perhaps one independent society. There is no disgrace, and little difficulty, in rearing a new sect. Hence an ecclesiastical censure is *brutum fulmen*; and hence church courts shrink from uttering their thunders. Our practice is a century or more below our book of discipline, in all courts but the highest; and nobody abides by acts of General Assembly,



whether anent sitting in prayer, or reading in preaching. A vermilion edict.

PRINCETON, *October 12, 1849.*

There is a remarkable amount of indisposition in the Seminary, though nobody very ill, nor prevalence of any one disease. At least ten are on the sick-list. One young man of college, native of Scotland, lies very low with dysentery. I have preached as much as usual ever since I left New York, besides the tough work of getting ready for classes.<sup>1</sup>

On reaching Princeton, I had hard work to get ready for my lecture at 11 o'clock. Just as we were sitting down to dinner we perceived the house of our neighbour, Mrs. Armstrong, to be on fire. Our gardens join, though she fronts on Stockton street. The wind was towards us, and at that moment very high. Providence ordered several things most happily: the wind was from the house; it was mid-day; Edward Armstrong was in his mother's house; and a new fire-engine had just been procured to be handselled on this occasion. Commodore Stockton was soon on the roof, with the face of a coal-man. Armstrong thinks he saved the house. Every thing was removed from it. The chief damage is the kitchen part, which is pretty much unroofed. It came of the country practice of burning a chimney during the heavy rain of the morning.

PRINCETON, *October 15, 1849.*

I wish I had begun early to mark places in the New Testament, in which the play of the sound is lost in English. I note these in my morning lesson: 2 Cor. iii. 5, 6, "Not that we are *ικανοι* of ourselves, to think any thing . . . but the *ικανότης* is of God, who also *ικάνωσεν us ministers* of the New Testament. O that we could English that glorious passage, 2 Cor. iv. 8, seq. ! The jingle is lost, and in our version what a bathos, from change of usage in a word, is here: "We are troubled on every side, yet not *distressed!*" Tyndale says, "without shyft." Try your hand on the whole passage, in translation; it will at least breed a sermon. The *ἐν παντί* seems to qualify all the series. "In this whole life of ours, we are pressed, but not oppressed," (pressed to death;) clause out: "*ἀπορούμενοι*, desponding, but not *ἐξαπορούμενοι*, despairing;" Wiclif renders *νέκρωσιν*, "sleying," and the Rhemists, "mortification," both actively. I believe this is the only classical sense. I had just been reading with wonder

<sup>1</sup> The number of his sermons in 1844 was 97; 1845, 117; 1846, 120; 1847, 107; 1848, 109; 1849, 80. His farewell sermon was preached in Duane Street, June 10, 1849, from 1 Cor. iii. 21-23.

Prof. Guyot's (Agassiz's friend) "Earth and Man," when I this morning fell in with him at Dr. Hodge's. Guyot and Prof. Henry are busy at the making some thousands of barometers at New York, for government. He is a tenderly pious man; you would be delighted to hear such childlike *French* Christianity from such a philosopher; he is brother-in-law of Grandpierre. "The revolution of 1848, unlike that of 1830, declares war against learning and science; these are aristocratical. Down with all aristocracy!—of mind—yes, even of *morals*." This avowed by a very distinguished leader, of genius, in the Canton de Vaud: "Down with all mentalism, ideology!" "The next generation growing up in this sensualism." He thinks the secession of F. Monod, Bridel, &c., very wrong. "Result of breaking connexion with state, would be to leave at least half the Protestant churches without service; and this in an unchristian population. Dare we take the responsibility of such a crisis?" He thinks we have no notion of the prevalence of atheism among the mass in Germany and Switzerland.

I feel the week's *ideology* does not fit me bodily for Sundayism: I came flagged to the "desk:" yesterday two sermons: this morning nervous. I did not leave pastoral life willingly; I foresaw the very evils I begin to feel; but they distress me more than I reckoned for. I miss my old women; and especially my weekly catechumens,<sup>1</sup> my sick-rooms, my rapid walks, and my nights of right-down fatigue. Prof. Henry is lecturing a rapid course, to the unspeakable delight of the collegians; his studies were always pleasing to them, though he was such a driller.

PRINCETON, November, 8, 1849.

*Bill concerning Old Correspondents.*

"Sec. 10. And be it enacted, that in case any citizens shall cause it to appear that they have communicated, conferred, or corresponded, by letter or epistle, for the term of thirty years, the said citizens shall have the franking privilege for the remainder of their natural lives, etc."

Craven has just got back from South Hampton (one of four Hamptons, of) Long Island. Strange place! Puritan settlement: scarce altered in two hundred years: insulated: antique fashions: 1,700 parishioners: no church but Presbyterian in all the district: wealthy farmers: surface of ground covered with

<sup>1</sup> He contributed to the Repertory this year a paper on "The History of Catechizing." His other articles in the volume of 1849 were on the Baptist Controversy, on the Family of Arnauld, (as connected with Jansenism and Port Royal,) and on the Autobiography of the Rev. Dr. Ashbel Green.

rotting sea-fish, their only manure. Every serious wound leads to tetanus; same in adjacent parishes. Five times as many at church in afternoon as in morning. Farmers do not live on their farms, but in hamlets: thirteen elders, one or more in each hamlet. In the village of S—— not one male communicant, but many in the church. All these have joined in revivals. Among their ministers have been Jonathan Edwards, Dr. Buel, and Dr. Beecher. Imperturbable in old habits. Vacant, but won't accept one as candidate till he has preached for them three months. All their produce goes to Sag Harbour. These gleanings from my father. Dr. Hare's sermon, showing that baptized children are church members. Once it was our doctrine, but New England has conquered. Every now and then I hear a new word added to the college lingo: *e. g.* "Half the Junior class are taking *privates*, (*q. d.* private lessons, with a tutor, so as to keep up with Prof. Alexander's hard mathematics.) Webster's Dictionary, last edition, has all the English University terms, such as Little-go, Tripos-papers, Wrangler, Optimes, Corpus, &c. If you ever need a French dictionary, buy the last and best "French and English, and English and French Dictionary, &c., &c., by A. Spiers." 1849. PARIS. 8vo, pp. 1331: \$4: bound in France. In Boston, Little and Brown. It is under the auspices of Guizot, Villemain, and many savans and litterateurs in England and France. Agréez, Monsieur, &c.

PRINCETON, November 14, 1849.

My mind does not easily leave the death-bed scene of our dear young friend Candor,<sup>1</sup> with whom I have spent many hours of the last few days. I went from his speechless countenance to marry ——, and hurried back to find him just gone. He was ill six weeks, and never seemed to me to suffer much more in mind or body than you or I probably this moment. It was a most natural death-bed, if I may say so of what was so gracious. Perhaps a dozen hymns were sung around him yesterday up to the very cessation of his utterance: there was no loquacity or tendency to talk of his exercises, but an uncontrollable thirst for prayers, hymns, and Scriptures. I preached from 1 Thess. iv. 14, on "sleep in Jesus." His friends admitted with surprise that his fellow-students nursed him with a skill, devotion, and gentleness, that scarcely a father's house could have afforded, for so long an illness. He was one of the first minds of our house, as formerly of the college. This morning Dr. Miller sent for me, and for the first time in his life did not rise

<sup>1</sup> John Montgomery Candor, of Pennsylvania, a student in the Seminary.

when I entered. He then formally made over to me the charge of the instruction, and said, inter alia: "No, sir, my time is come. I must go to the grave; no skill of man can do me any good." He no longer drives out. Every expression connects itself with his departure. In all my life I never saw a gentler decline, or a more serene, collected, looking into eternity. Our numerous cases of illness in the Seminary have kept me in parochial service, and our pot has been constantly over the fire with beef-tea, broth, &c. One case remains. God grant that our chastening may mend us, and be removed. There is far more to reach the feelings in my Seminary connexion, than I knew of. A woman who works for us informs my wife (but for which I should not know it) that a highly respectable student of ours, a fine, cheerful fellow, boards himself at a widow's house, and that he has had one piece of meat in three weeks. This of course I will not suffer; but many a private Christian might relieve such a case, by intermitting pies and puddings for a month. Two young men have had to go off to schools.

I am giving you a very grave letter. Sometimes one reads that men may be known by their letters, and biographies go upon this postulate. Certainly it fails sometimes as to habitual moods. *E. g.* In my private hours, nine out of ten, I am grave even to a fault. In my letters I am apt to seek recreation; they are a sort of conversation. I never saw it alluded to, except by Boz, (frequently by him,) but the funniest things that ever come to my tongue's end, are in seasons of deep affliction, so that repression is needed, to save appearances. While moralizing, let me add, there is a great distinction between *grief* and *misery*; how often are we profoundly sorrowful, without being unhappy. Our adorable Lord was a "man of sorrows," and (beautiful!) גִּידוֹן הַגָּדִי, "a (familiar) *brother of grief*;" but how remote from being miserable! I am half afraid I am under some hallucination, or morbid judgment, but for several years I have sickened at the common way of outcry against specific amusements; sermons and tracts anent them, &c.: in one view all the meetings of our unconverted hearers are frivolous; but are they worst when they are merriest? This is dangerous ground, and I suspect myself; but my error is corrigible, and it surely does not grow out of any disposition to practise on the light fantastic toe. I believe, however, that sourness, moroseness, censoriousness, malice, lust, envy, and two or three other things, may eat as doth a canker in people who never danced. The hours of Inauguration Day are these, as per minutes: "Sermon be preached in the church at half-past 2 o'clock, and that the inauguration services take place in the church in the evening." 1. Sermon by

Dr. Plumer. 2. Charge by Dr. Phillips. 3. Inaugural Discourse.<sup>1</sup>

PRINCETON, December, 1849.

I found a warfare waging between Elders A—— and B——, as to whether of the twain should entertain you, [in New York.] Mr. A—— will, however, take no denial, and Mr. B—— reluctantly yields. You cannot go to a more hospitable roof than that of 40 Barclay street. Prepare to hear of perfections in your humble servant, which your lack of acquaintance has kept you from knowing. Try to see the Panorama of the Nile. Drop into Garrigue's, under Astor House, and see German Annuals, &c. If you name me to G—— or to Evans, (Putnam's salesman, son of an East India Baptist Missionary, and born in Sumatra,) they will probably do me the favour of being extra polite, as metropolitans to a cosmopolite Tridentopolite. Look (at G.'s) at Retsch, Reinecke Fuchs, and Outlines of Thorwaldsen's Statues. G. is a Dane, but speaks every thing. Dr. Raphael is making a noise among the numerous Christians who think everybody who is circumcised authorized to expound the Old Testament. M—— is still bedridden; quere: *bed-riding?* The Scotch say *bed-fast*.

Kinney [of Newark] lectured here last evening; a most ornate, eloquent, and patriotic discourse. I never heard a better of the kind. I received from a nameless person in Duane street \$200 for sick students, with a promise to sustain two poor students.

Dr. Miller has declined very gradually even till now. His greeting to my brother Samuel was, "Almost home." Take it altogether I never knew such a euthanasy. All the decorum of his long life kept up "duntaxat ad imum." Never one intrusion of doubt. Heaven has seemed just as much a-jar, as his next-door bedroom. Still in his study, among his life-long things, and still in a sort of chair, not bed. It is not four days since he ceased going to the table. He forbids prayer for recovery; longs to depart: has not seemed to have any anxiety but about the church, for a long time. Often has wept, more than of old, on spiritual matters. Greatly revived at hearing of conversions, &c. Our year's text is, *Looking unto Jesus*.

PRINCETON, January 8, 1850.

When I heard last night, Dr. Miller was almost gone; like a

<sup>1</sup> The inauguration of Dr. Alexander took place according to this programme November 20, 1849. The three discourses were published together by the Board of Directors. The subject of the Professor's inaugural was, "The value of Church History to the Theologian of our Day."

sleeping child, but knew my father. One of the boys came in as I had penned this, to say that Dr. Miller died last night about 11, a few hours after my father saw him; without any struggle, oppression, or seeming pain. The funeral is to be from the church, on Thursday, (January 10,) at 2 o'clock. It has been a great comfort to the Doctor to have his medical son with him so many weeks. The Doctor was in his 81st year. Of all the deaths I ever knew, this is the most surrounded by all the things one could desire.

[Rev. David] Trumbull gives me a volume of information about Chili: he has a wonderful eye for observation and power of making you know what he means: accost him. I am glad Valparaiso has a man of so much shrewdness. Some day get David King of our first class to preach for you. He is our Asaph, and is singularly discreet and grave.<sup>1</sup>

PRINCETON, *February 20, 1850.*

I have your full letter from Washington. You must have had a delightful time in the "Federal City," as my father, *more veterum*, still calls it. I can't help thinking the responsibility of the Union lies just now on the North. Garrison, &c., of course must feel bound in conscience to change the Constitution, and abolish slavery; but other northern parties seem to me to have some place for concession, as they are the people who cry out so against disunion. The impending evil all seems to result from the provision of the Californians, a provision which I can't help thinking was unnecessary. Nobody questions the right of a *State* to abolish slavery. Why throw such an apple of gold into the race of Atalanta?

All the United States Missionaries in India break down, but not the Britons. The Allahabad College teaches as high branches as ours. Bishop Wilson says our men there are the most learned body in India.

Schaff says a number of spicy things in his January number, [Mercersburg Review.] Among others, of "the sad and humbling experiences" of the Episcopalians "with some of their highest functionaries," in New Jersey, North Carolina, New York, Pennsylvania, and Constantinople. "All these disturbing

<sup>1</sup> Mr. King was a native of Scotland, and remarkable for the melody of his voice in speaking. In another letter he is called "the sweet singer of our Israel David King." He declined a call from the Duane Street congregation in the spring of 1850, and accepted one from Jersey City, where he was installed. His health soon failed, and he was about to take charge of a smaller congregation at Stillwater, in the Presbytery of Troy; but before his installation he was removed by death, May 15, 1853.

phenomena, besides their personal aspect, have a general significance; they are not only symptoms of a diseased church, which is pulled asunder two opposite ways, never having been able to find as a basis that wholesome mean between Rome and Geneva, which once she vaunted, but they are also a judgment concerning all overhasty and impatient attempts to buttress up Protestantism from without in a mechanical way. It is true, Protestantism is making uneasy efforts beyond itself, and struggling also in other sections, and other ways, besides that of Puseyism, towards a churchly remodelling; but its rent garment will not allow patching with a few rags from the old-clothes-room of antiquity. New wine must not be put into old bottles, else the bottles are rent, and the wine lost."

PRINCETON, *March 5, 1850.*

I don't know on whose side the shuttlecock has fallen, but I have had my hands very full of writing, having worked along to the Reformation-period, as good Mr. Pollock might say. Renewed studies of Luther have made me admire and love him more than ever. You will have heard that Mr. Schenck is having daily meetings. I fail to perceive a very deep stirring of the people's mind, or special tenderness under the Word; but thirty to forty have been to talk with the pastor, and a number are reported to be in a state of hope. It is certainly something to get large numbers willing to be approached, and anxious to hear truth; and I believe this is so. My brother William is about to set up "the Princeton Magazine;" pp. 48, monthly. Of course we shall all help. It will not exclude scientific, classical, erudite, sportive, or Jersey articles. Probably a number out three weeks hence. "Princeton in 1801," will open it, a reminiscence of my father.<sup>1</sup> The oldest graduate, S. Baldwin of Newark, is dead; class of 1770. Alexander Hamilton was his

<sup>1</sup> Twelve numbers of this magazine appeared in 1850, after which it was discontinued. The brothers James and Addison made it the repository of many of their desultory effusions. The hand of the former is seen in such subjects as "Education among Merchants," "The Prospects of the Mechanic," "The Working Man's Aim," "Wordsworth," "Le Pays Latin," "Books and Business," "Æsthetics," "Minor Works of Dr. Johnson," "Machinery and Labour," "The Physiognomy of Houses," "Letters on the Early Latin Writers," "Roadside Architecture." The sportive and ironical wit of the other brother is detected in most of the humorous pieces with which the magazine abounds. Among these is the satirical poem which soon attracted extensive notice—"The Reconstruction of Society." In a letter to the editor of these Letters, from the late Mr. Walsh, (Paris, Nov. 12, 1850,) that eminent scholar wrote—"The promise of the youth of the brothers Alexander seems to have been fulfilled. The Magazine abounds with matter which I read with keen relish."

scholar. He was here when Witherspoon came. I have fallen into a hymn-book-correspondence with Dr. Demme.

I have only within a few weeks authentically traced up my mother's mother to my g. g. g. grandfather Benjamin Harrison, born in Surry, in 1645; ob. 1713. A copy of his will is extant. It delights me to find that I have been erroneously claiming descent from Butcher Harrison, one of King Charles's judges.

PRINCETON, *March 19, 1850.*

I went to bed the night after I saw you, and have not been out of doors since. Dieting has reduced me very much. Meanwhile I have lost all but the report of the awakening here; which is very remarkable in the college. Forsyth says: "There is not a student in the whole 200+, who does not invite or expect religious conversation." The best scholars, and the very ringleaders in vice, have been prostrated. Two of the managers of the Commencement Ball, (for next June,) Virginia bloods, have proposed to do away the ball; a nuisance which the Trustees have feared to abate, and which for twenty years has drawn in even several of our less spiritual professing Christians, or their children. The whole college may be said to be temporarily seeking God. Many of these young men are the only known members of large connexions, who care about religion. In this view, when I admit some mistakes and some excitement, a great point is gained; a great amount of truth is thrown into minds of ductile youth; vice is silenced; truth is owned; discipline is re-established; even if all who seem to be converted are not so. But of all these things I have seen nothing. Thirty-nine joined the Communion; thirty reported converts are yet behind, in the village. Schenck [the pastor of the First Church] says most of the awakened say their impressions have been on them for months; this is usual. In 1844, Dr. Rice admitted thirty-eight at one time. These show as well, so far as I know, as other professors. Two Romish republican priests, a Neapolitan and a Genoese, are coming here to study, &c. I hope they will do better than previous refugees. Duncan Kennedy has a unanimous call to Duane. Coming doubtful. He is by birth a Scot. I am slowly and feebly working on a tract, long on hand, for incoming German emigrants. I desire to have it published in German, say by the American Tract Society. I have tried in vain to get something of the kind. It contemplates temporals as well as spirituals. The Eclectic Review has fallen into infidel hands; Dr. Price having yielded the rédaction in favour of a young colleague of W. J. Fox, M. P., the Socinian or Straussian preacher of London.



PRINCETON, *March 22, 1850.*

Monod's extracts (in the Presbyterian) from De Wette's preface is very instructive; I had seen the preface before. It touches your question about Antichrist.<sup>1</sup> Though in difficulty about the Man of Sin, I can't feel satisfied with any thing that reaches through so many ages. "Pantheistic Infidelity" comes near it. Schérer, of Geneva, gives up inspiration. We have an original exposé from him to Merle. He is just a Quaker, as to these things. He calls our old doctrine of inspiration a *gastro-mythic cabbalistique*; rejects 2 Peter, Jude, Revelation, (which is full of lies;) and makes, of course, nothing of the Old Testament. About sixteen out of twenty students (Geneva) go with Schérer. The "numbering of the people" gives following results:

Blacks converted (it began with them; say)	15
Presbyterian Congregations . . . . .	60
College . . . . .	40
Methodists report . . . . .	80
	<hr/>
	195

There is no abatement of the stir. About thirty-seven additional in college are serious. I observe that our butchers, bakers, and id genus, flock to meetings, and talk of little else.

A black girl (æet 13, but smart) came to me under deep and intelligent conviction; caused by [Episcopal] Rector Paterson's sermon last Sunday; she sits in his gallery. About 15—20 of the impressed in college are his hearers. Some of the most resisting and opposing persons in college, are sons of good men, and ministers. Snodgrass has admitted 100 at his new Goshen. The whole east end of Long Island is in a blaze, especially East Hampton, where there is no pastor. It was there that Dr. Buel and Dr. Beecher were settled. Everything in that isolated region remains as 200 years ago.

PRINCETON, *May 6, 1850.*

My father's Reminiscences of Patrick Henry, in the May [Princeton] Magazine, will be worth copying in newspapers. Enter Mr. M. from Baden. "Sare! You speak ze Fransch or ze German?" Mr. M. desires to study theology; has been a

<sup>1</sup> The question of his correspondent was—"Is not the 'Man of Sin' a bigger man than the Pope? Is he not the *αποστασις* of all heresy, crime, backsliding in the Church from Paul's day downwards, and appearing to the Apostle in the revelation to him of the future history of the Church, like the one great image of Nebuchadnezzar, foreshadowing many eras and heterogeneous powers? There were 'many Anti-Christ's' in John's day."

functionary in the treasury of the grand-duke of Baden. Our two Italians differ. B. has a plebeian and *patrickian* look; speaks beastly Latin, and no English; says he was Captain in the Revolution, and (I fear me) is some day to be a burden and plague to his patrons.<sup>1</sup> T. (whatever he is in heart) is eminently a scholar and a gentleman; in either capacity fit to be presented anywhere. His chagrin under the other's contiguity, is admirable. They never met till here. The ordination occurs on the very day our Examen begins; I can do no more than run down to the evening diet.<sup>2</sup> Dr. Wayland is proposing a radical reform in Colleges; just what Jefferson set on foot in his University: abolition of four-year course, mock diplomas, honorary degrees, &c. I agree in every point; and did before I left the college. A letter of Dr. W. Shippen, *penes me*, speaks of President Edwards as a "pretty gentleman," and of President Finley as "our stiff, stammering Dr. Finley."

Yesterday, five churches here had Communion. I was with the second (Presbyterian) where fifteen were added on examination. At the first, thirty-four on examination. All disappointed, misanthropic fellows seem of necessity to doubt about church efforts, seminaries, and whatever has grown up within thirty years.

The Anniversaries in New York have got to be scarcely an attraction. It is remarkable how great the proportion of New Englanders is in the crowd. They doubtless tend to keep up very strongly a certain type of religious activity. The only one in which I ever felt any religious advantage, was the A. B. C. F. Missions, which is always managed with wisdom; speakers not snatched up by accident.

PRINCETON, May 21, 1850.

On Saturday I went to New York as an escort to my honoured parents, and returned in the evening to New Brunswick. Coming homeward from New York, I fell in with M., who talked abundance of smart things, and some very good, against Agassiz and the many-race hypothesis. I tabernacled with P., where, as before, I was both humbled and edified at his extraordinary ways of making the Sabbath a delight, and teaching good things to his children. I have never been in a family in which so

<sup>1</sup> This was fulfilled. B. succeeded in obtaining a Presbyterial license as probationer, but it was afterwards revoked. T. afterwards set up an Italian paper, *Il Esule Italiano*, in New York.

<sup>2</sup> The ordination of Messrs. Horatio W. Shaw and Lawrence G. Hay, missionaries to India, which took place at Trenton, May 8th, at which service Dr. J. W. Alexander preached.

much is made of the Bible, with so little fuss. One of his boys, about fourteen, repeated a large part of a chapter in the Gospel of John, in Greek, evidently understanding it well. A boarder-boy, on Saturday evening, repeated the whole of the third chapter of Colossians.

PRINCETON, *June 3, 1850.*

You are too severe in your stricture on seminary teaching. I never heard the methods complained of as failing to make ministerial practice the daily end. Whole portions of the course have no other ingredient; as Dr. Miller's lectures on Sermons and Discipline, and the long series of teachings in pastoral theology. Other portions daily include the same, at proper places. The separate teaching of experimental religion, would be finely illustrated by our Presbyterian examinations thereanent.

West Point is as near perfect (for its ends) as any thing I ever saw. What an incomparable locality! esplanade, water, mountains, verdure, ruins, decorations! I had a pleasant day there. The music delightful; the appearance of the cadets, and the separate drill of the regulars, were up to all my imagination of that sort of beauty. The new railway along the Hudson is a convenience; forty miles an hour, sometimes.

6th.—Backwardness in Repertory copy, has driven me from epistolary to journalistic elaboration; (there's a fine modern sentence for you.)<sup>1</sup> From Duane St. people I have received, since I left them, (and all but \$100 unsolicited,) \$1,500 for Seminary wants. The panorama of Italy is the next thing to travel there. Barnum is delivering temperance lectures; will he not one day compete with — for presidentship? A seemingly crazed minister called this morning, in forma pauperis. B. is on the text "I go a-fishing." He is to settle in a new church in Brooklyn. Lanneau [Missionary to Palestine] tells me he preached eight years in Arabic. C. is going or gone to California with Spieker, the inventor.<sup>2</sup> Dr. T. declares the method new and infallible; but this does not ensure the profit of it. No other preparation, known to chemists, will solve the gold without solving the other things. A pound of black sand was given to the usual operators in New York, and a pound of the same to T. Cost of extracting by former=2. +; cost by latter less than one cent. Much of the secret is in the incredible diluteness of the liquid, which pre-

<sup>1</sup> His papers in the Repertory for 1850 were on Dr. Foote's History of Virginia, German Church History, The Reformation in Spain, Close Communion, and German Hymnology.

<sup>2</sup> Of a process for disengaging gold from the quartz, &c., which came to nothing.

vents its taking up any thing but the gold. You see diamonds are at length made in Paris.

PRINCETON, June 24, 1850.

While R. J. Walker was Secretary of Treasury, the New York collector informed him of an entry of magnificently illustrated books from France, value \$3—5,000; but obscene. W. ordered them to be instantly burnt. Importers threatened vengeance in a suit. Walker defied them. Of course they never prosecuted. — is here: "Give, give!" A certain kind of eloquence he undoubtedly has, but his stock is small. Sundry whole paragraphs repeated bodily. N. B. You will be more likely to be observed, if you do this with the *purpureus pannus*; e. g. "We have run up our flag, and we mean to nail it . . . want more nails;" (three times.) Payson's dying words (twice.) "On the borders of the man of sin . . . crevasse into Mexico" (three times.) "My Master never tells lies" (once . . . too many.) After all, I think he probably makes impression on some, even here.

I have just sent seventy-seven vols., big and little, to the embryo college of Austin, Texas. Dr. Torrey has been delivering a course of lectures on the structure, &c., of plants, all which I have attended with great delight. He used drawings, borrowed from Agassiz. You may judge of size by this: pollen-grains were in some cases represented (highly coloured) as big as large musk-melons. T. is an admirable lecturer. Neanmoins, our young collegians treated it (being non-compulsory) with contempt, the number of undergraduates towards the last being 7 . . . 15.

The article on Hymnology is clever, but absurd. Some young Oxonian, fresh from his metres. So little is he at home in his own field, that he speaks of the Reformers as having made *one* version from the old church-hymns; *Veni Creator Spiritus*. I have counted of Luther's alone, from this source, twelve; and in a hasty review of reformation-hymns, in German alone, from old Latin, 134. This is exclusive of Psalms. Of course, my gleaning is but a handful. Few people know how little originality the world possesses. Twenty-four hymns in the Methodist Hymn-book (Wesleyan) are from the German. Of some single Latin hymns, I think I can produce twenty Protestant versions.

Warn Tom [on entering College] against early acquaintance-ship. I have seen it make study impossible, by the everlasting run on one's room; and there is no possible preventive, but waiting long, and choosing one's own friends, not being chosen by them. I never saw a perfectly punctual scholar go astray. Get him to go always to the Thursday evening lecture. En

courage him to write you a weekly account of the studies, however repetitious. I think there will prove to be more in this than appears. I hope he will not neglect the French; almost all do. Wistar Hodge is talked of for Greek Tutor; he is the best Grecian I ever saw of his age. Henry has learnt more in a few months with him, than I could have thought possible. Dr. Duff is making a great impression in Edinburgh. I'll try to send you one of his speeches. Though I nauseate a little at their mutual be-praising, how much better it is, in its spirit, than our American sullenness, as to one another's good deeds, in our public bodies! How surprising, if A should laud B, or C descant on D's eloquence, or E glorify F, or G magnify H! Even if sham, this overt pulling-together gives strength to the esprit de corps, and explains the \$10,000,000 which the Free Church has raised. American preachers are getting to stand towards one another as do the doctors. Ross, the Cherokee, says they are trying for a Cherokee college. Foreman, once of the Seminary, (a native,) is very useful, preaching in both tongues, publishing Almanacs, &c.<sup>1</sup>

PRINCETON, *July 2, 1850.*

Some people say the temple of Janus is shut. Connecticut Association affirm unanimously (Bushnell and all) resolutions made in terms of catechism, imputation included. Our village is empty. You now have the new experience of the doctorate, and can agree that the half has not been told you. Indeed, the sentiments engendered by this addition to one's title are such as beggar description.<sup>2</sup> Finney is on a high horse in London. Dr. Campbell, of the Banner, puts him as high as the greatest preachers ever heard in the Tabernacle. Inquiry-meetings number 700. Lectures edited anew by J. A. James. Do not you find the grandeur of things English, as such, decreasing in your apprehension? In theology and religion, I really think we get hardly any thing from them as good as our own; while they republish all our books. What can they show alongside of Stuart, Barnes, Robinson, Nordheimer, et al.? I had a protracted meeting with V., in respect to the expected Advent; learn from him that — has demolished the Repertory, and proved N. an Atheist; that each of us ought to teach his children a manual trade; that all but Millenarians make little of Bible; that

<sup>1</sup> Rev. Stephen Foreman, now at Tablequah, Arkansas.

<sup>2</sup> Another correspondent on this occasion communicated the following admonitory anecdote: "When Mr. C., a good Irish minister, late of the Reformed Presbytery, received his degree, and was admonished by one of his good members not to be exalted above measure, he replied, 'dear madam, I feel that I need a great deal of grace.'"

other books are pretty much superfluous; that Melchizedek is Christ, (so I understood;) and that D. had settled the Advent question when he was in the Seminary. P.'s last, anent H.'s fury against old school: "A man said, 'My wife is mighty zealous, but she haint got no religion.'" Richard Rush graduated here in '97. He tells me he saw Witherspoon's corpse.<sup>1</sup> I am in heart a Quaker as to mourning; I see no harm in a simple badge, but abominate modern "mourning," above all that of females—crape, (the smell is charnelly.)

You will read Duff's speeches<sup>2</sup> with wonder at the chilliness of our Assembly. How few people get the floor in the Scotch Assembly! How little work for the chair! How few points of order! How great the power of Cunningham and Candlish! How warm and good the Moderator's closing speech!

PRINCETON, *July 18, 1850.*

Anna J., a Sunday School child and catechumen of mine, [in New York,] was put into the Rutgers Institute on a scholarship among four hundred. She has just graduated, and I see comes out prima; gold medal for best composition; ditto last year for French; high in Mathematics. I see by Knox's history, that he provided liturgic forms for ordination, &c., with prayers, in full, which are extant.<sup>3</sup>

I was struck with Brougham's saying, that one may buy a newspaper on Sunday, but not a Bible. How hard to legislate about points of conscience, and impossible to enforce! Our dead-letter laws anent Sunday-travel, profaneness, &c., ought to be overhauled, before we add to their number.

The progress of Christianity among the Nestorians is wonderful. The imagination is struck with a missionary at Nineveh, [Mosul.] Gurley's speech gives me new impressions about Liberia. Some day Australia and New Zealand will break on the world with a surprise like that which the United States is causing to Europe. A German writer, long resident in Russia, says: "The Russian life, moving rapidly eastward, will it not one day join with the Anglo-American life, moving westward, on a stage for the last act of the world's drama? When the old-world vitality shall be worn out; when Oregon and California shall play the part that England and France do now; when the American nation, in which the best blood of Western

<sup>1</sup> The Hon. Richard Rush died at Philadelphia in 1859.

<sup>2</sup> In the Free Church General Assembly of Scotland.

<sup>3</sup> In 1857 Mr. Scribner published "A Book of Public Prayer, compiled from the authorized formularies of worship of the Presbyterian Churches, as prepared by the Reformers Calvin, Knox, Bucer, and others."

Europeans mingled, shall have asserted the power of science and art over physical nature; when sail and steam-vessels sweep through the isthmian canal, and railways connect the oceans; and when the people of America by fleets and commerce touch the ancient inhabitants of Asia; then the circle of the globe will be complete, and the last leaf of history turned; and then, perhaps, will the battle be joined between the political and religious despotism of Russia and the principles of freedom and equality. When the command 'be fruitful, and multiply, and *replenish* the earth' is fulfilled, then the creation is at an end. When the command 'Go ye into all the world,' &c., is accomplished, then the work of redemption is perfect, and the Lord comes to judgment."

The negotiations between Lancaster and Mercersburg will be realized, if the German Reformers can raise \$15,000 to buy out the Lutheran share in Franklin College, and the people of Lancaster raise \$25,000 for buildings. There seems to me to be great wisdom in the German way of having no University buildings, except for libraries. The reasons for it, in a fluctuating or new country, are greater still. True, this would fix colleges pretty much in large towns. I have often thought we could not do a better thing, than to sell out our pinched seven acres in Princeton, and buy a hundred for the same money. The whole method of college "rooming" and "commons," dissatisfies me. In a village, however, it is unavoidable. Demme declines his Gettysburg chair, and they will send a committee to Germany for a man. Three Germans are to decide, viz., Tholuck, Hoffman, (the Hebraistic successor of Gesenius,) and Harless of Dresden, an old-Lutheran of the invariata school, and a pious, eloquent man. It is an attempt to win back the alienated German-Lutherans to the American-Lutheran School at Gettysburg.<sup>1</sup>

Assure "each and every" (law forms and prayers in church are my authority) of my, &c., &c.

PRINCETON, July 26, 1850.

<sup>2</sup> It would be odd, indeed, if any court should set aside as invalid an ordination ratified by our General Assembly, sitting not only as our highest judicature, but as our highest legis-

<sup>1</sup> The Rev. Dr. Schaffer, of Pennsylvania, was elected to the German Theological Professorship at Gettysburg. Lancaster remained the seat of the College Department,

<sup>2</sup> In the General Assembly of 1850 an attempt was made to obtain the disapprobation of that Court of an act of a Presbytery, in ordaining a licentiate, when but two ministers were present—the third (requisite for a quorum) having approved of all the preliminary proceedings, but being

lature, and competent even in the latter capacity to solve any informalities in declarative acts. As to the ordination by commission, it is a question simply of fact. Nobody holds such ordinations allowable under our constitution. But as to what *has been done* by Presbyterians, in all the Reformed Churches, the fact of ordination by committee is as undeniable as the fact that any one was ever ordained. The Westminster Directory says: "The Presbytery shall come to the place, or at least three or four ministers of the word shall be sent thither *from the Presbytery*," &c., &c. The Repertory has not recommended nor endorsed this well known Presbyterian precedent. The laying on of hands is only a part of ordination. The other and greater parts took place in an acknowledged quorum. If the moderator had, in pursuance of direction, laid on his hands, it would have been, to all intents and purposes, the laying on of the hands of the Presbytery. Or may not some one take exceptions, if (as often) one of a Presbytery of twenty-five is crowded out from the circle, and fails to impose his hands? You refer to Webster, and so will I. In his last speech on the compromise, he says admirably, that Congress has, by its sanction, covered and supplied all informalities in the admission of Texas. So in this case. *Quod non debet fieri, valet factum*. The Assembly censures the irregularity, and constructively forbids it. What more can any large-minded Presbyterian ask? Reordination? This would produce endless misapprehension.

Imposition of hands is so far from being the main thing to secure *valid* orders, that Presbyterians have from the very Reformation, separated from papists and prelatists, on this very point. Surely we need not be stiffer than John Knox. See the "Buke of Discipline," confirmed by General Assembly and by Parliament, 1560: "Other ceremonie than the publict approbatioun of the peple, and declaration of the chiefe minister, that the persone thair presented is appoyntit to serve that Kirk, we can nott approve; for albeitt the Apostillis used the *impositioun of handis*, yet seeing the mirakle is ceasit, the using of the ceremonie we juge is nott necessarie." This, indeed, proves nothing as to our municipal provisions; which, when censurably neglected, may, by the supreme judicatory, be declared valid, though ir-

absent at the act of ordination. The Assembly refused to disturb the ordination in this case, on account of a formal irregularity, when there could be no doubt of the validity. The remarks of the letter were called forth by some questions as to the admissibility of the decision in a court of common law, and as to lawfulness of ordaining by commission. The reference to the Repertory is to a review of the proceedings of the Assembly in the number for July, 1850.



regular ; but it is very significant as to what the Presbyterian spirit is respecting this declarative formality ; which formality is, after all, present in the act as now presented.

The minister was ordained by the laying on of the hands of the Presbytery, though some of the Presbytery were away, and though some present did not lay on both "hands." The men ordained in Knox's days were not presbyterially ordained at all, according to the narrower construction of Presbyterianism.

It is remarkable that the objections to the Assembly's decision have not proceeded in any case known to me from the older and more rigid ministers, who seem all satisfied. And it should not be forgotten that the Assembly utters no declaration, but simply admits the given acts of Synod and Presbytery, without censure. I hold the Repertory's reasons to be unanswerable.

If the preceding parts of the ordination had been by less than a quorum, the question would have been raised, which was touched in the debate, as to whether *three* or a mere *plurality* is necessary to valid ordination. Of this I might have opinions of my own, but it was not properly before the body. Strict construction can make no whit more out of Form Gov. Cap. xv. § 14. Every Lutheran or Episcopalian minister, who comes to us, is presumed to have a valid, though an irregular ordination ; here the distinction taken by Repertory is fundamental. I think there are sound reasons why acts performed but once, such as marriage, ordination, baptism, &c., should admit of being ratified, in spite of informality, even though some other acts, such as erecting a Presbytery, &c., should be annulled, with orders to repeat them in due form. This is clearly accordant with the views of the canonists, even as to Baptism.

PRINCETON, August 2, 1850.

Torrey shows me some mirabilia of infusorial shells, invisible without high microscopes ; their beauty, in form and colour, is inexpressibly *sui generis*. Yet they have passed through the intestines of Pacific fowl, being abstracted from washings of the guano. A man named Spencer, in an out of the way place in New York, has beat all the world in microscopes. The English ones cannot, like his, resolve lines 56,000 in an inch. I am sorry for the loss of the Compromise proposition in Congress. I hoped Clay and Webster would have carried it over the freesoilers and nullifiers. It seems as if One "higher than the highest" would keep the awful slavery-question among matters for his own hand.

As to the question of legal ordination, I will only observe, that "ordained minister" has been held by some of our ablest

lawyers (Ch. J. Ewing especially) to import in the acceptation of the law any accredited minister, particularly (in the case when he was consulted) a probationer. I know a case in Virginia, in which the same was held; and though hundreds of marriages have been solemnized by licentiates, none of them have ever been questioned in law, though often forbidden by church-courts. I have never talked with my father about the late case, but I know his testimony as to the facts above stated. Princeton census = —2,000. I am slowly writing "Sermons to Boys."

PRINCETON, *August 26, 1850.*

I have the letters of twenty years, exceptis excipiendis, filed and labelled: I cannot remember to have ever looked at them ten times. In no one instance has any thing of importance depended on the search. My father and Addison burn their letters. I was at the sea for a week, with less enjoyment than common. I preached in Fifth Avenue.<sup>1</sup> Mr. Donaldson drove me out to Greenwood; my first visit. The locality is unsurpassed, but  $\frac{9}{10}$  of the tombs are burlesques or blunders. Cemeteries do not arride me. The last London Yearly Meeting agreed to have plain memorial slabs, like those of the Moravians. Somewhat suddenly I have entered Henry of the Freshman class. They say the Sophomore class is a fine one. The signs of thorough drilling by the tutors are very pleasing to me; short lessons and long inquisition on them.

I am told the Boston and Andover folks regard P. with a sort of adoration. His last great discourse gives them a recipe for holding any doctrine, however repulsive. You have only to declare its strong expressions "the language of emotion." Since capital punishment is so nearly extinct in Philadelphia, it is a wonder they have so many murders. A very promising Sunday School and preaching have been started in the very focus of the Five Points. Children from 8—10 years old come to school drunk. Drunken people appear at the meetings. Mr. Hall, a worthy Methodist, owner of the Commercial Advertiser, is one of the leaders in the enterprise.

PRINCETON, *September 5, 1850.*

We had large numbers of the Black Sons of Temperance here to-day, from Trenton and elsewhere, with bands and paraphernalia; also what seemed to be the Daughters and Grandsons, in considerable force. Thus far, our accession to the Seminary is about 46. They are still coming in. I was unable to go to Dr. Cuyler's burial,<sup>2</sup> as my first exercise with the new

<sup>1</sup> First Church, New York, August 18.

<sup>2</sup> The Rev. Dr. C. C. Cuyler died at Philadelphia, August 31, 1850.

class, and my only one for the week, occurred at the hour. Our situation in this respect is more confining than that of pastors, unless where we have good long notice. We hear of the death of a valuable student, Culbertson, brother of the missionary. He left us, somewhat ailing, for a tour to the Rocky Mountains, and came back perfectly restored, as it seemed, but died of a dysentery, at his father's house in Chambersburg. He was very assiduous by the bedside of Candor, [p. 108.] We have, as usual, [in the Seminary,] several Baptists, and expect a Methodist and an Episcopalian. One of our students has been a year under Cunningham, at Edinburgh. They pretend that Castle Garden will hold 8,000 hearers of [Jenny] Lind. What an organ hers must be! The furore in New York is quite ridiculous; crowds besieging the hotel, and gaping at the windows. The boys tell me there is much excitement about North and South in college. The Whigs have elected Venable as their June orator. We have a student who will not sing any human compositions; Rouse's being perhaps inhuman. I am gratified to hear of a case of marked seriousness in college; I fear, however, this is far from being indicative of the general tone. The London papers give flaming accounts of Finney's sermons and audiences. There is no allusion to his later doctrines of perfectionism. I wonder if a day will not come, when the immense increase of printed matter will cause a reaction in favour of old-time methods, oral learning, discoursing sub dio, like that of the Athenians and the New Testament. Even in Plato's day, he was led to fear the ill consequences to human powers from overmuch reading. News is a very different affair, in daily papers and in word of mouth. We at length have a priest here; I believe they have mass in their unfinished house. The extract you give, respecting our fathers, so many years ago, is very interesting.<sup>1</sup> My good old father has not been less than 60 years a preacher; but I have never heard him preach any autobiography, self-statistics, or census of successes. If fruit was unwholesome, our collegians would all be on their backs, but they seem blessed with uncommon health. The prevalence of dysentery in some parts does not seem to have had the slightest connexion with diet.

Lisco, on the Parables, is a remarkably sensible book to have come from Germany, and very full of sermonizing suggestions, the more valuable because it avoids all straining of the parables. What a delightful negligence in Hume's style; it is the least wearying I ever read; but what nefarious perversion, and what meagerness of research!

<sup>1</sup> It has since been printed in Dr. Sprague's "Annals of the Pulpit," vol. iii., p. 610.

PRINCETON, *October 7, 1850.*

Your note was a little delayed, as the letter lay unopened till my return from New York, which capital I found much in the same state as you left it. I preached once for Dr. Potts, in compliance with a Parthian request of his. He was last heard of at St. Petersburg. Some expect him to-day in the Atlantic. He has a noble congregation. Erskine Mason is still very ill.<sup>1</sup> A Norwegian Methodist missionary, Brother Willerup, called on me on his way to Wisconsin. I heard Dr. Tyng in New York, with much pleasure. The chanting was excellent. Sermon of the most extempore sort.

I have flattering offers to write for the North British Review. I have no present thought of compliance, though I should like the £10 a sheet. Thompson, of the Tabernacle, is preaching against the Fugitive Slave Bill, (when did Bill run away?) This, and the play of Hamlet, excite much attention among the people. Old Mr. Johnstone, of Jersey City, has gone to Britain, (as the Scotch love to call it.) Five Baptist preachers attended at the baptism of my daughter. Spencer has published a volume of pastoral anecdotes and conversations.<sup>2</sup>

Washington Irving's Mahomet is a whitewashing of his hero; "jejune and elegant." Variety in sermons might be helped by an occasional history, with free bursts of remark, whenever suggested; it is remarkable how much of the Bible is history. I think Elijah and Elisha a good topic. The argument of the book of Job would make a good sermon. In general, the argument of a Sunday School book might be occasionally preached with advantage. I have been acquainting myself with Luther's sermons. Nothing can be more natural, simple, earnest, downright, practical, pungent, or affectionate. They are models of the plainest, liveliest sort; the very opposite of modern German sermons, which are as constrained in their elegant partition as a sonnet or an acrostic. I have had to look into some of these professionally; and I declare I am unable to find one, which is worthy of reperusal, except some of Tholuck's, which are beautiful warm rhapsodies. The oldest person found in our three townships by the censor, is a pauper drunkard in East Windsor, a graduate of Princeton College, æt. 96. The number of coloured people in Princeton is about 500; perhaps as large a proportion of free blacks as anywhere, being one-fourth. How little noise is made by the death of the greatest monarch of our day! [Louis Philippe.]

The Repertory's review of Park has led me to look at

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Mason died May 14, 1851.

<sup>2</sup> "A Pastor's Sketches," by Rev. Dr. Spencer, of Brooklyn.

Morell.<sup>1</sup> His doctrine is much the same as Schérer's, and is very formidably presented. I have nowhere seen so artful an assault on the common doctrine of Inspiration. It involves the denial not merely of Inspiration but of truth, in many parts of Scripture, and leaves us to sever the errors from the truth by some kind of divination or intuition. Such a belief would make me long for the popish assurances. My poor Duane Street folks make no progress. I look confidently for the stronger portion of them to go up-town, at whatever loss of property in the present building.

Addison's present duties keep him reading the text of the Bible, with versions, &c., from morning till night. The applications for ministers, from Texas alone, would absorb all the young men we are about to send out. The openings in Wisconsin are also surprisingly great.

PRINCETON, *November 11, 1850.*

I was sorry to cross you on Saturday, but I was on my way to New York, where I had not preached for a long time. I found my late charge much dwindled, though communions are seasons in which they try to make a rally. They have authorized their trustees to sell, but I know not who will buy. When old Grant Thorburn (Laurie Todd) came over to this country, it was in a vessel in which was a poor Scotch woman with a child. Grant helped to nurse the baby; who now, after sixty years, as Collector of the Port of New York, gives him a place in the Bonded Warehouse. Hereupon Grant quotes, "Cast thy bread, &c." I did not hear Miss Lind, though she sang on Saturday night. Kirkwood, the mathematician, whose newly-discovered law respecting the planetary distances, makes so much noise among the astronomers, as ranking with Kepler's and Newton's, is an humble, pious, Presbyterian elder. Stephen Alexander supposes himself to have demonstrated mathematically that all the comets, whose periods are known, were once one comet.

PRINCETON, *December 13, 1850.*

I did not mean to steal a march on you, but I was really so overwhelmed with odds and ends of business, before getting off for Virginia, that I went away almost imperceptibly, and *collo obtorto*.<sup>2</sup> Now that I have returned, safe and sound, I ought to

<sup>1</sup> "Philosophy of Religion."

<sup>2</sup> The purpose of this journey was to fulfil an appointment to preach one of the series of lectures on the Evidences of Christianity, in the University

feel thankful for exemption from all delays and all accidents. I left home on the 2d, and returned on the 12th. I never made so abrupt a plunge into Old Virginia, and the contrasts struck me mightily. Albemarle is justly reputed the best specimen of rural Virginianism. The University is flourishing; nearly four hundred students. The professors (each) have houses, but \$3,000 is the maximum of their emolument. Staying as I did within the precincts, I was pleased to observe that there was not the least rowdyism or unmannerly noise; and I was told perfect quiet prevails in their lecture-rooms. The audiences at the lectures on the Evidences are large. A voluntary meeting for prayers, by morning candle-light, is attended by about fifty. As you might suppose, much was said in Virginia about the slavery business. With one remarkable exception, I found, among a great number with whom I conversed, no man desiring disunion. All they ask is the carrying out of the Constitution, by enforcing the late law. Such is unquestionably the temper of the masses. Yet there are some terrible "fire-eaters" at Richmond, and these are making great use of the Vermont nullification. Combinations to use no northern goods, &c., are more rife than I had thought. From numbers, however, I heard the remark, that slavery could not abide safely in Virginia as a frontier State—that its doom was fixed, &c. I fell in with South Carolina people, and (at Richmond) with B——, on return from South Carolina. There the state of things is very different, for they not merely look on secession as a possible evil, but pray for it as a real good. Northern mechanics, agents, and operatives are rapidly leaving the State. The fear in Virginia among sober people, is, that South Carolina will do some rash act which will draw forth a large number of Southern States to sustain or shield her. I am convinced, from numerous conversations with leading men, that the repeal of the Territorial Law would throw Eastern Virginia into the arms of the South, and furthermore divide the State. After all I had read in the papers I was unprepared for the solemn views taken by good men of the crisis. All seem to regard bloodshed as the inevitable result. I stopped, going and coming, at Richmond, where I found Judge Cabell on his death-bed, as I fear; he is an old friend of my father, and one year his junior. At this season the flow of old Virginia good-fellowship was peculiarly delightful to me. I was almost surfeited with good things, and almost choked with end-

of Virginia, during the session of 1850–51. Dr. Alexander's Discourse was delivered December 8. Its subject was "The Character of Christ," and is printed in the volume embracing the whole course, published by Carters, New York, 1852.

less parlance. There is soon to be a railway from Alexandria to Gordonsville, by which I should be able to reach Charlottesville in two days. Other roads are in construction. The travelling on those I used is greatly better than formerly. From Fredericksburg to Richmond decidedly more comfortable than between Baltimore and Philadelphia. The scuffles for luggage are lessened, and the ease of sitting increased.

I find all as well as usual. I am struck all of a heap by the news from New York.<sup>1</sup> What Providence means I am at a loss to say. Surely I have done nothing I know of, to invite a re-call to Duane Street. What moves me somewhat is, (1,) I do not feel a special quality for teaching: (2,) I greatly miss pulpit and pastoral work. Yet when I think of tearing up again—it seems next to impossible. I am much concerned, and in real trouble of mind, and shall profit by any unprejudiced thoughts you have.

PRINCETON, *December 25, 1850.*

I wish you as many Christmases and as happy, for you and yours, as the Divine Disposer shall give in token of love; for as I grow older, I trust I sometimes look forward to something better than the years of this world. The *number* of persons subscribing for the new church is rather favourable. The place talked of is Fifth Avenue and Nineteenth street. I am puzzled and darkened by conflicting opinions. There are some who will charge me with great fickleness, if I leave Princeton so soon. The Philadelphia men will generally think it a wild and wrong move. My father and family think I had better go, on the score of health; and it is especially my father's opinion, that the measure of talent I have is for preaching. It would not be exactly like a new experiment. The people calling know me, and are known by me. The recent move reveals an amount of influence on the New York mind, which (however unmerited) deserves to be considered. I was very happy in my work, and (if I may presume to say so) was improving in it, more than I feel myself to be doing in my teaching-function. These are things I cannot say abroad, but they affect my mind not a little. *Per contra*, I have the New York hum and interruption; New York summers; leaving a delightful home and rural quietude, and academic regularity, and above all my dear old father and mother, whose decline I should covet to wait upon. These, however, are, for the

<sup>1</sup> A proposal from the Duane Street congregation to build a new church on a better site, provided Dr. Alexander would accept a call to be the pastor. Subscriptions to the amount of \$38,000 were already made, and \$32,000 offered for the Duane Street premises.

most part, *worldly* considerations; while I am impressed by the thought, that many of the reasons for return are *spiritual* in their nature. People say, "You can preach every Sunday in Princeton." So I can—but what a different thing it is! I feel lifeless in comparison. I make no new sermons. Indeed, I hardly can take my present preaching into the account.<sup>1</sup> The true comparison must be between *teaching* here, and *preaching* there. Looking as modestly and honestly at it as I can, I feel (comparatively) some aptitude for preaching; at least, I have a most undeserved acceptance—and that particularly in New York: I feel no special aptitude for teaching. In the city I drew young men around me: here, all my efforts have failed with the students, privately and socially: the difference I cannot express to you; nor is it a matter I can discuss with people generally. I know the matter of health is very uncertain, and the causes of health and disease are obscure: but I think the four to five years in New York were of as much health, certainly they were of as much working-strength, as any similar portion of my life. As you might suppose, the matter is constantly in my thoughts, and I earnestly seek Divine leading; for I know that my decision must be reviewed in the Judgment, and that if I determine on worldly and selfish grounds, I must expect a blight if not a curse. I wish to settle this question before many days.

My brother Samuel has accepted the call to Freehold. What a happy knack at speech-making Sir H. Bulwer has! Young Mr. Beers sent me some water from the Dead Sea, and some olive-wood from Jerusalem; I previously had some olive-leaves from Gethsemane, and some salts from Marah. This is almost enough to fill a *reliquarium*.

PRINCETON, January 6, 1851.

We are mercifully preserved; yet I am scarcely ever without cough this winter. Exposed as I was during my journey, [to Virginia in December,] I had a respite then. They talk of sending me to Europe.<sup>2</sup> From my imo pectore, I say, I have no wish to go. Perhaps it might be good for my health. The impulse to write sermons has come over me very strong, and I have two half done. There is no employment I ever found so uniformly agreeable. It looks as if we never should have a cisalpine Assembly again.<sup>3</sup> How different from the days when we used

<sup>1</sup> In 1849 he preached 80 times; in 1850, 49 times.

<sup>2</sup> He had signified his willingness to accede to the New York call, and resigned his professorship in the following February, but continued to act until April 30. It was also determined that he should take a voyage before entering upon his new duties.

<sup>3</sup> The Assembly of 1851 met in St. Louis, that of 1852 in Charleston.



to see the leaders of the church in the long pulpit of old "Market Street."<sup>1</sup> If they set up a cheap paper, they will doubtless centre it somewhere in the West. Dr. Lindsly is about removing to New Albany. I have peculiar pleasure in A. A. Hodge's unanimous call to Kirkwood, [Maryland.] [Rev. William H.] Ruffner preached yesterday at Penn Square.<sup>2</sup> Gough is less talked of than formerly; I should like to hear him again; it is a great treat. I should have had no scruple about hearing [Jenny] Lind, though I suffer no regrets, and my appetency was not strong; I was in New York one night that she sang, also at Jones's Hotel, Philadelphia, with her, and again in Baltimore. I believe all our cloth went in New York. A happy New Year to you all from us all.

PRINCETON, January 23, 1851.

I hardly know how to speak of ——'s death. It came on us like a thunderbolt. The agonizing thought, when such an event occurs, is, *Perhaps I might have saved a soul from death!* What plainness, labour, and earnestness it ought to give us in preaching!

PRINCETON, March 7, 1851.

I think if I am favoured with a safe arrival at Paris, I shall prefer Walsh to ——, with or without the fasces.<sup>3</sup> My present hope is to go by steamer, about May 15. You have fair notice to have your trunk packed, your supply engaged, your French overhauled, &c. The architects begin to visit me, and I feel my utter impotency, in judging of plans and styles. I wish a lot could be used to settle it. You express just my views of biography. How much of the Bible is history; and how much of the history is biography. No other reading so much shows me to myself, or so much stimulates me. As we grow older, do we not find a pleasure in the lesser lines of character? seeing differences which formerly did not strike us; just as we learn to detect handwritings, which to children are all alike, and to *idiota* are unmeaning. If a botanist loves to collate flowers, how much more, &c., &c. I will borrow for you the Life of good old Bengel, which will much please you. N. B. To introduce into our sermons more biography; I mean detailed pictures of characters; not for ornament, but for searching—to hold the mirror up to nature. Models in Bible, Prov. xxxi. The Hireling. Several sketchy

<sup>1</sup> The First Church of Philadelphia.

<sup>2</sup> The Seventh Church, Philadelphia, of which he was afterwards the pastor.

<sup>3</sup> Mr. Walsh had been superseded in the American Consulate.

portraits in the Psalter. Some nice volumes might be made for our Board, by collecting a number of Christian biographies. Proudfit is on a History of the Huguenots; also is about to edit some specimens of St. Basil in Greek. Some of our students take down all the lectures in short-hand. I tried a man to-day, by reading aloud from a book to him; he succeeded well. What an ignoble business this stopping of the House of Refuge is, which is attempted in our [New Jersey] Assembly. Dr. H. brings excellent accounts of Ripley's doings in Burlington. The Quaker body there seems to be breaking to pieces. Burt is doing admirably well in Springfield, Ohio; he has a Bible-class of sixty-five. At Williams College the President preaches one evening each week, and Prof. Hopkins another. The whole Senior class learns the Shorter Catechism, which Dr. Hopkins expounds; and it is a regular part of examination for degrees. I wish I could see a school in which the Bible should be taught every day.

Apropos: since Watts's Catechisms went out, we have had no syllabus of Bible history to give children and young people. My father made some attempts, but the way is still open. Such a book, going over the *whole* narrative, without much remark, would sell by thousands. The demand for such a book would continue. If this snow comes, which I feel in the air, perhaps we may have some sleighing yet.

PRINCETON, *March 28, 1851.*

If you hear any thing about Walsh, let me know. I am trying to brush up my French, on which I shall have to rely, upon the Continent. [Rev. John] Lord begins a lecturing here on Monday. [Mr. David] Lord proposes \$1,000 in three prizes, to be raffled for, by essays, pro and con, upon the great apocalyptic question. He makes the rider of the white horse to be the early preachers; and of the red to be prelacy. He is very severe on Brown's late anti-millenarian book. Bethune's new church [Brooklyn] is to have no windows in the sides. The "Union Committee" of New York is doing a harm to the public conscience, by circulating sermons and addresses, denying all right of private judgment, on matters adjudicated by Cæsar. Dr. L. maintains that in matters properly civil we have nothing for it but to submit passively. Illinois is about making all contracts with negroes void, besides forbidding them the State. Gov. Young told me, last week, that they are migrating in vast numbers to Canada, for fear of the late law. It is a wonder more are not urged to Liberia. I will try to send you "London Poor and London Labour," [by Mayhew.] It is rich.

The modern German writers agree that the James of Jerusalem was not the surviving apostle, but a third of the name. Look at the places; you will find it an interesting question. Schaff thinks he was the son of Mary, one of Christ's "brethren," who did not believe; who continued unbelieving till Christ's resurrection; so explaining what is certainly a strange specification, 1 Cor. xv. 7, "after that he was seen of *James*." He gets over Gal. i. 19, by a grammatical turn, analogous to John xvii. 12, "*but* the son of perdition." Nevin seems to incline to the opinion, that God would have been incarnate, independently of the entrance of sin. I have seen circulars, &c., showing that the project of bringing the Great Exhibition, palace and all, to Governor's Island, in 1852, is in actual preparation. Some hotel-men in New York have subscribed \$5,000 each; and the railroad companies are invoked. The palace and its freight will cost \$300,000.

PRINCETON, *April 15, 1851.*

A telegraphic despatch carried me, on ten minutes' warning, to New York on Saturday, to see a sick and bereaved lady. I heard a Methodist sermon on Sunday morning. I was also at Trinity Church. Dr. Hodges, on the organ, and their choir of boys, I found transcendent. The *Benedicite* was chanted so as to meet every demand of my feelings. The service was read by a drone. It seems to be their plan to make it as hum-drum as possible. After having submitted a number of plans to me, my subscribers have chosen one (Draper's) which I have never seen. It is said to be handsome. Dr. George Maclean is to be my steamer-companion. He goes abroad for health, and to see his Scotch cousins. Schaff has given me a round-robin to about twenty of the German great ones. I am like to have plenty more letters than I can deliver. Ruskin's new book upon "Sheepfolds" is really an attack upon Puseyism. It is well worth reading. Schaff has published the first volume of his Church History in German. It is an enormous book, and will make ten volumes, 8vo, at the rate he has begun. It is learned and moderate.

PRINCETON, *April 30, 1851.*

I this day heard my last recitation. There is something sad in these "Last Things." The African items in the last Missionary Herald are very exciting. The head of the Nile seems to be in sight. A number of young blacks here are thinking of Liberia. A hint towards sermons: make a sermon, one for each, on the different states and stages of mind and character among people not converted, yet not altogether hardened. *E. g. 1.* The occa-

sionally awakened. 2. Those who are already somewhat thoughtful. 3. Those who have gone back. 4. Those who are deeply concerned. 5. Those who are so for the first time. 6. Those who see obstacles to coming to-Christ. 7. Those who occasionally hope. 8. Those who are overwhelmed with a sense of sin, &c., &c. I see by Samuel Davies's Journal that his return voyage from England took him three months. Get hold of a paper, and read Sir Henry Bulwer's speech at the St. George's dinner in New York. It is full of sparkle. Hamilton is said to be the writer of the article on Doddridge in the North British Review. I wish this new invention about spinning flax by steam could come true; it would be a death-blow to cotton-slavery. Our anomalous political state, as to this question, seems to offer no light in the future. I pity the poor free negroes from my heart; and wish we had taken a more generous course in regard to their church accomodation.

PRINCETON, *May* 16, 1851.

The time is fast approaching, when I must again cease to begin my letters with the formula at the top of this page. For some days I shall be a good deal occupied, and not much in writing-humour. With a blessing on my ways, I will write as often as I can from the other side. Yesterday I went on board, and surveyed my quarters. The affair is colossal. I do not mean the state-room, which, nevertheless, is more roomy than I had imagined. I shall probably leave this place on Friday morning. Dr. George Maclean, my chum, has arrived. Dr. Potts (who is a judge) says he never knew the power and richness of the human voice, till he heard the Greek priests chant at Moscow. I am recalling my "twenty pence is one and eight-pence," and trying to compare pounds and guineas, &c. After lucubrating awhile over my French, I resolved to go on the "crescit eundo" plan. When speaking on the Paris platform, I must endeavour not, like a great preacher, to eulogize *eau de vie* instead of *l'eau de la vie*. Fearful prognostications have I of sea-sickness, which I almost had, by way of rehearsal, on descending into "the sides of the ship," and sniffing the school-house smell of the snuggeries. It seems a sardonic mockery to have such spacious, sumptuous saloons, all plush, gold, panel, paintings, mirror, damask, &c. Let your thoughts be sometimes on me and mine, and mine will on you and yours. I get more and more repugnant to my voyage as the time approaches. We are likely to have 300 passengers.

## CHAPTER XI.

LETTERS DURING HIS FIRST VISIT TO EUROPE.

1851.

OFF CAPE CLEAR, *June 3, 1851.*<sup>1</sup>

THROUGH God's mercy I am here on the Irish coast, in our eleventh day. It has been a perpetual delight, without accident, hinderance, or "evil occurrent;" without pain, alarm, sea-sickness, languor, low spirits, or weariness; with as delightful a company as ever was thrown together, with sumptuous entertainment in a floating palace. Will you believe it—our 141 passengers have been like a loving family. Since the 25th we have had solemn and delightful worship every night, and services both Sabbaths. On each I preached once. I suppose we sang forty complete hymns on Sunday night. Mr. Tupper and Dr. Mütter<sup>2</sup> have won my everlasting thanks and regard for the bold and noble manner in which they came out for religion. Tupper sets the tune at worship.

All my anticipations of the Atlantic have thus far been more than realized. I have seen a whale and a paper-nautilus, and several icebergs. The ship-people=140, of whom seventy are connected with the steam. We burn seventy tons of coal a day, and sixteen men are employed feeding our fourteen furnaces.

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Alexander embarked in the steamer Arctic, Captain Luce, at New York, on the 24th May, 1851. In filling up this chapter I have not been limited to the letters addressed to myself, but have also had the use of those addressed to different members of his family. It was indeed the plan of his correspondence, that what he wrote to one of his friends should be circulated among the rest, and then collected as the journal of his tour. Several other letters were addressed by him, during his journey, to the editors of "The Presbyterian," Philadelphia. I should add that what is given in this chapter is but a meagre selection from the materials.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Martin F. Tupper, author of "Proverbial Philosophy," and the late Professor Mütter, of the Jefferson Medical School of Philadelphia.

Think of its being daylight here at 2 A. M. ! On the banks of Newfoundland we had fire, and slept under full winter covering. Mr. Tupper is the most merry, open-hearted creature in the world, and fraught with classical learning. I have his autograph of his own proverb: "A babe in the house is a well-spring of happiness."

*June 4.*—I just now had the first glimpse of Britain; it is Bardsey Island, in Caernarvon. Beautiful clearness of atmosphere. The blue sea has become green in soundings, but we have the gray heaven of England and not an American azure.

I have had frequent opportunities of religious exhortation, and was never more blessed, than on this voyage, with willing ears. I am sorry to say my health was publicly drunk at the closing dinner on board, "for his services as chaplain." Tupper made a speech, and various poems were recited.

LIVERPOOL, *June 4, 1851.*

My first step in England! We were half a day getting through the customs. They even dutied my sermons. The weather is smoky, muggy, and cold, about like our March, without any keenness. For the first time I see beautiful hawthorn blooms, both white and red. Liverpool buildings are high, solid, massive, every thing on a scale of majestic strength, without beauty.

On the 6th we go up to London with Dr. Mütter, who has been several times abroad, and is acquainted with several of the chief nobility and clergy. Mr. Tupper has given me some valuable letters, and offers to present me to the Presbyterian Duke of Argyll. The beauty of the rural environs surpasses all my imagination. Every charm of verdure, birds, flowers, and luxurious landscape-gardening, appears in this spring-like weather. Americans meet us, almost literally, at every corner. I suppose we have fifty in this house, (Adelphi.)

LONDON, *June 6, 1851.*

The season is transcendent. How can I ever describe the fairy-land we have come through this day! I had fancied much, but it is nothing to the reality. Green, green, green! Such green as I never thought of, bathed in an atmosphere of delicious moisture, a playful mixture of tiny rains and sunshine. Castles, parks, hedgerows, rivers, Trent and Avon, Cowper's birthplace and scenes, cottages, rookeries, larks. Some parts of Warwick, Herts, and Nottingham, with the approaches by Harrow, are like one's dreams of Eden. We were ten in party,

all friends, Americans; and all day no foot entered our (railway) carriage but our own. The order, the ease, the respectfulness are marvellous. I have not in several days seen a moment of hurry.

The climate is wet but lovely. You can walk all day. The sun seems to be under a fender. I have walked miles to-day in my great coat, and been in half a dozen rains; but the rain seems to be playing, and sometimes stops before you raise an umbrella.

LONDON, *June 8, 1851.*

Where should a man go on Whitsunday but to St. Paul's? I fancy half the auditory was American. The nave is boxed up for approaching fête of charity children. Service in the choir. Every thing chanted. I place it clearly at the top of all music I ever heard. The voice of the basses and of the trained boys, the organ, the modulation, and the universal enunciation, surpass my highest dream of church-music. Milman preached. Large parts of antiphonal song from invisibles in loft. I could not, by search, see one man or boy among the surplices who listened to one word of the sermon. After singing like angels (I never heard such voices) the dogs would sit in their high oaken stalls, and play all manner of pranks.

For an omnibus had to go down to Bank. My heart went pit-a-pat at the corner-names: Bread street, Poultry, Cornhill, St. Swithin's, Eastcheap. Chat with six policemen, seventeen yesterday; all the same—polite, even benignant; 4,000 now in London. I have never failed to say I was American. Effect all the same—overflowing kindness, with abject ignorance of the United States. Birds sing by hundreds in these parks. One is always near a friendly guide in the police. They never tire, and especially aid foreigners. The placards show a great prevalence of religious affairs. Sermons advertised in all languages. Old London rises before me, where I see the Tower, Billingsgate, Lambeth, Old Jewry, and Upper Thames street. I love to lose myself in the culs-de-sac and inn-yards opening in Cheapside and Aldersgate street.

Our hotel (Euston) is at the terminus of the North-Western Railway. There are indeed two of them, quite alike, with a *place* between them. No bar. Large coffee-rooms, columns, curtains, head-waiter like a clergyman, speaks French and Spanish; no loud syllable spoken; tables far apart. Sparrows numerous in our court, which is clean as a parlour. I heard Dr. Hamilton at 6½ P. M. Mean, large church. Like every minister here, he has trimmed whiskers. Gown and band.

Subject: Eternity of hell-torments. Able, faithful, tender, original, and not flowing. Voice gentle, but intonation positively shocking. No gesture but with head and body. Voice dropped on every cadence, several notes lower than the expected one, with an effect that is horrible. Deep solemnity in people, as much as in any revival. Precentor. All sing, but hideously. People all sit down a minute after blessing, which is delightful. Alms at the door.

Nothing so amazes me as the order of the streets. Even by the river-stairs and in Southwark, no fuss, no groups of b'hoys, nothing like loud laughter. Indeed the policemen, with their handsome uniform, are everywhere; as grave as clergymen, and constantly helping some one. Around the Crystal Palace for some squares, no one is allowed to stop and chat, but the notice is given thus: "Excuse me, Sir; I have indulged you as long as my orders allow; you will find it agreeable to walk on." Common people all say *could* for *cold*. Everybody says 'ouse, *believin*, and 'bus. If you want a cabman you hollow *keb!* In Liverpool I had my watch, once my father's, set to English time at the shop where it was made, as the number (6,900) showed, in 1804; they now number 59,000 and odd. Everybody expresses assent by "quite so," and no sentence seems complete without "you know," (*naow*.) All words like "member," "waiter" are almost spondees, "waitarr." "Hear" and "year" are "hyurr" and "yurr." The favourite drink is 'alf-and-'alf, or ale and porter. The bell is always answered by a chambermaid, a comely person in a cap.

On the 7th I was in Westminster, and surveyed the courts of law. In Chancery, Lord Truro, sniffing camphor or the like, as if sick. In Vice Chancellor's court, Sir J. Knight Bruce sitting. In Queen's Bench, Lord Campbell, Sir J. T. Coleridge, &c. Lawyers crowded in pews, like people in church. The wigs looked like making fun. The gown and band were becoming. The queues of the barristers' wigs like floured rat-tails.

LONDON, 142 STRAND; June 10, 1851.

This is in Old London, the only London that I care for. I have had a couple of good days, one at Greenwich Fair and hospital, and one at Windsor and Eton. My whole day-light I spend, rain or shine, (mostly rain,) on the tops of omnibuses. In my opinion a lady might journey all over rail-road-England, with as much safety as she could go from Trenton to Princeton. In the carriages all is exactly as if you were in your private coach. No passing through. No outcry; the whole mien that of genteel, deferential servants.



I attended the Crystal Palace Exhibition for the first time to-day. I was chiefly attracted by the Fine Art department. The sculptures are innumerable. The only ones which greatly impressed me, were Italian, but placed, alas! under the sign of "Austria." A number of fine ladies, perhaps noble, were trying to lift a little boy up to see the great diamond. I gave my place and offered to hold him. The lady looked surprised—such things are not done here—but when I said "I have such another 3,000 miles from here," she complied and thanked me with much grace. No respect is shown to sex. No one gives place to a lady as such. There is great respect, however, to every one in public, for they do not know but the man in plain dress is a lord. The beautiful skin and teeth of all classes, except artisans, keeps me admiring. The gray hair, even of quite young ladies, is universally exposed. It strikes you, when you see it repeated among ten thousand. Whitsun holidays have brought the provincials in by shoals. You would laugh to see *vans*, or long and wide cars, crammed full of rosy lads and lasses, perhaps thirty in one, riding twenty and thirty miles for sixpence. My Virginia friends agree that they never saw such horses as came up to London. They are like elephants in the brewers' drays. I understand better now what Dickens and the Earl of Carlisle mean by calling the Americans a *grave* people. At these fêtes of Whitsun-week the whole *bourgeoisie* seem to be pleasuring, all on a broad grin, all gratified, and without strong drink or any rowdyism. Nurses and young mothers, with little children, go seven miles by water, and stay all day amidst thousands. Every time I lift my eyes from this paper, I see St. Paul's. I blame myself for contemning St. Paul's. How gloriously it predominates over every part of the city! Temple Bar and Charing Cross are pleasantly near. I have seen the paintings at Hampton. You know my peculiarity as to portraits; but these are the men themselves, as they lived and moved. Corregio's enchanted me more than any before I knew they were his. The very clocks and furniture of 1536 are at Hampton. The horse-guards passed me to barracks, in Hyde Park, in the rain, cloaked, and each leading a second horse. There are always two regiments on duty, picked men, six feet high. They are just as polite as the police. Every common man I have talked with, wishes to go to America. The last cad that took my sixpence asked me "is not New York in Philadelphia?" Another, when I said I was a foreigner, said: "Ay! you must be talkin' hyperbolic. I suppose you know the meaning of the word; you may be a furriner to *London*, but you're an Englishman born."

Windsor Castle covers thirty-two acres. The park (see

Midsummer Night's Dream) looks endless. Green, green, green, velvet, emerald, no break in the verdure—a prairie covered with trees, such as you have often heard described. One broad avenue of oaks and elms reaches three miles. My first rapture in a Gothic edifice was in St. George's Chapel. All words must fail to express its awful beauty; no gloom, no sombre colours, all bright from the cream-coloured stone columns and arches, rising into vaults of fearful grace. In the church is the group of statuary forming a monument to the Princess Charlotte. The grief expressed by the veiled, prostrate, dishevelled creatures, makes me shudder when I recall it.

I next went across to Eton. These little old towns are indescribable. High street is a place to dream of. Nobody ever told me how pure and clear and wide the streets were, nor how low were the houses, nor how nice, quaint, cheerful, and roguish-looking. Some breathe the very spirit of Chaucer. Then the College! I cannot express how my musings went back, in those cloisters. The trees, the pavements, the Master's (Hawtrey's) house, with comical gables peeping out of the deep green; the boats in great numbers on the sweet narrow Thames, rowed by the boys, the cricketers with gowns and coats thrown off.

England is a more flowery country than I thought. The roadsides are besprinkled with endless bloom, often as much so as any garden walk. The green is so dense that girls at work in fields sometimes seem as if in waves of a river. Ancient footpaths wind far away where there is no high road, gravelled and even paved.

LONDON, *June 13, 1851.*

Last night I went to the House of Commons, and heard Cobden, Hume, Baring, Admiral Berkeley, &c. All spoke alike: all had a stammer, save Cobden; all colloquial, rapid and sometimes funny. The noise was tremendous. I had no notion before of the ironical cheers, which are a yaw-yawing you would hardly distinguish from dogs. I am not desirous to go again.

After all my study of the localities, I can hardly believe my eyes. Such dark, dim, tall, narrow, winding ways—plainly just so for ages. Here is Watling street, part of an old Celtic road all across Britain. The places are redolent of Saxon times. Buy Cock Robin at Newberry's Corner. Newberry has been dead sixty years. Peep into yards of old inns. Heavy carts of country carriers and broad dialect. I pushed into Doctors' Commons, and had a dozen touching their hats and offering to find a proctor for me, to show me the cells of the wills, &c.

Serjeant's Inn is another close. But the most awakening is the Temple, Middle and Inner, which surprises me by its insulation, retirement, and sweetness. Templars here in 1184!

*June 14.*—[After visiting Covent Garden market, St. James' Park, hearing the Queen's band, and seeing the Queen and Prince Albert pass, he spent the rest of the day at the Crystal Palace.] I was about to retire at 4, when I saw the Duke of Wellington. Exceedingly trim in dress, new hat, white stock with broad silver buckle. No greatcoat. A handsome woman was on his arm—wife of one of the Commissioners. The crowd stood off with peculiar delicacy. The Duke turned into the American department, and stood half an hour, within six feet of me, listening to a detailed description of Day and Newell's (New York) lock. He gave fixed attention, and asked some questions. He is evidently the idol of the people.<sup>1</sup>

I have three tickets to a *Conversazione* on the 16th, signed by the archdeacon of Middlesex, "to afford foreign pastors, and other religious foreigners, opportunity to become acquainted with the clergy and such lay members of the Church of England, as take a special interest in its affairs."

I had my shoes blacked in the Park for one penny, by a boy in a blouse, marked "Ragged School Society of Shoeblacks, No. 35."

You cannot think how deeply I was affected, when looking over the exhibition in the French department, to see at a type-founder's platform the Chinese types of the "Presbyterian Board of Missions," especially as four of the Executive Committee are here this moment.<sup>2</sup>

*June 16.*—I found Dr. Hamilton at his house in Gower street, who received me with indescribable cordiality. I am pained to think how few there are whom I have ever received with as much. He is a tall, thin, American-looking man, with the gentlest, sweetest, most innocent manners. He gave me the latest "Presbyterian," which completes my news anent the Professorship, [in Princeton Seminary.] He gave me two books for —, with his autograph. Then he took me into the next room, and introduced me to Dr. Sandberg, Professor of Church History at the University of Lund, in Sweden.

I then proceeded through a maze of streets to Carlton Terrace. I found No. 9, and saw the arms of Prussia on the house of the Chevalier Bunsen, and entering found a number of persons waiting in the ante-chamber. The big-legged footman, in

<sup>1</sup> The Duke died on that day fifteen months.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Jacobus, Mr. Lenox, Mr. Soutter,—I do not know who was the fourth.

blue and gold, took my card and instantly came back, taking me in precedence of all the rest. He received me in a long, lofty library-office, looking out on the corner of St. James' Park. He is a noble-looking man, somewhat corpulent, with a blue eye, temperate but ruddy skin, and fine teeth. He took me as unceremoniously by the hand as you would have done, and led me rather gaily towards a sofa, seating himself at one end. He began at once with great fluency, elegance, and heart, in excellent English. He had read a letter which I had placed in the hands of Mr. Kennedy, respecting German emigration. After hearing me on this topic, he entered on religious subjects, spoke of the iron extremes of Anglicanism, and of hymnology, and presented me with a copy of his own book of hymns and prayers, with this inscription, "To Rev. Dr. James W. Alexander, as a token of Christian regard. J. Bunsen. Carlton Terrace, 16 June, 1851." He offered me letters to Germany, which I declined, begged me to come again, and kept me there till a German, apparently of rank, came in. I observed open at his standing desk a Greek copy of Origen.<sup>1</sup> There is no trace of stiffness in his manner, and his reception of me was not only affable but loving. Tears stood in his eyes several times during our interview. I suppose he felt that he could entirely unbend with a foreign Christian.

Going at random into Westminster Abbey, I found the Bishop of London preaching before the famous old Society for Propagating the Gospel. Among the first words I heard were, "the United States of America." It has been so everywhere. Our republic seems to be perpetually in the mind of England. I went a second time to Westminster Hall. The speeches are eminently condensed, scholarly, and colloquial; more of a dialogue than any thing known among us. The barrister or solicitor is not allowed to deviate an instant. All the English speak alike, and almost all affect a stammer which gives an odd emphasis. On my return I looked in at the old Savoy church, with respectful remembrance.

I am now convinced that I must leave this most noble of cities, not only unlearned, but unvisited in a score of most important places. I could this minute name thirty which it would take a week barely to *go to*.

<sup>1</sup> It was about this time that Mr. Bunsen was preparing his Letters to Archdeacon Hare on Hippolytus, author of the recently discovered book ascribed to Origen. The first volume of his large work on Hippolytus did not appear till 1853.

PARIS, June 19, 1851.

We left London at 9½ this morning, and here we are (at midnight) in Paris, after a journey of 345 miles. Feel the climate to be like that of America; it is from winter to summer. The delightfulness of seeing the sun and feeling the warmth is indescribable. The ride through Picardy is flat and monotonous, but verdant, cultivated, and delightful. Sometimes thirty windmills at once. No fences, few hedges, many ditches. All roads and ditches lined with pollard trees. Almost always in sight of a Norman church predominating over the flat but cosy hamlet. I never saw any thing more lovely than the groups of villagers in the summer evening. Immense herds of cattle and flocks of sheep. Our way was through forty-six towns and villages.

21st.—Hotel Meurice. Right across is the Garden of the Tuileries. The shade is beyond all I ever dreamt of: it is almost like night. There is not a blade of grass, but the ground is baked and trodden hard. Children in any quantity in the garden, with their *bonnes*; not so chubby and cherubic as the English, of whom also there are many. I saw 30,000 men reviewed by the President [now Emperor] in the Champ de Mars. I was in an open calèche, with Mr. R. L. Stuart. Louis is not great-looking, but modest and soldierly, and “un bon cavalier,” as our driver said again and again. Jerome was on his left. The troops of Paris are 100,000. There were 180 drums. The soldiers singly look mean, but in mass are incomparably fine. We drove back along the quays, and so across by the Elysées and Place de la Concorde. This is probably unequalled on earth. On one side the Madeleine, on the other the Chamber of Deputies. There is no longer any aristocratic wealth in France. One-quarter of an hour in Hyde Park reveals more grandeur than all France can show. The women of Paris are the ugliest and the prettiest I ever saw. The general impression on me is, that England is the cleanest and France the dirtiest nation in the world.

June 22.—Lord’s Day, but no Sabbath in Paris. They were painting this very house, and tearing down buildings not far off. All the shops are open. It is a great Romish feast, the *Fête-Dieu*. As time allowed, I went into the church of St. Mary of Loretto before Protestant service. It was full, each paying two sous for a chair. High mass. Various bands of singers, boys and men. Processions round and round with the host. Perhaps fifty priests, arrayed in purple and gold. Two beautiful young priests, in graceful white robes, with pink sashes, carried the censers. Four little children, in same apparel, scattered rose-

leaves. Twenty-four novices, girls, all in white, veiled, carried candles six feet high. An orchestra of perhaps fifty instruments on the north side of the choir, the leader making all the motions, just as in a theatre. The pyramidal band of priests at the high-altar, moved and changed and turned and parted with all the complication, but with all the regularity of a cotillon. The Gregorian chant by voices like Russell's, [deep bass,] all like one voice. I never in all my life felt such grief and indignation at the "man of sin." Architecture, painting, and music, here combine in their highest point to make Christ's cross nothing but a stupendous plaything. The hundreds of tapers, and the indescribable gorgeouslyness of the chasubles, &c., and the wailing, soul-entrancing music, all belong to the wine of incantation of the scarlet woman. May God destroy this Babylon with the brightness of his coming!

Thence to the Oratoire. I hoped to hear Mr. Adolphe Monod, but found Mr. Coquerel in the pulpit. He is an eloquent Socinian, and a fine-looking man. Text: "Who gave himself for us." Doctrine: Unity of belief is impossible; unity of morals is what Christ died for. He is a consummate orator. No notes. Large, respectable assembly. They sang the old Beza-Marot psalms to the old tunes. People all stood most reverently during prayer.

*June 23.*—To the National Assembly. Saw Lamartine, Cavaignac, Coquerel, Leroux, Berryer, Odillon Barrat, Girardin, Lamennais, and some others. I never heard such a noise. A hundred would be talking as loud as the orator. Coming away I joined company with a priest. Told him I was a Protestant. He said, "N'importe, monsieur, vous etes Chrétien." He was polite, as every one is. No one enters a café or an omnibus without salutation.

*June 24.*—One month from home. It seems a year, but a year of delight. For the first time I can say my cold is better. Soldiers have now become as familiar as flies. Paris is more like an American city than London. It is filthy and has abominable stenches. But there are thousands of flowers and birds here, which cannot be said of any American city. O what a meeting, Sunday evening, in the little chapel Oratoire! Adolphe Monod—"God is Love." Huguenot women in caps. Old Psalm (103d)—old tunes. It was an hour to be remembered for life.

Mr. Rives gave me a distinguished reception, called in person, and has written me two notes, and given me entrance to the diplomatic box at the National Assembly. Tea at Dr. Monod's, with Bridel, and several others. Good Christian even-

ing. I conducted prayers and expounded. I had previously spent an hour with Adolphe Monod. We ran together like two drops. I am to be at his soir e on 26th, where perhaps I meet Lady Trotter, sister of the Marchioness Normanby. All ranks of evangelical people meet here like brothers. All ranks are equally polite. I never hear or see any thing in the streets which would be rude in our parlour. The persuasive, deferential, affectionate tone of their voices, especially the women, is surprising. But every one dreads an outbreak, and then they become tigers. Such flowers and fruits I never beheld. The flower-market near Madeleine, beats Covent Garden hollow. The poorest, meanest things in Paris, are arranged with taste. A fruit-window is a perfect still-life picture. A half sous stick of cherries is pretty enough to take home. You must imagine what it must be when they lay themselves out to be ornamental.

June 27.—My days are spent in rambling, : for the things I want to see differ from the common sights. I have been in the principal churches, have heard masses enough to keep my soul in repose (if they have any such virtue) a thousand years, have seen paintings till I weary of them, have sought out the burial-places of some great men, some Protestant antiquities not commonly visited, and have learned to hate Popery more intensely than ever. At two soir es I have good opportunity to scan the customs of Parisian Christians. I have never seen any thing more simply elegant or affectionate. In both instances we had prayers before tea. Last evening a company of about thirty united in singing a hymn, hearing chapter, and offering a prayer—all in French. I have passed much time in the *Pays Latin*, or region of the old colleges and convents, and in rummaging the antiquities of Paris. When I plunged into the oldest, narrowest streets, &c., of the Seine, I have most that attracts me. My uniform method is to hire a coup e and sit with the driver. This teaches me more French than a week of solitary walking. Then I make an excuse to sit half an hour in some cool shop and chat in my bad French with the smooth-tongued Parisians. I have to-day visited with great curiosity the markets which had escaped me. Strawberries as large as English walnuts are abundant for money. Both in England and Paris the most beautiful butter is universally set before us in pats about as large as two dollars laid together. No spot has attracted me so much as the Louvre. If it were Christian so to do I could spend hours there daily for a year. Yet I do not enjoy Paris as much as London. One I admire, the other I love. Except their poor, ignorant nonsense about slavery, I saw hardly any thing in England which I did not like.

PARIS, June 30, 1851.

Yesterday was the Lord's day, the octave of Fête Dieu, (Corpus Christi,) a day specially devoted to the idolatry of the wafer. I felt it my duty to go to the Madeleine before worship. How can I make you conceive the worldly grandeur and beauty! It is the greatest of modern churches. It is more beautiful outside than St. Peter's. Conceive of a Greek temple of massy marble: images on images by the greatest sculptors, many times as large as life, all outside. Hangings of velvet, purple, and gold between the columns. Ancient tapestries hung outside the walls, within the vast pillars. Inside, the smell of millions of flowers. It is called the *fête des fleurs*. If I saw one bouquet I saw ten thousand. You cannot imagine the art in their disposition. The high altar was so backed by a forest of flowers, that the singers were perfectly concealed. Scores of priests, deacons, boys in graceful albs with pink girdles; scores of girls all veiled, all white for their first communion, as they went in procession, and carried a rich bouquet. The nuns and girls had bouquets wholly of lilies and other white buds of flowers. The music was such as I am sure I shall never hear the like of in this world. The vast area within was filled with people.

From this I went to the poor little English Wesleyan chapel. About one hundred and fifty: about seventeen men: generally servants and governesses of English residents and visitors. Sermon by Dr. Ritchie, a Wesleyan of Canada. Good sermon on "Behold the Lamb." The application of it was such gospel, gospel, gospel, that I laid my head down and almost dissolved. These things which are daily bread in blessed America, are here like God's manna. The beauty, the grace, the extent, the glory of these illuminated forests, these spacious *places*, these statues, buildings, orderly crowds, this music—a hundred orchestras and concerts every night in open air—these things pass description, and steal the soul of the people from God. Since the cities of the plain, vice has never had such blandishment. Most, even of religious Americans, forget all restraint. Not that I have seen drunkenness or heard one profane word. All is courtesy and *bienseance*. The common people have a grace which reproves me every instant. Around a puppet-show or dancing dogs, the folk in blouses are so polite and still; they do not even rub against you without a "Pardon, monsieur," the tone of which is more than the words. But they are Godless, and at one rap of the drum (especially just now) are ready to become *simiotigres*. Mr. Walsh has gone out to St. Germain-en-Laze. He sent me a most warm and characteristic letter, mistaking me for Addison, and went to the Director of the National (once Royal)



Library, and requested that I might be introduced to the principal Orientalists of Paris.

All the time I write I hear from the large courts a perpetual sound of French chat among the servants, with that Parisian *tune* to the words which no foreigner can ever obtain, but which is so cunning and musical and insinuating, as to reconcile me to the sound of French.

Mr. A. Monod is the most remarkable mixture of sweetness with intense solemnity I ever saw. Three months ago his mother died leaving twelve living sons. All the connexion seem to be in the fear of the Lord.

PARIS, July 3, 1851.

My first opening of the lips was last evening at the Wesleyan Chapel. Though it rained I suppose a hundred and fifty were out. Spies of this free government are always there. One of the most interesting of all my hours abroad I had yesterday morning with l'Abbé de Moligny. Mr. Walsh gave me a note to the Abbé evidently as a specimen of the most cultivated French clergyman. Every thing in his apartments was in the highest bachelor taste, like a boudoir. He was all attention and cleverness; showed me specimens of binding; offered to take me to his bookseller and buy for me, which he could do to advantage. He alluded several times to my being a Protestant with much gracefulness and sobriety. We talked of German emigration and of politics.

I greatly wished to see a religious house, and the greatest Romish theological seminary of France; both coincide in St. Sulpice. Mr. Walsh gave me a note to Dr. L. R. Delual at the Seminary, and sent me a kind letter inviting me to-day. The Seminary has about three hundred religious, of whom a hundred and fifty are students. I was conducted to the room of Father Delual in the third story. He began to talk rapidly in English, and did so for three hours. He soon told me he had lived thirty-two years in Baltimore, and was twenty years President of St. Mary's College. He knew much about Princeton, Dr. Miller, my father, and Addison. He had a vivid recollection of meeting Dr. Hodge on the Delaware when he was accompanying the archbishop of Baltimore to embark for Rome. There are nearly twenty other Sulpitian seminaries in France, all affiliated under this. I was placed in *rappor*t with a number of students in different parts of the cloisters, and of a beautiful and spacious terraced garden within the wall. I visited the small lecture-rooms, which are plain but full of pictures. There is a series in oil of all the Popes, as he said, "from St. Peter to Pio Nono."

I saw numerous younger students carrying light desks on their heads to the recitations. They study in their cells. They look unhealthy and meager. The refectory is divided into two parts; to the right go the valid ones, to the left the invalid. The covers for the latter must have been thirty. Each, as he enters the dividing passage, takes from a great pannier as much bread, wheat, or rye as he needs. Each has his half bottle of *vin ordinaire* at each meal. The fragments are dispersed to the poor at a side-gate. The garden is full of trees, gravelled and beautiful, with covered sheds. The old man joked paternally with those he met. He pointed out two who had been "Presbyterian ministers in Scotland." He encircled us in his arms, saying, "All three Presbyterians." I replied, "My reception here is too courteous for me to engage in controversy." One of the two said to me, "We must pray for you at *Notre Dame des Victoires*." I have no belief that either of the two was ever a minister. We went into the chapel. It is a beautiful building, the whole area being clear. Oaken stalls in two rows along the walls accommodate the worshippers. They never fairly sit except during the epistle; the rest of the time they either kneel, or (turning the thick oaken seat up by a hinge) rest on a ledge which is called a *misericorde*. There are seven large paintings, some very fine, by Lebrun. One of the Scots had a little Latin Testament in his hand, and was going to the "Scripture lesson." They are mostly young, with much appearance of austerity. Their courses of studies seem low, puerile, and generally memoriter. Dialectics and casuistry form the chief part. The surveillance and separation are perfect. All the youth have tonsure. Dr. Delual answered all my questions with great promptness, and constantly presented me as a Protestant and a Presbyterian. He talked much about revolutionary atheism, and said the days of Marat would return if the red-republicans gained power. He added, what I believe, that there is a great revival of ceremony and mass-going, even among *men*. He is a very venerable and even elegant man, with a fresh complexion, and chirping merriment. He often quoted Latin, but never said any thing against Protestantism.

Yesterday I was at the College of France, and had several hours with the celebrated mathematician Biot, who intrusted me with several things for America. He is in his 80th year: yet I have some of his writing, done without spectacles, smaller and firmer than mine. He spoke of Peirce, Henry, Gould, Wilkes, and Bache.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> On the 10th July Dr. Alexander left Paris and reached Dijon that evening. On the 12th to Geneva.

GENEVA, July 12, 1851.

All this day we have been in mountain-raptures; but when suddenly, through a near gap, the Alps burst on us, it was so different from any forethought of mine that I was relieved from swooning only by tears. I am thankful to say all my thought at the moment was of God, of Christ, and of heaven. Though a hundred miles off in many parts, they were clear as diamond. I was absolutely speechless. I had dreamed of vast dimensions, and of big mountains and chains, but this was mother-of-pearl, azure, agate, all colours, more solid than granite, and looking among the clouds, heavenly. We all sank under the religious impressions. The impression of death, heaven, and eternity is unavoidable. It has been a means of grace on the blessed, quiet Sabbath in the city of Bernard, Calvin, Farel, Vinet, Knox, Beza, and the Turretines. Yet around this lake lived Voltaire, Rousseau, and Gibbon. "The entrance of *thy words* giveth light."

July 15.—On Sunday I went to the cool retreat of Dr. Malan's chapel. Neat but plain: oaken pulpit and unpainted galleries. About thirty-five present. The Doctor preached; very short and affectionate. Two members, perhaps elders, were called on to pray. Afterwards I went to his house, and had a hearty, loving welcome.

This is the greatest day I could have in Geneva. The national shooting-match, the *Tir Fédéral*, has been going on for ten days, and people from all the cantons, to the number of 30,000, have been here. The prizes = \$37,000. The targets are by hundreds in a row. Every man who makes a good shot carries a card in his hat, and I have seen some with more than fifty. I never saw a more healthy, brave, honest, orderly people. But they are becoming corrupted by French infidel democracy.

We went to the St. Antoine quarter, where there are seats and walks, near the wire bridge, by the ramparts. We visited the Cathedral; a very old church, like St. Denis in some points. Here the Byzantine arch is seen growing into the early Gothic. The old stalls from before the Reformation remain, with figures of apostles and prophets in wood, and blazonry indicating the alliance between Geneva and Florence, as republics. The pulpit is modern, but the sounding-board is the same as when Calvin preached here; this was his favourite place.

The flora of the Alpine valleys is prodigious. The emerald hill-sides are a mosaic of hues more brilliant than any greenhouse. The air, or some luxuriance of growth, makes the grass and flowers appear brilliant beyond telling. Every great rock, on its warmer side, has a perfect garden of plants and flowers. The people are very loving. Every heifer and every goat is petted like a cat.

CHAMONIX, FOOT OF MONT BLANC, *July 17, 1851.*

From the very point of leaving Geneva, there was one panorama of gardens and beauty ; but as we came up and up nearer to the "monarch of mountains," the views became so amazing and so unlike all ever seen before, that I felt almost in a new planet. You are sufficiently familiar with the description of such valleys as those through which we came. You have seen models of Swiss houses, but oh ! you must magnify and roughen them ; you must make them dark and smoky and filthy ; you must turn stable and dwelling into one ; you must people them with the most homely, rude, bundled creatures ; you must cause to issue from them disfigured idiots, maimed and livid beggars, and objects with goitres from the size of an apple to the size of their own heads. I never beheld such an appearance of ill health, as in the lower valley of the Arne. When we began to rise yet higher at St. Martin, the people looked better, but still our carriage was beset with horrible lazars. Occasionally a fat priest might be seen. The women work like oxen, and have no trace of comeliness. The men are sometimes well-looking. Crosses and roadside chapels abound in the passes of the Alps. But "only man is vile." These very objects, seen in a landscape a little way off, are picturesque in a high degree. To describe the valleys, heights, precipices, grottos, perpendicular rocks, and passages along edges or shelves, where heaven was darkened by the barrier of awful rock on one side, and the pit yawned on the other, is more than I dare attempt. In one place a cannon was fired (by a woman) and its echoes were undistinguishable from severe thunder. Nothing more surprised me than the luxuriance of vegetation. You never saw, even in a favoured meadow, such green as clothes these depths and heights, from bottom to top, wherever any soil can stick. Even here, where I seem almost to touch Mt. Blanc, where its tremendous slope comes down to the very Arne, which sounds in my ears, as it rushes from masses of ice ; where the weather demands greatcoats and fires ; and where I see two glaciers and a world of snow above me on the South, and overhanging as if in reach, glistening in the sun, even here the pastures are indescribably rich. The velvet green goes up to the very fields of snow, and beyond it. This moment the echoes of bells on the home-coming cattle, are in my ears. The flowers are more numerous, beautiful, and fragrant than I ever saw at home. We have abundance of strawberries, cream which is almost too rich, and honey which is famous all over Europe. The Alp-horn was sounded for us and we listened to its echoes. I did not properly understand a glacier, before I came here. It is most like a mighty river, tossed into fury, and

then turned to ice. Glaciers have a constant, though imperceptible motion. They look like frozen cataracts, coming down the hollows of the mountain-sides. They give origin to rivers. The air is very rare, cool, and clear, so that objects seem greatly nearer than the reality. The clouds, and fogs, and snows, which play fantastically about the mountains, keep the great peaks most of the time concealed; but enough is visible to make us adore Him "who setteth fast the mountains."

COLOGNE, *August 2, 1851.*<sup>1</sup>

The revolutionary spirit [through Germany] connects itself with a hideous levelling jacobinism. I bless God, from my soul, that I am an American, and that America is a quiet land. The evils of over-population and iron prescription look incurable. Yet such labour, such lands, and such plenty, I never dreamed of. The amount of soil in vineyards shocks me. They could exist without wine. Yet I have never seen any one drinking mere water at table. Add coffee and tobacco, (now largely raised in Baden,) and the waste of soil and labour is alarming. Even yet every plough has a wheel, and very little horse or mule power is used. Indeed, women and children take their place. To-day I counted seven baskets on one woman's head, and eight on another. At Heidelberg I saw two fine girls remove a load of cut wood on their heads, carrying almost a small wheel-barrow-full each time. Every inch of soil and every odd chance of labour are subsidized. Hedges, and even paths, are unknown in many parts, to save room; and along the crags of the Rhine some of the most famous vines are set in baskets, and dressed from suspended boards or ladders. You will often see a patch of wheat no larger than a bed-quilt; and, wherever the reapers have removed the sheaves, plowers and harrowers tread on their heels. Fields of poppies for oil. Fruits go from hereabouts to London, especially cherries. The great staple, however, is wine. The tip-top sorts reach none but princes. The common wines are in my humble opinion little better than raspberry-vinegar, and far below their own beer. The Rhine-wines, which everybody drinks, are acid though lively, and require a training to endure. I confess, the peasantry look happy, dwell cosily, and enjoy a merriment unknown with us. The instances of personal and table filthiness, common in German inns, would nauseate you if described. At Basel, a German gentleman, at the table d'hôte, dinner going on, cleaned his teeth with his

<sup>1</sup> The places since Chamonix were Vevey, Lausanne, Lucerne, Zurich, (where he "could not find a man who had ever heard of Zuingle, till I met an American,") Basel, Baden, Freiburg, Strasburg, Carlsruhe, Heidelberg.

brush, and spat into a glass. The female sex, generally, tends to a masculine coarseness. I have learned to prize an American woman. Of Cathedrals, I have now seen the greatest, Freiburg, Strasburg, and Cologne. Next to God's works, no work has ever so amazed me. In the gorgeous temple, amidst painted windows and music that made me tremble and sink, my soul was oppressed at the heathenism to which Christianity is here reduced. And then to think what the Protestantism is, which is to oppose it! I deeply fear some judicial dealing with this whole continent. Unless Christ work some pentecostal miracle, where is the hope?

The scenery of the Rhine was very beautiful, yet I felt how inferior in mere natural points it is to the Hudson. The vineyards, harvests, towns, and ruins, however, give it a character all its own.

STEAMBOAT "RUBENS," ON THE RHINE, BETWEEN }  
COLOGNE AND ARNHEM, August 4, 1851. }

There is nothing more curious here than the rapid change of languages. An hour ago, it was all German. Now, having got on a boat for Holland, it is all Dutch. When I came aboard, I really thought everybody was talking English, the sound is so different from the jaw-breaking German. The *look* is American. I write on deck at a mahogany table. A little forward is a company of six, three men and three young women. They have just had their lunch. So gentle, so home-like, so Protestant-looking, I am soothed and comforted after filthy, wicked Cologne. The river is just like the Delaware about Tacony. We are just passing Dusseldorf, which I am sorry to leave unseen. How glad I am I did not stop! Dr. E. Robinson just got on at D. You cannot understand my thankfulness: how my pent-up English rolled out in a flood! He is from Halle and Berlin, and goes with me to Holland.

The Rhine-wine is cheap here. The true Johannisberger is produced by one vineyard only, which belongs to Metternich, and which I saw. The people all drink wine, and always dilute it. Undiluted it is weaker than cider, and just the colour.

*Utrecht*, 9½ P. M.—In Holland my first landing was at Arnhem, then hither by rails. I longed for English cleanliness, but Dutch is more marvellous. It seems as if dirt could not stick. Entered this Venice-like city by moonlight. It is the poetry of niceness. The canals are shadowy with trees. The best idea I can give, is to refer to *old* Philadelphia half a century ago. Nothing in England so resembles it. The squat houses, gables, glazed brick, trim doorways, shade, absence of glare, in a word a wealth

too proud to be fine. Every house, door, chair, and tea-cup, is new to me. Surely this is the China of Europe. Population 50,000; 30,000 are Protestants. The University is the aristocratic one; between 400 and 500 students. The Jansenists are here in force—nowhere else. I am surprised that I see nothing as yet that strikes me as funny. I am so overcome with the purity and peacefulness. The Germans and French are ten times droller. The Dutch children are just little Philadelphians, only with a cunning rig of their own. I have just been shaved. No brush, box, &c., own soap and towel. This is German also. The hydraulic power between the Dollart and Scheldt is estimated at \$1,500,000,000; the value of windmills is \$3,600,000.

I observed signs of strong drink in Holland. Schiedam has 300 gin distilleries. The house in which Erasmus was born, is a gin-place. I observed, for the first time in Europe, pallor among the children; yet the people look healthy. The working-women are as neat at their work, as ours on Sundays. The churches are full. My general conclusion is, that the impulse of the Reformation, and its traditionary customs, abide very strong, and that, while they are on the descent towards German rationalism, they are not so far down as we think in America. They are dead and formal, but not universally erroneous. In the country places, I am assured, people read the old books and cling to the old doctrine. Catechizing and pastoral visiting are kept up. Country pastors are "orthodox," but I failed to learn precisely what that term imports in Holland. Two educated and sensible men agreed in declaring that Utrecht is still orthodox, and that the body of the churches hold the divinity of our Lord and the atonement.

LONDON, *August 12, 1851.*<sup>1</sup>

I dare say you think I am in Belgrave Square. Not a bit of it. I am at the George Inn, Aldermanbury, opening into Milk street, and so, southwardly, into Cheapside. You need not fear my lavishing all my admiration on England. I have been admiring all the way. If my geese are all swans—"at mihi plaudo." It is so much in my pocket. But I have not failed to go, perhaps too largely, into the Mayhew-places.<sup>2</sup> I continue to think the English of Englishmen, the ugliest language I ever heard. It is a tin-pan throat with the nose held. Every Englishman I have heard (and it has been many every day) says knōwledge, nīther, wroth, vaws, (vase,) 'ow, sovereign,

<sup>1</sup> The intervening dates are Amsterdam, Leyden, Hague, Rotterdam.

<sup>2</sup> Mayhew's articles, first in the *Times*, describing the condition of the London poor.

(a word of every minute.) But they are by odds the best people to meet with I have seen.

August 14.—This morning I surveyed Billingsgate, the oyster-sloops, Coal Exchange, Old and New Corn Exchange, Leaden-hall Market, and the India House. At the last I inquired of the doorkeeper about Charles Lamb. He said "I have been here since I was sixteen years old, but I never heard of any Mr. Lamb."<sup>1</sup> But the door-keeper of the Museum remembered him well: "Oh yes, Sir; he was a very little man, with such small legs, and wore knee-breeches." He directed me to a private stair, which would take me down to the Accounts. I went into a place below, like a bank, and was shown to a principal person, Mr. W. It was the room in which Lamb wrote many years, but had been altered. Mr. W. showed me his window and where his desk was. I looked out at the high blank wall, not five feet beyond, and understood Lamb's "India House." Mr. W. showed me a 4to volume of *Interest Tables*, with such remarks as these, in Lamb's fine round hand, on the fly-leaf: "A book of much interest.—*Ed. Review*." "A work in which the interest never flags.—*Quar. Review*." "We may say of this volume that the interest increases from the beginning to the end.—*Monthly Review*." Mr. W. knew Lamb well. "He was a small man—smaller than you, and always wore shorts and black gaiters. Sometimes his puns were poor. He often came late, and then he would say, "Well, I'll make up for it, by going away early."

As I was prowling about, I saw over a dark entrance "*Little Britain*." It was not in human nature to overpass Little Britain, and glad am I that I did not. A great monastic walled court with quadrangle after quadrangle, cloisters along the sides, and lofty ancient piles of the Elizabethan style, surrounding the paved areas—black, dingy, and quiet, with statues, pumps, and double iron fences in parts. It was Christ-Church Hospital! There are the dear little fellows, in the ancient dress. No hat, black velvet small clothes, yellow worsted hose, a long coat or frock of blue, a girdle of red leather, and bands like a preacher. There are about a thousand, but only eighty are here in vacation. The great Hall is modern and cost £30,000; all in one room. Here they eat, at tables which seem two centuries old. I went into the Mathematical school. The forms are very long and narrow, with the merest strip of a desk. The little scholar, who was my cicerone, said he was learning Greek and French. Wherever they go, in the remotest part of England, they have

<sup>1</sup> "Elia" died in 1834.



to wear this garb. Coleridge and Lamb were blue-coat boys. All round the cloisters, or covered walks, marbles are set into the wall commemorative of teachers, benefactors, &c. One runs thus :

"HERE LYETH  
A BENEFACTOR,  
MOVE NOT HIS BONES."

I wondered at this antique silence in the heart of London, and came away with regret. I find myself to be an undeniable antiquary. My portrait ought to be taken, as Savigny is caricatured in Germany, with eyes at the back of the head. I have been such a miserable book-worm for forty years, that I live almost in the past.

When I say I like the English hugely, more by far than any people I have seen, I certainly do not mean that I like the fire and fury of the movement party. Religion is with them made up of politics and aggression, just as in some parts of America, of abstinence and abolition. There is less known of us in England than on the continent. Here the papers cull chiefly what is laughable, discreditable, or capable of turning to their own account. You cannot get through an Englishman's hair the first notion of our confederation. They all have the grossest views of our slavery, and lose temper when spoken to. The people here press me to stay to the Evangelical Alliance, which has a great demonstration beginning on the 19th; but their programme contains some phrases which move my American spunk, and show they still have the same spirit they had last year.

I think the British Museum worth my whole voyage, and journey, and expense. It is just by my lodging. At last, after years of wishing, my highest desires are accomplished, by sight of the greatest MSS. and antiques. To-day, on a third visit, I came away, worn out, after superficially seeing about the hundredth part. If anybody asks you whether I have been to the cemetery of Père la Chaise, at Paris, say No: but I have been to Bunhill Fields, where are the ashes of Isaac Watts and John Bunyan.

LONDON, *August 20, 1851.*

I spent last evening in company of Dr. Dacosta and Dr. Capadose, of Holland, both celebrated as converted Jews, and promoters of evangelical piety. Capadose is full of Christian warmth and love, but he speaks English very judaically. Dacosta cannot open his lips without your perceiving that he is an original. It has been said that he is the greatest mind in the Low Countries.

At the Evangelical Alliance I heard Noel speak. His pronouncement is precisely that of an educated South Carolinian, except a few words. Mr. James presided, with great *empressement* of manner, and great voice and rhetoric. The great house (Freemason's Hall) was thronged, and they sit from ten till six. I must admire the temper of the Assembly. They are full of heartiness, and every one speaks to his neighbour. They receive the poorest, stammering speakers, with perfect forbearance. Indeed, it is all free and easy as a dinner. I have had an explanation with Dr. Hamilton about the Alliance, and declared to him that I would not submit to any queries about my opinions on slavery.

When I saw the sculptures from Italy, on my first visit to the Crystal Palace, I had never seen any thing so lovely in art. But when I visited it lately the charm was gone, for I had seen hundreds of ancient works in the Louvre. Yet, nothing equals the Elgin marbles.

Seeing Gothic churches has gone far to make me a convert to the Greek, in regard to exterior. As to interior, the Greek temple had none, for the *cella* cannot be so named. Inside I admit the sublimity of the structure. Henry the VIIIth's chapel is marvellous. Yet sitting there in one of the antique stalls, I owned in the very place that Gothic architecture is not the highest ideal of *Bildkunst*. So much is grotesque, so much is reducible to no canon, so much excites wonder, like over-learned music for its seeming impracticability, that I go back to the perfect beauty of Pæstum and the Parthenon for repose.

CAMBRIDGE, August 24, 1851.<sup>1</sup>

Yesterday we left London, and got here in two hours. In our railway carriage was Mr. R. H. Wilkinson, a Senior Fellow of King's College, and Bursar, (which is only fifth in rank, and in certain things only second,) who insisted we should put ourselves under his care. His elegant apartments are the same which good Mr. Simeon occupied. We (Dr. Robinson and I) dined one day in the Hall. The service was solid silver, with the College arms. All the china had the same. Rising, we went across the passage to the combination room, really a very sumptuous parlour, opening into one larger still. Here they sit at wine. Great reverence to "Mr. Vice Provost," who is always so addressed. Here we had six added, only one

<sup>1</sup> On the 23d of August Dr. Alexander's youngest child, and only daughter, died at Princeton. Her age was about fourteen months. The afflictive tidings reached him at Glasgow.

clergyman. The conversation was perfectly easy, without a word about learning.

On Sunday attended service in the famous chapel of King's College. Service chanted; all in surplices. Wilkinson looked grand in his white robes and master's hood. I admired the manners of these learned Sybarites, especially the absence of all interrogations about America. I heard Scholefield, the Greek Professor, preach in St. Michael's an admirable extempore sermon. We saw every thing, visited all the Colleges. It was as if we had been old chums come back on a visit. The kingdom rings with the victory of the American yacht. They are very open and manly, in expressing their chagrin. I have never seen or dreamed of any persons so full of real, though peculiar kindness, as the educated English. I like America best, though lost in admiration of England.<sup>1</sup>

EDINBURGH, *August 27, 1851.*

This is the ninety-seventh day of my absence, yet the first in which I expect to lie down in a private house. You cannot imagine how I felt to get into a sweet, happy, elegant Christian house, [Mr. Wm. Dickson's, an Elder of the Free Church,] and have family-worship and sing the old psalms. Then, oh how delightful to be among Presbyterians! To-day for the first time have I seen the hills covered with heather, and beautiful it is. We visited Melrose Abbey and Abbotsford, and saw Dryburgh Abbey, where Scott lies.

*August 29.*—I saw the Queen come in yesterday afternoon, and stood so near as to have a perfect view of her Majesty and Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Royal.

*September 1.*—I preached yesterday for the Rev. C. J. Brown, in the Free New North Church. I will only say I was never so *helped* by a congregation. Imagine me in the Geneva cloak; five hundred Bibles rustling at once; such deep, penetrative, animated looks from whole rows of people, all seeming fired with zeal, and all singing without an exception that I could note. I thought it far better than the Madeleine or Cologne. Mr. Dickson edits a youth's paper. He teaches two Bible classes. I preached to one of them. It contains 70—80 girls. An hour was spent studying rather than saying the lesson. I should have thought the examination a good one for the first [the youngest] class in the Seminary. They answered the questions with a

<sup>1</sup> On the 26th left Cambridge, and to Ely, Peterborough, Lincoln, York, Alnwick, Berwick-upon-Tweed.

pertinence, knowledge of Scripture, and exactness which amazed me.<sup>1</sup>

GLASGOW, *September 9, 1851.*

That my journeying has done any good to my body, I am not sure. I am sure it has been good for my soul. And especially these few days in Scotland have shown me a permanent revival of religion, such as proves to me that God has a favour to his covenanting people. The preciousness of it is, that religion is founded on chapter and verse; free from outcry and sanctimony, and even talk about personal feelings, but is so courageous, active, and tender, that I am as certain as that I am writing these lines, that I am among the best people on earth. A thousand times have I said to myself, "O if my father could just for one hour hear these prayers, and observe these fruits of unadulterated Calvinistic seed!" Here is the fruit of prayers sent up by Rutherfords and Bostons. Don't think all are such, or that these people are faultless. Their faults are as prominent as their good qualities. They have the bad points belonging to strong, sanguineous, choleric, fearless, outspoken people. Their quarrels about hairsbreadths (for they are all agreed about doctrine and order) are inexplicable.

In Glasgow there are more hideous, half-naked people, than I ever saw anywhere on the continent. I own they generally look hearty, but the public charities are kept in full operation. Thousands of Irish are here. While a low, radical infidelity is doing its work, and whisky is slaying its thousands, there are tokens that Presbyterian institutions are acting vigorously. Our system is more than a theory. Church power makes itself felt. Elders are more numerous than with us; sometimes twenty and even thirty. The Kirk has no Deacons, but some Free Churches have twenty each, who do every thing that is done among us by voluntary collections. The sums raised are almost incredible. Indeed, religious arrangements take the place in public conversation which politics do with us; and I scarcely meet two men without hearing them talk about some scheme of church-operation. All the piety is not in the Free Church.

Dr. Robinson left me on the 4th, to go to Southampton. We have been just a month together, and have had many mercies in common. I have cause to be thankful for the lessons I

<sup>1</sup> I have to omit the details of the visits to the institutions, libraries, historical localities, churches, eminent ministers, &c., of Edinburgh. He said, "I find it utterly vain to try to journalize here." "Particulars would fill fifty sheets." On the 1st September he left the hospitable city—to Stirling—by the lakes—to Dunbarton, where he took steamer for Glasgow.

have learned from him. Truly he has been "eyes" to me all the way, by reason of his stupendous topical penetration.

I spent some days at Helensburgh opposite Greenock on the Clyde, at Mr. Mitchell's. On the Sabbath I preached once for Mr. McEwen. The Edinburgh and Glasgow ministers spend more time in summering and in excursions, than those of the United States, while their climate gives less reason for it. The colleges and theological halls have a vacation of at least six entire months. But the places of worship are never shut up.

It is altogether impossible for me to describe the kindness I received at Glasgow. The M.'s are a generation even beyond their own countrymen.

BELFAST, *September 17, 1851.*

I arrived here on the 12th. There are seventeen Presbyterian churches in Belfast. I heard Dr. Cook at his church, on fellowship with God; I regard him as the nearest perfection as an elegant orator, of all I have met with. His hospitalities were Irish and Christian. We mounted a jaunting-car, and rode by Carrickfergus, Ballygelly, and Ballycastle to the Giant's Causeway. All along the incomparable coast of Glenarm Bay, people were bathing. The world can scarcely offer a more delightful place, and the day was mildly warm, with a golden haze. Fair Head is a lofty sea-mark, a promontory of majestic loveliness. Bengore Head is second only to this; and the intervening long sweep of bay, shut in by the isle of Rathlin, with its blue pearly heights, almost sickened me with its fairy-like softness. We reached the excellent inn at the Giant's Causeway about the end of the long northern twilight. In all my journeyings, there is no day I would more gladly repeat. The people interest me more than any thing else. How sharp and how merry! The mixture of Scots and Irish here, is very obvious. In the oats-field they show finely. Here only among their own scenes can Irish beauty be seen. I have seen many faces, which had the beauty of expression, among the poor women and girls. Tuesday was given to the Causeway and accessories. Description is unnecessary. From the Causeway in a jaunting-car through the county Antrim. There are no barns. The grain is stacked, and hereabouts in beautiful English-looking ricks. The land is very fertile, and wherever an owner has it in hand presents a noble appearance; but in the poor, little patches of the cotters, even here in Antrim, it is a chance agriculture, like the slovenly patches about a negro-quarter. They live from hand to mouth. You pass single cottages, and groups of cottages, all in ruins, as after a fire. These are of people who, ruined by the rot, have

been swept into the fine spacious poor-houses. The cottages are all of rough stone and thatched. Their general average look is thus: [Here is a pen and ink sketch of a hovel.] Out of such houses I have again and again seen handsome and joyous families pouring, with here and there a pallid, fever-looking creature. So open and welcoming a smile I never saw prevail in any human faces. Calves walk in and out of many cottages as freely as the yellow-haired children. About Antrim and especially the Moravian settlement, Grace Hill, we see what care and taste may do. Such vales, such hills, such gateways, bleaching grounds like fields of snow, such hedges, and such green and gold, as even Devonshire might own. Such might all Ireland be, if the priests had chosen to instruct their slaves.

DUBLIN, *September 17, 1851.*

From Belfast we crossed the county Armagh to Castle Blayney and Dublin. Thus far, there is no part of my travels which I would so readily repeat, as my Irish trip. The mode of travelling, the roads, the access to the people, the awakening of human sympathies, the physical geography, the rapid comparison of races, must make me ever mindful of it. I have seen grander scenes, and a few more beautiful, but none more lovely than all Ulster and a part of Leinster. True I see much misery, but compassion is a healthful feeling; and while I admire some nations, I can truly add I love the Irish. For *surface* I believe there is no such country in the world. I have seen no part, out of towns, where there is any level. The roads are as smooth as this table. You have no idea of the demigods the priests have become. They might this day make Ireland happy, by teaching their wretched worshippers to read, to build, to till, and to keep clean. The Protestant regions are like Scotland; you can instantly tell the difference by rags, stench, and merry ignorance.

Dublin shows extremes of magnificence and squalid woe, such as seldom meet. The better sort of people strike me as the handsomest I ever saw. There is one type of face which predominates and is peculiarly Irish—black hair and eye-lashes, large clear blue eyes, red and white skin of unusual delicacy, and a joyous, arch expression playing through all. Happy Dublin, if it were not the capital of a ruined land.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Leaving Dublin the 19th September, the traveller passed through Kildare, Thurles, Inch, Limerick. Thence by Ennis, (County Clare), Gort, (County Galway,) to Galway, the fifth city of Ireland, but "far, far beyond all I ever dreamed of for squalor, filth, and poverty." On the 22d left Gal-

OXFORD, *September 26, 1851.*

I came here to dinner yesterday from Liverpool, 176 miles. We touched Rugby village, about a mile from the school. It is vacation here, which is bad; but the claustral silence, and venerable solitude, and regal-ecclesiastical state of this monastic city of palaces is surely unique. The impression is that of an awful dream. You have read so long and so much about Oxford that I should think it idle to repeat what is in a score of books. I will set down some incoherencies not in print.

Oxford is larger, greater, and lordlier than Cambridge. It has more colleges, more large colleges, and an aggregate of architectural glories, beyond Cambridge; but Oxford has nothing like King's College, Cambridge, and little like Trinity, and no grounds like those of the last named. There is a family-likeness in the two towns, but Oxford is more antique, civic, mediæval, and proud. Cambridge has incomparably the more beautiful site. There is no chapel in Oxford, or the world, like King's at Cambridge. There is no Hall at Cambridge like Christ Church here. The turf is close-shaven, cut every few days, rolled and swept, and is unlike any thing known among us, the moist climate favouring grass. Flowers abound, not only in the landscape-gardening of the immense college-greens, but in the windows of fellows. Some of the quadrangles here are not green, but gravelled. Christ Church meadow is surrounded by a walk of a mile, and elms three centuries old. You may lose yourself in the groves and thickets of some of these river-gardens. I learn that the "men" seldom prefer them to the streets. The halls or refectories, are, as a whole, less regal than at Cambridge, except only Christ Church, where they daily provide for three hundred in term. Around these are portraits, generally full-length, of great members. The painted glass windows in the chapels are by far the best I have met with, especially five Flemish windows in New college chapel, (William of Wyckham's.) The feeling in these cloisters, "quods," and parks, (where deer come to your hand,) is that of absolute sequestration from the world. Pusey's house, in one of the inner corners of Christ Church, is just the spot to generate such fancies as his.

The system here, though inexpressibly fascinating, is out of harmony with the age. In every buttery-entrance, where you look to espy a monk under the black honey-combed arches, you see the placards of "Time Tables of N. W. Railway." The present Warden of All-Souls (where there are none but

way and crossed the country by Athlone and Maynooth to Dublin. On the 23d to Holyhead and Liverpool.

fellows,) is the first married warden. The pressure of the age will certainly bring collapse on these outworn cenobitic shells. I feel it every moment in a country where steam affects every inch, and trains thunder by some places twenty in a day. The agitation about exclusive privileges and overgrown foundations every year shakes down part of the old pile, as in regard to the income of Bishops, by the late Act. A clergyman here is regarded everywhere with a deference unknown anywhere else. But as a class they evidently feel very fully that they are on their good behaviour, and that public opinion cannot be disregarded. Some, I believe many, are labouring to gain good will to the church, in the best of all ways.

It would consume pages, and emulate guide-books, to tell of college after college, chapel after chapel, halls, gardens, portraits, statues, libraries, and cloisters. Books of great size are taken up with this. Dr. Routh, author of the *Reliquiæ Sacræ*, Master of Magdalen College, has his portrait in the Bodleian, æt. 96. He is the oldest living Oxonian.<sup>1</sup>

The general effect produced by Oxford is soothing to my mind in a high degree. Such self-contained wealth of learning, such seclusion from the stir of life, such yielding of every thing to learned honours, such architectural glory, such libraries, such lawns, such trees, such prizes held out to studious ambition, such histories of past genius, such mighty and beloved names, such costly display of taste, such approaches to what Rome was and would fain be, exist here only and at Cambridge, and more here than there. But it all strikes me as a tree whose root is dead in the earth, vast, green, and lovely, but destined to die presently. I doubt whether the glory has not already passed away. The true Oxonian spirit is that of Newman and Pusey; but it is not of the age. Such a chapel as Christ College, which has lately been repaired at an expense of \$90,000, is fitted to absorb a young man in reveries, but they are of an age which cannot live again. My hopes rise beyond what I am able to report during this rapid tour, that God is working by new agencies, and a new *zeitgeist*, and our new world, to bring in a new kingdom. So far from letting my intense and scarce excusable fondness for the relics of darker ages tempt me to wish them back again, or try to imitate them, I am even more filled with a sense of the gigantic progress of the modern arts and civilization. One day at the Exhibition, one day at Birmingham and Manchester, or one day on any one trunk of English railways, is worth volumes to awaken expectation.<sup>2</sup> I have meditated, I trust not unusefully,

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Routh nearly completed his century, dying December 22, 1854.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Alexander left Oxford September 26th, arrived the same day at



amidst objects which have the odour of past ages. My reigning sentiment, after hurrying and exciting travel among the thousands of this unspeakably teeming population of Europe, is an impression that men and generations pass away like the herb of the field, but the Word of the Lord abideth forever ; his kingdom is coming ; his house is going up ; his plan is unfolding ; old traditionary things which vain man calls eternal, are crumbling ; new things predicted, but not expected, are rolling in like a flood ; our life and that of our children, is but a link in the great chain. I trust I can sometimes add, "Thy kingdom come : Thy will be done."

Birmingham—on the 27th passed on to Liverpool. Here he heard Mr. McNeile, whom he places with Dr. Cook, of Belfast, as "by a long way the most eloquent men I have heard in these climates." On the first of October he embarked on the steamer Atlantic, Captain West. On the 12th (Sunday) he and Bishop Otey preached in the saloon. After a stormy run, the steamer reached New York October 15th, and the same evening Dr. Alexander joined his family at Princeton.

## CHAPTER XII.

### LETTERS WHILE PASTOR OF FIFTH AVENUE CHURCH, NEW YORK.

1851—1857.

PRINCETON, *October 18, 1851.*

I WRITE more to stay my mind during hours of waiting than to communicate much. My father seems to grow weaker. He believes himself to be on his death-bed, and this more than any symptoms of a grave character makes us apprehend the same. I think his perception and judgment greater than in any moment of his life. An endless train of minute arrangements have occupied his mind, each of which he has settled in the most summary way. He says his views are what they have always been; that he has never feared to die; that he has never seen so proper a time to die; that all his prayers have been answered; that he has no ecstasy but assured belief; and that no one should pray for his recovery. He says his views of God's goodness are expressed by "HOW MARVELLOUS is thy loving-kindness, &c." Every one of us, even my dear mother, feels most calm when nearest to the scene of suffering. The affairs of the Church employ far more of my father's words than any family concerns. He talked an hour with me on the prospects of the truth in Scotland. The whole tone of his discourse is free from what John Livingstone calls "shows," being precisely what it always was—passing with childlike ease from the settling of a bill to the grace and glory of the gospel. He said, "I have this morning been reviewing the plan of salvation, and assuring myself of my acceptance of it. I am in peace. The transition from this world to another, so utterly unknown, is certainly awful, and would be destructive, were it not guarded by Christ; I know he will do all well."

My father, with an authority which no one could parley with,

forbade the calling in of any city physician, declaring his view of his case, and his perfect satisfaction at what was done. In every sentence, there is a surprising conciseness, clearness, and weight of command, unlike his manner in latter years; and when he has given orders, he adds, "Enough for that point; let me speak of another." And then, "I have done; you must leave me." There is not a trifle respecting coal, supplies, &c., which he has not settled. He yesterday ordered a ten-dollar library to be sent to a minister in the West. My father's last publication, we suppose, is "A Disciple" in the *November American Messenger*. I am naturally led to think of unseen things, and am strangely beset with mercies, chastenings, and lessons.<sup>1</sup>

NEW YORK, *November 26, 1851.*

We have got into our new house, (22 West Nineteenth street,) but are not yet in any order. What they will do at Princeton I know not. Whatever changes may supervene, I earnestly hope there will be none to lower the general standard of our theological training. There is a view of it in which one minister might teach every thing; but if we would maintain that high ground which I solemnly believe American ministers now have in comparison with those of other countries, we must have at least one well-sustained Seminary. This was my father's great desire, which gained strength in his more sober hours, and formed part of his dying conversations with me. I am troubled in my mind at the sort of church I am coming to. I certainly should never have accepted the call if I had dreamt of such outlay. I fear the total exclusion of the poor, and the insufficiency of my voice. As I had no hand in it, and know myself to be crossed rather than gratified by it, I hope God will turn it to some good. On Sunday I urged the destitutions of New York, and proposed the erection of a free church down town. On Monday a man whom I never knew before came and offered me \$1,000 towards it. We cannot hope to get even into our lecture-room before May.<sup>2</sup>

Even since I went over the water the changes here are surprising. Sabbath-traffic and grog-drinking have increased. The whole talk now is about Kossuth. The newspaper, the "Times," is going full sail. It already has 16,000 subscribers in two months. Greeley ["Tribune"] writes powerfully, when he lays himself out. His late articles on Hughes are

<sup>1</sup> Dr. A. Alexander lingered until the 22d day of the month.

<sup>2</sup> While the church was building at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Nineteenth Street, the congregation worshipped in the chapel of the University. The first sermon of the pastor, after his return from Europe, was preached there on the 26th October.

tremendous batteries. But he goes full-length with the Chapman-Foxton-Westminster Review party. His book on Europe is worth reading, though sour. P—— sends me the proofs of an embryo book on Charity.<sup>1</sup> It is —— raised to the *n*th power; abuse of clergy; abuse of churches; abuse of theology; everybody wrong but *moi*; sneers at societies, creeds, catechisms, &c., &c.; yet, after all, a book that no one can read without deep and anxious reflection. The mixture of truth is great and suggestive, and the style is tip-top, sometimes as keen as Pascal.

Note any thing you can remember or hear, about my father's Philadelphia labours. Do try to see any old people who know. Could not you find old Mr. Nassau? Addison and I, or one of us, will, *Deo adjuvante*, write a life. The MS. autobiography is voluminous, but only for material. How strangely we misjudge often. Dr. Miller left not one line of diary!

NEW YORK, *December 2, 1851.*

Surely there are divine uses of pain which we cannot fully understand. Nor can we reason much about the rules of its mission to individuals. The amount of suffering such persons as —— and —— have endured often amazes and puzzles me. Yet in ——'s case the spiritual joy resulting is almost as specific as of a medicine. I have thought much of this as a point in divinity. The Papists have missed the right doctrine of pain; but have we made enough of it? Some day we shall see what it was sent on good people for. I have known moments when it has seemed to me a great boon to have the will broken, and self-pleasing mortified.

We are among a good many open lots and much rubbish; and to feeling, as far from the New York I knew, as if in another city. I find a good smart walk from here to Trinity Church quite tonical. My mind works incessantly on such themes as these:—the abounding misery; the unreached masses; the waste of church energy on the rich; its small operation on the poor; emigrant wretchedness; our boy-population; our hopeless prostitutes; our 4,000 grog-shops; the absence of poor from Presbyterian churches; the farce of our church-alms; confinement of our church-efforts to pew-holders; the do-nothing life of our Christian professors, in regard to the masses; our copying the Priest and Levite in the parable; our need of a Christian Lord Bacon, to produce a *Novum Organon* of philanthropy; our dread of innovation; our luxury and pride. I

<sup>1</sup> "New Themes for the Protestant Clergy." Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co.

preached twice on some of these things ; but I work at the lever very feebly. Since I saw the drinking-customs of Britain, I am almost a tee-totaller, and half-disposed to go for a Maine law against venders of drink.

After settling a little from the shocks of late events, and looking back on my tour, I find my judgment of differences among Christians somewhat modified. Surely our battle is too momentous, to leave much time or zeal to spend on niceties of old school and new. Ah ! how I daily feel "I have lost my adviser !" How often, "I must tell this to my father," and then I awake to the reality. But there is no bitterness in the reflection. If it please God to touch our sons, our work will seem more clearly less needed here.

NEW YORK, *December 20, 1851.*

This morning, being on an errand, I saw a black-garbed white-necked procession going into the Irving House. It was the "Evangelical Clergy." I followed, and saw Kossuth again. He looked commoner and worn. Spencer sermonized him, with specs and MS. The following is a correct report of the Governor's speech, as I heard it: "m—m—m—(sh—sh—sh—) 'country' (sh—sh) 'the most free country,'—(sh,) 'Gentlemen,'—(sh) m—m—m—."

I heard every word of Spencer's. I believe K. was saying he could not make a harangue, but would answer in writing. He declares himself a Lutheran. I greatly admire his frankness. He loses no chance of showing it. He is getting to think himself a messenger of God. Some of his expressions smack of the Hegel doctrine of God's voice being the voice of humanity. Colwell, in his *episcopo-mastix*, ["New Themes,"] seems to be in favour of a plan which shall dissolve all churches, charities, and associations, and solve the great social problem by this formula, "Let every man be perfectly good." This is the avowed conclusion of his strange book. The reason why people go to Cardinal Hughes is, I think, to be found in one character of the Church of Rome, its matchless *organization*. Me judice, we shall as little counteract it by the dissolving plan, as we should benefit warfare by disbanding troops, and setting each warrior on his own hook. B—— comes out quite a war-man ; so suddenly do the movement-people change to any tune which will make the mob dance. Furnaces, gas, and Croton pipes have almost literally employed every day since our "flitting," with amendments. Pipes frozen, gasometer ditto. My rent is \$900, in a very narrow, tawdry, shelly, ambitious, half-done house. The neighbourhood, however, is as quiet as a country village.

NEW YORK, *December 31, 1851.*

Christmas Day saw me in nine churches, St. Francis Xavier's, St. Patrick's Cathedral, St. Joseph's, St. Vincent de Paul, St. somebody's, (German,) Bellows's, Grace Church, Calvary, and Muhlenberg's little Gothic free-seat chapel, where there was at 7 and 8 communion, and at 9 a baptism. I never heard a Unitarian sermon before in English. B—— said the Unitarians were endeavouring to resume the "feasts and fasts." He is a scholarly writer, and a theatrical though Yankee speaker. Progress, no matter what Jesus held; theology rising; let every man believe as much as he can; inspiration untenable; all men are Christians; Jesus the Head of the Church, *i. e.* of humanity; the great matter is the *truth*, which is not dogma, but being conscientious, kind, fond of freedom. All Christians in three classes, *church-men*, *creeds-men*, and *life-men*. All through he essayed a sort of mysticism, and wrought himself into a factitious peroration-heat about coming days, fight of freedom, martyr spirit, &c. It was fearful to see genteel and moneyed sons of New England trying to take in his Emersonian rhetoric and ultra-liberality. There was nothing redeeming but the style, which was elegant, novel, startling, and a little affected. Voice very rich in low notes; but he plays with it, and lapses when earnest into a Yankee tune. I feel a great admiration of Kossuth, especially since reading Madame Pulsky's Memoirs, and History of the War. But the tide already ebbs here. Stocks would fall if the Hungarian tricolour should rise; and our canny capitalists go by that. Young men and workies take on the natural enthusiasm. The ministers who preached against the slave-law, preach for Kossuth. As you will see by my "Travels," I was quite prepared to hear of the *coup d'etat*. The great quality which it needs is yet to be revealed—military genius; this made Cæsar, Cromwell, and "mon oncle." I do not believe any true news gets to us yet by newspapers. The Canada brings three days later, but no change.

NEW YORK, *January 19, 1852.*

My young men are about to employ a man who speaks the Irish, and has laboured twenty years in Connaught, to look up the "strangers scattered abroad" in this city. My late church is occupied by several hundred emigrant families. What a pathos there is in every thing connected with Mr. Clay's last days! There seems to be some good reason to view him as a converted man. At no time have we had a greater concurrence of good news from our Foreign Missions: accessions of converts in almost all. The China men are an extraordinary corps, and

their work is going on with great energy. We to-day appropriated \$1,000 for another chapel at Ningpo; and had notice of an equal gift from an individual for the same purpose. After years of defeat our Foreign Board is at length incorporated, under the recent law of this State. Broadway is a carnival of sleighs. The noise, glee, turn-outs, and throngs are quite a Russian spectacle. Schaff has a vehement and very able article against Kossuth's notions. Dr. Spring told me he lately sat at his sermon-desk from 9 A. M. to 7 P. M. without dinner; but felt worse for it. His morning services are over-crowded, which can be said of no other Presbyterian assembly here. One can't help feeling an admiration for Louis Napoleon's quiet force in his coup d'état. Several priests said to me in Paris, that the only hope for religion was the putting down of the *rouges*, (sc. rogues.) They talked of this much as we should have done, but I dare say with an eye to their own power. Father Delual, once principal of St. Mary's College, Baltimore, but now retired at the great College de St. Sulpice, [page 146,] spoke to me in his nice little chamber with high admiration of Sibour, the archbishop of Paris, who was also a Sulpician, and his coeval. The adhesion of Louis Napoleon to a church very much in the ascendant in France gives a basis to his power which was wanting to "mon oncle" at the eighteenth Brumaire. M—— reports the Popish churches as unfrequented. I spent much of my days in them at Paris, and saw a very different sight. Not women only, but men in great numbers. I was particularly struck with the great numbers of children and youth under drill, often hundreds together, preparing the motions, &c., for processions. At Dijon, I was present at a catechizing, in an ancient church; the curé sat, and was lecturing a host of boys on a point of Christian morals. I spent my time on the pictures, but Maj. Preston heard it for some time and pronounced it very sound. When we consider that France was all but atheistic, we must regard even the acquisitions of Popery as conversions to a sort of Christianity. I find it very hard to swallow the tenet, that the existing church of Rome is incapable of being improved, and is to be looked at only as for hell-fire. My prophetic spees are very dim. When Louis XVIII. was restored, Bernadotte said to him at a dinner of the sovereigns: "Faites-vous craindre, Sire, et ils vous aimeront: sauvez seulement avec eux l'honneur et les apparences: *ayez un gant de velours sur une main de fer.*" He knew the French, and Louis Napoleon seems to adopt his maxim.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> While this is in the printer's hands, "the eldest son of the Church" is giving a new exemplification of the velvet glove on the iron hand, in his volicy with the Pope.

I am pleased that our collections are increased, notwithstanding church-building. I never had so many volunteer offerings for poor. One man has offered \$1,000 now, and \$500 a year towards a Ragged School, and another \$1,000 towards a free church. Another promises to keep me in books for the poor as long as I live. The Irvingite Prayer Book is very good, being compiled with much taste from the ancient liturgies. They have "seven churches in London," as headquarters, with their respective angels. But there are angels in other churches. The twelve "apostles" are for great countries. Ours is Woodhouse, who is not here at present. We are served by F—— and M——, probably prophet and angel. It is a consistent Puseyism. The Advent is not made so prominent as unity, real presence, prayer for dead and extraordinary *χαρισματα*. They profess great peaceableness, and ask no one to their meetings. Daily prayers at 6 and 5. Several University men are among their speakers. They have ample vestments, and no metrical psalmody. Their Psalter has some odd things, *e. g.* :

"He that doeth these things  
Sha . . . ll never be moved."  
— "My li . . . ps shall praise thee." Et sic passim.

NEW YORK, February 13, 1852.

I don't know whether it is so elsewhere, but here the Valentines have become a plague. As the day approaches, whole rows of shops of every sort fill their windows with valentines, from a penny up, which from having been amatory have become cynical and opprobrious, affording boobies and snobs an opportunity of venting cheap gall on a neighbour. For the first I find some tending to irreligion. You have seen the account of the perfectionism and promiscuous abomination.<sup>1</sup> How few cards after all the devil has in his pack; this is only the "Brethren and Sisters of the Free Spirit" over again. It more than fulfils predictions made by Nettleton, which at the time I thought absurd.

A youth died the other day, at 19, who said he had used every day for eleven years a prayer I gave him on a card, when my catechumen.

I am getting to think professing religion much less presumptive of grace, than once I did. Nor do I see that any strictness at the door helps the matter. Have we not added to the New Testament notion of communicating in the Lord's Supper? The anabaptist essays at a church of pure regenerate

<sup>1</sup> Public assemblies held in Broadway of the advocates of "Free Love"—eventually suppressed by the police.



believers have not worked well. I used the word "catechumeni" in the vulgar sense; but the *κατηχουμενος* was as such unbaptized—under schooling—long watched—slowly indoctrinated. The Church *as a school* has declined; hence the Sunday School has been built up alongside.

NEW YORK, February 25, 1852.

The meeting for prayer this morning at St. George's [Episcopal church] is one of the most hopeful things I have seen for a long time. Dr. Spring made an address and a prayer such as few but he can utter. Dr. Potts was in a tender melting frame, and prayed so as to carry a large assembly up with him. I had not heard of Mrs. L.'s death. Brooklyn is, as to any visits, about as far as Trenton. I was this very day meditating a journey thither to see her; but daily visits of three to four hours have by no means allowed me to "overtake" my pressing parochialia. I agree anent Webster, and was going to write so. Moreover, his estimates of Livy, &c., are equal to the Sophomore class. His comparison of Sallust to Dr. Johnson is absurd.<sup>1</sup> I don't yet believe in the Maine law. The radical principles of the whole scheme are rotten. 1. The Bible speaks well of wine, even as *exhilarant*. 2. Christ chose, for a sempiternal ordinance, *that* thing, which of all others is (according to Maine) what ought to be everlastingly absent. 3. Islam (according to Maine) is ahead of Christianity. 4. The Decalogue is defective, for the first command ought to be, "Thou shalt not drink." 5. If what they say is true, *pledging* is not the way; else, why not pledge never to touch *that*, the love of which is a root of all evil? or never to lie? 6. It is questionable whether the true ethical principle is to remove all *material* of sin. 7. We have too many laws already which can't be enforced.

I can't help seeing that the apostolic preaching could never have been conformable to prophecies in John xiv.-xvii., unless greatly different from our Lord's. Progress and development mark all the teachings through his and theirs to the end. I look on a system as a mere *report of progress* in understanding Scripture, at a given point in history. Our *preached* system differs from the Confession of Faith, both by addition and subtraction.

I have heard [R. W.] Emerson. There is a singular fascination in his delivery of his sentences. These end in a surprise, almost always, and he artfully stammers and halts, so as to make expectation extreme. No gesture. No outlay of voice. Yet he keeps you intensely anxious to hear his soft, hesitating

<sup>1</sup> The allusion is to Mr. Webster's unfortunate selection of a classical subject for a discourse before the New York Historical Society.

tones. A disjointed series of "good things." Audiences not large; apparently New England residents, ladies, uppish clerks, &c.

Carlyle's *Life of Sterling* is a dreadful book, to popularize Pantheism, warm up the swelling germs of doubt in young minds, and prepare the soil for every extreme. I nowhere find in English, except in Th. Parker, such dark menaces. It is evident C. converted S. from a mere nominal Christian into a black despairing skeptic. The Irvingites have a great proportion of persons out of the most indoctrinated circles; most of their prophets, &c., having Episcopal orders, and several privates known to me being Presbyterian, and even Seceder-bred. Six scribes take down the dicta of the prophets. Judge Story was a great man; but as to enthusiasm in professional studies, I have no doubt a hundred American clergymen have as much. In this one point I do not see him to surpass Stuart, Robinson, Hodge, or Barnes. In extra-professional literature he seems to me inferior to any one of these. I admit that our period is singularly barren of great divines and great preachers. Yet the average working talent, I apprehend, was never greater. As to what is called pulpit eloquence, I grow in disbelief of its importance. The gaping multitudes who fill churches are little reached, as to the main matter. *Worship* is certainly overshadowed by our sermons. How few quoters of our Directory ever quote p. 497, where the sermon is compared with "the *more important* duties of prayer and praise."—Quere: Whether we do not err in ciphering so much about the time, men, and money it will take to convert the world? Whether God's plan is not to work upon, in, and by a peculiar people, elect and called; *εκλεκτοί*? Whether his plan may not be doing well, even though in a "little flock"? Whether the other world is not the great collection of saints? Whether God is not taking out of this world a constant select addition to that? And whether, consequently, both hopes and fears do not mislead us, as to the extensiveness of visible success?

Absurd as it sounds, the spiritual-knocking business is like to be really alarming. If Satan ever interferes, one might think it would be in such mesmeric and analogous delusions. I am told there are scores of distinct and stated meetings in town, for these spiritual investigations. Miss Martineau, in her late book, avows high-mesmerism and utter atheism.

NEW YORK, April 3, 1852.

I attended the funeral of M. R., on the 1st inst., æt. 13. She had been of my catechizing class, and was, I trust, a renewed child. I am expecting soon to go to the grave of M. S., who is

sinking fast, but with the loveliest aspect I ever saw death put on. Her sayings are as worthy of record, as those of any woman I have read of. Her mother and sister, who both died of consumption, had just such blessings in their decline. Mr. Lowrie is going to visit our Western Indians. The death of Dr. Wm. S. Potts, of St. Louis, is truly a solemn event. He had attained great eminence and influence, without the employment of any arts, or the perpetration of oddities.<sup>1</sup>

Grote's Greece is a wonderful book. He is a hot radical, but a great scholar and historian. His style is true English; no balance, rhythm, or expected cadence; his mind is John Bull-ish, as much as Gifford's, (they say *Jifford* in England,) and there is no flummery or fog of any sort. You read his account of debates at Athens, with the same matter-o'-fact feeling, as when you read about a debate in Parliament. All is made to uphold democracy.

New Orleans seems to be the small end of Kosuth's horn. What a pity, to see the noblest fellow living kill himself by "power of slack-jaw," as Yellowplush has it. What extremity of asinine folly, to prefer a Parisian education! Except for the name of it, French is of no more use to women than Cherokee.

I think with all its airiness and sweetness the up-town is less agreeable to me than the old parts. I feel more at home among the noise and kennels. A wealthy, zealous Norwegian, is here; he lent the American Bible Society \$50,000, unasked, without security, for their new edifice. We are near the moving season. A number of my people are coming up. I think not five families of my old charge are below.

We have not the least stir in our congregation; but at no time have I known so many persons under a deep religious concern. I have perceived something unusual in the manner of hearers, for some weeks. The proportion of non-professors in our assembly is small. In every place where I have been, I have observed that I never have marked increase of hearers, but always a striking adhesiveness in those who come. We are suffering greatly for want of a good place for meeting; it is most obvious in our weekly lecture. A lady came to me under great convictions, produced by the funeral services of E. B.

Think of 3,000 Chinese in California! One of our Canton missionaries writes, that there were forty vessels in that port preparing for California. I am looking to the printing of a few hymns in Hungarian, for a little congregation of Mr. Acs, (pronounced something like our old school-phrase *Ouch!*) More

<sup>1</sup> There is a memoir of Dr. Potts in Dr. Sprague's Annals, vol. 4.

than \$20,000 have been raised here within a few weeks, towards the endowment of the still unendowed chair at Princeton.

My health has not been improving lately. Constant pastoral visits and anxieties, and mental work without relaxation, have run me down exceedingly, so that I am sleepless in a good many nights, and quite nervous by day.

I have my father's little book on Moral Philosophy very near publication. I suppose I shall have to throw in a Preface. It will rank with his Evidences, but will awaken more opposition. He wrote nothing more simple, clear, or convincing. It is the only work which he left ready. Among his papers, the only diaries are a few, (chiefly in cipher,) of which the earliest goes back to æt. 17.

Does any one properly estimate the approaching certain influence of the Germans, as a power in our country? I often hear as much German as English in my day's walk. Of all the Protestant portion, nine-tenths are infidel. All I meet with are radical. Most of the German newspapers are infidel, and some blasphemous. A friend of mine heard some talking yesterday; one said, "Our grand error in Germany was not using the guillotine; let them employ it freely, and let them begin with the *Pietisten*." The second Psalm comes to my mind as affording the only hope.

NEW YORK, *May 4*, 1852.

I almost envy you your chance of going to Charleston.<sup>1</sup> I have always wanted to see that proudest specimen of sumptuous slaveholding hospitality. Try to see Dr. Smyth's library.<sup>2</sup> Perhaps I will enclose a letter to my classmate, W. P. Finley, President of the Charleston College.

When elected Moderator, the properest speech may be from these heads: "Unexpected—seldom in the chair—most will depend on members—good intention will atone for inexperience—will know no section or party," &c.

I wish I could see my way clear to promise you pulpit aid. But I am so sure to have to flee myself, when it grows hot, that appearances demand pretty full labor from me as long as I can. Something may indeed turn up to make the thing practicable; and it would be very pleasant to me. Yesterday it was a French minister seeking a place, to-day it is an Irish one. These Irish think "vacancies" are gaping for them as soon as they disembark. They have no drawings towards the bush. I ob-

<sup>1</sup> Where the General Assembly was to hold its meeting.

<sup>2</sup> Now the property of the Theological Seminary at Columbia, South Carolina.

serve an absence of all "onction" in all Irish Presbyterian preachers. It is very different with the modern Scotch school. Guthrie of Edinburgh talks of coming hither for a jaunt. Guthrie draws more crowds than anybody since Chalmers. He has both poetry and wit, with plenty of fire. I hope to receive next Sunday about twenty on certificate, and seven on examination. I hope you mean to go by sea. The change is so entire, and so breaks the home-thread, that I know nothing like it. Don't forget summer clothes. Verify the rumour, that the common Charlestonians say *wen* for *when*, *wail* for *whale*, *peer* for *pear*, *fare* for *fear*, and *steers* for *stairs*. Find out whether South Carolina extempore preaching is the best a-going. I wish for you that protection and happiness, which were vouchsafed to me so largely by sea and land.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> I throw into the margin a piece of playful satire on style and sentiment which he addressed to me at this time.

HARD SHELL BOTTOM, S. C., May 3, 1852.

REV. DEAR BROTHER,—On yesterday I was first aware of your being a commissioner to the General Assembly. Sentimentally accordant with you, though differing perhaps in my verbage, I would have defined my position in regard to true blue Presbyterianism, if I hadn't have gotten an impression that you were tinctured with Princetonism. I didn't have any test, till going to dinner yesterday evening, I received a statement tantamount to a denial of the above. No unreliableness of my informant will prevent my approbating his sentiments on the issue about to be made, since a crisis has arrived in the affairs of our beloved Church. Talented men in our Southern country think I would have done better if I would have consented to have given you my views on Boards. If we do not return to the basis of Scotch testimony, we will go to the gulf of Erastianism, and we will become a by-word in the camp of the Philistines. It is mighty easy to talk of the Boards of the Church as doing a great work. Unless arrested in their nefarious derelictions, they will stultify us, by bringing in a class of ministers who are merely literary men, ready to fall a prey to the demons of choirs and organs. It is high time to testify against carpets in churches; a rag of the scarlet woman which has been privily brought in. As I lately said to brother McRouse, "show me the pattern of the carpet which Paul and Silas were on, at Philippi, and I will use it in the Hard Shell Church." Note-books are against the second commandment, and also the fourth. They were unknown to the primitive age. *Sol, fa, me*, &c., are clearly from the man of sin, and are nearly as bad as cruciform churches, being taken by a rank massmonger, Guido Aretini, from an idolatrous hymn,

"*Ut queant laxis resonare fibris*," &c.

The practice of tokens and of lining hymns went out when reading supplanted preaching. Who knows but our sons may see the day when the paternoster may be used in public prayer!

Rev. dear Brother, contend for the faith against all new light and Northern innovations. I am yours in bonds, &c.

DUNCAN MCKILLIKRANKIE.

NEW YORK, May 24, 1852.

Ask President Finley, with my regards, after any of our college friends. I have my father's little "Outlines of Moral Philosophy" in press, as well as an 8vo of my own, intitled "Consolation," &c.; a rifaccimento of about eighteen sermons. Do any thing you deem discreet, even by placard or advertisement, to get *letters* of my father; this is like to be the desideratum; especially letters before 1812. "Use a little (port) wine for thy stomach's sake" while in the tropics, and follow the instinct of all hot countries, by increasing your spicery. A rumbling betokens new troubles with Mexico. Have we not whipped them enough? Wicked as it is, I believe the manifest destiny will annex Cuba, and, as Punch says, promote free trade to Japan by opening our ports on the Japanese. God reigns, even in wars, and truth has made its way very often through the breaches opened by conquest. M.'s new book is very little talked about, while 50,000 copies of Uncle Tom's Cabin are sold, and 100,000 will be. Yet the nigger-talk of the book is often pure Yankee. Dogwoods and lilacs are the blossoms which denote our time of year. This day last year I embarked. Time was when I would have attempted to give you some public news, but newspapers and telegraphing have taken this pleasure clean away from us poor epistlers. M.'s case is not yet decided in court, though it can go only in his favours (as the Scots say;) they also say *severals*. Not one descendant of Scotchmen in a hundred ever gets his *shoulds* right. Dr. C. would be sure to say, "I would think he ought to accept," or even, "if the mail would come," &c. No Englishman or New Englandman ever goes wrong here. Hence the prevalence of the *woulds* among southern Presbyterians. S. is one of the few who *more Anglicano* writes, "The Assembly, *it should seem*, has a moderator." Here endeth the first lesson in subjunctives. American lawyers are much honoured in Westminster Hall. I see what I said as my hearing confirmed by an English paper, which speaks of *My luds* and my *lud* as universal at the bar. I heard Earl Derby say so repeatedly in the House of Lords. And every Englishmen I heard said *cort* for court, and *morning* for mourning, &c. The only Walkerian pronunciation I heard was from Irishmen, *gyard*, *kyarnal*, *skyie*, *kyined*, &c.

The Directors in Princeton joined Polemic to Didactic Theology again, but did nothing anent the vacant chair. They rescinded their former recommendation about a fifth chair.

You are now in the focus of light and heat, while I have nothing to say. I am glad you like Charleston; the city and people, I am led to think, have as much a character of their

own, as Philadelphia and Boston once had, and as New York never will have.

If any one's thoughts turn toward the Germans in America, do give it a serious consideration. 1. The immigration thence is enormous. 2. Famine, &c., will increase it. 3. They will soon be "a power" in State and Church. 4. The Protestant part (a full moiety) is largely infidel. 5. The existing German *Christians* in the United States are either poor, or devoid of missionary zeal and tact. Nothing is to be hoped from them. 6. The German Reformed Church is mad after a delusive transcendentalism, and has endorsed it. 7. The call on us is greater than that of any *white* portion of the world.

A common man said to-day down-town: "The New School Men do not discover that the secret of Old School efficiency and increase lies in *tenacity of doctrine, and liberality of sentiment.*"

NEW YORK, *June 21, 1852.*

I am in a very false position as to my edifice, [its costliness;] while I never saw a *congregation* so suited to me. They are all drawn around me, by partiality for my explanatory and uncoloured ministrations. For years I have seen people who want to hear oratory, &c., come once or twice, and then depart. Elderly and afflicted persons, of the plainer sort, are chiefly those who drop in. Once I scuffled to be other than I am; now I see a providence in it, and even rejoice. I look back, and see that I have often erred by trying to be (1) more original than I am, (2) more animated; especially No. 2. No man can be anybody else. Don't you, as you go on, feel increasing complacency in variety of gifts? We could not miss a —, or a —, little as you or I fancy them. I was pleased, when a friend of McNeile's said: "He is a *teacher.*" That we can all be. If tears break out—well; but the teaching is effective, sans halloo and spasm. I have lately had unusual comfort in my lectures, by omitting my little notes of one or two pages; and, after hard study of the context and more of the words, going on without any sort of MS. The briefest notes ripple and detain the current. This method I seldom venture on, on Sundays; for in the morning I read every word—usually. The past winter has been one of too unremitted labour; I am conscious of having had a pride which made me do double duty, to prepare for the incapacities of summer. The consequence is, that my nervous system is very much shattered. I do not feel it inter loquendum, but afterwards and in any excitement which unmans me. God rules—but I have serious apprehensions about being able to

bear up. I find my four-mile heat, walking to the University, quite disabling.

The German singing-bands from all parts, are to be here in tremendous force. They do the thing German-fashion, for several days, with garlands, torch-processions, picnics, choruses, and wine. I was at a German (Presbyterian) meeting t'other night, where about 150 made as much hymn-noise, as any ten of our assemblies. I think to go to Newport about the 2d.

NEWPORT, July 31, 1852.

After four weeks at the Bellevue, I came to lodging in Broad street, where we have a good table and good rooms. Nothing delights me more in Newport than the oldness of its old parts. I know nothing so English; the narrow streets and trottoirs, street-gables, overhanging eaves and even stories, square casements, vines, &c., every thing but the material of the houses. Generally the temperature has been such, that any more coolness would have been unpleasant. I was out fifteen hours in a sail boat; having two calms and a small gale. These waters are singularly varied and beautiful. The healthiness of Newport is vouched by the extraordinary number of very old people. The boys and girls play in the streets of the old parts, almost as freely as in France. The talk among squads at the corners is not horse-talk, as with us, but always sea-talk. I have not developed any taste for fishing, of the kind here practised. I should almost as soon think of taking a day at butchering. Neither do I admire the sea-fish as food. My boys have, however, made up in both ways for any delinquencies of mine. What a charming writer Hawthorne is! I greatly prefer him to Irving. His sea-side descriptions (in "Twice told Tales") smack of the very beach and surf. I have been to Bristol, which is just a smaller Newport; on a very beautiful bay, not far from Mt. Hope, the home of King Philip. I have read two lives of Roger Williams, here among his haunts, with great admiration of that eccentric old hero. In respect to mere bathing, I do not consider Newport namable along side of Cape May or even Long Branch. Unless you walk, every dip costs  $37\frac{1}{2}$  cents. The times for bathing without dress, are much restricted; and every thing goes by hours, not by tides. But the air is incomparable; indeed I should wax extravagant, if I said all I think of it. This is the Shiloh of New England quakerism. The orthodox preponderate. In our part of town one sees the sweet young plain quakeresses, passim, *more antiquo*. The Maine law works no visible change in hotels, but produces a



dreadful exasperation. I think the moral influence plainly deleterious.

NEWPORT, August 26, 1852.

I do not find my health much benefited, except by the repose. Within a fortnight I have had a bad turn of disabling rheumatism. Fishing is said to be the favourite clerical sport. I am an exception. The sailing is delightful. I can imagine the delicate play of fly-fishing to have a charm; but this dead pulling up of sea-fish is merely a nasty trade. Yesterday I caught a shark, about four feet long, having pulled to the surface two others, one apparently seven feet long. But it is a useless and horrid butchery, and I would as soon stick a hog or a calf. I have been twice out sailing with Dr. Boardman. The Newport men say he ventures beyond his sea-knowledge. Their boats have a peculiar rig, and great alacrity in sinking. [Rev. Mr.] Thayer is a Triton; I have seen him row across Bristol harbour in quite a gale, and he often rows himself out to vessels, during pretty rough winter weather, to visit their crews. M. has a gay sloop of eight or ten tons, which has luxurious accommodations; I have tried it twice. You may judge of his zeal, when I add he keeps a man, whose sole employment is to gather crabs for bait. I have seen a letter of Berkeley, wherein he says, in 1730, that Newport has 6,000 inhabitants, and is the chief place for trade in America. The house which he built, (Whitehall,) two or three miles off, is much visited. I found in it a family that goes to no church, with a young man dying of consumption.

Revolutionary memorandums and reminiscences are sufficiently frequent here, but it is mortifying to see how little has been preserved of their earlier archæology. The earliest grave-mark I have actually seen is 1648, and this is a late stone. More Indian traditions and names remain, than is usual. For example many of the names of fish are plainly Indian, as *Squid*, *Squeteek*, *Scup* or *Scuppang* [porgy], *Choxy*, *Menhaden* [mossbunker], *Totang* [blackfish]. The more I see of Narraganset Bay, the more I admire it. Among its numerous islands, there are spots where the views of coves, villages, and remote uplands, are equal to any thing of the flat sort.

I hope to resume labours on the first Sunday of September.

NEW YORK, September 23, 1852.

I have this day brought home my little flock from Newport; thanking God that we have been kept in life, and that some of the number have derived such benefit.<sup>1</sup> Our church still lingers.

<sup>1</sup> The intermission of his *preaching* in New York was only from July 18 to August 29.

The pews are in, but not the pulpit. I am less and less elated with the magnificence of this pile. I feel, however, a growing desire to spend what is left of me, in plainer, simpler, more instructive preaching. I am in low spirits about the condition of the New England churches. The whole feeling, in their assemblies, is different from that of ours—bad as we are. The choirs carry matters clear away from the congregation, who in very numerous instances stand during singing, gazing up into the singers' gallery. The sermons are never expository; and those which are reputed the best are extensively on general topics of national law, ethics, and philanthropy. A sort of cold revival is superinduced in many of them, which adds communicants, but does not help the matter much. An ordinary laying open of a large context, especially with any stress laid on particular pregnant expressions, would, I am sure, be received with surprise in most places. They admit themselves, that the new generation of preachers is giving all its zeal to the construction of rhetorical specimens.

I am glad you are willing to do the service in Princeton.<sup>1</sup> Young men need and desire the very plainest directions how to go about their work. Religious biographies will furnish many suggestions. Dr. Waugh's life contains some grand things about city work. I have not, for many years, seen a little volume by Innes, a Baptist of Edinburgh or Glasgow, which struck me as containing some of the best results of pastoral observation I ever read; the title escapes me. My father used to go largely into ministerial life and ways, marriage, economy, choice of a field, principles about settlement and removal, and a great deal concerning preaching, that is commonly left to Homiletics, or, more properly speaking, omitted. I mean all that considers preaching in regard to the private religion, &c., of the minister. I know he also lectured fully and frankly on revivals; on missions; on call to foreign work. Be advised not to withhold facts and deductions from your own ministry.

I am prepared to pronounce Newport the most delightful climate (to the feelings) in America. It is singularly like what I found Ireland to be, at the same season.

NEW YORK, *October 25, 1852.*

Our Synod sat from Monday till Tuesday night. Our judicatories here are more churchly than religious; too formal and perfunctory. We have no very great men left now, and seem not to need them.<sup>2</sup> John Bell [of Tennessee] seems to

<sup>1</sup> A temporary supply of the chair of Pastoral Theology.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Webster died October 24.

me one of our soundest trunks of the old forest. I begin to think military skill is more of a trade than I once thought, and involves less mental greatness. As to France, I am heretic enough to think it has made a happy escape from infidelity and socialism. Walsh's letters, in the *Journal of Commerce*, promote this judgment, I dare say.

I have not had a marriage for six months. So they have a professor of Mohammedan literature in Amherst College. I am out of heart about the delay of our church. There is no reasonable prospect of entrance before December. And if the acoustics should prove bad, as my fears predict, from the immense vaulting and needless recess, I suppose I shall have to look for another house.

The Moral Science sells well, and is much lauded by some sound judges. It is indeed the only work which enters largely into elementary morals. W.'s piety has loomed up wonderfully since his demise. Our preachers find it a fruitful theme. A French wine-house has this sign:

<i>Rendezvous</i>	FRIENDS'
<i>des</i>	MEETING.
<i>Bons Amis.</i>	

Commend it to your Quaker neighbours. A famous mourning-store in Broadway, has for its sign: *Maison de Deuil*, which imperfect scholars may interpret variously. I have a book in hand, partly new and partly sermons, addressed to "the suffering people of God," ["Consolation."] Dr. Rice (æ. 70) looks as firm as ever; not gray; indeed not changed. He is a truly affectionate old man. He is now at Addison's. Mr. Talbot Olyphant of my church is going to China for the fourth time. His brothers have also been several times, and his father spent ten years in China. They are all deeply interested in our missions. They speak confidently of the railway to San Francisco, as a thing that must be, and that speedily. The present route to China is shortened to sixty days. Accessions at last communion eighteen on certificate, six on examination. Collections: for Church Extension \$1,106; for Bible Society \$990. My eyesight is failing me very rapidly.

NEW YORK, EVE OF THANKSGIVING, }  
November 24, 1852. }

You make believe I owe you a sheet, so here goes. On your overhasty departure, I perceived that you had left a book, &c., on my table. I have not spoken of these little lapses of memory, they are to be expected. Do you not find the events of your middle life more easily remembered than the occurrences

of yesterday? A spectacle-case is also lying on my table—did you leave that also? So Napoleon III. is at length enthroned. Strange that both he and Louis Philippe should have had such adventures in America. Add Joseph Bonaparte and the Murats. What a pity saints' days and anniversary festivals should be so dangerous! Governor's appointments lack the prestige and the legends and the traditions and the games and the flowers in season. I saw in Europe some things to show that thousands on thousands may keep a fête without the least disorder. The modicum of religious association tends to prevent this. We get over boyish hilarity too soon. Far up in the Alps of Savoy, I came upon a group of men, in the highway in a circle, hand in hand, singing Swiss songs, with every coloured ribbons in their broad hats. With us, they would have been stupefying themselves with adulterate brandy at some hogsty of a corner gross-ery. In Paris, on Corpus-Christi Day, which they call the Fête de fleurs, I reckoned that there were in the Madeleine not less than 5,000 bouquets, of which the great ones would have sold at our florists for \$10 a piece. I happened to be at Cologne on St. Martin's day. The whole parish of St. Martin's, *pro more*, turned out in procession on a great *place* around the church. There were hundreds of girls and women, and thousands of men, all very orderly. The natural tendency to anniversaries breaks out among us in such holidays as New Year's, Thanksgiving, Forefathers' Day, Evacuation Day, &c. The degree of excess and abuse which occur on set days, will be in proportion to the decay of religious feeling among a people; but I am by no means sure that these are greatly increased by set days. Yet as a good son of Mother Church, I subside into the tenet, that all such feasts are against the second commandment. I wonder the homœopaths have not taken Elijah as their patron saint, who was the first *ῥμοιοπαθῆς*; James v. 17. The nexus between one credulity and another is seen in the fact, that —, our prime homœopath, is prominent in the convention of spiritual rappers and mediums. I wish you a happy family meeting. My text is, Psalm ii. 11, last words.

NEW YORK, *December 24, 1852.*

I wish you and yours a merry Christmas. The week has been an exciting one, in regard to our new church. Our treasurer has just been in, and says (though he has not had time to foot up the items) that the debt is cancelled—the sale of pews equalling the entire cost of ground and building. All the very high-priced pews are taken. About ninety-five remain unsold. It is my wish that sales should now stop, and that the remaining

pews should be rented, at low rates. Now that the immense cost is met, the future annual expenses on pews need not be greater than if the house had been built for a small sum. The assessment on pews is eight per cent. Since Monday the treasurer has actually collected \$85,000. We had a very full house on Sunday; benches and chairs brought in till all was crammed. Drs. Potts and Plumer preached. I have been again reading Erasmus's Colloquies, in the old full edition, with great delight. Old Cass gains on me, by his magnanimity towards opponents. Old Benton in the House will be almost as racy as J. R. of Roanoke. Peter Cooper is building an Institution just below the new Bible House, for which he has appropriated \$300,000.<sup>1</sup> These two buildings will beautify and improve a very ugly part of town. That neighbourhood already has St. Mark's, St. Anne's, the Baptist Tabernacle, Opera House, and Astor Library; and very near are Lafayette St. Church and St. Bartholomew's. A Mr. Milne has been here about two months, begging for a church at Cannobie. I am unable to see the propriety of such a course. Churches are probably thick-set all around the place, where they demand a Free Kirk. In 2 Cor. xi. 28, ἐπισύστασις has a force not commonly observed, *i. e.* "the being run down by so many people." In 2 Cor. iii. 6, our version fails. The free version would be, (to keep up the play of words,) "But our *ability* is of God, who has given us whatever *ability* we possess as ministers." I wish you and yours facile digestion of the mince-pies, and kindly resignation to the drums, accordeons, &c., of the season.

NEW YORK, December 27, 1852.

Thinking you might be pleased to learn something authentically about our church, I proceed to report progress. We had \$13,000 from the old building. Last week we sold pews enough, added to the above, to clear us of all debt, that is, to equal the whole cost of the ground and edifice; which we reckon at \$105,000. This left us seventy-seven pews on hand, which we determined to *rent*. To-day all these have been rented, except seven below, and three in the gallery. The whole number, I think I told you, is 204. My concern is now of a very novel kind; viz., where there is to be room for any increase. Indeed, I fear some of our worthy slow people will have found themselves without seats.

So poor old Mr. Steel is gone.<sup>2</sup> He was a good friend of my childhood. Often have I partaken of good buttered bread spread

<sup>1</sup> The cost reached to more than twice this sum, and was wholly a gift.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. John Steel, of Philadelphia, a member of the Third (Pine Street) Church.

thickly with sugar, from the hand of Betty, in that little dark back parlour no longer to be found, unless in England. John was perhaps happiest, when he was a linen draper bold, in the New Market. He could read the "Aurora," and go out to the Republican meetings, with little risk. I remember Betty's mother, old Mrs. Blair, and how helpless she was with rheumatism. Did I mention to you, that the assessments on our pews are less than in Duane Street? They have to-day been reduced to  $7\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. I wish I could turn out about twenty pews of rich folks and fill them with poor. But this is one of those dreams not to be realized. I never was stronger in my opinion, that all church-sittings ought to be free. Yet we can't reach this without establishments, endowment, and all that. Even in the popish churches in Paris, I calculated that at one *sous* a chair, the common price, people of regular attendance would pay \$2 a year, which is just the price of a cheap sitting in our church.

NEW YORK, *December 31, 1852.*

Here is my last letter of the old year, with my best wishes for you and yours, for the new. This has been a period of events and mercies for me. Some of the things, which I dare say people think tend to elate me, have a quite contrary effect; especially the worldly increase of my cure. Seldom, if ever, have I had any private exercise more solemn, than in the whole progress of this matter. And I never more felt the necessity of dealing plainly with my people. My congregation is fearfully large. Every pew which was not sold, is rented, except about two and a half. One of my responsibilities is that of begging and dispensing large alms. Yesterday I had to raise some money for poor members of a German congregation. I went nowhere for this purpose, but mentioned it in calls, and received \$68. On the first Sunday we collect for our Foreign Missions, and I hope we shall do better than ever.<sup>1</sup>

The question of riding in our street cars on Sunday, is agitating our community. I have not been able to decide it. The poor go in cars; the rich in coaches. The number of horses and men employed is less than if there were no cars. It is a query whether as many cars as these would not be demanded by those (among half a million) who have lawful occasion to journey. If so, the question of duty would be reduced to one of individual vocation to this amount of locomotion. The whole matter of the Christian Sabbath is a little perplexed in my mind. 1. All that

<sup>1</sup> The collection proved to be more than \$3,300. In the next month, for Domestic Missions, \$3,750.

our Lord says on it, is *prima facie* on the side of relaxation. 2. The apostles, who enforce, and as it were re-enact every other command of the ten, never advert to this. 3. Even to Gentile converts, they lay no stress on this, which might be expected to come first, among externals. 4. According to the letter, Paul teaches the Colossians (ii. 16) not to be scrupulous about Sabbaths. I am not therefore surprised, that Calvin had doubts on this subject. The very strict views of the Sabbath have prevailed in no part of Christendom unconnected with the British Isles. I must wait for more light. I admit the fact, that spiritual religion has most flourished where the strict opinions have prevailed. My good father used to say: "Be very strict yourself; be very lenient in judging your neighbour." I have always taken milk, without scruple; which is an offence to hundreds of good people among us. Some began to have qualms about Sunday gas; but on inquiry they found that the labour which produced it fell on Thursday or Friday. As I always give my people a motto for the year, and preach on it, I have chosen "My Grace is sufficient for thee."

[Soon after this date Dr. A. became so sensible of the increasing perils of slighting the Sabbath, that he took a decided position in favour of the stricter practice.]

NEW YORK, *March 9, 1853.*

With more than two hundred pew-holders, I find my circuit wide enough. In regard to visiting, I am forced to seek how to please God and not man. Cases of illness, &c., break in very much on what I have heard called a "routine of rounds." The pleasure of having our big boys at home must soon end; a fore-warning of partings yet more serious. O that grace might "apprehend" them! Bickersteth's life [by Birks] is a plain book, but O how full of healthy, ardent piety! I think him one of the loveliest ministerial models.

Mr. Beers's death is a loss indeed.<sup>1</sup> He was every thing I could ask, as to prompt and willing help. Mr. Auchincloss [another Elder] is sinking apace. I shall try for a considerable enlargement of the session, but fear I shall not be successful.

Chalmers's "Life" [by Hanna] contains an extraordinary amount of trifling matter. The plan seems to have been to publish all that could be raked and scraped. It is, however, a wonderful monument to his frankness of nature. Amos Lawrence, though called a Unitarian, delighted in such books as McCheyne, Haldane's Life, &c., and bought them largely for dis-

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Beers, one of his elders and most esteemed friends, died in February.

tribution. There is a somewhat singular case of activity in my congregation. A young man, who took first honour at Princeton, and then studied law, devotes his whole time to the distribution of the Bible. He has boarded every foreign vessel in this port, for four or five years. He argues, exhorts, battles, and generally succeeds. Our congregations are full to a degree which oppresses me. I believe only half a pew is unlet. Our collection for Education Board, on Sunday, was \$3,510. Our weekly lecture is crowded. With much external attention there is little proportionable coming out by profession. Next Sunday we shall admit about twenty on certificate, and six on examination. Of the whole twenty-six, about twenty are made up of husband and wife. I am very soberly apprehensive of failing under my burden, and that before long. I generally lose my rest on Sunday night, and on the last had the addition of a vomiting. In no winter have I had more of nervous tremor. But I try to disregard these symptoms, as I see no way out of my present duties. The translation of a French book "the Preacher and the King," which is really a treatise on homiletics, is a capital book. I have Bunsen's "Hippolytus," a book about every thing, (4 vols.,) but of which the real intent is to give an exact portraiture of Christianity about A. D. 225, as to the creed, liturgy, and manners; and for this portraiture the material afforded by the chevalier is very rich. It includes a complete series of the very earliest liturgies, in the original. Antipuseyite, anticalvinist, antipedobaptist, antirationalist, transcendental, mystical, poetical, erudite, interesting, bold, with occasionally pickings of a very suggestive kind. His facts and quotations are a great basis for thought. His central point is the *Eucharist*, in the view expressed by that word. He proves very clearly that the ancient church made this the great thing, and that all the liturgies grew out of a simple communion service. It is to him the Christian sacrifice, not in the popish sense, but as expressing in common what he regards as the great central feeling of religion, viz., the unselfish offering-up of the whole man, thankfully to God, as Christ once offered up himself. He thinks this idea pretty much lost in the modern church. He is as little of a Trinitarian as Neander Schleiermacher, or Bushnell.

NEW YORK, April 8, 1853.

Mr. C., a Scot, gives striking accounts of the surplus of labour in Scotland. There are about 400 probationers, and about thirty annual vacancies. Twenty missionaries are wanted for Australia, and they can drum up only six. He is familiar with labour among the poor in Edinburgh. Spoke of their district



methods. Two or three ladies have about twenty houses allotted to them, for visits, &c. But these small cantons are sometimes visited by three different sets, one Free Church, one Establishment, &c. He is *en route* for Cincinnati, but I almost wished to detain him here. There is such a spirit of work about these real working Scotchmen. Mr. C. has lately traversed those parts of Ireland where the conversions from Popery have taken place, and confirms the most favourable accounts. Thousands have become intelligent Protestants. The beginning has always been by schools. He represents the Bible knowledge obtained in these as wonderful. There are about forty Presbyterian schools. Dr. Duff has taken this matter in hand with great zeal. In our city-work, the great lack is not of money, but of men. I am astonished when I consider the supineness of our young ministers. There are half a dozen licentiates hanging about here, waiting for vacancies, who might instantly have their hands full of work. Any man of the least energy could, in a school-room or loft, soon gather a houseful of hearers. I even think our young laymen are not backward in their part. But we want a revival of zeal among preachers. I am increasing my eldership, and minded to increase it more: Joseph Hyde, James M. Halsted, Thomas U. Smith, and Jeremiah J. Greenough.<sup>1</sup> It does not often happen to me to discover four new cases of religious inquiry in two days; but such is the event of this week.

The only error I see in the Brick Church movement is, that they did not move fifteen years ago, when they might have made a better bargain. The supporters of the church have long been up town. Free churches must be established for the class remaining below. The position of that church has long been intolerable, from the noise of cars and newspaper steam-presses, next door. The year has added to our church 109, of whom only twenty on examination. We are just about opening a mission Sunday School, in 20th Street near 7th Avenue. We have plenty of teachers, and a room capacious of 250, in a neighbourhood filled with poor; the streets toward the North River being thronged. I have completed that part of the memoir [of his father] which precedes Princeton, and in that whole period have not one letter. When I think of the new generation in Princeton, I feel quite old—Dod, Green, Cattells, Hope, Duffield. C.'s case reminds me of a frequent saying of my father, that he never knew a poor man go crazy for fear of starvation.

For some months I have been studying Galatians, with a

<sup>1</sup> They were ordained April 10, 1853.

feeling of increased understanding. Poor Byers's wife embarked at Shanghai the day after lying-in, and so came five months with a newborn child, and a dying husband. A week ago we attended his funeral, in the same church where he was ordained a year since. Coulter, our missionary printer, is just reported dead at Ning Po. The Hippodrome is rising near us, like magic; they say to contain 8,000. The Crystal Palace is not merely less than the original, but is ill placed, and diminished to the eye, by the contiguity of the great massive Reservoir. One of the prettiest little electrical experiments I know, has been repeatedly performed in my parlour by James and his comrades. If new to you, it will be surprising. It is the lighting of gas by the finger. One person, in old slippers or the like, shuffles about on a thick rug for five minutes, until the body collects a sufficiency of the electric fluid. He then suddenly applies his finger to the vent, (held open a moment before, by another person,) and the flame instantly breaks forth. I can at any time produce a spark, but have not succeeded in kindling the gas. I am not a believer in Gavazzi. I heard him in Glasgow, and thought him eloquent; but there was no religious ingredient, and little but a Mazzini-like damnation of the pope. Dr. De Witt lately preached a sermon for me, extempore, more like my father's best, than I have heard.

Having exchanged with Krebs on Sunday, I walked home through Avenue A. My way lay for above a mile through the German quarter—all the signs in German—children talking German. It was not only not like Sunday, but was like a 4th of July, or exactly like a Sunday in Cologne or Heidelberg. Every fourth house was a drinking-place. Some of these were large, with numerous tables, and filled with as many women as men. There are half a dozen Romish chapels within a few hundred yards of Tompkins Square; one of these, (Holy Redeemer,) a tawdry thing, is said to be larger and higher than Trinity church. I think there is more stir among our good people than I ever knew, about the condition of the poor, ragged boys, &c. I cannot get any other churches to agree with me in a favourite scheme, to have a great and inviting building erected, far down town, with a striking preacher, seats free, and no proximate regard to what is called a church-organization. Our folks are nearly ripe for a mission church; but I do not mean it shall be down town. The churches left in that quarter are nearly empty, as for example the spacious North Dutch. Soon every thing below will be warehouses, &c. The teeming population of the upper wards are falling a prey to the Catholics. O that our sect-divisions did not make territorial operation impracti-

cable! How much more we could do, if we could only mark off nine squares, as our own field—for schools, church, charity, care of poor, &c. I sometimes scruple whether a uniformity, like Sweden, properly worked, would not overbalance the advantages of our ultra free inquiry and individual judgment.

NEW YORK, *April 28, 1853.*

Yours is "to hand," a beautiful Americanism, which electrifies one at every telegraph. Another is, Howel's "*Print*;" which I observe on the imprint of a sermon. Addison will sail in the "Asia," 18th prox. We spent hours in Presybtery, upon city destitution and church extension. I came away with a heavy heart, persuaded that as a Presybtery we shall do nothing. Whatever is effected must be done congregationally. Just think—our great and wealthy Presybtery has not one preaching-station for the poor and wicked. As it is, the only work that is doing, is by the irresponsible City Tract Society, under A. R. Wetmore. The plea of some is, that the only mode is to set off colonies from large churches. But how can we get our members to leave us? And the worst necessities are just where self-supporting churches can never exist. I would rejoice from the bottom of my heart if the twenty best families in my charge would leave me to found a new church. But this would by no means reach the layer of population that I have in view. We opened a mission-school last Sunday; five in the morning, twenty-two in the afternoon. Gavazzi continues to draw enormous houses. His histrionic powers are unequalled. The purlieus of the Palace are growing up into a young San Francisco, of tawdry shells, saloons, grog and oyster holes, mountebank stalls, &c.; very unlike the boundless lawns and groves of Hyde Park, which begirt the English one. The building itself is beginning to look well. Dr. Muhlenberg's church, which is a free-seat one, has parsonage on one side and school on the other, and employs a doctor and an apothecary, to serve all attendants gratis. I suppose none but the poor apply. We go to Sharon springs on Wednesday.<sup>1</sup>

SHARON SPRINGS, N. Y., *June 24, 1853.*

Ink-privileges are scanty here, though brimstone and water abound.<sup>2</sup> The season has not fairly begun. There are about a hundred here in all. We are the only visitors at a farm-house about a mile from the springs: real country; a sweet, quiet,

<sup>1</sup> By medical advice for the benefit of one of his children.

<sup>2</sup> The letter was written in pencil.

pastoral farm of a hundred and forty acres. The fare is abundant and wholesome, and the sights and sounds very composing after being "in populous city pent." I sit out of doors all hours that the heat will permit. Yesterday the boys caught a ground-squirrel, here called by its Indian name, *chipmunk*. Innumerable birds are in the trees; the young just taking wing. Ten quarts of strawberries at the last picking. We churned twice yesterday. Mrs. Swift gets about fourteen pails of milk daily. To vary the routine, the bees swarmed just now, and you will be pleased to learn that the outgoing hive was saved.

The water is of two kinds, in one of which magnesia prevails. It is surprisingly crystalline, and deliciously cool, but the taste is that of hard-boiled eggs raised to the *n*th power. It does not tell its story with the promptness of the Saratoga, but is very potent on the system, and in rheumatic cases works wonders. There is a settlement of Canadian Indians (Abenaqui) here, who make the most beautiful and various basket-work I ever saw. There is no church here. About a mile off there is a building which is occupied in turn by Lutherans and Methodists every Sunday morning, and by Universalists in the afternoon. It would be difficult to find a more beautiful country. The surface rolls perpetually; there are some high hills; no end to streams, often running through dark ravines, tumbling water-falls, and mountain springs. There is an appearance of great fertility. The county is Schoharie, and is about seven miles from Cherry Valley. I feel refreshed and rested by being here, but not well. I shall try to get away on the 28th. I have not found the least diminution of heat, though the sweetness of June air in the country is very refreshing. I had no idea of the thousands of emigrants filling the trains westward, until my late trips. Thirteen hundred left Albany in one day. Two of them died in the cars from excessive heat. The tract distributors are active among them. The chief house here is the Pavilion, on an eminence which commands a truly mountain view. The farm on which we are is in the lap or valley just below it, at the foot of a green, smooth, rounded descent.

NEWPORT, *July 26, 1853.*

I received with much emotion your intelligence of the death of your brother Charles. Every thing is gained when the soul is safe; and I am not surprised to hear good tidings in this respect, knowing how lively an interest he always took in the means of grace. Yet it seems strange to think of him as carried away by disease. He was always a favourite of mine, from very childhood, for his cheerfulness, frankness, and cordiality. May

Heaven protect and bless his bereaved little family! How rapidly the associations of our youth are growing dim! Perhaps the most wonderful thing of all is, that we ourselves survive; unless it be this, that we still cling so closely to the earth.

I received your previous letter while I was yet in New York; where I passed a dull and solitary time, my family being in Sharon. I then resorted thither, and spent some days with them. It is a delightful resort. The scenery is romantic, and the air dry and elastic. We had no feeling of oppressive heat, but a sort of mountain freshness. The waters seem very efficacious in a large class of diseases. We were on a large farm, less than a mile from the spring, with an unbounded range for the children. I was almost sorry to come away, though the air of Newport is, after another fashion, very refreshing. We came in two days, by way of Albany, Springfield, Worcester, and Providence, a very pleasing route. Springfield is a charming town, and the trip from Worcester to Providence is through a very novel series of grazing valleys, meandering streams, and beautiful factory-villages. On the Sunday of our arrival Henry came in from hunting and fishing in Sullivan County, up the Delaware. He took lots of trout, and slept two nights out of doors. I shall give him as much boating and sea-fishing as his vacation allows. I was very poorly, with choleroïd affections, in New York, but have rallied. My church is kept open. When last heard of, Addison was stepping from Dover to Calais. In the face of much foregoing prejudice, he thinks Candlish immeasurably above any preacher he ever heard. He had heard McNeile, Hamilton, Cumming, Melvill, and Blomfield.

NEW YORK, *September 17, 1853.*

I am under a very strong impression that I answered your penult letter from Newport. Though I returned to my own pulpit on the 1st of this month, I did not bring back my familiars till to-day. Willy, who had been very ill, has been mercifully recovered. James has gained a good deal of strength, by maritime pursuits, winding up by falling into Narraganset Bay on Wednesday. We spent the night in a small and over-crowded boat, and got here about ten. Both going and coming I had agreeable chat with Dr., once Captain V—— of U. S. A., and Grace Church, Brooklyn. He is a great fisherman. He and a party this summer killed fifty sharks in thirty-six hours; one which Dr. V—— hooked measured eleven feet. I spent some days on Cape Cod, among a primitive and homogeneous people, as much like the old Puritans, I suppose, as any living. The chief places were Sandwich, Yarmouth, South Yarmouth, Barnstable,

South Dennis, North Dennis, and Harwich. There are no negroes, no Irishmen, and no foreigners. In the houses I visited I saw nothing like domestic servants; yet surprising comfort, great improvement of mind, and apparent religion. The men are all seafarers, and generally captains. Our congregation were in a very fair way of raising \$18,000, to buy an old church in which we already have a mission-school; when the matter was quashed by a reclamation of another people building in that quarter, who thought that our setting up a chapel would affect them. So we are looking round for a new scheme. Few of my flock have returned. Church pretty full all summer, but mainly from other congregations. I have gained nothing during the summer.

NEW YORK, *November 11, 1853.*

We are in an odd state as to music. Lowell Mason is our leader; but since his return from Europe he is so bent on severe, plain tunes, and congregational singing, that while I am tickled amazingly, the people are disappointed. His success in making the people sing has been marvellous. I enter no house where so many join. But I fear we cannot hold it against such odds.<sup>1</sup> We are planning to build or buy a house for our Mission Sunday School.

My father's eldest sister, Mrs. Graham, is dead. She was a woman of strong mind and solid piety, with whom my father kept up a correspondence for sixty years. The interruptions of a city pastor are sometimes the occasions of his chief usefulness. I have had three to-day, all beyond my church pale. I preached [November 6] at overture of Dr. Parker's lecture-room. A Presbyterian church in Rochester, known from the patron as "Mr. Ward's Church," [St. Peter's,] has the commandments and creed, &c., on tablets, and is to have responses, &c. The article

<sup>1</sup> In a note to the editor of this correspondence Mr. Mason says: "During the four years or more that I had the privilege of leading the singing exercises in Dr. Alexander's church, he often spoke to me on the subject. Indeed, I did not often meet him when this was not a leading topic of remark. He always spoke with great decision, and once certainly he told me, when it was suggested that there might be danger of a return to choir-singing, that he would not remain pastor of a church where the singing was exclusively in the hands of a choir. He often spoke to me after the public service, of the gratification he experienced from the psalmody, and I well remember on one occasion he told me he had never before enjoyed so much the exercise of song in the house of the Lord. He spoke to me also of the growing importance of the singing service in his own estimation. He used to attend our little preparatory meetings, often making remarks, suggesting topics, &c., and always closing with prayer."

in the October Edinburgh, on Church Parties, gives the most readable account I have ever seen of the peculiarities and relative force of the great divisions of Anglicans, with many important facts and explanations entirely new to me. The "Christian Remembrancer" (Puseyite) notices Fanny Fern's book, and says, "What a language in America, where a young lady can call trousers 'pants!'" I observed the word pantaloons was not used by London tailors, [always trousers.]

What a change the sculptures of the Exhibition [Crystal Palace in New York] will make in our popular estimate of nudities. Shop-windows and parlours show the revolution. Paris can scarcely equal some of our Broadway solicitations. Such an autumn as we have had I suppose no one remembers. People love to predict a hard winter. Coal is high, and the "stringency" will throw thousands of operatives out of work. There is but one point in which I ever feel drawn toward the millenarians; their belief, namely, that Christ will visit and renew his church *ex abrupto*, by a sudden burst. This often seems likely to me. Our whole system of modern means works slowly, and seems often to work backward. And yet, as to the influence on the world at large, it has not been ever greater, in my opinion, since the Reformation, than at this moment. I do not see that Christianity was ever more enlarging itself. By-the-by, I think the talk about supporting the ministry is good and indispensable; I can say so as suffering no personal need. Nothing seems more prominent or more plain to me in the New Testament; I often wonder, indeed, that it is alluded to so much, as it is plain that primitive Christians did not neglect that duty. I do not, however, agree with those who ascribe the fewness of candidates to this. Having lived much among such, I never knew a youth who seemed to me to be held back by this reason; and he who should be so had better stay out.

I find this great change in my pastoral experience: I am more concerned about the *quality* of religion in my flock, than when I was young. Sometimes I am almost as glad to observe a ripening, as once to observe a conversion. A few instances, very striking, have come under my knowledge. Doubtless from some grand defect in my preaching its influence has been most on professors; this beyond any hopes of mine. Awakenings are rare with me. My father long ago pointed out this evil in my sermons, and it has caused me many a pang. The invitatory part, I am always free to hold forth; but in every instance when I have tried the alarming and more pungent, I have been like David in Saul's harness. I am often depressed beyond expression at the apparent waste of my exertions. Private addresses

and expository lectures have done most of the little good that appears. Sad, sad, to think how nearly the glass is run out!

NEW YORK, *December 4, 1853.*

The modern German rule, of sticking firmly to grammar-laws, helps some passages. *E. g.* Acts xix. 3: ἠκούσαμεν can mean only, "We *did* not hear of any Holy Ghost;" *i. e.* we were not baptized with the formula, including that name: v. 5, "When they heard this, they were baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus;" so their previous baptism had not been in his name either. Dr. C—— is here, as accompanying a minister from Wisconsin, who solicits for a college. This fungus of college-building on our Education Board is like to eat out all the vitals thereof. I have had a tea-visit from Rev. R. Steel and Dr. Gray. Steel has been thirty-four years at Abingdon. Addison preached a grand sermon for me yesterday; he is very unequal. I have arrived at the last Feast of Tabernacles, in lecturing on the Life of Christ. It has been by far the most delightful homiletical exercise I ever tried. Holmes is delighting audiences with his brilliant and witty lectures. Our City Tract Society has twenty-six missionaries and eleven hundred distributors.

NEW YORK, *January 4, 1854.*

I wish you and yours a happy New Year. The last has been to us a year of mercies. As years roll on, the most despondent thought I have is a fear of never being much better in this world; I am glad there is another. I used to make resolutions at the new year; but now I am disheartened. The same habits, the same tendencies, the same selfishness, the same "old man," and warring *σαρξ*. My people lately agitated the question of raising my salary to \$5,000. When they met, a letter of mine was read, earnestly requesting that it might not be done. They nevertheless voted it unánimously, in such a way as not to raise the pew-tax. After deliberating a few days, and in opposition to every adviser, I wrote positively declining. To this, after a week, I have no reply.<sup>1</sup> Our church-collection for Foreign Missions on Sunday was \$5,189 63. Add \$1,000 for China Mission about a month ago. Our Mission-school goes on well; we have more than two hundred of the ragged sort. I expect to go to press this week. No one knows the anxiety I have had in preparing this work, chiefly from the absence of diaries and letters for the last forty years. I think I have been benefited, however,

<sup>1</sup> Upon his declining the additional salary, the congregation made an equivalent provision, which enured to his family at his decease.



by conversing with so many of my father's best thoughts. I have been reading a Unitarian book, intituled "Regeneration," by Sears. It is wonderful how he uses all our evangelical language, and tries to gain all the spirit and warmth of gospel grace. Hollow as it is, I consider it sincere, and in the light of a confession of the nakedness of their own system. Osgood, of this city, preaches in the same strain; a sort of revulsion from Parker and young Channing. Poor old Mr. Comfort [of Kingston, N. J.] had an easy end; the clock quietly ran down. Of what are called anecdotes, my memoir will be singularly destitute; also of smart sayings. I wish I had even two or three. Gavazzi still holds forth. Achilli is claimed by Bush as a New-churchman. My New Year's text was *ἐνδὲ*, Philip. iii. 13.

I humbly thank God for his mercy to H——; though now I am almost as anxious that he should be the right sort of Christian as I was that he should be converted.

Daily do I grow more opposed to pews. I honour Popery and Puseyism for this point. Free churches are unanimously voted a nuisance by New York Christians; but my mind is unchanged. They have, with us, always been undertaken by poor preachers. If such Chrysostoms as you and I wot of were to open a free church, it would tell another story; and I am persuaded the only way to effect it will be for individual preachers to lead the way. I have not the spirit of a reformer, or I know what I would do. My Tuesday lecture is the only service in which I feel at all apostolical. Addison preached here once on Sunday for McAuley's young men. A new school of Evangelicals in Germany has broached a doctrine about the church which would solve some enigmas about the broken condition of visible Christianity. It is this: 1. God founded and organized a Jewish church. 2. This was the only organization. 3. It is in suspension and abeyance since the Advent. 4. There is no explicit founding of a Christian church. 5. The Israelitish church will be restored, with a spiritualizing of its forms, &c. The Irvingites agree with this in part. At our communion we had twelve on certificate, and five on examination. Almost all the catechumens I personally taught in 1844, have come in. One of such revealed his case to me this evening after lecture. I should feel the mysteries multiplied by supposing Christ not to have been God before his baptism. It would then be "The flesh became Word," and not "The Word became flesh." Nor do I see any gain as to the "body prepared," which is equally true of the moment of conception, and which does not necessarily imply a *pre*-paration. On every point respecting the Trinity and Incarnation the Catholic (I may say Tridentine) doctrines seem to me most fully to

meet all objection; having been gradually worn into shape by the collision of short-lived heresies.

Prince Albert seems to be threatened with evil days. The queen must come in for her share. There seems to be something very vacillating in the recent policy of England. No hand at the helm bears strong. Who knows but Providence means Constantinople to fall again as in 1453? There is a long account to settle with the Turk. In some unknown way the Greek church, not near so corrupt as many think, may be made to countervail Rome, and perhaps to be herself reformed. I lately got a Greek prayer-book, and among much rubbish find an extraordinary amount of long, beautiful, pathetic, evangelical confession and prayer. Two of the Chinese insurrectionists, leading men, lately visited Shang-hae incog., and talked with Culbertson. Though they had never seen a New Testament, they seemed to be Christian and converted men. Happer's letters in the Presbyterian are evidently on the unfavourable extreme. It has not been mentioned that the dynasties now threatened in both wars, Chinese and Turkish, are both Tartarian. The Gog and Magogish aspect of this ought to be nuts for our prophet-mongers.

NEW YORK, *March 14, 1854.*

A Scotch Presbyterian of my acquaintance lately gave his son \$300 for reading through Pool's Annotations on the Old and New Testament. My sermon on the prayers of the unconverted was not so pleasing to one hearer, who sent me eight pages of confutations—said she uttered the "voice of God," that she hardly refrained "from rising in the church and uttering the true doctrine," &c. More young persons are serious among us than I have known before. Our Mission-school does well. We have set up another down town, in which is a class of adult Germans. I think the "Household Words" contains some of Dickens's best writing. Now and then there is a sneaking dab at evangelical religion. The Astor Library is a-going; but no library I have ever seen, not even the Bodleian, has left such traces on my imagination as the Old Philadelphia, which I want to see again. I hardly ever buy a book, and latterly have read few. I have almost to say, "Quand je veux des livres, j'en fais." Yesterday I put the last sentence to the Memoir. Without my planning so, this fell on the day of my completing my half-century. The occasion was celebrated as much as my modesty would allow. The President of your Senate [his brother, W. C. A.] appeared at breakfast, and accompanied me out of the house. The steamship Knoxville conveyed me out to Sandy Hook and back, with about five hundred invited guests. It was really beyond my

wish that the Asia, which we spoke, should have fired two guns in the evening about one hundred gentlemen, chiefly of the cloth, attended at the house of Mr. Stuart. I was handsomely received. The speech was much applauded; it was by Dr. Duff of Calcutta. The band of music, nearly opposite, played till the conclusion of the 13th. I have every reason to be satisfied.<sup>1</sup>

It is really delightful to hear Duff, and to see him. His awkwardness and lobstering defy description. He seems to have a bet that he will get the collar of his coat above his left ear once in every sentence. His accent is the pleasantest Scotch. There is to me great music in his intonations. What commands me is his wonderful sense. His humour is native, and bursts out everywhere. At times he is sharply sarcastic. I feel that he is eminently a spiritual man. I hope they will not kill him. He spoke two hours and twenty minutes at the Tabernacle. From his schools at Calcutta there have come 20,000 Hindoo pupils. A plain but pious man of our church lately made a suggestion to me, which indicates Christian labour in a right direction. He is a clothier, employing five hundred hands. He is impressed with the fact that in our efforts to do good the relation of *employer and employed* is ignored. He proposes that every Christian employer should seek the benefit of his employés. He points out methods. He suggests associations of employers for mutual illumination and incitement, and to accomplish jointly through visitors, Bible-readers, &c., what cannot be done so well singly. He has a number warmly engaged with him. The scheme contemplates the Germans chiefly. He astonished me by saying that the calculated number of hands engaged by wholesale clothiers in New York is 25,000, of whom two-thirds are Germans. There is so much real working-spirit among these pious clothiers, that I can't help hoping it is of God. At our sacrament six on examination, and two on certificate. About seven are ready in my judgment. One of my Sunday School women sees almost every one of her pupils brought into the church. I hope our Mission-school and chapel-edifice will go up after all. Within three weeks we have collected for it \$15,500.

NEW YORK, *May*, 1854.

At no time in my ministry have so many been coming to me to talk of their souls. These are not known to one another. One interesting case is of a young lady from Central America, who did not know a word of English four years ago, but now seems to be an instructed and converted person. A refugee

<sup>1</sup> This mock celebration of his birth-day is made up of a trial trip of a new vessel, and of a soirée in honor of Dr. Duff.

Italian painter is a constant attendant, and professes to have embraced Protestantism.

The noblest Gothic church of modern London is that of the Irvingites. The millenarian pamphlet entitled "The Coming Struggle," which has had so prodigious a run, on account of several happy prophetic hits, has already falsified itself; as it boldly declares that England is to stand aloof, and have no part in the contest with Russia.

I had no proper idea of Dr. Duff's eloquence until I heard him before the Bible Society. His personal religion shone out very much in his later speeches. He has a marvellous command of a sort of long-winded but most expressive diction, and his adjectives are generally substantives, and not epithets.

Dr. Proudfit has, in his new Review,<sup>1</sup> fully demonstrated against Schaff, that none of the Fathers made Peter to be the Rock; nor any one else before the Middle Ages. I never had any doubt about Christ's naming himself by *petra*, any more than himself by [Destroy] "this temple;" but I did not suppose that all the Fathers held so too, against all their doctrinal prepossessions. There continues to be much quiet seriousness among my hearers. Yesterday I heard of five cases unknown to me before; but this concurrence is very extraordinary. My lecture is very full and very serious. I have arrived, in the Life of Christ, at the last passover. The Nebraska bill has passed. I have never opposed it, but feel very sad at the prospect of increased slavery. As to what would be the fact, I suppose this rests on causes which will not be affected one way or the other by this bill. The marshalling of South against North is more open and violent than I remember. My "Consolation" is out in 12mo.<sup>2</sup> I see great defects in my "Memoir;" but this plan of stereotyping every thing is very unfavourable to the perfectionating of one's works. My quondam chum, Waterbury, has gone to Europe, his eyesight being threatened; he is one of the best and kindest of men. I have just sold a tract of land in Virginia; the names of the creeks amused me: Little Pedler, Sinking Swamp, Enchanted, and Love-lady. The avails are \$111 05. L—— M—— said to me t'other day: "I have been an organist all my life; yet if a congregation should say to me, 'Shall we have an organ?' I should scarcely dare to reply 'Yes.'" Old Mr. Scott said in 1849, "We fare well in our church; last Sabbath we had *Kittle and Potts*; to-day *Krebs* (pronounced by him *crabs*) and *Eells*." Such was literally the fact.

I have often tended to your opinion on the fugitive business; but these things make me pause, viz.: if the slaves are not

<sup>1</sup> "The New Brunswick Review."

<sup>2</sup> The first edition was in octavo.

sent back, the peril of their escape and their other sufferings will be much increased: again, we shall be flooded with runaways, and our free negroes are burden enough already: lastly, I don't see how such a state of things can continue long, without war *ad internecionem* upon the borders. Yet I believe that the Fugitive Slave Law will be repealed, and that the Union will be dissolved on this question, sooner or later. The second Psalm is my chief comfort in politics.

Though not quite a millenarian, I was struck with these words of Chalmers to Bickersteth: "But without slacking in the least our obligation to keep forward this great (missionary) cause, I look for its conclusive establishment through a widening passage of desolating judgments, with the utter demolition of our present civil and ecclesiastical structures." I find no meeting so hard to conduct as the Monthly Concert, so called. Now and then I have some keen chagrins at finding, from imperfect lists, &c., that I have neglected some worthy family for several years. Such things plague me more than greater trials, and not always in a warrantable way. Houses about here are so near together as to be almost a Fourierite phalanstery, and now that windows are up we have sometimes two or three sets of piano-twangle and opera-squalls at once. A hundred Chinese have been found in New York; of whom thirty-five last week attended instruction in Chinese from a missionary, Mr. Syle.

NEW YORK, July 4, 1854.

Thermometer 85° in my study at 11 A. M. I went to Albany yesterday, and returned the same day, having six hours in Albany. In going there was no oppression of heat, but the return was distress equal to any thing of the torrid sort I ever felt, and this is *par excellence* my weak point. I took a warm bath and two cups of tea, and was quite restored; but the pandemoniacal squibs and crackers prevented the sleep I hoped for. Some good chat with Sprague. Says his correspondence is from five to ten letters per diem, and that he despatches these before breakfast—that he regularly goes round his flock in visits twice every year—that he writes two sermons every week—that he has not preached an old sermon for seven years. His communicants are more than 700. He visits each family of his charge twice a year, spending on this the hours from 11 to 2. My congregation is thin indeed—though more than half present are strangers. We shall again keep open this year; but I expect to take my family to Newport on the 11th. Our church was entered last week, and the pulpit Bible abstracted. A fire was also made under the stairs, with a bundle of combustibles,

but it burned out, leaving a pile of cinders and ashes on the floor. I have had donations of port-wine from two quarters, during the heats; showing a remarkable discrimination in my worthy parishioners. One of the parcels purports to be real Old London Dock, imported to order.

Scribner is gone to England. My book on Consolation is about to be put out by Nelson of Edinburgh. Cholera is plainly increasing among us, but without that feeling of panic which commonly accompanies pestilences. The papers pretend that rain-water keeps off cholera; but it has never been worse than at such islands as St. Thomas, where they drink no other.

NEWPORT, *July 31, 1854.*

Ink runs in these latitudes. Thayer is as agreeable and instructive a preacher as ever. He is much beloved by his people, and does good among all classes. Stanhope Prevost, a grandson of President Smith, and an old playmate of mine, is here, from Lima. His Spanish wife and children speak no English. The current is setting in New England so much in favour of congregational singing, that at the commencement at Andover, next week, they are to disuse their choir-display, and sing old-fashioned psalmody. Prof. Stowe has been preaching some weeks to the students on the Millennium. I have been studying Maurice's book, [the Boyle Lectures.] He is all fog; belonging to that class of minds who are great at starting objections, and taking the side of adversaries, but impotent in the work of upbuilding. I am now upon Candlish's answer; a work of some strength, and sufficiently confutative of M., (no great task,) but hasty and often obscure. Maurice really surrenders the Trinity, Atonement, Inspiration, Resurrection, and Future Punishment.

NEWPORT, *August 21, 1854.*

Your letter, in its closing part, so entirely removed all expectation of our seeing K., that I was really surprised when she called on us to-day. She is looking exceedingly well, and is full of that happiness among new scenes, which sits so well on youth, and which it is one of the peculiar pleasures of old folks to contemplate without envy. I am glad to see how thoroughly she has escaped all affectations, even those conventional ones which one looks for in young ladies; it is a negative charm worth a thousand et ceteras. There have been some cases of cholera here, but it is said they are abating; and there is no evacuation of the hotels. I hope there is no harm in going to a

boat-race, as I did on the 12th. I was in a yacht, and went out some miles to sea. The sight was beautiful. Besides the racers, the harbour and outer bays were covered with hundreds of beautiful craft. Last week, John Auchincloss took a shark twelve feet long. The drought is oppressive here, but the air is temperate and agreeable. I took my twenty-fifth bath to-day. I am the only clerical loafer here; last year there were many. My intercourse with T. continues to be very pleasant; he strangely unites the philosophical preacher with the laborious and affable pastor, and is uncommonly zealous in looking after the lower classes. Mary Williams's "comfortable boarding-house" is still fraught with goodly broadbrims. Congregational singing is unknown here. At Dr. Choules's, psalmody is the act of staring at the gallery, with all backs to the pulpit. We have here Bancroft, Sumner, Archer of Virginia, Curtis, and Gen. Almonte with coach and four. B. has purchased, or will purchase, a house here; he is a candidate for our little Rhode Island mitre. He has the proper size, and preaches evangelically. The orthodox Quakers have an immense barn here, in which the New England yearly meeting assembles; but they talk of taking it to Lynn. There is a secession of "Wilburites," led by John W. of this State, whom I suppose to be like the Hicksites. The Baptists are very strong; they dip in the salt-water. Several churches are open-communion. The early (Roger Williams) Baptists disused singing at worship, as having no Scripture precedent. The traditions of the slave-trade of Newport and Bristol are curious. I know no town which has such a proportion of blacks and yellows, as this. With no disposition to judge harshly, but all the reverse, I am led to think that what we regard as experimental piety is at a low ebb in New England. The revival day has gone by. I hear of no savoury old-time Christians. Of Unitarians, I find many more than I expected. The absence of a spirit of worship, in assemblies, is very striking. Communion-seasons are brief and perfunctory, and the ordinance is just an addition, as when we baptize a child. The New England clergy seem to me a highly cultivated class; but the elegant or ingenious essay-style gains ground in sermons. Expository preaching is absolutely unknown, so far as I can learn. I have seen a number of young — preachers. They are scholarly, but somehow impress me as totally devoid of ministerial zeal. The intellectual and tasteful in — appears to have a forming influence on all the new race of preachers. I own my survey has been somewhat narrow, but I should have expected an exception here and there.

NEW YORK, *September 21, 1854.*

Yours of the 5th was backwarded to me from Newport to-day. I have read Gurney<sup>1</sup> with much pleasure and some admiration. As in the case of Mrs. Fry and William Allen, I was deeply impressed with the truth, that whatsoever in him is good, is independent of Quakerism. One is ready to blush, to read the petty arguments of such a mind, for the hat and the plain language. He was a good man; but I am unable to see wherein he even approaches, either in spirituality or self-denial, most of the good missionaries and ministers whose biography is written. I read Judson's Life about the same time; and while I differ as much from J. as from G., I see in him a hundred-fold more Christian greatness. Who can imagine that the travelling sermons of Gurney did much good? whereas Judson was instrumental in giving a noble version of the Scriptures to a great empire, and of converting thousands of Burmese. I heard two of Gurney's sermons; they were good for a Quaker, but no whit above the average of our plain preachers. I ran up to Newton, Sussex. Though I had been there once, many years ago, I really had forgotten how lovely a country it is. Without being Alpine, it is most picturesquely mountainous, and the air is as good at Newton, as at Schooley's Mountain. Their railway will soon complete the remaining twelve miles; and then you could get there *viâ* Newark, in a few hours. Never have I passed a summer with so little gastric trouble. The only death in my charge has been a consumptive, *æt.* 80. Mr. H. has been talked of, in reference to a new (or revived) "enterprise" at the beautiful village of Oyster Bay, L. I., which is fast becoming a summer resort. On your authority, I spoke well of him to one of the chief men. I hope he would not object to be ostracized.<sup>2</sup>

NEW YORK, *October 21, 1854.*

This is the fourteenth day of my illness, and I am still in my room, though dressed and sitting up a good deal. My disease has been obscure. It has given me more severe pain than all my previous sicknesses put together; but it has been *clean* pain, without nausea or depletory processes. It has been a series of dreadful paroxysms, averaging about eight hours each; of these

<sup>1</sup> Memoirs of Joseph John Gurney. Edited by Joseph B. Braithwaite.

<sup>2</sup> In the early part of October of this year Dr. Alexander was prostrated by an excruciating and alarming disease, the progress of which will appear in the letters. On the 14th October he informed me by an amanuensis that he had been laid up for seven days. He was not able to preach after October 8 until November 10.



I have had about five. In their acme, the pain was all but intolerable. One night I took what would equal 480 drops of laudanum, without effect. My doctor (Delafield) is a very Napoleon in decision; but his methods are mild, and he exactly resembles Dr. Belleville [vol. i., 125] in his expectant practice. I have from the beginning supposed that the root of the evil was calculus. Spasmodic colic co-exists. In the intervals I am wonderfully smart. I ought to say that Divine considerations have been of great support to me, especially when I was almost gone with pain.

NEW YORK, *October 29, 1854.*

Since the 20th I have been free from the peculiar pain, the very remembrance of which makes me shudder. At present I am suffering chiefly from the impression on my nervous system of so much severe pain. I have appetite, take a glass of port and gentian bitters, drive out for an hour, and walk fifteen to twenty minutes. You may imagine I have a great feeling of worthlessness. I ought ever to be thankful, that in my most painful moments, the great truths, which I trust I have believed, were not less clear or less precious than usual, but unspeakably more so. I wish to make record of this. I did not find that intense and wasting pain took away the power of thinking, but all the other way. While it is fresh I wish to write down, that in, with, and under all the very poignant distress, there was an under-current of peace and religious satisfaction, which now comes up associated with the pain—but more abiding in my mind than the pain. These are new experiences for me. In former illnesses, my head was always cloudy; in this, I had pure, unadulterate pain.

Dreadful, dreadful war! [Crimea.] Bootless carnage, and for what? I have been skimming Alison's new series of volumes, and have not had my love of the Turk or his allies increased, by reading of the Greek revolution, Scio, Navarino, the former campaigns of the Pruth and Balkan, Diebitsch, &c. While an uncontrolled sway of the Czar over all the east of Europe would seem bad, I own I am struck with three considerations: 1. The Turk is antichristian, fanatical, faithless, bloody, and doomed. 2. The Czar is the natural counterpoise of the Pope; and it is significant that most of the Romish powers are against Russia. 3. Russia is the only European power from whom America could hope for much, in case these same allies should direct their forces against the United States. Well, "He that is higher than the highest regardeth; and there be higher than they."

Did you know that the Free Church people publish a handsome quarterly at Edinburgh, almost entirely made up of articles from American reviews? <sup>1</sup>

NEW YORK, November 3, 1854.

I learn that the late diplomatic congress at Ostend has settled that Cuba is immediately to be ours—I suppose bloodlessly. [A prominent politician] said the other night: “If I were President, I would declare war against England in two days; so as to be beforehand with them.” I did not hear the *casus belli*. It does not seem to me that the Bible House is a bit larger or grander than it ought to be; especially as it has been a source of revenue, and was built by special subscription of friends. The moral impression of such a structure gives me pleasure every time I pass.<sup>2</sup> It is said that one of the passengers became perfectly gray during the night of the Arctic.<sup>3</sup> I have a sermon which I preached on board that vessel, [May 25, 1851,] on the text, “And the sea gave up the dead,” &c.; in which is a description of just such a mode of death. It was much censured at the time, as alarming and unseasonable. The crimes of our city are horrid, but they are committed chiefly by foreigners. Of the 1,500 who daily land here from Europe, the worst, for various reasons, never get beyond New York, except to go to the State’s Prison. Balloons go up every few days in our neighbourhood; one to-day with four inmates. I have a little handbook for young communicants in the press.<sup>4</sup>

I have expressly consigned to Adams & Co. the parcel of books. If you have not been familiar with Bengel, [Gnomon,] you will be struck with his pith, and the unexpectedness of his remarks. I was so delighted with Dacosta as a man, that I read his volume with great pleasure.<sup>5</sup> You will, amidst his enthusiasm, find some new remarks on the comparison of the gospels. Being now near the end of a long course on the Life of Christ, I

<sup>1</sup> “The British and Foreign Evangelical Review.” In the successive volumes of this work many of Dr. Alexander’s articles in the Repertory were reprinted.

<sup>2</sup> This was said in reply to an opinion his correspondent had expressed the other way.

<sup>3</sup> This steamship was wrecked on her trip to America, September 27, 1854.

<sup>4</sup> “Plain Words to a Young Communicant:” published by Randolph, 1854. Pp. 113. His only contributions to the Repertory of 1854 were—1. “Curiosities of German University Life.” 2. “Sketches of the Pulpit in Ancient and in Modern Times.”

<sup>5</sup> His meeting with Dr. Isaac Dacosta, of Amsterdam, is mentioned in Chap. IX. of this volume. The work alluded to is “The Four Witnesses: a Harmony of the Gospels on a new principle.”

am more averse than ever to the method of a Diatessaron, except when used as a mere tabular help for collation. One could endure no other history, made up thus. I agree with you about Jay. It is servile and does him injustice.<sup>1</sup> Never put off your reminiscences till you are past 80. I remember how different his "Life of Winter," which ought to be reprinted. The new edition of Bickersteth's Works, 16 vols. 18mo, \$10, is a cheap book. Even when I cannot see with him as to the prophecies, I always feel that I am conversing with an eminently holy man. This impression is made on me especially by the "Signs of the Times," one of his last works. The little prize-essay of Winthrop is not to be despised.<sup>2</sup> It really seems to me that Lord starts right.<sup>3</sup> His way of finding what a symbol means, must be the true one. It is some merit, where all was *ἀνομία*, to digest some laws. But his results are often odd enough, and sometimes bathetic. His conception about the seven kine and seven ears, is funny enough. I like an expression of Trench, in his book on Bible synonymes: "to awaken in our scholars an enthusiasm for the grammar and lexicon." This has been my great "Help to Preaching," and more and more so. Nothing has so suggested not only meanings, but parallels, illustrations, divisions, and inferences. As I twice declined the augmentation of stipend, our trustees have insured my life; payable to relict. It is indeed a Godsend, to one who never would lay up, if his salary were \$20,000. As we are cutting ourselves off more and more from the old world, and likely to carry out the Monroe doctrine, it seems to me that Christians in the United States are proportionally more bound to devise means of sending the gospel to Spanish America. Brazil is quite open, and New Grenada nearly so. It seems to me that this, along with the black and red men, falls more justly to our share, than Hindoos, Nestorians, Druzes, Arabs, or Turks. If I could have one sufficient *ex tempore* prayer in each diet, I should be glad to have a prescribed form for those things which we ought *always* to pray for: *e. g.* government, general thanksgiving, &c. I would have the Lord's Prayer, Creed, Te Deum, Gloria in Excelsis, and a few more ancient portions. Our church singing is of the very plainest sort, and the people join pretty generally. This has been the result of (1) a limited list

<sup>1</sup> The Autobiography of the Rev. William Jay, edited by Dr. Redford and Rev. J. A. James.

<sup>2</sup> "The Premium Essay on the Characteristics and Laws of Prophetic Symbols. By the Rev. Edward Winthrop." New York: F. Knight, 1854.

<sup>3</sup> Editor of the Theological and Literary Journal, who offered the premium.

of tunes, and (2) these very easy, with no repeats, and scarcely any slurs or dividing of syllables. But the protest of our young people has been formidable.

NEW YORK, *January 23, 1855.*

The trembling of my hand, which I inherit from mother and grandfather, makes me try first one hand-(writing) and then another—as I can go steadiest. I answer two of yours in one; and accept your apology for poor paper, as valid for the whole ream. I wish I knew Mrs. Gurney. I once saw her at David Clark's before her marriage; it was in J. J. G.'s company that I went there. I wish she would put the life of Anna Backhouse into the shops. Just before opening your letter, I opened one from a young lady, in deep affliction, thanking me for the copy of A. B.'s life, (which I received from Mrs. G.,) lent her by me. Anna is one of my saints.<sup>1</sup>

Most that doctors do with success seems to be opening an alley for nature to have fair play, and elbow room, to carry the disorder out of doors. This accounts for the seeming success of homœopathics. I doubt not that poor S.'s case was greatly aggravated by doctoring; I talked much with him while the medication was proceeding. Our communion was a week earlier than yours; nine on examination, and three on certificate. Several of the cases were very interesting. I think *if I could support myself*, I would leave my charge any day, and begin down town; I ought to add—if I had any prospect of life. This is not a new "spirit;" I never, in all our correspondence, said any thing more seriously. I perfectly *long* to preach daily in our now finished new chapel.

I have read Muhlenberg's pamphlet with great delight, and rank it very high as a literary production.<sup>2</sup> It has led me to fall in his way, with increase of satisfaction. He tells me his Sisters of Mercy, four in number, have relieved 1,200 cases of distress since New Year's. R. has been amongst us.<sup>3</sup> To save

<sup>1</sup> The widow of Joseph John Gurney, the eminent preacher and author of the Society of Friends, was of New Jersey. Her Memoir of his daughter was printed at Burlington, in 1852, for the use of the family and friends.

<sup>2</sup> "An Exposition of the Memorial of Sundry Presbyters of the Protestant Episcopal Church, presented to the House of Bishops during the General Convention of said Church, 1853. By one of the Memorialists." The object of the Memorial was to obtain some modifications of the "modes of public worship, and traditional customs and usages" in the Episcopal Church.

<sup>3</sup> The reputed author of a volume ("Charity and the Clergy") sustaining the strictures of "New Themes" on the want of active charity in the Christian Church.

my credit, he attended one meeting at which our people pledged \$400 a year for our down town mission-school, and another at which he learned that we had just raised \$600 for poor of this ward. In reference to this last matter, I attended two meetings of clergy of the Eighteenth Ward, last week, at which remarks were made by Tyng, Adams, Cheever, Hawks, Muhlenberg, Bellows, Van Nest, and Alexander.

The gratuitousness of the preaching, to which I alluded, [page 205,] would presuppose a fund or collection for a Free Church. If I were ten years younger, I would have a building erected to hold 2,000, and would preach to free seats; not that I think the existing plan ought to be abandoned, but because I think we ought to have several, yea many plans, yea many sorts of preachers, "unlearned deacons" and all.

I find no girls decently educated except at home, or in the country. I have lately examined several eminent scholars of the highest establishment. Except French and drawing, they have nothing accurately, though pretending to have ever so much German, Latin—ologies, &c. I have a Spanish book from a Cuban ex-professor, and very fine old man, inscribed thus: "Al Sen' D' Don J. W. Alexander, D. D., en memoria del Editor." My good friend and excellent sexton Peter Tarlsen is dead. We buried him from the church. The captain who first brought him to America was there. Our landlord has raised our rent from \$900 to \$1,200; we shall therefore move again.

NEW YORK, *March 14, 1855.*

I am truly glad that the old college bell is not lost; its sound is sweet in my ears.<sup>1</sup> The Palmerston ministry seems hard to fix. Sebastopol is taken less easily than was at first supposed. The Irvingites number 30,000. They now have an Evangelist here, preaching; only on these occasions do they invite any hearers. We are about to lower our organ loft, and get an organ, and perhaps change the pulpit: we shall expect you after the high places are removed. I visited a bon vivant very ill, whose only tie to church or religion seems to be the memory of a little boy who was several years in our Sunday school. The father repeated whole hymns which his boy used to say at night; the child's portrait hanging all the while in sight by the bed. The intensity of paternal affection led me to dwell on that particular view of God's love in Scripture. Only two join our church on examination; one a boy of fifteen, the

<sup>1</sup> The main edifice of Nassau Hall was burnt March 10.

other a man of fifty. On Sunday I preached twice and spoke something at three other meetings. Secretary [J. L.] Wilson gave us a truly awakening account of the India missions the other night.

The life of the Rev. Andrew Broaddus has interested me highly. In my young days he was the star of the Baptist pulpit in Virginia. He was a great and good man, and a preacher of singular fascination. Dr. Jeter's "Campbellism Examined" is a most able book on that subject. I accord with you in missing the society of sons, but this is not so grieving as to suffer the same in regard of daughters. All these things tell us that the *σχημα* passeth away.

*April 3.*—The dealings of God with Ahab make me believe that the great outward piety of Nicholas will not go unrewarded. His death was not an unchristian one.<sup>1</sup>

I expect to leave here for Virginia on the 9th inst., and to go first to Charlottesville, and then to Charlotte. We open our chapel for preaching next Sunday. Dr. A. D. Smith has more than 1,400 Sunday scholars.

Give profound salvos to all inquiritorient and amicable vicinities, from your observant orator, who will ever pray, &c.

INGLESIDE, VIRGINIA, *April 20, 1855.*

The spring no longer coquets, but embraces with oriental voluptuousness. Yesterday would have done for Florida. In a north porch, in shade, the glass stood at 95° all the afternoon. This morning it is less burning, but still hot. When I arrived in Virginia, the spring was still behind, but for two days we have almost seen it growing. All the ten million blossomings of this wide plantation are out together—peach, apricot, cherry, plum, crab, and apple, the last being sweetest; also lilach, strawberry, almond, corcoras, hyacinth, pyrus japonica, &c. The wheatfields, often of a hundred acres each, are suddenly green. Before breakfast I counted fourteen species of birds known to me, and two unknown. There are about fifty mocking-birds in and about this lawn, and forty robins were counted on the grass at once. Herds and flocks on a large scale variegate the prospect. This estate joins Retirement, where I lived, and which is more in sight than once, from cutting of woods away. The house or houses are ruinous, but the noble oaks stand. The place is to be at once improved by Henry A. Carrington, to whom his father has given it. It was twenty-nine years on Monday, since I preached my first sermon at Charlotte C. II.

<sup>1</sup> The Czar died March 2, 1855.

There is now a plank-road of about six miles from the C. H. to Drake's Branch; a line which is about bisected by a plantation-road of one mile, striking it from this spot. This place has very much improved by the growth of trees, and the horticultural improvements. In all this country there is no sign or suspicion of any suffering. I have renewed my acquaintance with a large number of the old blacks, and have been struck with the ease of their life. The old coachman of Mrs. Le Grand, Uncle Billy, now aged 84, is really a handsome old man. I have earnestly laboured with him among the flowers, which he is gently tilling; and have read and preached to him—for he is still an unbelieving old creature. I have felt bound to seize every occasion to exhort these servants, in consequence of the weight which the words derive from my former residence here. Some of them seem to me as good and as experienced Christians as any white people of the labouring class. There is plainly an important increase everywhere in labours for their instruction and conversion. The political rage about Know Nothingism is such as could hardly be "realized" in the North. The high prices of wheat give great internal prosperity to planters. I found at the University of Virginia a signal change. Almost all the professors pious: large voluntary assemblies of students; one hundred attending ditto. Cabell is most instructive and striking on all the questions of ethnology, races of men, &c. He dissents totally from Agassiz, and agrees with Maury, Hewes, and Bache.<sup>1</sup> He showed me some stupendous microscopic things concerning the circulation of the blood, &c.

217 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, *June 13, 1855.*<sup>2</sup>

Our organ is to be put behind the pulpit, and the choir reduced to one or more male voices beside the pulpit, thus giving us seventy-five sittings aloft. Nothing tends to reconcile me any more to pew-property. If Papists did not falsify their theory by their practice, their method of free churches would be noble. Then one could be complacent in a costly church, if thereby "the brother of low degree" (James i.) "is exalted." The sustentation of the preacher is as clear as the gospel-message itself, but the rich should pay so as to lighten the burden of the poor. I have long been an admirer of some things in Madame Guyon. Up-

<sup>1</sup> In 1859 was published the first edition of Dr. Cabell's "Testimony of Modern Science to the Unity of Mankind;" with an Introductory Notice by Dr. Alexander.

<sup>2</sup> In the absence of his family in Virginia he was dwelling with Mr. Thomas U. Smith, one of the elders of his church.

ham' makes her far better than she was, and has left out a thousand of her gross blandishments and nursery endearments. I think the best thing in the book is the annihilation of her theory by Bossuet. Fenelon, though her pupil, has wonderfully exalted and spiritualized her system, in the "Maximes," and "Lettres Spirituelles." But it is all given better in Kempis. I have not read (since Gil Blas) a merrier narrative than Mons. Huc's Travels through China. *Quere.* Suppose every Popish priest now extant were a true spiritual Christian, how far would the existing machine of hierarchy (influence and all) be compatible with true churchship? *Item.* In such case, might not certain conceivable reforms be expected, such as should place the Catholic body short of damnation? A ship-load of immigrant Mormons, seven hundred souls. Hardly any were Papists; most from England. If the Eutaxian Liturgy<sup>2</sup> come into actuality, the only result will be to train people for the "Common Prayer." If I must pray other people's prayers, I prefer the venerable grace of Anglicanism to any thing A, B, and C will concoct.

Adams's steeple is going to be the great ornament of up-town New York; I see it while I write, slowly growing, day by day, above the houses in Twenty-sixth street, over which I look southward. The church will stand them in not less than \$160,000. Even St. John's Church, as Dr. Berrian tells me, is nearly deserted of worshippers; though, when he was at its consecration, it was thought in the suburbs. Mrs. C—— and my brood will make for the Red Sweet Springs,<sup>3</sup> near the Sweet Springs, Alleghany County, about 16th prox. The Boardman and Thornwell debate [on Church Extension] was of that dignified sort, that we have latterly missed in our Assembly; I wished for a fuller report. I am now about five or six lectures deep in the Acts. I also have a Bible-class on Romans. Strawberries, though slow, are as fine as I ever saw. This year will be memorable among cits for its incomparable weather in May and early June. I had made all preparations for a reduced \$1 25 edition of the Life of my father, leaving out nothing material, when Trow's printing-house was burnt. Though I am thankful to say our plates in the vault escaped, all the paper for this new

<sup>1</sup> "Life, Religious Opinions, and Experience of Madame de la Mothe Guyon. By Thomas C. Upham." 1847.

<sup>2</sup> "Eutaxia; or, the Presbyterian Liturgies: Historical Sketches. By a Minister of the Presbyterian Church." New York: 1855. This was followed in 1859 by "A Book of Public Prayer, compiled from the authorized formularies of worship of the Presbyterian Church, as prepared by the Reformers Calvin, Knox, Bucer, and others. With supplementary forms."

<sup>3</sup> The first mention of the spot in Virginia, where the writer closed his earthly course.



impression was consumed.<sup>1</sup> It has been a great disappointment to us that Mr. E. T. Williams, who had come on as preacher in our Mission-chapel, was forced to go instantly away, on account of his wife's ill-health. Father Otterson is preaching temporarily, but there is no flock as yet; our chief hope is from the school.

RED SWEET SPRINGS, ALLEGHANY }  
Co., VIRGINIA, July 28, 1855. }

The drive to the Warm Springs, though short by measurement, was, I think, the severest I ever took. We got in about half-past nine. The place is delightful. A former tasteful owner has done much landscape gardening. The view from top of the Warm Spring Mountain is worth going a hundred miles to see. The servants are the best I know, having that oriental deference and tact which belong to old family menials. We rested a day. Twelve passengers on the coach on Thursday. The squeeze was annoying, but the road pleasant. In crossing the Alleghany we encountered two thunder-storms, and rode four hours in heavy rain. I omitted that we found no chance direct to this place, and so had to come viâ White Sulphur. At Callaghan's, where we dined, two deer had been brought in; man says sometimes five in a day: six cents a pound. At a watering-house, two rattlesnakes had been slain during the day. I recognized the import of the moment, when, after an easy ascent, I found the waters tending towards the Gulf of Mexico. Lodged wretchedly at the noblest place I ever saw, the White Sulphur Springs. No reporter had prepared me for such Eden-like variety of lawn and landscape, within the proper bounds, such expanse, and such a town of rural cots, &c. Next morning up at four. Course south-east. Except about four miles of the sixteen, the drive was transcendently beautiful. We recrossed the Alleghany. I think our whole road was along the bedside of two foaming, tumbling, roaring little rivers, *up* one, and *down* the other, with a slight hiatus on the water-shed. The second was Dunlap's Creek. Compared with the country around the Rock Alum, [Rockbridge County,] this region is noted for immense timber, cascades, and torrents, rapid changes of hill and vale, and exuberant productive power in every vegetable way. We broke fast ten miles from the Warm Spring, at Col. Crow's, on the side of Dunlap's Creek, which we crossed many times; and just under the broad shadow of the Sweet Spring Mountain. Good breakfast and fine venison. The colonel is a jovial Boniface, full of hunting-stories; and this is a famous place for deer-shooting.

<sup>1</sup> The smaller copy was afterwards published.

Here about nine. The place = 1,700 acres. The capabilities for landscape improvement are unlimited. I look straight over a broad green lawn ten times as big as yours,<sup>1</sup> and up a hillside to a knoll beautifully crested by trees and grazed over by both herd and flock. The Springs are in a dark glen, with rustic seats, two fine natural cascades, and a grove of irregular ancient trees; a spot for nymphs. The bath is (say) 40 × 20 feet, and deep enough for swimming. At the Warm Spring the bath is 98°, and 38 feet diameter. The "Sweet Springs" are a mile from us. The Cabell party are here, and the calm retirement is very taking.

About sixty here, and about seventy at the Sweet. They have four hundred and fifty at the White Sulphur.

RED SWEET, *August 6, 1855.*

Our company is yet small, but we shall be overflowed when the "White" is empty. Our number about seventy-five. Table good, though not sumptuous as at the Old Sweet. We have printed bill of fare, entrées of French cookery, always soup, &c. Absence of drinks striking. We have a Polish count, two Episcopal ministers, and one Methodist. The walks and drives around here in every direction are delightful. We go almost daily to the Sweet. Can walk to a cascade of forty to sixty feet. Frequently ascend neighbouring mountains. Dr. Cabell is daily pushing his microscopical observations which brings me some entertainment. The swimming here is worth all the journey. The tepid chalybeate is mawkish enough.

RED SWEET, *August 11, 1855.*

The disheartening dampness continues. Our number is two hundred, and many are daily rejected. Rooms for some fifty to eighty are finishing. I just saw a deer brought in of a hundred and nineteen pounds; yesterday one of one hundred and twenty-six pounds. The Sweet Springs have one hundred and fifty. The fashion chiefly there. Here we have a hop every night. Rev. Castleman was upset near Bell's, on way here. Next day he drove from three A. M. till daylight, because the driver could not keep awake five minutes at a time. I weary of the mode of life.

RED SWEET SPRINGS, *August 14, 1855.*

If this crosses yours, please make all right by considering yourself as the debtor. Though we have rain daily, there is

<sup>1</sup> The Rockbridge Alum Springs, where the two correspondents had met the week before. We continued at different Springs during the time indicated by the Virginia dates,

more dry air. I am thankful to say that our indispositions abate. Mrs. T. of Baltimore, the R. K. of my youthful days, is here with her husband. I last spoke with her in 1826; she is now a grandmother. Judge Potts [of Trenton] is at the Sweet. He is thin as ever, but seems very fresh, alert, and well, and is an addition to our society. We have Edmund Ruffin, the celebrated agricultural philosopher of Virginia. I preached here and also at the Sweet Springs on Sunday; here I had a large assembly. Our small evangelical library of books and tracts is in free circulation; and religious talk is easier here than with us; while religious people allow themselves more liberties. The over-dressing and over-jewelling of the women are indescribable. Have they not mistaken the caricatures in Harper for the fashion-plates? Great numbers here from the lower Mississippi. One Methodist, who sustains "a supernumerary relation," and one Episcopal schoolmaster in orders, constitute, with thy servant, the chaplaincy. John Van Buren is at the White. Dysentery of a fatal type prevails among the mountaineers. In one house, a mile off, three deaths have occurred. Henry saw five deer on the 12th. The Red Sweet water is doing wonders with some cases of chronic diarrhœa. A. A. Hodge goes to Fredericksburg vice McPhaill.

RED SWEET, *August 21, 1855.*

Yours of 15th is "to hand;" I was not "to home" when it came, but no further off than the Old Sweet, where I go daily and sometimes twice. This morning I called on Wm. Collins, of Baltimore, a classmate in college, now a lawyer in Maryland, and son-in-law of Gov. Jas. Barbour. Kirk, another classmate, is there. He preached a powerful sermon here last Sunday. The most interesting converser here, is —. His knowledge and diction are extraordinary. Ultra States-rights-man. He says of Dr. Adams, ("South Side":) "After reasoning from certain exceptional cases, to show that slave-holders live for nothing but to make their slaves happy—an absurd assertion—and after making slavery to be a most happy condition, he avows his wish gradually to put an end to this state of felicity." Cabell perseveres in regular morning lectures on Natural Philosophy and Natural History. We have about 400 at each Spring.

Thompson, of the Independent, writing from Maine, says, (in substance,) "Though Southerners hate the Yankees, yet they will every year come among them, so long as the North has the monopoly of mountains, *springs*, &c." Mulattoes decrease in Virginia. The air is now dry, but cold; almost every one has

fires. I have at no moment been so well as my average in New York; rheumatism and headache pursue me.

RED SWEET SPRINGS, *August 24, 1855.*

Yours of 18th to-day, *simul* with one from Princeton, of 20th. When the mails do so, it is best not to delay exchange of notes for the usual diplomatic period. Littell's Nos. 586 and 587, ["Living Age"] are great; but why does our old friend grudge the price of all proof-reading? Your proximity to the Hot and Warm will make the Lukewarm ["Healing Springs"] very much livelier than the Cold, [Alum.] Our number is about 280. The weather, for a few days, has been warm and agreeable. Several cases of illness in the neighbourhood. It is a copious hemorrhage of the bowels, and intractable. The indigenous women and children in these wet valleys, look tallowy and anemic. The fewness of Northerners is remarkable. My reading has from necessity been in Cabell's books; so I have learnt some Comparative Anatomy, and Zoology.

Mrs. A. feels very "pöly," (such is the expression,) and William is still "delicate." You have probably learnt that "trifling" means "worthless." We have a very "respectable crowd" at these Springs. Mrs. C. is "mighty weak," but is "fattening." Willy talks of a sig-yáh (segar) and of "waw-tah." If it comes at all in your way to visit Lexington, do not hesitate an instant to go with your folks to R.'s, and stay as long as you choose. The truth is, "comfort," in Virginia, is not at public, but private houses; the case being reversed in Northern cities.

RED SWEET SPRINGS, *September 1, 1855.*

What you say is certainly just; your path of duty is very clearly marked out, and you are left in the best hands; 2 Sam. xxiv. 14. Whatever thoughts may supervene about your congregation, you are obviously in your right place; and if any censorious saints should class you among absentee "city-ministers," you will feel inwardly right before God, 1 Cor. iv. 3, 4.

Your Jews are probably negro-traders. That business in Virginia has fallen almost entirely into the hands of the Circumcision, and Mr. G. tells me they have greatly humanized it; so that where negroes have to be sold, they prefer it should be to the Hebrews.

We are very full—the running over of the White Sulphur. No Philadelphians, or New Yorkers, and but half a dozen Northerners. I shall wait till the 11th, when we can fill a coach for

Lexington, making stops. I am advised we cannot possibly have entry to our church before October 1, as the carpenters have us on the hip. Our house, 30 West 18th Street, is pretty much (or Yankicé "about") done. Peaches in New York are late and unpromising; in lower Virginia fine and abundant; here none. Delightful Indian plums of three varieties, are in our woods here, and probably in yours, [Bath County.] I occasionally overhear some hellish cursing and swearing, horribly sticking in my memory from its perverse ingenuity; it is from certain sporting gentry.

NEW YORK, *October 2, 1855.*

We arrived at Princeton on Thursday. Our journey was without "evil occurrent." On return, I find my flock still un-gathered, and church still incomplete. For the twelve new pews, for 60 persons, we have twice that number of applicants. We preached in our Chapel of Ease, which was full, but mostly of strangers. No death, but of an infant, has taken place in my proper flock.

The renewed bustle of moving awaits us; but we are thankful for a new, convenient, and clean house. We cannot have full delivery of the same much before the 15th.

To-day Mr. Smith took us to our new house, No. 30 West 18th St.; where we had the surprise of finding the chief trouble of removing removed, by the downputting of new carpets, and the inputting of furniture and books. Yesterday we entered again our remodelled church. My feelings are complex in regard to it. Some things are beyond my hopes: 1, the acoustical trouble seems thoroughly cured: I could not wish it better for speaking and hearing; 2, the lowering of the west gallery is altogether pleasing; 3, the singing led by a precentor, and no consolidated choir or band, pleases me; the people joined heartily. On the other hand, my pride suffers at being made, with my pulpit, sermon, &c., a mere appendage to a great big organ. A savage, on entering, would certainly take the instrument for the divinity of the shrine. My head spins with the numerous conflicting businesses now competing for notice. I have an edition of *Memoir* (abridged) to oversee, a book to finish, a preface to write, a Presbytery to attend, two sermons to prepare, a house to fit and inhabit, a boy to school, "help" to hire, &c.

NEW YORK, *October 26, 1855.*

I am expecting, besides my own service, to preach for Dr. T.'s folks, after their communion. He is a much more earnest man than most of us, breathing some of the good Free

Church spirit, as I observed it in Scotland. He tells me that a number of families of his charge have it for a custom, before leaving home for church, to unite in prayer for a blessing on the Word which they expect to hear.

Bible instances show us that God is concerned in our private sorrows. The Psalms especially appear more divine to me every day. What a body of experience! How they have formed the character and devotions of the Church! How remarkable, to have issued from such a land and age!

In regard to the future state, continual, earnest, and I believe reverent reading of God's Word, has produced in me some persuasions and hopes, which I should not like to be called on to prove in mood and figure. It is my belief, that many things are made true to us, and from Scripture too, for which we cannot cite a particular proof-text. The general result is, that I look on the world of disembodied saints as nearer to us than is usually held, and on the future glory as less unlike the good things of the militant church, than many teach. Holiness here is found not in abstractions, but in the concrete feelings, words, and acts of human creatures. Some good people talk of holiness in heaven, as if they must secure it from carnality by making it vague, dreamy, and metaphysical. Though "equal to angels," Luke xx. 36, the blessed are not dehumanized. All New Testament allusions show them as *ours* still.

The anxiety I feel for my children, oppresses me at times very much. It is hardly at all about their temporal advancement—even their learning; but I am deeply solicitous that they should be truly religious, and more painfully alive to their perils in this respect than once I was.

We are hardly yet arranged in our habitation. It is eminently commodious, clean, and spacious. Church continues surprisingly full; with very little token of awakening. I fear I entertain rather than impress my hearers; this has long been a sore place within me. Yet when sometimes I have for a little attempted the pungent method, it has been Saul's armour to me, and I have been fain to come back to my natural way.

NEW YORK, *November 12, 1855.*

Yesterday was Communion. One on examination, and twelve on certificate. Dr. Duff's speech, [Scotch General Assembly,] though abundantly self-exhibitory, has some daring flights of old-fashioned eloquence, such as our fastidious, carping age and people do not willingly hear. Th. Dwight translated a book on New Grenada, by Gen. Mosquera, late President thereof, who now lives with his son Gen. Heran, just back of us. It is instructive,

and gives one a new view of the capabilities of that wonderful country of mountains and *paramos*, a word which means high, cold, uninhabitable plateaux. The way is perfectly open at Carthage for the gospel. I know no experience which has grown on me more, within a few years, than the impression of nearness of the other world. I have not a corresponding temper; but I certainly *realize* this as never before. Concerning the future, I do not see things so distinctly and definitely as some; for example, Baxter, in the "Saints' Rest." Howe's "Blessedness of the Righteous," comes nearer my views. But my persuasions of this seem natural, rather than religious. They do often, however, furnish me a motive. Poor unlettered saints (I am now caring for one on his death-bed) unquestionably have more comfort of their faith than we. Books, disquisition, analysis, habits of objection, looking at difficulties, hearkening to latitudinarian talk, all tend to break the charm of childlike faith. Would we were more like children!

NEW YORK, *November 14, 1855.*

If univocality were all, we have, I think, fully attained the end of making our people sing. I have never heard a louder chorus out of a German church. As to melody and harmony, your deponent saith not.

How gravely things look in our families, when we project our thoughts into the future! My yearnings about my household are sometimes very affecting. "The fondness of a creature's love," &c. To have these affections sanctified is greatly desirable, but how little realized! Some parents seem to be cheered with a continual confidence in regard to the salvation of their offspring; and I own this comes over me too, in my best hours. Happy, happy are they who are safely landed on Canaan's shore. Some of the most serious reflections I ever have, are connected with the lapse of time and nearness of eternity, as viewed along with my small attainments hitherto; especially with the thought that these are not likely to be greater. I am deeply sensible that these and the like thoughts give a sombre cast to my manner, of late, which is by no means fitted to make religion attractive. The normal or ideal sort of Christianity would be beautifully cheerful. Mr. Williams, our mission-chaplain, returns to Africa in the spring. Poor Dr. Hare's lecture had a craziness beyond what the reporters give, in the perfectly bedlam character of the costly apparatus which he exhibited.<sup>1</sup> I have been part of the day with a dying woman, who has neglected religion, and is in

<sup>1</sup> The late Dr. Robert Hare, of Philadelphia, had lectured on "Spiritualism," with mechanical illustrations.

terror of death. Such cases (I mean the terror) are less common than I expected to meet when I began my ministry.

The military were out in force to-day; a beautiful sight. But all the trappings do not hide the bloodiness of War. How loose and perfunctory are the notices of books in the religious papers! I have often remarked it. *E. g.* Whately is commended, without a hint of his rationalism about Inspiration, Future Punishment, &c.; while a breath against limited Atonement or Imputation would bring down their wrath. I heard Milburn, the blind preacher, at a Bible Society to-night. His voice and manner are very lovely, and sometimes Summerfieldian. He is also a genius; but like all the crack — of the Young America, is over-learned—full of Bacon, Des Cartes, Frederick Strauss, Auguste Comte, æsthetics, &c., &c. A. also made a fine address in his way. More than any man but Todd, and in a better way, his mind strings innumerable fine stories, phrases, allusions, and verses altogether; and he sacrifices every thing to the entertainment and arrest of the hearer's mind. His manner, too, is good, and he has much pathos. But you carry away no *one* deep impression, as from Chalmers, Edwards, or Nettleton. Love to all yours, whom we remember in prayers.

NEW YORK, December 25, 1855.

We dined to-day on a white-fish from Michilimacinac. Dr. Muhlenberg always has a Christmas-tree for his charity-children at his church. We had, notwithstanding the rain, 350 urchins and urchinesses at our cake-and-candy fête at the Mission Chapel. Our two Industrial schools promise well. The lower one, at Duane Street, (where we also have mission-preaching,) already numbers 200. We talk of going in largely toward the purchase of a building for a coloured congregation.

Every day sickens me more and more with Congress. Just consider what sort of work they carry on under the pretence of voting for Speaker; the debates running on matters of mere party-name, such as did not use to be mentioned.<sup>1</sup> I am fully persuaded, that if all parties would be patient, would drop the naked question of slavery, and would bend all powers towards abating the *abuses* of slavery, it would result in the speedy emancipation of all who should be fit to enjoy freedom. In this way history shows us that slavery has heretofore ceased and determined. Hush the angry quarrels, and appease the natural pride of slave-holders, and thousands among them would

<sup>1</sup> This scene was re-exhibited in the House of Representatives of 1859-'60.



go even for legislative reform, in the matters of marriage, property, separation of households, reading the Bible, and so forth. This, I think, will take place anyhow; but in a less favourable way, so long as Northern violence retards the measures. Huidekoper, of Meadville, sent me his treatise on the *Underworld*, or Hades of the Fathers. He proves pretty conclusively that the "descended into hell" of the Creed originated after the unscriptural fiction of an underworld arose in the church. He impugns the candour of Christians who now try to swallow it, with other meanings.

For the coming year I have fixed on the year-word, "God with us." This method of year-motto I have pursued now for about fifteen years, with much comfort to my own heart, and I believe to others; especially as I have preached on the text whenever I had a congregation.

NEW YORK, *January 14, 1856.*

The Repertory makes me say "apostacy,"<sup>1</sup> which I wrote not; and sundry other things. Another article has "forceably." I was eager to find out your article in which you write "meagre" for "meager." A divine writes to me about "schollar-ships," several times thus spelt. Unless Providence interpose frequent frosts our formidable force of snow-banks will furnish a fresh. Torrents entered our Church yesterday. It was our Communion. Dr. Carrington, just from Charlotte, says the snow is deeper there. The lowest mark by my thermometer was  $-5^{\circ}$ . Dr. Ewing's plan is an excellent one, I wish he would carry it out; the technical name for such a word-book is a "glossary."<sup>2</sup> You probably had Hall forbears in the Siege of Derry, as I had Alexanders and Reids; so you will read third Macaulay with peculiar zest. In parts, the new portion is almost a Church history. I am deeply convinced that a majority of the South will one day come to the point of mitigating slavery so far as to make it a sort of feudal apprenticeship; and that it will be abolished. Every year—even in the face of Northern rebuke—hundreds of new voices are raised in behalf of marriage, integrity of families, and license to read. To a practical mind it is striking that Abolitionism has abolished no slavery. I have been seldom more provoked [than by a newspaper notice laudatory of the

<sup>1</sup> A very common misprint. His articles in the Repertory for 1856 were: 1. Quesnel and the Jansenists. 2. Memoir of Dr. John M. Mason. 3. Waldegrave on Millenarianism.

<sup>2</sup> The suggestion of our friend, which he did not live to undertake himself, was a vocabulary of the English Bible, giving the changes of meaning that have taken place since the translation.

singing in his church.] Earnest endeavour on my part to make *worship* supersede *music* is disturbed by these newsmakers. Amidst much that is mortifying at Washington, there is something favourable to observance of rule, in the substantial quiet of so many weeks, on the eve of a great national quarrel. From the same number of the "Clerical Journal" come the following paragraphs :

*"Religious Libels."*

"After many other remarks, the speaker says, as reported in the *British Banner*: "*If I were a Churchman, furthermore, I might go into my pulpit every Sunday and read a homily, and by so doing should discharge all the obligations which I took upon me by my ordination vows.* But you, young men, who go forth from this college, must not take homilies into the pulpit nor other people's sermons, but you must take your own." Now here is a serious charge, conveyed in the presence of a miscellaneous audience and of young men about to be trained for the ministry among Dissenters."

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Guthrie ("The Gospel in Ezekiel") is more florid than Hamilton, but also more evangelical. His figures glow as much as W.'s, but he has some sense. Macaulay does justice to George Fox and the Quaker Sham. If there was any thing left to attack, his paragraphs might be published as a tract.

We are about to lose Mr. Williams from our missionchapel, (thus Macaulay prints all such compounds,) as he returns to

Africa. He has done us good service. I preached there on a late Sunday evening. Juvenile hearers are far the most numerous. Other families increasing, but only where they have been visited. Besides the missionary, we have an Irish Reader drumming up hearers. I wish I could find such a Scotch—or Irishman, as I have occasionally met, for this work. There are men to whom it would be delightful, and it is very promising.

NEW YORK, *February 7, 1856.*

I write with a thumb which is wounded in the very place where the pen goes. The 40th day of sleighing has increase of slipping by reason of rain that freezes as it falls. The sufferings of in-coming ships have been very great. One known to me, has been off our Atlantic coast for a month. Henry B. Pratt, of the Seminary, from Georgia, is here preparing to go to New Granada. I hope the Gospel will go into Central America, at the hole made by the filibusteros. The outlay on furs this winter, is enough to remind one of the Roman luxury in Gibbon and Montesquieu—\$2,000 for a sable cape is frequently given. The white-and-yellow furs from the neck of sables, for carriages and sleighs, though less valuable are of monstrous price from their size. The prevalence of cold at the South is unexampled. The marked decrease of emigration to our port has been evident in the less pressing necessities of the poor this month, as compared with the corresponding portion of last year. The arrivals are about one-fourth for the last reported week. The stream of German emigration is showing a disposition to seek Spanish America; this is true especially of the Catholic part. I see both Peru and Mexico are holding out special inducements to Catholic German settlers; and as in both countries this is synchronous with renewed struggles of the clergy for political power, it looks somewhat like a concerted scheme to forestall the protestantizing of the South. Lieut. Gilliss, of the U. S. Astronomical Survey, after several years in Chile, (so he writes it,) gives the worst account of popish misrule I ever saw. The *peons* (which by an Americanism means *hirelings*) are very far below Southern slaves. He declares flatly, that most of the births are illegitimate and a frightful proportion incestuous.

In your life of Washington Irving, mention that he is a homœopathist, and that he still rides young horses. He is very smart and kidglovish, but with a sunken manner and anile voice. I have never known any one who came to the truth so *regularly* as old Mr. C., just deceased. He was a highly educated man, both in America and Europe, and Jefferson's *ami prochain*. He said: "I was a victim of Mr. Jefferson's infidelity." Many years

ago, he attacked the subject by regular approaches—reading all the works which are famous on the Evidences. It was his method in other things. He would talk with every one on these points, just as on the Tariff, &c. He satisfied himself of the authenticity of the books. He went as deliberately about the question of Inspiration, with like results. He cautiously went through all the doctrines, and settled on what we maintain as evangelical. Thus far was headwork. But Grace was carrying on heartwork also; and on his dying-bed he recounted all this, and much more, as the process of years, and partook of the sacrament with clear avowal, good confession, and a most edifying joy.

About 1824, there was hardly a more irreligious family-connexion anywhere than ——. Now the religious members amount to scores. And every day we hear of the work going on. Of a truth, we make too little of such silent ramification of the true Vine.

I am now at Acts ix. It is really my Bible-class, though I have another, so called, of young men. My heart sickens at the prospect of war,<sup>1</sup> and for what? For ill-minded party-men. I have no fears of any one's dwelling unduly on Christ as a Saviour, and know none who have the fault you seem to apprehend.<sup>2</sup> The other extreme, viz., propounding him chiefly as a Master and Lawgiver, is that of all the Ecks, the Blairs and Robertsons, and Channings. Every orthodox preacher I ever heard, gives prominence to Christ as Prophet and King.

NEW YORK, *March 4, 1856.*

Yesterday was twenty-nine years since my dear affectionate uncle Rice preached my ordination sermon from Col. iv. 17, an admirable text.<sup>3</sup> The only articulate words after he was carried away were, "I should like to preach again—but the will of the Lord be done!"

Yesterday Dr. Nott, æt. 85, married a couple in our church. His father died of disease at 62; his brother, a sedentary minister of Connecticut, died of an accident, in his hundredth year. Everett's oration is the great event. The immense assembly fondled the orator, and almost chaired as well as cheered

<sup>1</sup> The Central American question between the United States and Great Britain.

<sup>2</sup> The suggestion referred to was that in preaching, Christ is not held forth in his Divine authority as Lord, in due proportion with his gracious office as Saviour.

<sup>3</sup> Dr. Benjamin H. Rice was attacked with paralysis in his pulpit, (Hampden Sydney, Virginia,) January 17, 1856, and died on the 24th of February.

W. Irving. The argument was that Washington was great, because he was good.

The streets of New York have now reached a degree of flood, ferment, feculence, filth, and fragrancy, at which they become curious and almost sublime. There is a wall of block ice-muck in the middle of Broadway, from three to six feet high, for a mile; and this after more than \$40,000 spent on that single object.

I agree with you in the importance of varying one's position. Dr. ——— had decided symptoms of stone from a constant use of one posture, and this in a rocking-chair. *Et sic de similibus.* As a specimen of what the transcendentalists call the Philosophy of History, one of them lately said to me: "Judaism is the divinest fact which God could make out of the materials he then had." Addison is printing on Acts. Wiley frequently imports English copies of his large Isaiah, which cannot be "gotten" here, as the Southerners still say. So many around me are mad with Cumming, that I have lately been examining his prophetic volumes, four or five in number. He has a great charm of clear, beautiful, picturesque language; beyond this, he is a cross of ——— on ———; <sup>1</sup> superior to either, but as conceited, as shallow, as uncharitable, and as one-sided. Of real original proof—nothing. As to prophecy, he merely hashes up Elliott. His interspersed pious addresses are good.

NEW YORK, March 26, 1856.

I forgot to say that I am falling into the very same *tremolo* which you detected in S., and find my voice materially altered in preaching. The religious romance of early Methodism interests me more than Macaulay, and I think John Wesley's English better than Swift's or Cobbett's. I remember going to Dr. Mayer's to an Easter Communion, with my father, forty odd years ago.<sup>2</sup> On Maundy Thursday I assisted at mass at St. Ann's, and on Good Friday was at the doors of three chapels; not however *in forma pauperis*; numbers attended to that function. The proceedings of the priest with his acolytes profanely reminded me of a juggler and his aids.

There is something distressing in the uniform decay and transitoriness of the free blacks. The few exceptions are like feeble exotics reared at great cost. W. himself is a good man, but even he is far below the smallest sort of village minister.

<sup>1</sup> Popular Anti-Romanists.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Philip F. Mayer, Pastor of St. John's Lutheran Church, Philadelphia, commemorated the fiftieth anniversary of his pastorate, October 5, 1856. He died in 1858.

I am unfeignedly humbled, though not a whit surprised, that people are not converted under my teaching; and it is always far from me to lay the blame on "the church," and scold my communicants for the default. I should wonder if any good number should ever be awakened by me; and as a personal matter, own with abasement that I accept unfruitful ministry as an intelligible chastening for sin. Let me add—none of these things give me any freedom to press measures. I have no doubt, either you or I could get up a stir in one week, which would fill a column of tabulated statistics. Ah me! I am sadly and increasingly unfit to work in the conventional traces. I utterly reject the entire pew-system—I speak of cities—as against the spirit of Christianity. But all my opinions are held too tremblingly for me ever to be a reformer. So I quietly and sorrowfully go on expounding those things I am sure about.

NEW YORK, *April 17, 1856.*

I shall not be surprised if you hear there is some awakening among my people. And so there unquestionably is—but only in one corner. The "Church," to use the Yankee phrase, is not awakened at all. There are, all since I last wrote to you, appearances of converting influence in about seventeen persons. These have all been gradually led on for months, and some for years. Except where they are in the same households, they are almost all unknown to one another. I have not had any inquiry-meeting. Once I have met "those willing to be guided about seeking their salvation," (writing down this form of notice, and reading it,) and thus have drawn to my house yesterday more than forty. With these I had no private talk, *then*, but expounded a Chapter. I am troubled as to whether I shall repeat even this. I have no additional meeting, as yet, and have not departed from my routine of lectures on Acts. It is a remarkable coincidence, that the meeting of Presbytery was almost a Bochim, and from beginning to end exhibited tenderness, humility, and affection on the part of ministers. I am dreading, beyond expression, the rise of a fanatical breeze among my church-members, and shall humbly endeavour to suppress rather than arouse human passions. You will understand me, better than anybody, when I say, I will, as at present advised, continue private address, but use no precipitating means. I even deprecate them. And so I feel about the whole affair. The way I am taking would be deemed a quenching of the spirit by sundry of my brethren. But I distrust every thing in revivalism, which is not common to it with the stated, continued, persistent presentation of the gospel.

NEW YORK, *April 23, 1856.*

I have nothing to change my opinion, that the inquiry among our people is lately discovered, but not lately produced. It was not an inquiry-meeting I held—but an exposition, and I had no private talk. I never met with the misapprehension you surmise.<sup>1</sup> On that ground, we should never have a Bible Class, or a Young Men's Meeting. Above all, the objection would lie against your taking a child into your study for advice and prayer, which would yet more suggest the esoteric scruple. Though I have no "inquiry-meeting," I should make the having one a simple question of degree. If a pastor cannot conveniently see them apart, I think it would be prudery not to see them together. As an instrument of excitement I have always feared them. I add but a few to the cases first known. But a very large proportion of my flock appears in the very state you mention, "in the place of the bringing forth of children." All this winter I have preached doctrinally—in a disguised series—and chiefly about conviction, conversion, faith, &c. I generally conclude, after interviews, that this reluctance (in truly serious persons) arises from dim views of doctrine, feeble grasp of the truth, legal notions of the preparation which they must see in themselves. New-measure people undertake to use instruments, and often kill the child. In spiritual as in natural travail, I suppose there must be much waiting. I hope we shall, May 11, add some sixteen.<sup>2</sup>

A Spaniard, a civilian from Madrid, is here, on Bible Society business; a thorough Protestant; says there are many such in Spain; considers the country on the verge of religious freedom; brings a liberal work of his own in sheets; explains the late vote in the Cortes very clearly, &c. I never before saw beauty in the pantomime of feature and hands. He speaks French fluently. We parsons are often and justly rallied for being taken in; but every few days I find the same happening to sharp worldlings. A wealthy merchant told me last night this anecdote: He had a large and costly set of china fraudulently taken from him by a woman. Not long after, this very woman got \$100 from him for a charity, since exploded; at the very moment his suit against her was in progress.

<sup>1</sup> "The trouble I have about the private meetings is the apparent admission that all the directions for 'guiding those that are seeking salvation,' are not given in the pulpit, and so countenancing the notion of some that there are esoteric instructions which they must get in some other than the ordinary way. Would it not be well to hold the inquiry-meeting in the church? I mean, to make the regular services take the direction of the simplest colloquial advice."

<sup>2</sup> On that day 17 were admitted on examination; 7 on certificate.

NEW YORK, *May 29*, 1856.

The Assembly was dissolved last night, with exercises of a most touching character. It is the unusual opinion that no G. A. has been so edifying. From beginning to end there was no squabble, nor was one sarcasm uttered. No decision of the Chair was appealed from, and only one was questioned. All this, under God, was owing to the good sense and affectionate piety of Dr. McFarland, [the Moderator,] who has carried away both reverence and love. There was an absence of stars; but the average talent was uncommon. Probably no Assembly has had so many valuable laymen. The men most listened to were Thornwell, Rice, Peck, Marshall, D. Lord, Johns, Judge Leavitt, Judge Allen, Humphrey, Harrison. Welch, in Committees, and once on the floor, made his remarkable powers of mind known, and will be remembered as much as any one.<sup>1</sup> The feeling of satisfaction, as to the way they have been treated, is very warmly and generally expressed. I never felt more complacent as to my church, and am grateful that a meeting for which I entertained such fears has turned out so much to the honour of religion and the satisfaction of all. The ablest speech, and one of the ablest I ever heard, for argument, adroitness, tact, style, elocution, and modest power, was Humphrey's, on the Danville Seminary.

NEW YORK, *June 10*, 1856.

I own our desert of national judgments, and that the signs are alarming. Yet I think the present concussion is a temporary thing. The affair in Kansas I trust has reached its acme. A minister from the heart of the troubles has just left me; he is hopeful. The exaggerations of the journals are horrible. Such questions should never have been left to be settled by a border mob. Whatever Democracy may be in settled States, it is only strong government which can rule frontiers. Dr. Hodge has most admirably stated the slavery doctrine, in his Ephesians. *Inter alia*: "It is just as great a sin to deprive a slave of the just recompense for his labour, or to keep him in ignorance, or to take from him his wife or child, as it is to act thus towards a free man;" p. 369. How nobly this clear enunciation of a scriptural principle towers above all the extravagancies of both sides!

NEW YORK, *June 21*, 1856.

I made my first acquaintance with Bridgeport (Connecticut) this week, having gone there to preach, and converse, and pray with Mrs. H.<sup>2</sup> I dare not say it is the most beautiful place I

<sup>1</sup> Ashbel Welch, Elder of Lambertsville, N. J.

<sup>2</sup> He preached in Bridgeport, June 19; also June 27, July 10, and August 24.



ever saw, but I dare as little say the reverse. The railway passes far away from its surpassing rural villas. Mrs. H. is a wonder of knowledge, wisdom, humility, faith; every thing, in a word, which can glorify religion. I never had what seemed to me a holier sojourn. I propose to take part of my family to Bridgeport on the 27th to board for a week—maybe longer. Cases of awakening still drop in. Two new cases awaited my return yesterday.

No public route gives any idea of the English beauties of New England. The villages grow so into one another, in the south part of Connecticut, that men confidently predict a row of lamps a hundred miles east of our city, as they now are eight miles to Harlem.

NEWPORT, *July 28, 1856.*

I am to be addressed at "Cliff House, care Ch. T. Hazard." There are thirty-six Mrs. Hazards in Newport. We are on the very beach or bank, only a broad field intervening between our yard and the cliffs, at whose base the sea breaks. Looking across a horse-shoe cove, on the left or north of which is the bathing beach, I see three points or capes, between which are two coves with their respective beaches. Beyond all, the village of Little Compton glitters in the sun. The waves are gently swaying without breaking, and the scene is very calm. In the sun it has been pretty warm to-day, but there is a breeze, and whenever we drive out in the evening we need an overcoat. The hot Friday, when New York and Philadelphia thermometers marked 100°, it was 74° all day on the Point, south of us. In the town, however, there is a good deal of glowing heat. The place at which we are is part of a tract, which Hazard has just lost by a decree in Chancery. The house in which I stay, was once rented by Longfellow and his friends. I have news of our Henry to within a week, by Mr. J. Auchincloss, who unexpectedly saw him on board of a propeller in Lake Superior. He and his companion have nearly disposed of the six boxes of Presbyterian books which they took on. The chief buyers have been the Cornishmen in the mines. He is in the land of the Dakotah, of Indian lodges, dog-trains, and snow shoes. Their journeys on foot, with sacks on their backs, have been numerous. The time I spent in Bridgeport was very agreeable. It is a beautiful place, with pleasant drives around it. Stratford, Fairfield, and Greenfield Hill, are very charming. In no part of rural Connecticut do I see any of those marks of a degraded white population, which Southern orators say must appear where there is no servile class. On the contrary, I am more and more struck

with the thrift and equalized comfort of the small yeomanry of Puritan New England. In this I do not include Rhode Island.

Several rather extraordinary instances of good done by simple reading of the Bible with inquirers have lately turned up in my ministry. Addison is writing on Acts, in my study, and printing also. A new Presbyterian Church is about to be organized at Deep River, (Saybrook town,) Connecticut, under Mr. Connitt. I have nothing but what the papers will give you, concerning the terrible disaster to the "Empire State" near us on the 26th. Mr. Thayer preached an original and grand sermon yesterday on Self-conceit.

*August 4.*—The thermometer keeps about 76° on our Cliff, but it is pretty hot in town. People are very proud of thermometers which go higher and lower than their neighbours'. Thayer and Cheever yesterday. The latter strangely and uncouthly original and fascinating. He reached me deeply. Thayer's sermon was great on "take heed how ye hear." On or about August 14th, we go to Bristol, R. I., for a week; thence, perhaps, by a short detour to Bridgeport. The absence of common piety and religious feeling in society, is much more manifest here [New England] than with us. The spirit as well of hearing as of worship, seems gone. Politics, Abstinence, and Slavery; usurp the "sacred desk."

NEW YORK, *August 23, 1856.*

I came here yesterday from Bridgeport, where I left my wife and child, and write from my own house, where, however, I do not expect my folks till September. I have some preaching yet to do in Connecticut, by which I may contribute somewhat to hold up the hands of the Presbyterian brethren.<sup>1</sup> Through what we call an accident, there met at Henry's table last night in 27th street all our brotherhood, except Archibald, making, with my Henry, six. When are we likely so to meet again! I trust your mother will rally, but every year brings its painful warnings at such an age. God grant her a blessed evening!

How ridiculously American is the scuffle of the Scientific Association at Albany about Constitution and By-laws!

The German Fremonters make infidelity and drink figure largely on their banners. In New England I found no Democrats, but sundry Fillmore men. There is a feeling that he would conciliate.

I spent some days in Bristol, R. I.; from which place I think I wrote to your worship. It is a thorough wreck; grass every-

<sup>1</sup> He preached in the Presbyterian Church of Hartford, August 31.

where literally growing in its broad, beautifully shaded Philadelphia streets. Numerous Cubans of wealth summer there. The harbour and surroundings are enchanting. They kept up slaving as late as 1816. A negro *ghetto* of Bristol is still named *Goree*. The aspect of interior New England is pleasing; from the total absence of any patent squalor. Mechanics everywhere live in houses a hundred per cent. above the same class in Pennsylvania or New Jersey. I wish our Calhounites could see that the small farmers of Connecticut have more comforts of civilization than many wealthy planters. The remaining of certain old Puritan habitudes is striking; such as a noon bell and curfew.

NEW YORK, *September 5, 1856.*

I should have gladly kept my wife and boy a little longer in rural air; but we were made uncomfortable at Bridgeport, whither we came from Bristol, by overcrowding in the house, so we returned yesterday. There is no place like home. My pulpit has been very well occupied by the Rev. Mr. Myers, of St. Augustine. Congregations fair—though very few of our own people.

There is no harm in repeating, what I said in my last, how seriously I feel the tidings you give respecting your mother. It brings my own warmly before me. Not only were they mutual friends, but they were lovely persons, long permitted to escape the uncomely accidents of old age, and carrying much of the sweet natural interest of girlhood into later years. Where shall we ever find such sympathy with us—especially in the minor trials of life? Who will ever so understand the little weaknesses of our character? If I go on much in this strain, I shall lose my composure; especially if I touch on other associations, more equal, and as strong. Let us bless God for such relations and affections. From what you say, I am prepared to hear something grave concerning your mother's case. If it should ever be proper to do so, assure her of my love and prayers.

It is wonderful that the yellow-fever has moved so slowly. The ravages at Fort Hamilton and Governor's Island have been great, in proportion to the subjects. At the former, two men fell yesterday at battalion-drill. Maj. Morris, the Commandant, married a Ritchie (née Alexander) of the Delaware Fairfield family. He and his were in the midst of it before, at Tampico. It is too much to expect that it should not alight and spread in our Water-streets.<sup>1</sup> If reports are true, there have been some

<sup>1</sup> Water-street—a narrow, confined street, on the Delaware front of Philadelphia.

cases to-day. What a remarkable respite from cholera this year, all over the country!

My "heft," as the Yankees say, has increased to 164 lbs. At Hartford I visited with pleasure the only original portraits of Pres. Edwards and his saintly wife. They are in the Edwards family. I also saw the Charter-Oak lying in massive glory on the earth: "The Charter Oak, it was the tree, that balked his sacred majesty." I have never seen so much of the country and everyday life of New England, as this summer, and it has been with increased respect. The average of domestic comfort and even refinement I believe to be unequalled in the world. We talk of Scotland, and justly; but Scotland has thousands of squalid peat-smoky hovels, where the best fare is oatmeal-porridge. There is nothing of this in Yankee-land, but by importation.

NEW YORK, *September 17, 1856.*

I am less surprised than pained by the tidings you give me. *Requiescit in pace.* My recollections go back with a sad pleasure to the old Sixth St. house. What friendly, long-continued, unvarying kindness to us and ours! What shadows flit along the back-ground—some friends and some only acquaintances—and how many gone!

It is a trial to me not to be able to go to the funeral of one of the truest friends I ever had. I have notice of an invalid passing through town, who makes an appointment with me for that very day; and the circumstances are important and delicate. You will now comprehend a feeling of family-headship, which comes heavily over one, upon the departure of a last surviving parent.

[I subjoin a letter written on the same afflicting event to a sister of my mother.]

NEW YORK, *September 25, 1856.*

It was impossible for me to hear of the departure of your beloved sister, without thinking very much of you. Few persons, even of the connexion, have been with her so constantly during her decline. Perhaps none on earth knew her better. Naturally, therefore, your sorrow must be great.

Among the consolations which you have so richly, one is the knowledge that our dear and valued friend was esteemed by so large a circle. No one of my whole acquaintance was ever more spared the deformities and disagreeable points of old age; in this resembling your father, whom I well remember, as the sweetest looking old gentleman I ever saw. Then you have the pleasing reflection for life, that it was placed in your power to minister

with sisterly affection, in the dwelling and at the couch of one whom you loved. But, above all, we must be consoled by the bright hope which we entertain, concerning the present and future happiness of our deceased sister. Though a silent and humble, she was a sincere and a consistent Christian. Her trust was in the Divine Saviour of sinners, to the rejection of all self-righteous merits. This faith diffused serenity over her closing hours. Little as is revealed to us concerning the details of the eternal blessedness, we know that the souls of the righteous are with the Lord, and that those who are absent from the body are present with the Lord.

It is a source of great comfort to those of us who survive, that your sister was not content to cherish religious sentiments in her private thoughts, but spontaneously added herself to the Lord's witnesses, by becoming a communicant in his Church.

How natural it is for our minds to go back to those who are gone! Where are our parents, and the religious teachers of our youth? Where are our own companions? Well do I remember Mr. Hall, with that spare, and dignified, and gentle form which belonged to him. My dear friend, "The fashion of this world passeth away." May we find grace to appear clad in the righteousness of Christ at his coming!

NEW YORK, *September 30, 1856.*

A letter of my father (1809) has turned up, in which he states that I had been at school a week. I remember it well; it was to "Madam Thomson," in Lombard street, [Philadelphia.] A sort of self-pity always comes over me when I think of my days of childhood; I do not detect it so much in others. It seems to me I had more unuttered distresses than most children. How long a poor child will harbour an afflictive scruple about religion, which would have been instantly dissipated by disclosure!

Bush writes to me. He expatiates on the excellencies of Howe, Owen, and Burroughs, in precisely the terms which he would have used thirty years ago. My folks are coming in pretty fast, but many are yet absent. Mauch Chunk is looking for a pastor—not too young—man of experience; schedule of gifts—not this, not that. Webster lived and died on a stipend of \$400. If it had not rained, a thousand carters were to have turned out last night for Fillmore. Within a few weeks, I hear many more voices in this state (it is very hard to say "*our state*") for Fillmore. Numerous private accounts speak well of Mr. Monsalvatge's preaching and labours at Carthage. He has a great body of young Granadans on his side. He has sent me several sermons, openly printed in the city newspapers. Mr.

Pratt, late of Princeton, writes encouragingly from Bogotá. I forgot whether I wrote from Bristol about Mr. G., an accomplished Cuban gentleman, one of several persons of wealth who summer in Rhode Island. He was bred in Spain, and is an author. What is pleasing is, that he is a pious and courageous Protestant. Lecturing on Acts xv. 1—35, I find it very tough to make that Council at Jerusalem a college of Bishops, or a General Assembly, or a Synod, or a Presbytery, or a Kirk-session, or an independent congregation. The common fiction of the Church having been organized on the plan of the Synagogue is “revolting” to me; *incredulus odi*. While the Apostles lived, they clearly had supreme authority, and they as clearly had no successors. Where they were not, Elders ordained by them had local and temporary rule. I have searched in vain for a single instance of *one* pastor tied to *one* congregation, or of the call of *one* congregation as necessary to orders. All the ministry, for what appears, was *ministerium vagum*, which the impugners of ordaining *sine titulo* do so eschew. My love to your environs. What a barbaric pomp about the crowning of the Czar!

P. S. *October 2.*—I retain the preceding in order to say that I will preserve the letters for you, and thank you for them.<sup>1</sup> All these things carry one back—back! I like the allusion to the house in 6th street. The *old* Philadelphia carries a great charm in my recollections. I have the only severe cold I have had in three years, and do not see how I can do duty on Sunday. At my prompting Randolph gets out a book for Business Men. I chose the subject of *Clerks*, and what I have written on it will probably appear also as a little tractate.<sup>2</sup> Your libretto and tract were received, and would have been reviewed by me but for the heavy pressure of the above, and of completing my MS. on Sunday Schools, which went to Philadelphia yesterday.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Letters of his father.

<sup>2</sup> “The Man of Business, considered in his various relations.” The contributors to this volume were Drs. Alexander, Sprague, Todd, Tyng, Ferris, and Stearns. Dr. Alexander’s subject is, “The Merchant’s Clerk Cheered and Counseled.” This chapter was afterwards reprinted by itself, and one person sold more than a thousand copies in the stores of New York, in about four weeks. In April, 1856, Randolph published McLaren’s Sermons on “Glorying in the Cross of Christ,” for which Dr. A. wrote an introduction.

<sup>3</sup> “The American Sunday-School and its adjuncts. By James W. Alexander, D. D. ;” published by the American Sunday-School Union, 1856, 342 pages. In the preface he says: “More than forty years ago it was my lot to sit on a humble form in one of the earliest Sunday-Schools set up in America. In process of time I became a teacher in similar institutions; and ever since my entrance upon the Gospel ministry I have counted it an honor to work collaterally in the same cause. In attempting to promote the same ends, I have constructed and launched from the presses which now

NEW YORK, *November 19, 1856.*

The young woman gives very good satisfaction, and appears to like her place. She went away for one day and night without my leave. She appears to be steady and industrious; good at mending and at washing up tea-things. My wife has said nothing about baking or ironing. It is our wish to keep her during the winter.<sup>1</sup>

My sprained foot is not much better, though I go about. Thanksgiving sermon adds a somewhat to the week's writing. I intend to touch on the importance of our being united in peace with all English-speaking people. My text is Deut. xxxii. 8, to word "Adam" inclusive. Sprague's book<sup>2</sup> is both valuable and entertaining. I like it all the better for the number and brevity of the articles. Some of them are quite in the manner of the late Joseph Miller, Esq. If you have not read Trench's "English Past and Present," it will give you a pleasant half-hour. What a wonderful fall we have had, for fine weather! Greatly do I feel the deprivation of walking freely, and more than ever do I sympathize with those who halt alway. Strange talk this in the papers, as if the Southern fire-eaters would not vote for Buchanan, unless after some ultra pledges on his part. I hope and pray he may give none. Dr. McCartee has come into our Presbytery, and taken the Westminster Church in 22d street. Some sermons, which I have on hand, (having preached about eight,) will perhaps grow into a book on Faith. Robinson's [Palestine] new impression puts the former three into two volumes, and adds a new third. Stewart's Brazil is not very lively, but full of information. Brazil must be a horrible country, as Portuguese is a horrible lingo. The Hungarian officer, who formerly appeared in Trenton, awakens my pity; he is now in abject mendicity—a handsome soldierly fellow too. It is a dreadful thing to be an exile in poverty. The thought is good for Thanksgiving Day.

NEW YORK, *January 2, 1857.*

January 1st is a *dies non* with us, except in regard of calls,

produce the present work, more than thirty trifles, which, 'for better for worse,' have gone sailing out upon the ocean of print, some to be high and dry on the strand of oblivion, and some to be still floating on the wave, protected, like the paper-nautilus, by their very frailty." The object of this work is to prove the necessity and duty of providing for general religious education, and to show how this end is promoted by Sunday-Schools and religious reading.

<sup>1</sup> This pleasantry refers to a visit from one of his correspondent's children.

<sup>2</sup> "Annals of the American Pulpit," vols. 1 and 2.

so I now wish for you and yours a happy New Year. We had 175 calls. I am told Dr. Spring sometimes has 300. Holten's New Granada is a very entertaining book, in some places a little free. He lets you well into Granadan manners and customs. I do not see that — differs materially from Wright and Garrison, save in decorum of language, when in his late book on Slavery he says: "Unless the Bible teaches my doctrine about slavery, it is not of God." A member of my church has been spending a year in North Wales. He hired a furnished house, library, &c., of ample size, with about twenty acres of pleasure-ground, for £200. The whole stood within a walled park of 400 acres, as good as his, and well-kept. He had half-a-mile of wall, ten feet high, for wall-fruit, and had every sort of fruit in plenty. In consequence of the low rent, wages, &c., he calculates that he did not add a penny to his year's expenses, though he includes the transportation, to and fro, of ten persons.

A soliciting missionary from Port Natal in South Africa, is here; a fairspoken Scot, named Campbell. Prof. Owen of this city is about to come out with a commentary on the Gospels. He is of the Free Academy.

I lately attended high mass for the soul of Father Andrade, and saw about ten priests officiating. The incense is scarcely more than nominal. In my day, we used to get a very tolerable sniff; and in Paris, I think, I saw a dozen censers going all in a row, with a dexterous perpendicular hoist, which it must take some time to learn. Our motto for 1857 is: "Rejoice evermore."<sup>1</sup>

I have arrived at the 16th chapter of Acts in my exposition. Sometimes I wish no other sort of preaching had been invented. I wish I knew more about the Doverites, Derbyites, or Plymouth brethren. They seem to have made much progress among the French Protestants. An odd fish has applied to me for my life towards his "Eloquent Divines," about to appear. I have refused and derided, but experiences teach that this is no protection. This is the seventh letter at this sitting, and some of them more lengthy; this, therefore, can only be strengthly, as is the regard of, Sir, your friend and subscriber.

<sup>1</sup> His sermon on the year-text was usually preached at the afternoon service of the first Sunday in the year. The morning service of that day had usually a reference to the annual collection made at that time for Foreign Missions. The collection on Jan. 2, 1857, amounted to \$7,600. In the preceding month, the collection for Domestic Missions had been nearly \$4,000. In February, 1857, the collection for the Board of Education was \$4,600; in May, for Sunday-Schools, \$1,300; in November, for the Bible Society, \$2,600.



NEW YORK, *March 9, 1857.*

Louis Napoleon has introduced a new kind of state-paper, racy as a vaudeville; it is too witty.<sup>1</sup> Addison calls my attention to the remarkable revolution, which, under the Palmerston rule, is going on in the English sees, in favour of Evangelicalism. Both archbishops and the three leading bishops are now on that side. I find "grand-daughter" in Webster and Worcester; the only authorities I have.<sup>2</sup> Mr. B., of Leavenworth, Kansas, writes to me that the new houses building there, are "hundreds." He also says, if things go on so for two years, that the region 200 miles west of the east border will be the most thickly peopled portion of the Western States. Mr. M. bought \$500 worth of land on the site of Milwaukee, thirteen years ago. Its sworn value now is \$400,000. The Ferguson who wrote "America by Rail and Steam," is a banker and a deacon of Dr. Hamilton's. He has been here on a second visit.

There is something very striking in the prayer, with which St. Augustine commonly closed his sermons: "Conversi ad Dominum, Deum, Patrem omnipotentem, puro corde, Ei, quantum potest parvitas nostra, maximas atque uberes gratias agamus: precantes toto animo singularem mansuetudinem ejus, ut preces nostras in beneplacito suo exaudire dignetur; inimicum quoque a nostris actibus et cogitationibus sua virtute expellat, nobis multiplicet fidem, mentem gubernet, spirituales cogitationes concedat, et ad beatitudinem suam perducatur: per Jesum Christum Filium suum, Dominum nostrum, qui cum eo vivit et regnat in unitate Spiritus sancti Deus, per omnia sæcula sæculorum. Amen." It is beautiful Latin, and much more full of matter than "a Prayer of St. Chrysostom."<sup>3</sup> Its first words, with an "&c.," so often close the "Conciones," that I presume he always used it. Augustine is the only father of whom I read much; and the more I read, the more I perceive that if you leave out predestination and justification by faith, his scheme, and that of the Catholic Church of his day, was just that which Pusey would restore. Nothing can be more garbled and misleading, than the centos given by Milner.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> I suppose the allusion is to the Emperor's speech, at the opening of the Chambers in 1857. The "wit" must be in the sentence where, in reference to the inundations, it is said: "I make it a point of honor, that in France rivers, like revolutions, must return to their beds, or that they must not leave them."

<sup>2</sup> I had insisted that such a purist as he should follow the old standard dictionaries, which give but one *d* in this word.

<sup>3</sup> In the "Book of Common Prayer."

<sup>4</sup> In the New York "Journal of Commerce," of March 10, there is a free translation, with comments, from Horace, Ode 24, Book 3, in application to the vices of the age, which I think I cannot be mistaken in attributing to Dr. Alexander.

NEW YORK, April 27, 1857.

Addison preached for me yesterday, though I think I could have preached once myself. My chief annoyance is a difficulty of breathing, oppression, or strangling sensation, which comes on at times, and especially at night.<sup>1</sup> While Hugh Miller's new book<sup>2</sup> contains lots of things which I do not believe, it has some—many—of the sublimest views respecting creation and redemption, that I ever met with. Some of his sweeps of high description are inimitable. Yet he always says *ere* for *before*, and *mayhap* for *perhaps*. The biographies by Macaulay, in several numbers of Harper, are worth reading; they are from the last (8th) edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica. In a life of Sir H. Davy, by Rogers, it is said, (1812, &c. :) "A certain change (it must with regret be owned) came over his state of mind, tarnished his serenity, and gradually, though imperceptibly, weakened his scientific zeal. It was to be ascribed solely, we believe, to the severe ordeal of exuberant but heartless popularity, which he underwent in London. The flatteries of fashionable life . . . . by degrees attached Davy to the fashionable world, and loosened his ties to the laboratory, which had been to him the sole and fit scene of his triumphs." We have a cold easterly drizzle—as yet more wind than rain. Addison visited his native house on his birthday, and ate an ice-cream in what was my father's study. I distinctly remember the day J. A. A. was born.<sup>3</sup>

When Peter Cunningham shall have digested all Walpole's Letters into one chronological series, with the promised notes, it will be the richest collection of gossip in the world. Some one of my congregation visits the Holy Land, every year, at least. Lord Napier is surveying our town.

I have seldom been more pained by a thing of the kind than by your account of S., [lost at sea.] Poor little S.! We remember him as coming into our sick chamber in 8th street [Philadelphia] to show his little fat leg. Poor mother! I earnestly hope she will have spiritual indemnity. Mrs. H. was buried yesterday. She was free from extreme suffering towards the last. Mr. J., a good friend of ours, has died of dreadful disease of the heart. How voluminous would be the list of the dead

<sup>1</sup> On the 9th April he had written: "I am laboring under a very painful irritation of throat and fauces." He was able to preach but twice in April, and four times in May. His cough had then become so threatening, that a voyage seemed to be the only resort that promised permanent relief.

<sup>2</sup> "The Testimony of the Rocks."

<sup>3</sup> The house was in Lombard street, Philadelphia; the date was April 24, 1809.

whom we have known; and how strangely some of them pass out of mind!

Dr. B. used to read Voltaire as the best Christians read the Bible. Mrs. B. often said to me that the only comfort she had was in going to church, and that she looked forward to this all the week. I have often pondered on this and hoped it might prove to be the case with many whom we overlook in estimating the value of Divine service.

There is a certain point at which a man's mishaps operate against him, much as if they were moral delinquencies.

NEW YORK, *May 26, 1857.*

To-morrow, it may be presumed, will be too busy for writing. I take to-day therefore for farewells to you and all your house.

My address is: *W. A. and G. Maxwell & Co., Liverpool.*<sup>1</sup>

Every thing preparative has been ordered very favourably.

There is something serious in such separations, which I feel just now; in better moments we will remember one another.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Alexander, accompanied by his wife and youngest child, embarked on the steamer Baltic, for Liverpool, May 27th.

<sup>2</sup> The frequent allusions which have occurred in the letters of this and other chapters, to their writer's interest in the American Tract Society, will make acceptable the following notice communicated to me by the Rev. Dr. Hallock, one of its Secretaries:

"The memory of Dr. James W. Alexander is precious to the Executive Committee and officers of the American Tract Society. As his father, Dr. Archibald Alexander, was, from the formation of the Society in 1825 till his death in 1851, an unwavering friend, supporter, and counsellor, making valuable contributions to the list of its publications by his pen, and acting for three years as a member of its Publishing Committee, so the son, in similar relations and by almost all the same means, gave the Society his cordial and efficient co-operation.

"When, in 1842, a public deliberative meeting of the Society's Board and friends was held for three days in the Broadway Tabernacle, Dr. James W. Alexander, who was then at Princeton, communicated an able document on a momentous topic, with the bearing of which his wide range of reading and observation made him familiar, 'THE EVILS OF AN UNSANCTIFIED LITERATURE.' The document was read to the meeting by the Rev. Dr. Potts, and was published in a volume comprising ten other documents presented at that meeting, and a record of its proceedings.

"In 1845, when Dr. Archibald Alexander retired from his labours as a member of the Society's Publishing Committee, Dr. James W. Alexander, who was then pastor in New York, was elected as his successor; and fulfilled the duties of the office for three years, when the pressure of his official duties in the ministry compelled him to retire, and the Rev. Dr. Magie succeeded him in that office.

"Dr. James W. Alexander, soon after the establishment of the American Messenger, in 1842, commenced writing for it valuable but anonymous articles, which were continued, from time to time, to the number of thirty or forty articles, all on great and momentous themes pertaining to the com-

mon salvation. In this way alone, addressing each month not far from two hundred thousand families, he conveyed messages of Christian love to millions of men quite beyond the reach of his preaching or other written works.

“The Society published in their series his excellent tract on Revivals of Religion; showing that by true revivals of religion God is glorified, the plan of redemption accomplished, the Church raised to its highest prosperity, and that such an extension of the Church is demanded by the present state of our nation; embodying, with singular discernment, a brief, comprehensive sketch of the history of revivals from Apostolic days.

“The Society also publish his volume of seventeen revival tracts, originally issued under the modest title of “Wayside Books,” in successive numbers during the progress of the revival of 1858, when, in his high position as pastor of the church in the Fifth Avenue, he wished not only to benefit his own people, but others, by bearing his testimony in favour of the good work, but to give individual souls in the various stages of awakening or quickening under Divine influence, the needed instruction, counsel, and guidance.

“The very titles of these seventeen tracts (one of them written by an intimate fellow-labourer in the ministry) show their high evangelical character and aim, and the wide range of usefulness to which they are adapted, and in which they will doubtless long continue to give what may be almost regarded as their author’s dying testimony to the truth and excellency of the gospel of Christ. They are: The Revival; Seek to Save Souls; Pray for the Spirit; The Unawakened; Harden not your Heart; Varieties in Anxious Inquiry; Looking unto Jesus; God be merciful to me a Sinner; O for more Feeling; Have I come to Christ? My Teacher, my Master; My Brother; Sing Praises; The Harvest of New York; Compel them to Come in; Help the Seaman; To Firemen.

“As counsellors in all questions of doubt and perplexity, Dr. James W. Alexander and his father were uncommon men—single-hearted, far-seeing, calm, practical, judicious—and favoured was the friend, the benevolent institution, the congregation, the church, or the community, who could resort to them and receive their heaven-guided lessons of wisdom. Pleasant were they on earth, and it is a cheering anticipation that we may meet them with all the redeemed in the world above.”

## CHAPTER XIII.

LETTERS DURING HIS SECOND VISIT TO EUROPE <sup>1</sup>

1857.

LIVERPOOL, *June 11, 1857.*

THROUGH God's mercy we arrived here in safety on the 7th, after what seamen call a very favourable passage. We found valuable friends on board, and have also found numerous acquaintances of ourselves or our friends, in this town. I had really forgotten how cool the weather is here. We have been under the necessity of having fires every evening, and I shudder with cold most of the time. Though my cough is less, it has not left me. We have just returned from the Exhibition of the "Art Treasures" at Manchester—sixty miles going and returning since morning; so much for English railways. The structure itself is fine, and much resembling the Crystal Palace. The value of the paintings is reckoned by scores of millions of pounds. Every great public and private collection in England has given its gems. Without being a connoisseur I was ravished with the sight of the great works of the greatest masters. Twenty or thirty Raphaels! English aristocracy owns more of Italian art than Italy itself. Among the moderns, I was not prepared to be so delighted as I am with Sir Joshua Reynolds. All his great works are here. You learn to recognize them at once, and their gracefulness is indescribable. The gallery of water-colours opens quite a new field of art to me. Few of the sculptures awaken me much. Canova's all seem to be injured by mannerism. I more admire Chantrey, Marshall, and Gibson. Hogarth's paintings added very little to my pleasure in his engravings. Gainsborough's best pieces are enchanting.

<sup>1</sup> In making up this chapter I have followed the same course as in the letters of the visit of 1851, and for the reasons given in the prefatory note of Chapter XI.

LEAMINGTON, *June 13, 1857.*

We left Liverpool at 11, and came by Crewe, Wolverhampton, Birmingham, and Coventry. Haymaking is going on, and we saw and heard a lark ascend, and give his delicious song. Leamington is the cleanest and most brilliant place I ever saw. Every thing has a miniature look. The trim houses, neat shop-fronts, white flags, and perfectly pure streets, affect me with a sense of being in a play-place. I can hardly think it real. English neatness here becomes almost Dutch. I forgot to say that the everlasting succession of beauties, in hedgerow, field, and meadow, with unvaried culture and perfect green, produces at length the effect of gazing on a pretty face without expression. One longs for a bare spot, a morsel of rude, brushy land, or a small piece of bad road.

*June 14.*—We have been to All Saints, the old parish-church, large and full. We were ushered in through the singing-boys to a seat in the choir immediately behind one of the reading-pews. The service was given cathedral-fashion. Mr. Bowen, the curate, preached an evangelical sermon from the Rich Man and Lazarus. Soldiers went home from church to martial music. The rooks were cawing in their nests among the tops of the trees as we came to our inn.

Such has been the popularity of the Springs here, that the place numbers 15,000 inhabitants. There are two Leamington *seasons* in the year; the chief one being in winter, as is true also of Brighton; the other is in the hunting-time. The Cheshire hounds have a famous meet in that county, but all this is a fox-hunting district. Lord Lonsdale (as we guess it was) told us that railways have greatly facilitated hunting by carrying men and even horses to the meets. He said the lands on our way rented for about three pounds an acre, but some in better districts for five pounds.

I have formerly noted the practice of having a little hymn-book for the particular church. The one here was full of our most evangelical hymns, "Just as I am" and the like. In no New England town have I ever remarked a more exact and still observance of the Sabbath. Invalid persons are trundled to church in bath-chairs, as an everyday thing; most worthy of imitation among us. The throngs of people in the street are perfectly well-dressed, and all with brilliant red and white complexions. As with us the complexion runs often into pale and yellow, so here the faulty visages are red, crimson, scratchy, erysipelatic—there are many such. I am inclined to think that the purest English is spoken in these midland counties. I detect very little provincial in the guards or waiters. Nothing like

mendicity or even poverty has met my eye at Leamington Priors. A little to the north-west is Baxter's Kidderminster, and a short journey eastward is Doddridge's Northampton. Worcester and Edgehill are not far off, and if we took the old mail-route, we should go through the forest of Arden. In this town of so many thousands, there are doubtless many "brethren," but how shall I find them out? Every thing in the church-way is set and petrified. I went into a shop for tracts, but the woman looked like a nun, and the books all smacked of Oxford.

LONDON, *June 15, 1857.*

We left Leamington about 10 for London, viâ Rugby. At R. we saw the church, but could not see the school. The whole country along our way was full of hay-making and sheep-shearing. As we neared Olney, I sang "Begone unbelief" in memory of John Newton, and much of the scenery on the Ouse was pleasant as of the very sort which prompted so many passages of the Task. These impressions were not the less strong, because I own my prevalent mood has been somewhat sombre, ever since I left America.

It is now 10 P. M., but the boys are in full caper in the street below, and there is still a lingering blush in the horizon. People here knock *and* ring. All servants ring, except the postman, who gives two knocks. Coals are brought to the door in a cart, but in sacks, and each of these is emptied down a hole in the sidewalk; it is a cleaner and even quicker operation than ours. The free-and-easy prevails all over England in regard to vehicles, pony-chaises, phaetons, flies, &c. You see two rosy girls drive up to a railway-station, and, perhaps, take a relative into their low-wheeled drag. Numerous cases have been observed by us of a pony drawing four adults in a sort of buggy, and two looking backwards. But then all the roads are as smooth as this paper.

4 BERNARD ST., RUSSELL SQUARE, }  
LONDON, *June 18, 1857.* }

Last evening I attended an anniversary soirée of the Regent Square and Somerstown Sunday Schools, held in Somerstown, a neighbourhood much like the Five Points. Lady and gentlemen teachers present for a tea-drinking. Then up stairs, where a meeting lasted two and a half hours. Dr. Hamilton in the chair, who received me with great warmth. Numerous speeches. Of course, I made an address. Hamilton's gifted vocabulary flowed in my behalf. The cheers and "hears" were a little appalling to me; but good nature and a disposition to be pleased

marked every thing. I thought the talent displayed by these teachers very remarkable. The heartiness and almost convivial glee of the meeting were unlike what we have at such times.

In our immediate vicinity is the vast but unfinished cathedral of the Irvingites. London is their Jerusalem, being the seat of their twelve apostles and seven churches. They have two daily services, and I have been to their even-song. The church is a sublime one. About sixty persons were present, of whom part were clergy in rich and varied robes. The chief one, who was forward and apart, near the altar, was wrapped in a heavy dark cloak over his alb, with a stole; he took the lead, and was either angel or bishop. The service was chanted cathedral-wise, and most delightfully. Altogether it was a very solemn affair. Much incense was used.

*June 21. Sunday.*—Very warm. Dr. Hamilton's church. The text was Proverbs viii. 1. It was an admirable sermon. He began it by comparing the choice of Hercules with the choice of Solomon. A shower having come up, I went in the afternoon to the neighbouring church of the Apostles (Irvingite) in Gordon Square. A sermon of an hour was first preached by Mr. John Wells, on the "procession of the Holy Ghost." It was read, was well-delivered, and very theological and orthodox, until near the close he declared that the day of miracles and prophecy had returned. Then followed the regular even-song, which was altogether distinct. The big ones sat in common seats during the sermon with purplish cassocks and small capes—three having lace sleeves; but during the vespers, all were in the choir, which is of immense size. There were twenty, exclusive of the singing-boys in white. The Angel or Bishop (Mr. Heath) had a purple cloak over his alb, and performed his part to admiration. Of the rest, some had yellow and some red stoles, (or scarfs,) and all had albs or white dresses. I heard one pray in the spirit, one prophesy, and three give the word of exhortation. The organ and Gregorian chant were in perfection; all being in good training, and the congregation (about a thousand) generally joining. The sound rolled majestically through the Gothic vaults of the great edifice, which is quite a marvel of modern architecture. The incense, the intoning, and the bowing to the altar, are perfectly popish, but the service and ceremony are very fine and impressive. I do not believe they have better music at St. Paul's.

LONDON, *June 23, 1857.*

The new buildings of Lincoln's Inn are noble. In the fine library I found numbers studying and compiling. A whole alcove and more is devoted to American works, [on Law.] Then



to the Middle and Inner Temples. How ancient and beautiful these gardens, walks, and green trees, opening on the river and full of associations from Shakspeare downward! Professor L., of King's College, who accompanied me, greatly admires American jurisprudence, and amidst all his compilations says that American reports are most useful to him. He may be called a disciple of Story's, whose entire works he showed me. In the four Inns there are lectures, Monday on Common Law, Tuesday on Civil Law, Wednesday on Constitutional Law, Thursday on Equity, Friday on Real Estate.

After all this, it was highly proper that I should go to Smithfield. I made my approach by Skinner Street and the Old Bailey, by Snow Hill and Giltspur Street, near St. Sepulchre's and the Compter. This is one of the mustiest and most delicious parts of old London; for here enters Hosier Lane, (Swift speaks of the "veriest cockney of Hosier Lane,") and Cock Lane, famous for Dr. Johnson's and Wesley's visit to the ghost. And here is Pye Corner, where the fire of 1666 stopped. The great area of Smithfield, vast indeed, remains, and the innumerable stalls are left, but the glory is departed. Not only are there no martyrs, like John Rogers, but there are no beasts. I saw a timid flock of sheep looking out of Cock Lane, like intruders, but the principal reminiscence of former days is hay and straw, and the advertisements of butcher-tools, cattle-medicine, &c; besides advertisements of two lost children. I took the pains to count the parish vagrants, posted as having deserted their families, and found the number thirty-one. All this end of town is old, black, and profoundly suggestive. The smell is peculiar, and was doubtless known to Shakspeare and Bunyan.

The strawberries are very plenty and very large, and the English way is to serve them in the hulls, and eat them out of hand, dipping in powdered sugar.

I heard Dean Trench read prayers at Westminster Abbey, and *saw* him preach in a surplice and scarlet hood. He is a robust, hale, good-looking Englishman, with much of that "holystone" which belongs to all readers here.

The funerals are solemn mockery. The hearse is surmounted with immense plumes or bunches, as big as a man, and I have seen a dozen persons in black, perched on the top, driving full tilt to act as mutes. I can't get over the horse-flesh of Hyde Park. I never saw such blood, condition, and grooming. In the streets one sees the biggest and the least horses in the world.

LONDON, *June 29, 1857.*

I have heard the wonderful Spurgeon. I am told the effort

was feeble, for him. He has none of those captivating intonations which we remember in Summerfield and others; neither should I judge him to have any pathos. His voice is incomparable, and perfect for immense power, sweetness, and naturalness. His pronunciation is admirable, with the never-failing English eÿther, knōwledge, wroth, &c. Though very like his likenesses, he becomes almost handsome when animated. His gesture is sparing and gentlemanlike. I detect no affectation. The tremendous virtue of his elocution is in outcry, sarcasm, and menace, and his voice improves as it grows louder. I seriously think his voice the great attraction. His prayers were concise and solemn; a shade too metaphoric. His short exposition was so-so in matter, but well-delivered. He preceded his sermon by a shot at Lord Lyndhurst's late remarks on the obscene Print Bill, and said: "Holywell Street had at length found an advocate in Westminster Palace." He requested the people in the gallery (there are three one over another,) not to lean forward. He said you could tell a Dissenter in church, by his sitting down before the hymn was over. During the sermon he described broken-down preachers, spitting blood, going to the continent and travelling at other people's expense. This did not please me, for

"Who e'er felt the halter draw,  
With good opinion of the law?"

He told a very funny story of a minister with a rich wife. He was very severe on the establishment, and rather intimated that the gospel was very little preached. In this part of the discourse, he preached himself. Notwithstanding all this and his dreadful onslaught on written sermons, I think his work here matter of the greatest thankfulness. He preaches a pure gospel, in the most uncompromising manner, with directness, power, and faithfulness; and he preaches it to hundreds of thousands, to beggars and princes. I am at a loss to say what they come for. They seem to be led of God. All strangers go. Some of the nobility are always there. Church ministers abound in every assembly. I ought to have said there is nothing that savours of the rude or illiterate. Such a building I would beg a year to have in New York, for some stentor. It is the beau-ideal, being the theatre of Surrey Gardens, where Jullien has his concerts. It will hold ten thousand seated. Every aisle and corner was filled by a dense mass of standing persons numbering perhaps a thousand. The attention was unbroken. What struck me, was the total absence of the ill-dressed classes. A person behind me pointed out actors, Waterloo officers, noblemen, &c. Old Hundred by about ten thousand voices was really congregational singing. His sermon was fifty minutes, Ezek.

xxxvi. 37—on the connexion of prayer with blessings. 1. Fact. 2. Reasons. The first head was admirable; as scriptural, simple, chaste, direct, winning, and full of Christ, as one could wish. Only I wondered all the while why it drew the masses so. Then he began to suffer with the terrible heat; said so; and evidently lost his strength of body and mind. The application was common-place, but his felicitous language and glorious voice will carry along any thing. I am persuaded he seeks to save souls, and believe that he is as much blessed to that end, as any man of our day. My childish recollections of Larned, represent him as much such a speaker. Spurgeon is a blended likeness of Prof. Atwater, and Mr. Bartine, the Methodist. His eyes are disproportionally small. In many points of assurance, dogmatism, conceit, and sarcasm, he reminds one of —, to whom he is greatly superior in gentlemanlike bearing and absence of nasal twang, while he falls far below him in learning, original illustration, and I think inventive genius. But Spurgeon preaches the blessed gospel of the grace of God.

You know my passion for London: it is next to impossible to get away, though the *feeling* of heat is as great as it would be at New York, while the mercury is about 77°. Drives into the environs are very sweet. All the banks of Thames are lovely. No words can describe the verdure, the cottages, the roses, the green lanes, the field-paths, the hay-making, the parks.

The thoughts are very serious which one has amidst the most favourable circumstances, in a foreign land. I trust they are not without spiritual profit. My friends at home are certainly not less in my mind. The feeling of being so much a truant is very oppressive to me at times. After all, I would a thousand times rather be at home.

The speakers whom I heard in the House of Commons, were the Attorney-General, Mr. Henley, (a fine, blunt John Bull,) Mr. Collier, (a fine orator,) and Mr. Rolt. As I never heard Randolph say more than one word, viz., "Palgrave," so all I ever heard Palmerston say, is: "Because they (the Proctors) are to be swept from the earth." I was mightily struck with the gentlemanly tone of the debate, and the subdued and delicate manner in which adverse opinion was stated, even when the argument was point-blank in opposition.

This was the day for our visit to the Crystal Palace. It is far nobler than the original one, forty-four feet higher, and with three transepts. As it takes a volume to describe it, I will bring that with me, for little can be done in a letter. The park and gardens and fountains are on prodigious scale. Even within the building every sort of tropical tree and plant is growing, and

there is almost as much vegetable matter as any thing else. Landscape gardening is producing its chef d'œuvre without. In a wild part of the grounds, you have models of life size, and in appropriate surroundings, of all the hideous creatures of the early formations, pterodactylus, hylæosaurus, ichthyosaurus and all. On our way, E. stopped me and said: "O look what a noble little boy!" We presently found it was Prince Arthur, who, with two sisters, was viewing the palace. We heard two excellent orchestral concerts, stayed all day, and all for a shilling. The pleasantest thing was the great number of the lower class. On reaching lodgings, I found cards of Messrs. Dallas, Senr. and Junr., [the American Minister and son,] and a letter from the Earl of Waldegrave, expressing regret that his son was not in town.<sup>1</sup>

I have seen all the Inns of Court, and of the Inns of Chancery, Clement's Clifford's, Furnival's, Thavie's, and Staple. Strand Inn is pulled down. Barnard's I cannot find. The only remaining ones of the nine, Lyon's and New Inn, I will look for. With Christ's Hospital some of these are my favourite spots. Some say the very first wool-staplers of London lived at what is now Staple Inn. Such an antiquity would not abide a year in New York. Even in London such cool, moist, monastic spaces are preserved only by belonging to guilds or other corporations.

LONDON, *July 3, 1857.*

The House of Lords is superb, but bad for hearing. Lords appear in morning-dress—many with hats on; some lounging, and one asleep. Law Reform was up. I was glad to hear Brougham at length. He is erect, and agile, though very gray. The manner of a vehement old preacher. Able and emphatic. Lord Chancellor Cranworth spoke, leaving the woosack. His voice and manner that of the late President Maxwell, [of Virginia.] Lord Fitzwilliam spoke; tall, thin, quakerish, hat over eyes. I afterwards saw him canter off on a spirited horse, brought by a groom in white livery; the Earl is 75. Lord Campbell spoke. Without his [Judge's] wig, looks bluff and hearty; dark hair, baldish; age 76. Afterwards they went into committee, Redesdale in the chair. I also heard him speak. Then came on

<sup>1</sup> The son of the Earl is the Hon. and Rev. Samuel Waldegrave, now canon of Salisbury, and author of several excellent religious works. Of one of these—"New Testament Millenarianism"—Dr. Alexander gave a synopsis in the *Repertory*, July, 1856. Mr. Waldegrave's book has many acknowledgments of the value of Dr. J. A. Alexander's "Isaiah," and some letters passed between the two authors.

a second reading of Lord Campbell's bill about immoral publications. He spoke with much animation. Lord Lyndhurst made a few remarks. He looks young when sitting, with hat on, having a youthful wig; but when he walks, his spindling, falling shanks, betray 85 years. I had pointed out to me the Duke of Argyle; red head, slender, strutting; fine forehead. Lord Nelson rather foppish. Lord Shaftesbury youngish and graceful. Lord Wensleydale (Park) very burly and strong. I heard some very poor speaking. The general look of the Lords reminded me of Virginia gentlemen; quite so in manner; but more neatness of dress, though not more simplicity, in most. The fine hale condition of so many old Lords, speaks well for English climate, dinners, sports, and general habits. The law-lords have no easy times. After a long day on the bench, Campbell comes to the Lords' and makes speeches; he has no Scotch accent, of which Brougham has much. Shaftesbury is 56. His son, Lord Ashley, is in the House of Commons. S. is the great philanthropist of the aristocracy. I have never been in Parliament, without hearing America mentioned. In connexion with law-reform, it is always honourably. The Lord Chancellor, Lyndhurst, Brougham, Campbell, and Fitzwilliam, all agree in urging simpler forms. They are now hammering at complications of the mortgage. Contrary to the genius of English law, they seek to make the transfer of real estate as easy as the transfer of bank-stock. I saw two bishops, both in and out of rig. Their undress is nobly beautiful; with their robes and lawn they look like Falstaff in the buck-basket. Lord Ellenborough made a speech of some length on India. He is 66; tall and stout, heavy voice, more than the usual stammer, little of the peculiar tinputan, palatal utterance, which makes Granville resemble the lower classes. It appears to be quite the thing for members to go home on horseback.

We went to Albert Smith's Ascent of Mont Blanc, Piccadilly. It lasted two hours, and was a union of first-rate painting with irresistible humour. Indeed, I never heard any thing so comic as his songs and dialogues "up the Rhine."

Smith is one of the Punch set. The entertainment is modish, the rooms elegant.

LONDON, July 6, 1857.

At 6½ yesterday I sought out Baptist W. Noel's chapel in John Street, near Gray's Inn. As I approached I heard a man say it was "ordinance day," a dissenting phrase, which I happened to understand. The chapel is old and old-fashioned;

showing what the Ranstead Court Tabernacle may have been copied from. Galleries on all four sides, and very wide; seats under the gallery lengthwise; pulpit high; vestry-end thrown in by moving a partition; full house of plain but earnest people. Precentor gave out hymns and notices. Mr. Noel is a thin-faced pale, refined, American-looking man. I recognize the incomparable elocution which I admired so much in '51. I also perceived afresh that the higher you go in society here, the more the talk is like that of educated men at home; say of Charleston. I don't say Boston, because of the Yankee *bens*, and *dooty*, and *stodent*; nor yet of Virginia, because of the R—phobia, as Dr. Rush used to call it. Otherwise, it is more like Virginia. He used no notes, and in an hour's preaching never broke into any intonations which would sound wrong if he had been speaking to three people, by his fireside. He was on Matt. xxv. 25—29, the Institution. It was simple and chaste, but scholarly; deeply interesting and even delicious, but not impassioned; no fancy, no illustration; eminently didactic and parenetic. Altogether I must place it among the most pleasing, useful, and holy discourses I ever heard. He made a bold declaration of free-communion.

BRIGHTON, *July 13, 1857.*

Brighton itself is a large place, with much elegance of structure, and all the appliances of sea-bathing. The air is like Newport. Just before our windows (Pier Hotel) is a drive frequented by ceaseless processions of gentry in every kind of vehicle, ladies with grooms, donkeys, goat-carriages, foot-folk, and just beyond, still very near us, the sea-beach, with rows of the machines out of which they bathe. The surf is much less than at Newport. There are innumerable children wading in the low tide. One pleasant thing is the total absence of that glare which prevails on our beach. The streets, moreover, are watered with such English faithfulness, that there is no dust. Remember it is not the "season" at Brighton. That begins in October. Walking and driving on the beach are here in their perfection. The parade is three miles. The high banks are paved and palisaded, so as to be charming. A pier, highly ornamented, juts out into the sea, on the widened end of which a band of music plays in the evening. So gay and brilliant a spectacle I never saw out of Paris. I no longer wonder at the popularity of Brighton, nor at the fondness of George IV. for it. The stone and brick buildings give a look of permanence, wanting in our

<sup>1</sup> A church in Philadelphia, built for Independents, but afterwards the Seventh Presbyterian.

summer-resorts. It is a wonder Brighton is not always full of people, but they go by thousands to the continent. England is over-peopled, and they flee from one another. Watering places at home compromise them. As Albert Smith says of Baden-Baden, "all the English get up from the table at once, because each one is afraid he shall make a blunder, and each one wants to be a greater swell than the others."

The beautiful downs, or wavy hills, which mark all the coast, afford charming eminences, and the perfect roads tempt to drives, especially as villages, plantations, and meadows with ancient hedges, are numerous. The high, solid drive for miles, on the brink, is totally novel and the effect is surprising. Long streets and squares are built up uniformly with the cream-coloured "composition" fronts, which bulge out so as to afford window-views both ways. The beach is divided into inclined planes of perfect smoothness, with low partitions. Here the machines are. The old granny who waits, assists the practitioner, who is under cover till the instant of dashing into deep water. There is nothing of the social bathing and aquatic fracas which makes much of the fun in America. It is a separate, exclusive, Anglican immersion. Brixthelmstone, which is the full Anglo-Saxon name, was a British settlement. Flemish men settled here 800 years ago. It became famous as a resort about 100 years ago. See Madame d'Arblay for later popularity. In Madame's day hoops were worn, as again now. George IV. came here in 1782, and this made Brighton. It is confidently said that the high paved promenade is the finest in the world. So much does uniform building prevail that whole rows look like palaces, and it resembles Swiss or French architecture. The Downs extend fifty or sixty miles. Their exposures show pure chalk, and like all hills of chalk, they are beautifully rounded and covered with fine, close, velvet turf. The great peculiarity of these hills is the graceful serpentine curve formed by their contour, and the plush surface of short grass which precisely resembles a fine rug in its feel.

We took a drive on the 10th to the Devil's Dyke, five miles. The sea was almost always in view as we climbed from one graceful ascent to another. As if by special order, a sky-lark was scarcely ever out of hearing, though often out of sight. We would hear the laughing, ecstatic song, long before we could descry the tiny creature as he looked. Then he would come into view, mounting higher and yet higher, and drifting a little adown the wind, so as to get before us, but often just overhead, in a passion of joy, fainter and fainter to the ear, and dashed to pieces by the wind, till at length with circles lessening every

moment he would drop down to the earth. When we reached the summit, where there is an inn, the sudden view was amazing. You are astonished that a few hundred feet should open such an expanse. Before us is the whole Weald of Sussex, a plain 100 miles by 40, like the parterres of a garden. With the naked eye we saw the isle of Wight. They tell us that sixty churches are in sight. I cannot express the thronging suggestions. In some degree of purity, from all these churches has for centuries ascended the song "Thou art the King of glory, O Christ!" It was beauty rather than sublimity, though even the sublime was caused by extent, and by the wide prospect of the Channel from Beachy Head to Portsmouth.

The little hamlet of Stanmer is the prettiest about Brighton. The old houses of the peasants are absolutely hidden with running plants and flowering shrubs. On one we saw currants trained to run even over the roof, and bearing red fruit there. You will judge from the length of my twaddle, that we are engaged in the *dolce far niente*. We have the delightful prospect of Mr. Stewart's<sup>1</sup> company all through Scotland, Germany, and Switzerland. This is matter of great thankfulness.

VENTNOR, ISLE OF WIGHT, July 17, 1857.

The resemblance between the Isle of Wight and Staten Island is very striking; but the parts of the isle which we have seen, are beyond any word-picturing. To say that the fields and woods are of a soft green, all moist and pure, and without any mixture of fading or decay, even now in the dog-days, would be only to say that it is England. But Wight has very peculiar features. The north and south parts are unlike; the north being all garden and the south broken and wild. For ten miles from Ryde, southward, every route was as beautiful as any park or pleasure-ground. The roads were, of course, hard and smooth; but they were also hedged, and ever winding, and ever changing level, and ever and anon entering some quaint village or hamlet, or bringing us suddenly in view of the sea. We passed the church and rectory of Legh Richmond. No exaggeration need be feared as to the cottage-life; no fancy of yours, however melodramatic, could make a picture to exceed these one-story, old, thatched dwellings, half hidden in creepers, and parti-coloured with flowers. The romance of hill, dale, copse, glen, cliff, spring, dark shady lane, and look-out to the sea, cannot be carried

<sup>1</sup> The Rev. Charles S. Stewart, who had joined our travellers in London, and whose kind attentions and agreeable society are frequently and affectionately referred to in many letters.



further. The fields, as Emerson says, look as if finished with the pencil, rather than the plough. In considering the scenery of this back part of the island it occurs to me that it exemplifies the production of great effects by combination of few elements; as the ancient Greek painter had, they say, but three colours on his palette. In this little corner of a little island, effects are produced which are really Alpine; as if the Creator, in his overflowing bounty, had determined to show his child on a small scale, how he sometimes works on a large one.

We visited the smallest church in England, if not in the world, called of old St. Lawrence-under-Wuth. Till a late enlargement, it was 25×12.

On the 16th Mr. Stewart and I determined to circumnavigate the island—a sail of about 70 miles. In order to commence it, however, we must needs go thirteen miles to Ryde. At 11 we went on board a small steamer and proceeded westward. The company was genteel. I soon cottoned to an Anglican clergyman, who cheered our whole voyage by his clever and witty talk. We had a capital view of Osborne House, Norris Castle, (the seat of Bell—"Life in London,") Hurst Castle, Lymington, Yarmouth, &c. Where the island begins to turn southward, the scene becomes very remarkable. The chalk cliffs are cut straight up and down, and assume fantastic contours and colours, like cornices, like walls, like mantels, like tapestries, like ruled music-lines for giants. The streaks of ore, in and near Alum Bay and the Needles, are of many hues, and the formations unlike any thing I ever beheld. The Needles are exactly like monstrous icebergs, and they, with the rocks, present a spectacle not only interesting but sublime. Ventnor showed nobly on the terraced cliffs of the south point, but it is too fresh and American-looking to compare with such thatched, hedged, embosomed spots as Bowchurch or Godshill. We made our periplus in 4 hours 30 minutes.

Next day we made a pilgrimage to Legh Richmond's place, Brading. We saw his church, and the grave of Jane, "the Young Cottager," and then by a delightful drive over high commanding downs, to Arreton, where we saw another old church, and the grave of "the Dairyman's Daughter." We also called at her cottage, now occupied by her nephew, and saw her Bible, &c. After dinner we went to tea at Mrs. Pelham's, by her kind invitation. Her grounds join her brother-in-law's, Lord Yarborough's, and we strayed over the whole—an earthly Paradise which only great wealth can produce. Here she introduced us to her pastor, the Rev. Charles Livingston, rector of the tiny church. Mrs. Pelham is a grand-daughter of the duchess of

Manchester, and cousin of Lord John Russell and of the duchess of Wellington. Mr. Livingston lives in a superb place on an ornamented cliff, commanding the sea. It gave him pleasure to hear of his relatives in America; and he several times related the story of his ancestor of the Kirk of Shotts. He spent a long evening at our lodgings, and awaited our stage-coach at the avenue of his house to pronounce a blessing on us.

Some of the best descriptions of the scenery of the isle are in Richmond's three tracts. For example, in the "Negro Servant" he paints a series of scenes, which we instantly recognize, though he does not name them. They are the Down between Allerton and Newport, the vale of the Medina, the Solert, Southampton, and Alum Bay. I shall never hear the name of the Isle of Wight without a thrill of recollections, nor without gratitude for having been allowed so leisurely and thorough a survey. Moreover, there my cough seemed to be suspended, if not ended.

PARIS, *July 24, 1857.*

I am overwhelmed with the greatness of the changes in Paris, [since 1851.] The mere extension of the rue de Rivoli, with rows of palatial edifices, is but a part. Entire boulevards have been opened, with names gratifying to the Emperor, as B. de Strasbourg, B. de Sebastopol, &c. Two grand objects are plainly in view, the holding Paris as a great walled encampment, and the filling of the people to the brim with amusement. Without a nocturnal drive no one comprehends Paris. The world has no such turn-out of population; no word but *swarming* gives any idea of it. As we approached the Boulevards, where the great cafés seem one complex of glass, mirrors, and light, the rows on the broad pavements were often ten, twenty, perhaps thirty deep. Among these thousands, we heard nothing like outcry, observed no rudeness, and detected no signs of drunkenness. People drive out *after* dinner, and the stream of carriage-lamps continues till midnight.

Mr. Stewart visited the Emperor at Plombières, and was received by him in such a manner as would have been impossible at Paris; dining, walking, and chatting with him for three hours, with every mark of sincere friendship and the absence of all ceremony.<sup>1</sup>

MACON, (SAONE ET LOIRE,) *July 28, 1857.*

Here we are, having come at one stretch (from Paris) 275 miles. This, and the region we have passed lately, is the country

<sup>1</sup> The Rev. Mr. Stewart had known and befriended the Emperor during his stay in the United States, in his early career.

of the famed Burgundy wine. "Corn and wine" are given to these plains in abundance. The country wine is weaker than cider, and more refreshing. I never saw a town of uglier houses. In no instance do we see any flowers, or plants, trained over the doors and windows. Apricots and figs are by bushels, and the country wine is without charge. The people seem quiet, innocuous, and stolid—that is not precisely the word—unambitious and uninquiring. On this blazing day I look everywhere for what we call a shade-tree; I see nothing but the stiff rows of poplars, and these in places where there are no houses. There is a promenade, with shadeless trees and no grass.

Points observable in our rapid tour yesterday: All champaign country for 200 miles. No cottages, no barns, no lanes, or cross roads, no divisions, no groves, and almost no beasts of burden, except the human ones. Women universally the majority of workers in the harvests. Country fertile, thoroughly tilled, and pleasing for a first view, but unutterably monotonous. People seem quiet, like so many sheep. In a few instances I descried little edifices, which I have no doubt were Protestant *temples*, and the sight was affecting. A little bread and a little wine seem to be the fare of the peasantry, who are universally temperate. Châlons-sur-Saone is a fine town, the Cabillonum of Cæsar; it is known to have been visited by Augustus, Constantine, Attila, and the Saracens.

GENEVA, July 29—August 6, 1857.

Delightful place; one can't help breathing the air of Protestantism and freedom. The lake and environs and mountains are as lovely as Rousseau, Cooper, and Byron have described. I drove to Dr. Malan's, at Vendœuvre, a beautiful hamlet. The venerable man was sitting with his wife and daughter. At the Bergues I found Dr. Tyng, returning from Palestine. What a pity that the very best descriptions of the Lemman and its shores are in Rousseau's worst work! There are few places I ever saw in which I could more willingly reside. Shops, libraries, &c., are abundant; there is the best of Protestant society and preaching; schools numerous and good; mild winters and luscious fruits; neighbourhood of Paris, the Rhine, and Italy; a perfect *laissez-faire* as to the way in which you shall live.

Dr. Malan said: "Most of your countrymen have what I call the American venom—they want to feel before they believe." For a place of its size, Geneva has an air of polite letters and refined art, which reminds one of Athens. Like Athens it is also a resort for many nations. We had a beautiful view of Mont Blanc from Dr. Malan's, and afterwards from Col. Tron-

chin's beautiful place. On a steamboat excursion around the lake I made the acquaintance of William Turrettini, lineal descendant of the great three; he is an eminent lawyer and legislator, and a pious, orthodox man. The arch-duchess Marie of Russia was on board, with forty-five in party; a handsome woman, with a handsome daughter.

On Sunday I heard Dr. Malan; who is certainly eloquent, though he evidently speaks without the least preparation. The congregation was about eighty. At seven we had a service in our own room, which was very delightful. Dr. Tyng expounded John xxi. The present government of Geneva is radical, Fazy being President. They favour Papists. Protestant and Popish interests are about in equilibrio. At the treaty of Turin, Geneva obtained increase of territory, but with it an accession of Papists. The Sabbath is much profaned here; for an age the elections of the Canton have been held in the cathedral on a Sunday. There is a Greek chapel here, entirely for the convenience of a sister of the late Emperor Nicholas. The princess goes there on Sunday, for some formal cause, and then rapidly drives to one of the French churches.

Geneva is full of old covered alleys or passages, running clear through piles of buildings. They probably have some connexion with the defences of other times. One finds a remarkable number of ancient noble houses degraded into factories and dwellings for the poor. They are too massive to be pulled down, as would be done in the United States. I found one this morning, of grand proportions, with a defaced blazonry over the door. No one could tell me what it was formerly, (it is now an iron warehouse,) but a little street back of it, named *la rue de vieux college*, reveals the story.

I have been at the cathedral, and once more saw the canopy under which Farel, Calvin, and Knox preached. They also have Calvin's professional chair. I suppose no place of its size has half as many book-shops as Geneva, and I have never seen a place so stocked with beautiful prints and engravings. The truffles of all this region of the Rhone are fine, succulent, and savoury. Every variety of fruits in market; mulberries, immense yellow and crimson gages, strawberries, raspberries, pears, plums, apricots, and such potatoes as rival Ireland; sold chiefly by a poor, withered-looking set of brown women, sitting on the ground, many with goitres, and though in this Alpine land, devoid of rosy freshness and all grace. At our breakfast we have honey, black cherries, and very large figs.

Geneva is a sweet home-like place, which I am sorry to think I shall never see again.

BERNE, *August 7, 1857.*

It is surprising how many persons speak English, and how many Russians we meet. The Bernese are far better looking as a people than the Genevese. Among the latter, even the young women look haggard and withered. Here there is much of the blonde character, which belongs to the better sort of Germans. Berne is a strange, solid, grotesque, middle-age place, built so mountainously that nothing but an earthquake could well alter it. The view of the Oberland Alps is very fine in good weather.

INTERLAKEN, *August 9—20, 1857.*

Interlaken lies between the lakes Thun and Brienz. Never since Niagara have my descriptive talents been more tasked and baffled. The village combines every thing, both old and new, which the most romantic fancy could demand in Swiss architecture. The streets crooked, the houses tumbled about with all lines but straight ones, in a way to drive a Philadelphian mad, the eaves overhanging, stones on the roofs, every characteristic which we see in the stone villages. All this in a little circular basin quite surrounded by irregular mountains, with the Jungfrau in full sight from our windows. This, as the most ravishing spot in Switzerland, has been seized on by the English. In the height of the season, I reckon there are two thousand of them here. I sit and muse with a sort of childish admiration at these great and lovely works of God, now half-veiled with clouds and mists, the fantastic changes of which make a new picture every minute. The thought of my dear and honoured father's pleasure in such sights, often comes to me; he sees better than these—perhaps these also. The hour at which I write, allowing for longitude, is that of morning service in our church, a season which I always remember with a sense of communion. Our Sabbaths abroad have been memorable, and not the less so for the mingling of pages from God's two great records. I have just read the whole of Ezra, hard by the Jungfrau.

For the first time (August 11) I heard a band of Swiss girls sing Alpine songs, with that peculiar falsetto voice which is called *yodling*. It was sweet, wild, and in such surroundings, delightful. I cannot think there is any more lovely place than this on the face of the earth; a vale, a river, two lakes, a wall of mountains, snow Alps beyond, English shops, society and service, clear air and luxurious accommodation. A trip on horseback into the Oberland gave me a thorough acquaintance with snow-peaks, mountain paths, avalanches, alp-horns, singing-girls, *ranz-des-vaches*, cascades, &c. The cow-bells of the innumerable cattle are large

and musical, and every cow has one, so that the sound while they graze is peculiar.

BADEN-BADEN, *August 23—31, 1857.*

I never dreamed of such a Vanity-Fair. The Champs Elysées afford no such *concentration* of trees, lamps, dresses, music, crowds, and fashion as the promenade before the Conversations-Saal here; all in full dress; a ball-room out of doors, and the numbers 1,000 to 3,000; nothing heard but French. The waters are about 160° Fahrenheit.

The Anglicans keep up service here, and in a Roman Catholic church. When I entered the door, I thought I had been misdirected. The epistle and gospel our British brethren must always read at the altar; and here the two parsons had the regular thing, with all its mantel-furniture, candles, and framed papers, more tawdry than usual. While I say this, I must do honour to the English for everywhere keeping up the service of God, and for the frequency and decorum of their attendance. How profound and distressing is my impression of the irreligion of these countries! No Sabbath and apparently no grace! The boors are so ground to the earth, that they look like slaves. Blessed Americans, *sua si bona norint!* I am refreshed by a handful of precious German tracts, (some by Ryle,) which Dr. Marriott, of Basle, sets forth. That hot but sincere man does much good; and among these epicures and Sadducees (Phil. iii. 18, 19) every thing is notable, that tends towards the saving of the soul. Wo is me, if I seek it not more zealously on return. A series of tracts in large print, by old Andrew Read, entitled "Cottage Tracts, or Christ's Welcome to all comers," is very fine.

You must consult Sir Francis Head,<sup>1</sup> or some of the guide-books, about Baden-Baden. I had no idea of the grand scale on which every thing is conducted. It is a lap of earth among high, near, and round hills, which are cut into innumerable walks and drives. The water is drunk hot as well as used externally. But the great thing is raving, idolatrous, expensive pleasure. The princes of all the continental states are to be seen here during the season. Every moment we look for the king of Flanders, and a cloth is already laid for his feet. People suffer as much with heat as in America.

Our windows are just beside the front door, so we see royalty [king of Belgians] whenever he goes or comes. The king is a good-looking old gentleman; he is well made up with black wig, but no whiskers or moustache; full suit of black, an orange something under his waistcoat. Legs a little shaky. In the

<sup>2</sup> "Bubbles from the Brunnen of Nassau."

afternoon a coach and four postilions, footman and outriding groom, drove up. Two ladies in white muslin got out. The king descends—grand uncovering and bowing. He ascends the coach, leaving one of the ladies. These are the princesses of Prussia, who have a summer-house here. The king travels *incog.*, as Count d'Ardennes; his suite consists of seventeen persons.

The gambling-scene at the Conversation Hall is very stirring. A woman very eager and prominent, booking her profit and loss. Mothers showing boys and girls how to stake. The roulette-table is just such as I have seen in my childhood, with sweat cloth, &c.

In Switzerland I thought much of Wordsworth's poetry concerning it, and of Scott's Anne of Geierstein. On the Rhine I consider Byron's stanzas descriptive of the same better than any painting. Goethe often occurs to me. People get to be great polyglots here. I often hear the same person speak three languages in as many minutes. The African servant of a Russian prince has just been talking fluently under our window in German, Italian, and French; he says he is from Central Africa. The princess Helena of Russia is here, and the Emperor is to visit a camp at Stuttgart next month. We have had the best instrumental music I ever heard, from the band of the 28th regiment of Austria, now at the neighbouring city of Rastadt.

The more I view Baden, the more I see its walks to be inexhaustible; they wind around all parts of the valley, and creep up the numerous hill-sides, with clumps of trees, gravel-paths, parterres of flowers, and well-placed seats. The Old Castle has a grand site, and is a fine ruin. Every thing Mrs. Radcliffe could desire is afforded by this crumbling, ivy-covered castle. So long has it been vacant that numerous trees of the largest size grow within the walls. On our way home, we went to the New Castle, such only by comparison. It surmounts the acropolis of the town. The old margraves of the Palatinate lived on the high place till 1471, when the modern Schloss was built. It was burnt by the French in 1689, but restored. The dungeons are horrible; subterranean vaults of great extent through which we groped with candles. The contrast to the inhabited parts is striking; here the rooms are brilliant. The young couple now reigning live chiefly at Carlsruhe, but their private apartments here are very comfortable. The Orphan House of Baden was founded by Stultz, the famous London tailor, who was made a nobleman by his prince.

HEIDELBERG, *September 1, 1857.*

The woman who accompanied us as guide through this castle of castles, and who spoke good English, was a most agreeable and accomplished person; thoroughly versed in history and literature, and quite intimate with Bryant and Longfellow. I heard some capital singing at St. Peter's, and a very legal sermon from a very young divine. The Church is Reformed. Here we have more Germanisms of the table—raw meat, rolled boiled pudding of meat, sourkrout, fish after flesh, sausage and omelette. I went to the University and Library before breakfast.

FRANKFORT ON THE MAIN, *September 2—4, 1857.*

This is a noble city. The *Zeil* is a broad street, resembling Broadway in cheerfulness, brilliancy, business, and crowd; it is wider, and the trottoirs twice as wide. We are next door to Rothschild's town residence. Statues in honour of Goethe and of the three inventors of printing adorn our neighbourhood. To crown all it is full Frankfort-fair; and the booths, shows, and tantarara, beat all since I saw Greenwich Fair in 1851.

The deep gloom apparent everywhere in the English, about the Indian mutinies, awakens my sincere sympathy. How I wish America could at least speak some words of neighbourly cheer on this great occasion; it would be profoundly felt by the magnanimous part of the British people.

The Römer is a famous old building. Here the Senatus was sitting, with men in scarlet at the door. I did homage to the magistracy of a great city-commonwealth. I saw the Golden Bull of 1356, the fundamental law of the German empire; it is in Latin, and perfectly well kept. The banqueting-hall is surrounded by full-lengths of fifty-two emperors, the last filling the last niche. Since Car. V. they are portraits. In this *Kaisersaal* the new emperor was always feasted, while princes waited on him. Some Prescott or Motley is wanting for this subject.

Every available broad street and area is occupied by the (Michaelmas) fair; miles of shops, booths, and stalls. The Jews predominate in this Feast of Tabernacles. Imagine twenty Bear-markets, all in one, with tents and sheds for the stalls, and twenty different languages. I suppose it is chiefly for exchanges, and for giving and receiving orders; but it is far more stirring than the got-up World's Fairs, and has antiquarian relations of high interest. I see many Russian advertisements and stores of Russian books. The show and mountebank department is extremely broad. In the presence of many a *miles gloriosus*, order was perfect. Every thing, all over town, came to a dead stop at 9 30'. I went to see the house of Goethe's birth, a



truly patrician old pile, seven windows across. The earlier parts of his autobiography and his *Wilhelm Meister* came very strongly before me. I see hair-dye advertised of "a celebrated American chemist, Dr. Wanylliam." I have seen forged labels for wares in unmistakable German-English. American gumshoes (*Gummijschuhen*) grace the fair. I traversed the Jews' Quarter. Formerly this old Jewry was locked up every night. The houses are tall and rickety, mysteriously dark and judaically dirty, and seem squinting and nodding towards one another. There are six thousand Jews in Frankfort. We have suffered much and unexpectedly from heat, but never from mosquitoes, bugs, beetles, or those dire-voiced crickets, katydids, and night-frogs, which have been my dread from my infancy; the dryness and wholesomeness of the night air is likewise creditable. But O how I long for home, and for the glory of all lands!

At the Public Library (200,000 volumes) saw Marchesi's fine statue of Goethe, also Cranach's portrait of Luther and wife, some autographs of Luther, and a pair of his shoes. Then around the former ramparts where now are fine avenues, to the Bethmann Museum, and saw Dannecker's *Ariadne*. In the evening, during a direct interview, a young lady of St. Gall, aged 21, and of very good manners, addressed Mr. Stewart in German and Italian, and conversed with me in French. She is going to Hamburg, and then to England. Her stature is eight feet five inches. She is attending the Fair. The giantess is pretty-behaved, and shook hands at parting.

WIESBADEN, *September 5—7, 1857.*

First impressions of Wiesbaden are favourable. It is naturally less picturesque than Baden, and improved in a less picturesque manner, but with more elaborate beauty. The strong points are a dozen boiling springs, covered promenades near them, *Kursaal* with cafés, billiards, rouge-et-noir, le roulette, and immense colonnades, the court within shady and with fine jets,—behind is a grand promenade, where thousands take coffee and ices to the almost perpetual sound of music; an artificial lake with fountain, rustic bridges, innumerable seats in numerous groves, walks winding and climbing up into the eminences, a capital grand ducal residence, extraordinary cheapness of living. The company is evidently two or three carats coarser than that of Baden.

Church in the Ducal Palace, a temporary chapel off the riding school. No sermon, but I enjoyed the service greatly. A large congregation; among them Sir Frederick Thesiger. At dinner to-day (10th) ten Presbyterians of us sat together. We are commonly waked by a hymn-tune. When I rise I see the *Koch-*

*brunnen* steaming about fifteen yards off. The procession of all nations, holding tall glass cups of hot water, which many carry half a mile, is amusing. They do it all to music. So perpetually are we amidst English talk, that I must needs, from my imitative ear, pick up some brogues, though I shall not intentionally carry home any English pronunciations. We are now eating the first ripe grapes. The white are like the Chasselas of our hot-houses, but with a more rich raisin flavour. The carp of the hot brooks are fine and healthy, testifying well of the bath; they serve it after the meat. The Germans have no moral scruples connected with gambling. The toy-shops contain little roulette-tables and sweat-cloths, which enter the youth early in the sport. Probably I have had a better glimpse of continental, and especially German life, than I could have had in months at ordinary places. My good opinion of the Germans, in all social relations, is much increased, and I think far more highly of their comforts than I did. As to religion, I have little means of judging. The negative marks are very black. The gambling here is more eager, hot, and vulgar than at Baden. The order of these countries, in things which they choose to order, is marvellous. Every street-noise is prevented, and every inn and café is cleared at the "police-hour." All the gambling regulations are by Ducal authority; not only a *tarif* of cabs is settled by the same power, but every donkey-ride to this or that place is rated, and the very order of dances in the balls at the Kursaal is prescribed in a placard, signed by the Grand Duke's Commissary. Accidents to vehicles are severely punished. Placards prescribe where wheels shall be locked and paces slackened. The Grand Duchy contains about 360,000 souls, half Romanists.

Of *Langenschövalbach* nothing can be added to Sir Francis Head's "Bubbles"—a work full of entertainment, and less exaggerative than I once thought. I refer you to it for this, Schlangenbad, and Wiesbaden, as no one can say as well what he has said. The Springs are powerfully chalybeate, delightfully cool, and sparkling with effervescence. The taste is far more winning than that of the Congress Spring. The baths are celebrated for their tonic character. The L. is much what the Red Sweet [of Virginia] would be, if artificially improved. The surrounding eminences strongly resemble American forests. The bath is incomparable for velvet softness, and the water is exported as a cosmetic.

COBLENZ, *September 9—11, 1857.*

We had a very fine afternoon from Biebrich, down the Rhine, to this place. The four hours were of almost painfully exquisite

interest: the earth has no such shores. Our windows face the Gibraltar of the Rhine, Ehrenbreitstein. This fortress has cost five millions of dollars in its reconstruction. It can hold 100,000 men. I arose in the night, and saw the waning moon in the high heaven, and Orion just ascending obliquely over the grand fortress. Byron's descriptions of Rhine scenery are to me beyond any lengthened detail in prose, or even any painting. What a power of true poetry! I feel it here on the spot.<sup>1</sup> See his stanzas beginning "On the banks," &c., and "The castled crag of Drackenfels." We have visited the famous castle of Stolzenfels, (Rock of Pride,) now a summer residence of the King of Prussia. Thence to Ems, the most ancient of the aristocratic Brunnen of Nassau. The water is somewhat warmer than the Red Sweet.

<sup>1</sup> The coincidence of the place and the subject, induces me to insert on this page the following lines by the late Professor J. Addison Alexander, which were "literally composed, though certainly not written, on recrossing the Rhine at Coblenz, after an absence of several months to the eastward." This was during "a sleepless night in the month of March," 1834.

## STAGE-COACH STANZAS.

<p>I hail thee as an ancient friend, And as I cross thy line, My democratic knee I bend, To greet thee, royal Rhine.</p>	<p>Thou art a king among the streams, Thou river deep and broad, In regal pomp thy surface gleams— To man, but not to God.</p>
<p>The day and hour, when last we met, Come o'er me like a dream, And then I saw, I see thee yet, Unchanging, changeful stream.</p>	<p>Thy full deep current bold and proud, In his almighty view, Is but the sprinkling of a cloud, A drop of morning dew.</p>
<p>The rush of waters o'er thy bed Distracts my labouring brain— Forever dying, never dead— Buried and born again.</p>	<p>Though thou shouldst empty every rill, And drain the neighbouring land, Thy giant-waters could not fill The hollow of his hand.</p>
<p>What is the secret of thy life? What holds thy channel fast, Amidst the elemental strife, The earthquake and the blast?</p>	<p>The same almighty hand, that drives Thy current to the sea, Can well control it, when it strives, And struggles to be free.</p>
<p>Why is it that the swollen tide, Which ever northward sweeps, So warily on either side Its well-marked station keeps?</p>	<p>And if at times that hand grows slack, And lets thee do thy worst; He brings thee still at pleasure back, And rules thee as at first.</p>
<p>Why dost thou not, old Rhine, at length Break thy ignoble chains, And mustering all thy mighty strength Submerge the adjacent plains?</p>	<p>So when I bend my stubborn knee, To greet thee, royal Rhine, I render homage, not to thee, But to thy Lord and mine.</p>

COLOGNE, *September 11, 1857.*

On the steamer from Coblenz was Macaulay, (soon to be Baron,) and I fear I studied him more than the Rhine. He greatly resembles Inman's portrait: stout, broad, and stalwart, but pale and slightly flaccid in cheeks; bluish gray eye; gray hair and whisker; blue surtout and cap, plaid waistcoat and gray trousers; about five feet six; gold spectacles near the end of nose. Very arch but subdued smile sometimes. An ugly but *distingué* man with him who read "Cicero de Republica," while the Baron read a vellum-covered Italian book, seemingly a history, interchangeably with Murray, [Guide-book.] They ha-ha'd cheerily over some of Cicero's passages. Only one or two points attracted Macaulay; such as the Seven Mountains, Drackenfels and the Dom. I expected talent in his face, but I was delighted with its moral traits, tranquil content, gentleness, and benignity—the last finely displayed towards an infant. I am sure he would break into tears sooner than into laughter.<sup>1</sup>

Four hundred men are working on the cathedral. The row of windows presented by the late King of Bavaria is superb, but nothing to the ancient glass. Then to St. Ursula's and the osteology of the 11,000 virgins—to St. Peter's to see Rubens's great painting of St. Peter's death. In all these churches, as throughout Prussia, the children (Catholic) are gathered every morning before school hours. I heard a thousand sing German hymns at Coblenz. This tells powerfully on the next generation.

SPA, *September 12, 1857.*

We have to-day passed from Prussia to Belgium. The country is beautiful; unlike all we have recently seen, and very like England in hedgerows and verdure, especially about Aix-la-Chapelle, which lies in a picturesque way beside a charming hill. Spa is very famous in old Chesterfieldian times, and is still visited by kings, dowagers, and *vieux moustaches*. The water is carried all over Europe, as containing the most extraordinary mixture of iron and effervescence. The Germans are great tipplers of mineral waters, and those of other Springs are brought to each and sold in bottles. All agree in giving the palm to the genuine Seltzer-water from Niederselters, in Nassau. It is a most refreshing beverage, greatly useful to pulmonary patients. It is used at tables to correct the acid of the white wines. I have seen no one at table yet who did not drink wine, but I have seen no intoxication. The labouring classes are hard driven. A chambermaid at Frankfort gets \$18 a year. Women are seen

<sup>1</sup> Lord Macaulay died Dec. 28, 1859.

yoked with cows in the plough. Nine-tenths of hay and harvest are carried on women's heads, and a horse is not seen in one field of a thousand. Women work at railway excavations in gangs. These remarks apply less to Belgium, and not at all to Holland. Belgian agriculture has a noble appearance; a neatness like the English, but in kind, in extent, in absence of cattle, roads, and division, altogether French. No spot is in a state of nature; weeds and brush quite unknown. Root-crops are predominant at this season. I see a blue clover, not known in America. A great deal of tobacco is grown on the Rhine, making good light cigars. Indian corn is frequent, but low, straggling, and with irregular ears. It is hard to think how large a portion of these crops goes to the crown. A crazy bridge, a rutty, rough, or stony road, or a miry spot, I have not seen, unless in the Alps. No apprentice or field-hand goes from one hamlet to another, without falling under the municipal argus. The creatures seem ruddy and merry. As a sort of indemnity, the government offers numerous public and accessible pleasures; parks, music, bands of singers, illuminations, Sunday frolics. The grand instrument, however, of subjugation is the priesthood. You will hear it said that the hold of Popery on the masses is declining; in my opinion the reverse is probably true, and I see an advance in six years. The priests are more numerous and obtrusive, the churches are fuller, and especially the rising race is more under their hand. Belgium is politically liberal, but religiously priest-ridden. The English service is performed at every principal place by a regular chaplain every Sunday. At least ten thousand persons hear the gospel in English, on the Continent, every Lord's day.

ANTWERP, *September 14—15, 1857.*

The country from Spa hither through Louvain and Mechlin, is flat but garden-like; people constantly dressing the crops with spades, hoes, rakes, and the hand. Our hotel is just over from the great Notre Dame. I was in the immediate neighbourhood of the great tower, 405 feet high, when the bells began to play before the stroke of seven; it was in parts, and several minutes long. As I thus stood, in the dreamy twilight, in the irregular area in front of the majestic pile and surrounded by quaint old gables, I felt the impression to be deeper than even at Cologne. But these architectural emotions with me are not *religious*, as are those of Chamonix, the Jungfrau, or the Natural Bridge, [Virginia.] This piling of man's hand is Babel-like. I am deadly sick of popish ceremonies and of all liturgical aping of them, and approximations to them. Read John Owen on Liturgies; read it; read it!

I went to early mass in the cathedral; there were some hundreds, as it is a jubilee and octave of the something, with plenary indulgence, &c. The music was seraphic. I have always thought men's voices in a vaulted cathedral attained the musical acme. The five aisles came out well in the morning gray. The number of Rubens's *chefs d'œuvre* which are in Antwerp is stunning. Though I had seen many of his works, I really had never conceived of his power till now. The Magdalene in his Crucifixion is, in Reynolds's judgment, the best profile extant. In the "Doctors in the Temple," he has given likenesses of Luther, Calvin, and Erasmus, all fine, and the first admirable. At the superb old church of St. Jacques we saw a funeral and three masses all at once. Different parts were in progress, and while the bell jingled, a beadle was trotting us about and explaining the pictures; but whenever a tired lady took a gentleman's arm, it was arrested—it would have been *promenading*. There are ninety-nine bells in the great tower, one of which it takes sixteen men to ring.

At St. Andrew's we saw the wonderful pulpit of wood-carving, representing the calling of Andrew and Peter from their nets. We had seen many such things and despised them, but this is a noble piece of sculpture. The figures are of life-size; the boat is real; the net and fishes marvellous; the manner in which the pulpit and stairs are concealed in rocks and trees is most ingenious, and the expression of the forms and faces masterly. The whole is about 30×20×15 feet.

Most of the Walloons understand me when I speak German. The great favourite among their writers is Hendrik Conscience, who has ennobled the Flemish tongue as Burns did the Scotch; a genial story-letter for the people; a Goldsmith in ease, a Franklin for adages, and a Scott for nationality: so they pretend. His whole works are publishing here, about 20 volumes, 18mo, being out. He has just been made viceroy of Flanders, and is considered as having given himself to the Catholic, or retrograde party.

BRUGES, *September 16, 1857.*

There is certainly no spot so redolent of grandeur in decay. Once the Tyre or New York of the continent, it stands with its rows of towering, tottering, ghastly palaces and halls, a builded desert. The streets remind me of London before dawn. Greatness and beauty are in these streets. I would have missed any thing rather than this.

The region we have just passed through is acknowledged to be the most highly cultivated in Europe; small properties—700

passed in 18 miles—not metaphorically but literally tilled like a garden—hundreds of women on their knees, weeding with the hand.

BRUSSELS, *September 17—18, 1857.*

We breakfasted at Ghent; saw old churches, old streets, and marks of that wealth which existed in *Gand*, when its great native Charles V. said he could put all Paris in his *gand*, (glove.) Tomorrow we part with Mr. Stewart.

LONDON, *September 19—23, 1857.*

To get back to green, clean, cool, Christian England, is just like enchantment. The verdure seemed an illusion, and “we were like them that dream,” (with words following.<sup>1</sup>) At the “Old Slip” in Dover, we resumed our familiarity with tea, toast, sole, big basins, thick towels, soap and *joogs* of ’ot water. When we last saw the green meads of Kent, we undervalued them, being just from the Isle of Wight; but coming now from rich but russet Flanders and Normandy, where are no grazing herds and flocks, and no detached cottages, we were in amaze.

On Sunday (20th) to Mr. Noel’s, and heard Mr. Muncaster, of Manchester, a Congregationalist, one of the clearest, ablest, and most theologic sermons I ever heard. The singing was delightful; precentor and [Lowell] Masonic plain-song. My soul was melted within me by the fellowship of so many unmistakably devout persons. Mr. Noel sat below in his pew; an American face strangely reminding me of my father’s, at the age of forty. Blessed Sabbath—blessed gospel—and blessed England still! More than “the ten” are found in London. Prayers for Indian brethren very touching, and infinitely better than the “prayer in War and Tumult,”<sup>2</sup> which we have been hearing. To get away from printed prayers and repetitions, is like Alpine air after a chapel full of torch-smell and incense. The Dissenters in England have universally abandoned standing in prayers, so far as I see. As I cannot consent to irreverence in worshipping God, I am as frequently an object of note as in our prayer-meetings at home, where grown men pray sitting, and sometimes staring. Two-thirds of the Episcopalians also sit. The Germans and Scotch all stand. To such as kneel I feel much respect. I heard Mr. Noel in the evening, (Philip. i. 23.) Lau-

<sup>1</sup> “Then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing.” “The Lord hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad.”

<sup>2</sup> In the “Book of Common Prayer.”

guage simple but masterly, half an hour without a gesture, but very bewitching; voice that of a parlour-talk; perfect English, delivered with an absolute absence of all alien intonation. In this respect he is a study. A holy gentleness, with an almost death-bed solemnity; experimental, mature, evangelical, and spiritual; very fervent towards the close. No manuscript. When he stopped, I was like Adam with the angel.<sup>1</sup> His dulcet notes remind me of the Bruges carillons. I think Noel's idea of preaching the right thing; just talking over the Word. My own father was not more simple. Only deep and long experience could have brewed such a sermon. The only man I ever heard preach with so little clamour was Dr. J. P. Wilson.

After what I deemed adequate knowledge of London fog, I am this morning (21st) surprised; perhaps I ought to call it smoke, for it is not wet; it fills the street so, that I see every object through a medium the colour of weak rum and water. Over the top of this fog, the sun is brightly reflected in the three-pair windows opposite. I record with feeling, that for now 118 days I have not lost an hour or a meal by sickness.

I saw a young lady driving a carriage through the jam of High Holborn and Oxford street, with a liveried servant by her side. The shaded sun and autumnal temperature, without any decay of verdure, are just the thing for me. Sun comes out fine. I just missed the annual exhibition of the Blue Coat school and its 900 boys. I was actually within the cloisters, but could get no ticket. The subject of one of the scholar's hexameters was *Funis Electricus*.

After viewing so many Gothic buildings, I have this result: My interest in them is scarcely that of beauty in form; it is the dim association of history. Look at the matchless row of painted windows in the south aisle of Brussels cathedral, or the minute finish of Freiburg—how intense, how continued, how widespread the sentiment which could produce such results! The greatness of the mechanism is often astonishing. Above all, the English cathedrals are wondrous. Carlyle says, what I often think of in reference to better and Christian things and ages, which seem barren from want of record, "greater men have lived in England than any of her writers; and, in fact, about the time when these writers appeared, the last of those was already gone."

American affairs are as much in men's mouths as Indian; and the comments are not always courteous. Renewed reading of the newspapers renews my opinion, that those who have only

<sup>1</sup> "So charming left his voice, that he a while  
Thought him still speaking, still stood fixed to hear."

*Paradise Lost, VIII.*



this way of judging (that is, nine-tenths of the English) cannot but despise America. The articles inserted are about Kansas, Slavery, Repudiation, Burdell, Walker, and especially the Mormons. *N'importe*, we are a century ahead of them. The Times shows up the fogyism which has ruined India. Even now they are waked up to no real energies of reparation. Louis Napoleon must laugh in his sleeve. I believe no court in Europe is so lullabied with Lord Chamberlainism. Large numbers are perpetually busy about the pleasures of the Queen and Prince Consort.

YORK, *September 24, 1857.*

We took the Great Northern Railway at 11, and arrived at 5 15'—191 miles. The points which most interested me were Marston Moor, Newark, and Serooley, where the little group lived who went to Holland and then to New Plymouth. For twenty miles around York all is flat as a prairie. Glimpses of this pure white Minster, which you would say was built yesterday. But I am sick of what they call Christian Art; it is all an inferior stage of progress. This is the shooting season. At every station hares, grouse, and hampers of game were handed in or out. The number of hares one sees in the fields is surprising. Every day my provocation increases at the tone in which English people speak of and to Americans: it is ignorantly patronizing; they think of our advancement, precisely as we do of that of Liberia.

The Minster shines with a sort of celestial grandeur and beauty after the continental cathedrals. The east window, the chapter-house, and the side-aisles are unique.

MELROSE, *September 25, 1857.*

We left York at nine, and steamed through Newcastle and Morpeth to Berwick. Here we left the main line, and ran up the Tweed to this place, passing Kelso, an enchanting spot. We saw the Abbey with a glory of sunset breaking through its West window. At Abbotsford we heard a robin-red-breast sing.

EDINBURGH, *September 26—30, 1857.*

Prince's street, where we are, looks right across the green ravine to the lofty houses of the Old Town. I never saw any thing more novel or beautiful than the play of thousands of lights as seen in the populous hill-side from these front windows of ours, flinging themselves not into right lines, but constellations. The Sabbath quiet is almost beyond belief. Only one vehicle has passed this house in the three hours I have been in our

sitting-room. Blessed be the Lord God of our fathers, whose truth abides here, and who has made this the happiest great city on the globe! We have had great comfort by the way in reading good tracts, the varieties of which are very remarkable, both in England and Scotland. One finds here much more frequently than with us, those views in print which were so much our fathers' views, and which are so little prominent in some Old-School preachers; I mean views combining sovereign freeness of gospel grace with inward spirituality and rest of soul.

On the Sabbath I heard Dr. Bruce at Free St. Andrew's. Sermon on Christ's two quellings of storms in Matt. viii. and xiv. General doctrine, that afflictions are ordered not only to try our faith, but to try our utmost faith; in the second case, Jesus let them go alone. It was a profound piece of experience, viewed philosophically; strong meat; dense, witty at times, unexpected turns like Foster; no elegance of manner, but immense impression. The prayers were almost inspired. Ah here is the true *Eutaxia*, without printed worship! At 2 I went to Free St. John's. Strangers (how truly I comprehend the term!) are admitted only after the first singing. I found myself waiting in a basement with about 500 others. At length I was dragged through a narrow passage, and found myself in a very hot, overcrowded house, near the pulpit. Dr. Guthrie was praying. He preached from Isai. xlv. 22, "Return unto me, for I have redeemed thee." It was fifty minutes, but they passed like nothing. I was instantly struck by his strong likeness to Dr. John H. Rice. If you remember him you have perfectly the type of man he is; but then it is Dr. Rice with an impetuous freedom of motion, a play of ductile and speaking features, and an overflowing unction of passion and compassion, which would carry home even one of my sermons; conceive what it is with his exuberant diction and poetic imagery. The best of all is, it was honey from the comb, dropping, dropping, in effusive gospel beseeching. I cannot think Whitefield surpassed him in *this*. You know while you listen to his mighty voice, broken with sorrow, that he is overwhelmed with the "love of the Spirit." He has a colleague and preaches only in the afternoon. As to manner, it is his own, but in general like Duff's, with as much motion, but more significant, and less grotesque, though still ungraceful. His English, moreover, is not spoiled so much. The audience was rapt and melting. It was just like his book,<sup>1</sup> all application, and he rose to his height in the first sentence.

I disliked the singing at Dr. Guthrie's; a choir, with twiddling

<sup>1</sup> Either "The Gospel in Ezekiel," or "The City, its Sins and Sorrows: a series of Sermons from Luke 19 : 41."

tunes ; a clear retrocession towards the way which is becoming unsavoury even to New England. The singers were in pews near the pulpit, and I saw an advertisement in the lobby for a tenor singer. They sing well with precentor at Free St. Andrew's.

It is worth while to come here to learn how a Sabbath may be kept. This great inn (Royal Hotel) has table d'hôte at 5, to give rest to servants. The beautiful avenues of the New Town are thronged with grave but cheerful people, evidently with their faces Zionward, and most of them with Bible in hand. I have a great desire that H. should some day spend some months in Scotland to learn how to preach, catechize, and do pastoral duty. Gladly would I forego for him all that the continent has to offer, for the sake of this.

In reflecting on the two great and precious sermons of yesterday, I wonder at the beautiful diversity of gifts. They were as unlike as an apple and a pine-apple. I have no remembrance of any preaching so analytically experimental as Dr. B.'s, except my own dear blessed father's. At each step he seemed to *assume* all that an ordinary preacher would have preached, and to go on beyond that. His prayers were the same ; so searching in confession that I winced, and so paternal and pastoral in intercession, that I could not but fancy his hand feeling all around and gathering sorrows out of every heart to bring before God. His sternness in no degree modified the graciousness of his gospel freedom, as I have too often seen to be the case with rigorous casuists in America. The Bruces have been ministers ever since the famous Bruce, who rebuked King James.

Mr. Dickson's house [see p. 156] is a museum of Sunday School illustrations. His garret is filled with matters from Palestine, beautifully arranged and with appropriate Scriptures. As a single instance, you see in one series flasks of water from Siloam, and four other places, a bunch of wheat from Zion, and one of barley, a plate of vine-leaves, a pomegranate, a phial of oil, a pot of honey from Jerusalem, a loaf, iron and copper ore—then the passage Deuteronomy viii. 7—9.<sup>1</sup> He has a hortus-siccus of Palestine plants ; minerals picked by himself, and 400 views, which he sketched ; enough being finished in oils to line his back parlour. In a tour of two months, he left no spot west of Jordan without a sketch. Dr. Guthrie is the link between evangelical religion and the aristocracy. People of all sects go.

<sup>1</sup> "A land of brooks of water, of fountains, and depths that spring out of valleys and hills ; a land of wheat, and barley, and vines, and pomegranates ; a land of oil-olive and honey . . . . A land whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass."

Nobility coming down from London and stopping here, cannot pass without hearing him. They are willing to pay any sum for pews, in order to secure an occasional hearing. Dr. G. called on me, and was very cordial. Look at the "Fortunes of Nigel" and conceive him telling the story of Richie Moniplies' brag concerning Edinburgh to George Heriot; telling it too in broad Scotch, and at a window overlooking the *Nor' Loch*, or ravine. Dr. G. tells me he was sent in his youth to the Sorbonne for education.

Americans might well be amused to consider that the United Presbyterians, who joined very invidiously in the cry *send back the money*, (of the slaveholders,) should now be the only body which has slaveholders in its communion; a fact concerning their Calabar Mission.

I have seen twenty times as much drunkenness here in a day, as in the wine-countries in ten weeks; indeed I saw but one such in them, and he was only merry.

EDINBURGH, *October 1, 1857.*

Auld Reekie<sup>1</sup> indeed, but the sun is breaking out in a way that is peculiar. I regard Scotland as the flower and crown of all our tour. I could contentedly and profitably have spent my whole time in Britain. Emerson says you can't see England in a hundred years; and I have often told Stewart that the grand requisite for travelling successfully would be to live as long as Methuselah. One great advantage here, is the short distances. Much as you have read of the country, you would be surprised at this. Thus you go from Liverpool to Manchester in an hour; from Edinburgh to Glasgow in an hour and a half; and everywhere towns and other localities, often famous, follow one another with rapidity. Every nook and brook and hill and mansion has its name, and in Scotland these are embalmed in ballads and legends. The position of a "minister" here is high. I remember something of similar observance, when New York and Philadelphia were smaller, towards Dr. Mason, Dr. Green, and Dr. Wilson; but Guthrie, Candlish, Bruce, Lee, Bonar, Tweedie, to say nothing of residuaries, are looked at all the length of Prince's street.

The institution of the *dinner* is potent in Great Britain, and Edinburgh has a traditional geniality of intercourse, after the day's work is done. There is a free and happy mingling of copresbyters here, like nothing known to me elsewhere. Both Guthrie and Lee (before the Committee of the House of Lords)

<sup>1</sup> Scotch for smoky.

have formally ascribed the "canny" character of the Scotch, not simply to their being trained on the Scriptures, and to their reading Solomon, but particularly to the custom of using the book of Proverbs as a reading-book. The Anglo-Saxon words and short sentences, where books are rare, made it the thing for the children. There is a pious weaver mentioned in Guthrie's "Gospel in Ezekiel" as a man of prayer. The Doctor said to us "this man prayed, not as one going to heaven, but as one just come out of heaven. He would sit in his loom and superintend our education. And what we read was such pith as 'he that hateth suretyship is sure,' &c."

The deep, I may say awful impression, made by the events in India in their religious aspect, is very observable in the prayers. Generally Scotchmen do not give free vent to their inward experience in talk. I hardly ever was more solemnly wrought on by a prayer, than by Bruce's about this distress; and not least by his tender thanksgivings for the spiritual good already done to bereaved and other suffering persons.

I like the Free Church Tract and Book arrangement. They publish nothing, but keep up the machinery of supply from all sources, colportage, &c. They have, for example, 6,000 different tracts, including the American.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The same day on which this letter was written, Dr. Alexander, with his wife and child, left Edinburgh for Glasgow. A short tour in the highlands, which was in their plan, was prevented by bad weather, and a week was spent in Glasgow in delightful Christian intercourse with many of its principal clergymen and others. They then proceeded to Liverpool, and embarked in the steamship Baltic for New York.

It is no more than a proper testimony to the liberality of the congregation to their pastor to state, that of the sum placed by them at his command for this journey, nearly three thousand dollars remained untouched.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### LETTERS DURING THE REMAINDER OF HIS PASTORATE IN NEW YORK.

1857—1859.

NEW YORK, *October 26, 1857.*

THROUGH the tender mercy of our God, we reached the wharf about 5 yesterday, and home about 7. Our passage was short for a return, being eleven days, but very rough and even stormy, so that our wheels were all but denuded of paddleboxes on our arrival. The "Baltic" and her captain (Comstock) are all that could be wished. The vessel is staunch and noble, and I have seldom had more sublime emotions, than when standing on the high poop I watched the plunge of the fore-parts, and the succeeding rise, with a spring and buoyancy of motion that seemed to mock at the roaring ocean. I caused our little boy to observe how apt is the Bible figure Ps. xciii. I preached yesterday, the first time since May.<sup>1</sup> How deeply grateful we ought to be, that during six months' absence, no case of indisposition has occurred in our circle here; all alive and all well; let the God of our salvation be exalted! I was everywhere a most reluctant traveller, and drew a lengthening chain. My own general health is almost robust; and yet I have the same catch in my throat. I had not seen an American paper for a long time, and very seldom at all, so that I had much to learn on my arrival. In our ship's company of 160, we had some pleasing characters. A Major Copeland of Boston was with us, returning from Sebastopol, (which he calls Sây'-vast-ô'ple,) after contracting to raise the sunken ships. I knew of only one Englishman. Major Wm.

<sup>1</sup> This was in the ship. The text was 1 Peter iv. 3. On the next Lord's day (Nov. 1) he preached to his own congregation, at both services, from Habakkuk iii. 17, 18.

Preston of S. C. was also a passenger. Beyond all expectation, our boys were waiting us, one having come from Princeton, and the other from Freehold. On looking at the papers, I find myself sadly behindhand, and in church-matters quite unable to enter into the spirit of the fight. Say some words of sincere kindness from us both to our A. friends. I do not know whether they got any account of my very delightful visit to their kinsman, the Rev. Charles Livingston, rector of St. Lawrence's, Ventnor Cove, Isle of Wight, one of the best men I saw during my exile. He is rather proud of his North River connexions, and asked numerous questions about them. Several deaths have occurred during the six months; among them were Mr. Rufus Davenport, perhaps our oldest man, and Mr. James Struthers, who was an elder elect, and so far as human judgment goes, one of the most spiritual Christians in our church. The people have generally returned, and are in a promising state, as to attendance; I even hope for more, as there is a marked reviving of religious interest during the six months of our absence. It will take me some days to get the heavy roll of the ship out of my brain; I don't remember ever to have felt it so much. *Paix te soit!*

NEW YORK, November 3, 1857.

I am glad you think of coming this way. After fast-day, preparatory lecture and communion, (next Sabbath,) I shall feel a little more ease of mind than now. I hitched at once into the old rut, wrote two full sermons last week, and have been hard at visiting ever since my return. I am fleshier than need be, and harder than my wont, having roughed it in all weathers, and borne twice as much fatigue as in '51; but the ring of irritation, phlegm, and strangle in my pipes remains much as before; I mean D. v. to speak, &c., exactly as if it wasn't there, till something decisive stops me.

November 4th.—Good democratic turn in the election here. The new law, prescribing glass globes for the ballots, and forbidding ticket-booths within 150 yards, has wrought much quiet; yet our plebs is very much in ferment. London amazed me more than ever by its size, being a sort of world. People of one part have no knowledge of people in another. This, however, is much the case in New York. To-day my walk lay by the intersection of 4th and 10th streets; I suppose thousands would be surprised to hear that these parallels meet.

The clergy here seem all to be in good case, notwithstanding complaints of hard work. In Scotland, and I suppose in England too, the dinner-institution, always at six, when work is over,

with the free, hearty converse of numerous friends, *non sine Baccho*, tends to give a corpulency and a crimson, which make American clerks seem slim in comparison. Pastoral visiting in the cities is less practised than with us, but elders' visiting much more. Deacons were nearly obsolete at the Disruption; the Free Church has made a point of reviving them, but the Kirk remains as before, and many in the United Presbyterian Church formally rejected them as needless. At baptisms, the fathers stand in a row, before the minister; the mothers sit in some neighbouring pew; the children are kept behind the pulpit-stair, or in a room hard by, till the moment of affusion. Very sensibly, a napkin hangs over the rail. The above is an induction from two particulars. The reading of sermons has greatly increased among the Scotch, and greatly decreased among the Evangelicals in England. Sitting in prayer is all but universal among the Dissenters, and widely prevalent in the Church, though under pretence of kneeling. In Scotland, the prayer after sermon is usually as long as the one before, dwelling on intercession, &c.

NEW YORK, *November* 16, 1857.

Lonesome, indeed, is this habitation, as my wife and children are in the Jerseys, and the dreary easterly rain makes egress undesirable for sore throat folks. Natheless, I have spent most of the day abroad, as the arrears of visits (occasioned by my absence) to cases of trouble are very large. If<sup>1</sup> I had received your queries anent Maidenhead during my first and longest sojourn in London-town, I think I should have run down to see it, as many trains go every day; it is 22½ miles W., up the Thames, from London 27 by railway, right bank, in Berkshire, and in 1851 had 3,607 population. It is partly in Bray parish, (vide Vicar of ditto,) and partly in Cookham, and is reached by the Great Western Railway. The living is in diocess of Oxon. It is one long street, neat, paved, and like all English towns of thrift, lighted with gas; it is not exactly on the river bank, being on the Bath Road. It used to be called South Ealington, and between the bridge and town you find a relic of antiquity in almshouses for eight poor men and their wives. The aforementioned bridge has seven stone arches, and three smaller arches of brick at each end. The railway crosses Thames at Maidenhead, by a magnificent viaduct. The market is on Wednesday, chiefly for corn. The scenery just above, is beautiful. Near are Cliefden, seat of the Marquis of Stafford,

<sup>1</sup> What follows was in answer to inquiries I made of him, (for the history of the Trenton church,) as to the town in England from which the old name of the present village of Lawrenceville was taken.



and Taplow Court, seat of the Earl of Orkney. At the Greyhound Inn, Charles I. took leave of his family. Shortly before arriving at Maidenhead, you pass Salt Hill, famous for the Eton Montem, which was abolished in 1848, and after clearing the town, you go through Maidenhead Thicket. I ought to say *Maidenhithe* is the transition-name; *hyth* or *hyd*, as a termination, denoting a landing, or accessible bank. My nearest approach was at Windsor and Eton, and I dare say I saw it in both visits from the top of Windsor Castle. Of all these towns and villages in the valley of the Thames, the same general observations will hold good; they are in summer embowered in green, with a moist delicate look about trees and herbage, which strikes an American as peculiarly enchanting; and though all the trees are plantations, they are so dexterously placed, and often so ancient and cherished, that the full, round "bourgeoning" of their heads affords a noble relief to peeping towers and spires. The old towns, if irregular, are romantic and quaint, and you see numerous buildings of which the pattern at least is as old as the Conquest. Instead of *Ealington*, I note that some give *Arlington* as the former name. In the 26 of Edward III. it was, nevertheless, incorporated by the name of the "Fraternity or Guild of the Brothers and Sisters of Maiden *Hithe*." When coaching or riding were the modes of locomotion on this great highway between London and Bristol, Maidenhead-thicket was infested by footpads. The story of the Vicar of Bray (between Maidenhead and Windsor) is found in an old song, and in Fuller; he changed his religion four times regno Henry VIII., Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I., living and dying "Vicar of Bray." (For above valuable facts, we are indebted to Black's Picturesque Tourist in England; Knight's Geogr. of Brit. Empire; and Hughson's London and Neighbourhood, 1808, 6 vols. 8vo.)

I continue to cough, and begin to think I shall as long as I preach, yet I am well up in colour, fat and paunch, eat well, drink kindly, sleep so-so, and altogether am in good case to retire on a pension, turn president, go to Congress, or negotiate a loan in Europe.

NEW YORK, *December* 14, 1857.

I scarcely recover from the stunning effect of the tidings.<sup>1</sup> In such cases the mind falls back on former impressions, and I find my ties with the Doctor closer than I had thought. I knew him as a child, and then on, during many years, including my

<sup>1</sup> Of the sudden death of our mutual friend, one of the elders of the Trenton church, Dr. Francis A. Ewing, several times mentioned in the first volume.

residence in Trenton. His early religious experience was revealed to me in detail.

NEW YORK, *January 1, 1858.*

I and we wish thee and thine a happy New Year in every high and good sense. There were sixty murders and one hanging in this city in 1857. My motto text is: "Thy kingdom come." I have been reading a lately found account of Bossuet's last days, by his private secretary. It appears that for years the Bible was his chief study. His secretary read the gospel of John again and again to him, and the seventeenth chapter sixty times, when the bishop was on his death-bed.

Lying, stealing and bribery, perjury, covetousness and rapine, make things sometimes look to me like some prophetic tableaux.

The —— churches are using terrible blast-bellows to get up artificial heat in our city and neighbourhood. Our light materials catch, and I am often anxious in the attempt to hold on our regular way. I know twenty young people, whom I could foment into any given amount of excitement in two weeks. What amazes me is, that the men who apply these methods, at set times, are at other times as little raised above worldly thoughts and deeds as common folks.

NEW YORK, *February 5, 1858.*

Yesterday I was invited to survey a clerical class of gymnasts, beating the air, &c., under Prof. Langdon, an Englishman. There were seven, viz., Drs. Hutton, Hitchcock, H. Smith, Chambers, Cook, Field and Ganz.<sup>1</sup> It was funny; coats off, and all together, sometimes so—sometimes so. [Here were outline sketches of the postures.] Part of it would have answered Spurgeon's description of a male dance. They laboured (as the Shakers say) for an hour: it was evidently fine exercise. A blind woman is playing the fiddle very well in the streets; we saw one lead an orchestra in Switzerland. It is dreadful to observe, after all our glorying contrast of Protestant with Catholic countries, how deep is the popular degradation of London and Edinburgh. Pauperism in our own cities is becoming an institution. The number of books in France on the subject is amazing. If Colwell [page 166] had given us what he knows in this department of literature, without his crotchets, he would have done great service. I am in great doubt whether the doctrine against casual alms (*e. g.* at the door) is not sacrificing plain scripture to doubtful theories of economic science.

<sup>1</sup> He afterwards himself practised the "Langdonics."

NEW YORK, *March 1, 1858.*

March comes in like a wet, half-grown lamb. I record with a sense of dependence that the last sign of my cough has left me for about three weeks, and that I am more fleshy. An undue and irregular beating of the heart, though lessened, remains. I am nearly fifty-four years old, (March 13.) In the serious retrospect of life, I see nothing so dark as my sins; nor did they ever seem more hateful. We admit seven on examination, and eight on certificate. Preaching is assuming a more prominent place than heretofore. A great danger is lest a go-ahead, joyous, auction-like, unreverent elation take possession of the [daily] prayer-meetings. Up town this has been very much avoided by the lead which ministers have taken. Did I write of visits I am paying every day or two to the Roman Catholic Hospital of St. Vincent de Paul? A young medical student, a pay-patient, is there recovering from typhoid fever, and was baptized by me. There are twelve sisters of charity, and 120 beds. This young man has been nursed in the best manner conceivable. I have seen five or six of the ladies, including the superior. They have treated me with a very graceful courtesy, and are altogether a winning generation. The tidings of the revival on every side certainly tends to set people a-thinking about their souls; which is a point gained. I feel it overshadowing my own mind, and opening ways of address to the careless, as well as shutting me up to the most important class of subjects.<sup>1</sup>

NEW YORK, *April 2, 1858.*

I have generally discredited people who say they have no time to write, but lately I have been tempted to plead that excuse. Though I have aimed to keep down and regulate excitement among us, and have had no additional service but an exhortation on Monday to such as seek instruction on points connected with conversion, I perceive such a degree of inquiry as has never met me in my ministry. The number of declared inquirers is not more than twenty-five, and most of these have dates a good way back; but the feelings of communicants and the indescribable tone of assemblies, are new to me. From the start I have held myself ready to adapt measures to emerging demands; I however feel glad I have pursued the repressive method; which, by

<sup>1</sup> About this time he wrote "The Revival and its Lessons," a series of eleven tracts, published by Randolph. A large number of these were distributed at the police stations. The one addressed to firemen was sent to each of the engine houses in sufficient number to furnish a copy to each member of the department. A late Edinburgh paper advertises the fifth thousand of the "Revival Lessons." See page 237.

the way, has lost me sundry good opinions even among my own flock. Study I cannot, being run down by persons, many of whom I never knew, in search of counsel. The uptown prayer-meetings are very sober and edifying. I am told that the general tendency in all is to increased decorum. The openness of thousands to doctrine, reproof, &c., is undeniable. Our lecture is crowded unendurably—many going away. The publisher of Spurgeon's sermons, says he has sold a hundred thousand. All booksellers agree, that while the general trade is down, they never sold so many religious books. You may rest assured that there is a great awakening among us, of which not one word gets into the papers; and that there are meetings of great size, as free from irreverence as any you ever saw. I have never seen sacramental seasons more tender and still than some meetings held daily in churches in our part of town. The best token I have seen of revival was our meeting of Presbytery. I never was at such a one. Brethren seemed flowing together in love, and reported a great increase of attention in all their churches—and this within a very few days. The inquiring condition among ourselves is strange, and all but universal; God grant it may be continued, or exchanged for true grace in them all.

We are just setting up a daily (nightly) prayer-meeting in our Mission Chapel for the poor, (really not nominally.) It is superintended by a Committee of about ten leading gentlemen, under sanction of the session. Among the numerous cases of persons seeking me as pastor, most of the inquirers have been inquiring long. Numbers are often given rashly; no man knows how many are convinced; perhaps thirty such are known to me; I lay little stress on registration in this matter, and deprecate publicity. I have found it a good way to appoint a certain hour *every day*, for persons willing to be talked with. Never have I felt so much the need of plain elementary instruction as to the simplest matters in religion. The greater the excitements around us, the more I see the absolute necessity of knowledge. People come to me, who have not even the meaning of justification.

NEW YORK, *April 15, 1858.*

The attendance on the union meetings here is not lessened. Last week the meeting, which embraces Potts, Van Zandt, Hutton, Prentice, A. D. Smith, &c., was at our church. The house was filled. Every day but one it was as solemn and tender as most communion seasons. Constant attendance for weeks leaves my judgment unaltered, that it is bad to throw the meeting open for whomsoever to speak and pray.

NEW YORK, *April 29, 1858.*

While it is in my mind I will jot down something about Finney, whom I heard last night at Cheever's. Assembly middling. F. looks sound and well, but, of course, older. He preaches in spectacles, and with a "brief," which he mentions: "my little brief, here." Manner much subdued. Voice ringing and capital, but with Yankee twang and nasality. Perfectly colloquial and lawyerlike; avoiding every big word, and as plain as any one could be talking to children. Says the same thing over and over and over, sometimes pausing between, with a singular effect on attention and memory. Doctrinal and argumentative, but not hortatory; with numerous anecdotes and illustrations. Text was: "This is the record," &c. His sermon (exceptis excipiendis) might have been preached by the Erskines or McCheyne. It was all about Christ and believing. *E. g.*, "All you have to do is to *believe*." "There is the *record*: God has *given his Son*." "He says not 'I will give so and so, if you do so, &c.,' but *God hath given*." "You are all looking inward for feelings and experience, before believing. Believe first. Believe the record. Then you will have feelings." Figure: A New York beggar. Steamer bring news of a great donation to him; £10,000. Certificate of deposit in Wall St. put in his hands. But he does not believe it. 'I am no rich man; rich men have fine clothes, money, coach and horses, my experience is all the other way.' "Belief of the record brings soul into union with Christ, and experience ensues." He was able and tremendous against infidels. The interest, though intellectual, was intense. I find his plan and all the details graven in my memory. He keeps up the obsolete custom of an Inquiry Meeting, after sermon.

Seriousness prevails among us. I have had no extra meetings, except four exhortations on doctrines connected with conversion, &c. The best means I have alighted on is an hour given out to receive persons seeking direction every day. This has brought many, and some very often; and the interviews have been sometimes long and always private. I expect to take in on examination more than thirty-five, and less than fifty. The daily prayer-meetings are unabated in interest. Long attendance in no degree reconciles me to the license given to A B or C, to teach or pray; nor to the advertisements requesting prayer. The presence of numerous ministers in fraternity, and their frequent remarks and expositions, produce a good impression.

NEW YORK, *May 7, 1858.*

I am on the Committee of Examination of the Senior Class

in Princeton,<sup>1</sup> and expect to go thither on Tuesday. During that sojourn I wish to run down for an hour or so to your metropolis. I feel it almost necessary to interrupt the tension of thought and feeling. Our Session has admitted fifty-seven on examination, and four on certificate.<sup>2</sup> The majority are persons with whom I have been dealing for years.<sup>3</sup> I know of no abatement in religious interest. The noon-day prayer-meeting (this week in the 1st Church) was crowded. There must have been twenty ministers yesterday; still, solemn, and tender; more like a communion than a prayer-meeting.

*May 10.*—The whole lower floor of our church was filled with communicants yesterday. Dabney's sermon (by appointment of the Board of Foreign Missions) was a marvellous one, for logic, weight, and scholarship. Mary S., one of the loveliest of our new converts, died on the morning of the communion.

NEW YORK, *May 19, 1858*

Last night [Tuesday] I concluded my series on Acts; sixty-eight lectures. I have never put any one in my place, and never substituted any other passage. The attendance has constantly increased. In no instance have I ever penned a line in preparation for them. In the latter parts I have been unspeakably aided by Addison's Commentary. Professor M. is here under medical care, but one of those cases religiously which refresh the soul. A Jeffersonian-infidel, then a Channing-Unitarian, now I doubt not (though *he* doubts) a childlike Christian. He is a silver-haired old gentleman, of the true school.

I have no plans for the summer. My brain needs rest. Spurgeon's fourth volume shows improvement. The selection is made here, out of the "Pulpit," which contains all he ever utters. He preaches out of doors everywhere but in London, where he fears the tumultuous consequences.

NEW YORK, *May 26, 1858.*

In three days I have had three funerals. One was our penultimate African, æt. 97¼. Funeral in Black church. Sang four verses of a Long Metre to "China," [Common Metre.] The entire congregation effected synalæpha and ecthlipsis of the

<sup>1</sup> In 1851 he was elected a trustee of the College of New Jersey. Thus his name stands on the catalogue as a student, tutor, professor, and trustee.

<sup>2</sup> The whole number of new communicants received in the years 1858-'9, was 125 on examination; 32 on certificate. These numbers include those who worshipped at the Mission Chapel.

<sup>3</sup> Among those who came to their first communion on this occasion, Dr Alexander had the happiness of receiving one of his sons. Another son had lately received his license as a probationer for the ministry.

redundant syllables with great skill, and the singing was delightful. The General Assembly dissolved on Tuesday. The impression on New Orleans was favourable. A young Cuban has just called to get advice about religion, previously to his starting for Paris, where he will learn physic. Great numbers must have their views of religion modified by residence here. I fear, however, often with skeptical results. The Cesarean simplicity of Thiers's histories increases as he goes on. What point-blank lying he convicts Napoleon of!

NEW YORK, *June 7, 1858.*

Having passed through a winter of unexampled employment with perfect health, I am seized with a severe cough upon the accession of summer. A conspiracy was detected yesterday of the "Forty Thieves," East River Mohocks, to break up a mission school by sending rowdies to make a noise, and then having a gang without. The captain of the police had wind of this, and placed the entire force of the ward in the station-house, and undress detectives in every neighbouring lot and resort; so they were dispersed.

P.'s discourse at —— pleased numbers, not including "P. P. of this Parish." His speech was commonplaces garnished with sophomore rhetoric; no method; no force, except in terms; no tincture of letters, and every here and there a demagogical lugging in of the dear *demos*, and their wrongs at the hands of science, &c. It was well delivered.

Henry returned to-day from a very useful trip to the extreme North, where he has been fly-fishing in Moosehead Lake. Even after Adirondack and Lake Superior, he gives these mountains and lakes the palm. He lay out, *i. e.* in birch shanties, five nights, and brought home (with young Auchincloss) eighty pounds of trout in ice. The largest brook-trout was three pounds.

NEW YORK, *July 10, 1858*

Addison is somewhere in town; but he takes his carpet-bag and determines during his walk whether and whither he shall go. During his vacation he is all the time moving. My congregation is almost all gone, but the church will not be closed. Samuel's and my flock will lie down together. We shall tomorrow receive one on certificate, and sixteen on examination. When will an American Statesman furnish three such volumes, as those of Gladstone on Homer? <sup>1</sup> Herodotus is also coming

<sup>1</sup> "Studies in Homer and the Homeric Age," by the Hon. W. E. Gladstone, member of Parliament for Oxford University, and Chancellor of the Exchequer.

out, under the Rawlinsons, with all the elucidations of Egypt and Nineveh. The sea-breeze has made the evenings and nights perfectly comfortable all this month, though the days were broiling a fortnight ago.<sup>1</sup>

PRINCETON, August 9, 1858.

Affairs at the Branch went on much as usual after your exit. I preached at Redbank; a very nice little church. I have not, for a long time, seen so much talking and laughing in church. Religious revival has not much visited that country.

During our period of epistolary commerce, now  $=x+2$  years, no event has occurred so startling as the Oceanic-cable. I am stupefied. Yet, after all, the practical results may be less momentous than is said. I hope V. R. will send a religious sentiment, for it will be in every one's mouth. Still more do I pray that it may augur and promote everlasting peace in the English-speaking world.<sup>2</sup>

Weary, weary, am I of these [theological] controversies *de lana caprina*. I have a peculiar position; being in favour of strict subscription, but to a very short creed. If at any time you would like to inspect the views of the Plymouth Brethren, or Darbyites, I can lend you some able and pleasing tracts of theirs. Gosse, the naturalist, and Tragelles, the biblical critic, belong to them.

NEW YORK, September 7, 1858.

Almost for the first time in our lives, we old folks are Darby-and-Joan-ing it at home, without any progeny. It happens, without plan, that all our young are at Princeton. I stayed at Saratoga, after I had become more than *conviva satur*. The Daily prayer-meetings prevail there; and, from the great conflux of clergy and laity, the good and evil of that institution are very prominent. I met there Drs. Woodbridge of Hadley, Bullock of Kentucky, Fowler of Utica, Parker of China, Worcester of Salem, Cook of Boston, Magoon of Albany, Ludlow of Po'keep-sie, Chauncey of Highbridge, Buddington of Brooklyn, and Cleveland of New Haven. At our house lodged —, the gambler of New York, McCormick of the reaping machine, and Christy of the Minstrelsy. The last is a well-behaved, grave-looking man, who drives a pair of milk-white Arabian horses, the gift of

<sup>1</sup> The correspondents met, during this month, at Long Branch.

<sup>2</sup> The Queen's Message was a mere congratulation upon "the successful completion of the great international work;" but the English directors of the company had added to their magnetic announcement of the supposed union of the two countries by telegraph, the quotation: "Glory to God in the highest: on earth peace: good will toward men."



some potentate to our President. I have been very well. Our church is very thin, most of the hearers being strangers. We have been very much stirred up and entertained lately, by the visit and speeches of Jno. McGregor, Esq., of London, on the Open-air-preaching, ragged-schools, and other philanthropies of England. He is a barrister of the Middle Temple, a downright, rapid, witty, merry speaker, whose description of low life in London and the means of dealing with it, was sometimes almost in the Dickens vein. It appears from his statements, that hundreds of open-air discourses are delivered simultaneously in London, by laymen, who do not sing, or pray, or even take off the hat. He lays great stress on all these particulars. Has himself spoken about five hours every Sunday, for several years. From his own mode, and the incidental specimens, these discourses, in the endeavour to gain attention, are in great danger of losing all reverence, tenderness, and unction. They are, however, a good deal like Latimer's preachings at Paul's Cross. Many of the plans would require great modification for America, in regard to such differences as these: the immense over-peopling of Britain, the homogeneousness of the upper and lower classes as to nation, all being English, (and this applies to all such efforts as "Hearts and Hands,")<sup>1</sup> and the certain and complete protection afforded by London police. Yet his appeals were awakening in a high degree. After I am dead and gone, I feel sure our cities will have large and elegant free churches. I would not object to sumptuousness, if it went to elevate, solace, and enrich the poor.

Trench's book on the authorized version is delightful. Our communion is coming on, with only three on examination. My volume of sermons is nearly printed, but will not be out I suppose, before November.<sup>2</sup> I have never sent a book to press with as little self-gratulation. What a purgatorial spot is Staten Island, "where every prospect pleases, and only man is vile."<sup>3</sup> The governor fulminates on paper, but I do not see what good will come of it. The Bench, which used to be our resource when the populace was corrupt, now lets the ringleaders slip through. I have little hope even of tardy justice in the way of mulct. I have been halting on one foot several weeks; perhaps sprain—perhaps rheumatism—I guess no further. My brother's East River mission school has grown entirely out of their accommodations. A number of the most prominent children, who sing hymns

<sup>1</sup> A recent book on duties to the humbler classes.

<sup>2</sup> "Discourses on Common Topics of Christian Faith and Practice," published by Scribner.

<sup>3</sup> The allusion is to the repeated burning of buildings in the course of erection for a public hospital for contagious diseases.

about Jesus, are Israelites. I heard them sing the ditty, "Where, oh where are the Hebrew children?"

I most earnestly wish that these frequent prayer-meetings, which have now grown into regular feasts and fasts, could have infused into them some scriptural instruction.

NEW YORK, *October 7, 1858.*

'South [Sermons] has always been a stand-by of mine; a powerful accuser, even to gall, and as un-Christlike in temper as if no gospel had ever appeared. By an association of contraries, I think of A. N. Groves, a Plymouth-ist, a missionary on his own hook, whose life is out by Nisteel. I do not think I ever came across a holier, lovelier, less worldly person. I do not think I ever was so much rebuked by a human composition. We admit twenty-two on examination, from Mr. Rowell's Mission work; two Germans, three Dutch, three English, the rest Scotch and Irish; all promising, all respectable working-folk. He must have gathered some sixty thus. I think J. A. A. has excelled in his commentary on Mark. I await completion, before I make a sermon out of the cable.<sup>1</sup> Our sham Crystal-Palace is no more. The greatest loss [by its destruction] is probably that of poor inventors. No wonder ships may burn, when a building of iron and glass is consumed, with a hundred workmen and two thousand visitors in it, a reservoir next-door, and crack fire-engines all ready inside.

NEW YORK, *November 23, 1858.*

The weather is dismal. On Sunday night it seemed very much against our Opera-house service; but the door-keeper estimates the attendance at 3,000.<sup>2</sup> No doubt, on a clear night, the applicants will be 6,000. Numbers sat in the lobbies and saloons, of the very class who are never seen in church. The collection covered the whole expense, with 15 per cent. over. I wish I could see a free church to hold just as many, and as easy to speak in. Our fault-finders, however, who spy the evil in all plans of others, and suggest none of their own, find objection to this night-meeting also. Carlyle's book<sup>3</sup> is very funny in parts, but as a whole is as unreadable as a bill in chancery. The daily prayer-meetings down town keep up with great spirit, having an influx of strangers; our uptown ones have no

<sup>1</sup> Several clergymen had preached and printed discourses on the Ocean Telegraph, upon its first promise of successful operation.

<sup>2</sup> "The Academy of Music" was opened on the evening of November 21st for a series of religious services. Dr. Alexander preached on that occasion from Rev. xxii. 17.

<sup>3</sup> "Frederick the Great."

revival character, but simply the grave and occasionally tender character of an ordinary large meeting of Christians. Sawyer's translation reads like a travesty: "And after breakfast Jesus says to Simon Peter, Simon, son of John, do you you love me? And Simon replied, Yes, Lord, you know that I am your friend." *Σκανδαλιζεται* is always rendered "offended *with* me," &c. The tendency in our churches here is to gather enormously in a few favourite spots. I have never succeeded in getting a single man to leave us, for the purpose of building up weak churches, and I have had every occasion to ask it and press it. As population moves up, each of the lower churches in its turn dwindles. It is just the same with the Baptists and Methodists. The old John street *incunabula* cannot be cited as an exception, as that house is kept as a sort of relic. The Episcopalians are the principal free-churches, since the Methodists went over so largely to pew-yism. I observed in London that the parish system does not prevent this evil in towns; the great throngs being generally at some newly erected shrine.

NEW YORK, *January 4, 1859.*

I wish you and yours a happy New Year. Ours always begins laboriously;<sup>1</sup> and as it came in on Saturday, there was not much rest. My reins, by occasional suffering, instruct me, with regard to weakness and mortality; and at this moment I am ailing—though unusually well in general health. I read a MS. by a Liberian minister, in which, not content with mentioning their "ladies," he speaks of them as "fair ones." My sentence for 1859 is: "God, my exceeding joy;" *Hebrew*, "the gladness of my joy;" *Greek* and *Vulgate*, "the gladdener of my youth;" *French* (of Ostervald, giving the force of *ἡ*) "le Dieu fort de ma joie et de mon ravissement." May He be such to us all! I have just read 200 MS. pages of a journal kept by Williams, secretary of the China legation, during all the proceedings which resulted in the famous treaty. Thirty-two vessels were there. One is led to pity the poor Chinese; and W., as a missionary, is very much on their side. They were, as you know, very near Peking; in the Peiho River, 40° N. He speaks of the British as selfish and surly, and is very severe upon the opium matter. Our negotiations were materially furthered by the wisdom, kindness, and peaceful tendencies of the Russian ambassador, Count Poutiatine. Williams thinks China will at once be flooded by Jesuits from France. They number their Catholic natives at 800,000. He also thinks it doubtful whether

<sup>1</sup> Alluding to the custom of general calls on New Year's day.

Protestant missions will be greatly benefited. The timidity of the people, in their greatest masses, is made more striking than ever. Their forts at the mouth of the river, were demolished almost instanter, and 3,100 were slain.

NEW YORK, *February 11, 1859.*

I have just come in from our Mission Chapel, where nineteen have been admitted on examination, making nearly 70 in the Chapel, during the year. A very able paper is struggling here, called the "Saturday Press," a really dignified literary print. Why does not Everett [in the N. Y. Ledger] give us his reminiscences of Germany, Greece, St. James's, or even the Socinian pulpit?

NEW YORK, *March 4, 1859.*

Mr. Everett is now speaking, [Oration on Washington.] I had an offer of the devotional performance. This part of ministerial duty has always been very revolting to me. I really miss Walsh,<sup>1</sup> and few perhaps do. About six months ago, I sent to the "Journal of Commerce" an article on Walsh, with, *inter alia*, some account of his "Appeal." How yearningly one's thoughts go after the destiny of a soul like his! He had noble, rare moral traits; his patriotism seemed never chilled by expatriation; he was always the American, and of an old time type. Good, worthy, equable, honest Dr. Carnahan is gone; *abijt ad plures.*<sup>2</sup>

Till your direct testimony came into court, I would have almost made oath to the statement of the preface.<sup>3</sup> It has been

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Walsh died at Paris, February 7, 1859. Many passages in preceding letters show the high regard in which Dr. Alexander held the literary character of Mr. Walsh. He attributed to the daily reading of the "National Gazette," while yet a young writer, some of the prominent peculiarities of his own style. Perhaps this influence caused him to sacrifice somewhat of ease and fluency to the exact and classical stateliness demanded by his model. He himself called it (in Walsh) "twists of diction."

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Carnahan died March 2, 1859.

<sup>3</sup> I had corrected a statement in the preface of his "Revival Tracts," which mentioned that the celebrated stanzas by his brother Addison, entitled "The Doomed Man," inserted in one of the tracts, were then published for the first time with the author's consent. I informed him that the poem had been sent to me by Addison, and was inserted in the "Sunday School Journal," (April 5, 1837,) and that the original had a stanza which, at my recommendation, was omitted as being too horrible. It was the sixth, and read thus:

"But angels know the fatal sign,  
And tremble at the sight;  
And devils trace each livid line  
With desperate delight."

the common *on dit* in the family for years; he has talked of himself as "the doomed man" constantly, seeing the reprints, &c. I will try to alter the stereogram.

You doubtless have received the "Prescott Memorial," and have read the alleged dictum of P. that Robertson's "style was that of a schoolmistress." But see Philip the Second, i. 356. "Robertson . . . recommended . . . by a classic elegance of style which has justly given him a preëminence among the historians of the great emperor." I am, (as I suppose we shall say),  
truthfully yours.

NEW YORK, *April 4, 1859.*

The signs look like war in Europe; who can estimate the awfulness of such a conjuncture! I find four or five letters from Walsh, chiefly about the Review. The last "Knickerbocker" contains some irreverence to the manes of our quondam friend, Dr. McHenry.<sup>1</sup> My irritation of the larynx has been on me annoyingly for about two weeks. I have, for the first time, to treat a case of spiritualism. A man, well educated, sound health, good habits, strong mind in every other direction; but perfectly hag-ridden by spirits of his wife, his father, and Robert Hall. He sits up sometimes whole nights, writing; or rather his hand is used by the spirits; the character varying with the spirit. He himself is willing to believe it demoniacal possession; but I have not felt clear to take this ground with him. I have had a heavy stroke of indisposition these last few days, and was unable to preach yesterday afternoon. Mr. Jenkins [of Philadelphia] preached last evening [in Academy of Music] with great acceptance; Plumer comes next. A member of my church talks of building a church for some poor congregation in the West.

NEW YORK, *April 19, 1859.*

For the first time in my life I have been attacked with something like chills—now about a fortnight. The beginning was a tremendous shake, which made all quake again; since then, crawls, or whatever be the name of those simulations. During these the feeling of "misery" has been very great. I have spoken to very few persons of it, but since the beginning of the year, I have lost all power in the middle-finger of my right hand. The finger *stutters* in writing; indeed, I cannot use it at all. Whether this is paralysis I know not, but I regard it as a Divine

<sup>1</sup> Editor of the "American Monthly Magazine" in Philadelphia, for which we had written in 1824.

monition. I am under regular and active treatment. Writing, which was a solace, has become a very burdensome task.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> On the 26th April he wrote: "I have to preach a Sunday School sermon next Sunday. My chills are suspended. Deo gratias." On the 1st of May I heard him preach the sermon referred to, which was delivered with what struck me as an unusual and unnecessary power of voice. He preached again on the following Lord's-day, (May 8, communion; 1 Peter ii. 24,) which proved to be his last sermon. On the 9th he wrote to me, "My health has steadily gone down: yet, through mercy, I was enabled to get through the communion services. I expect to sail for Richmond on Wednesday. I shall probably be addressable at Drake's Branch, Charlotte County, from the 14th to 21st, and afterwards at University of Virginia till 29th." On the next day (10th) he wrote: "A change in the signs of Providence has changed my plans. So obviously my cough has increased, and my flesh decreased, that Session and Trustees, *motu proprio*, last night ordered me to vacate from now till October 1. I propose to go to Virginia in about a fortnight. Don't stay at home an hour; but if it be fair I will try to drop in *chez vous* some day this week." On the 12th his report was "No changes." On the 25th—"though all packed up, and on the eve of starting, we are forbidden by the doctor to go, in consequence of my severe cough, but more particularly a fever which comes on at night. Plans uncertain. I have not gained any. I endeavour to cast my burden on the Lord."

In the correspondence of this month he wrote, (in dissent from my opinion that it is better for ministers to prevent actual invitations to new positions which they know they would not accept) as follows: "All my little observations confirm me in the judgment, that such things should not be crushed *in ovo*; though my own practice has been different. A man runs before Providence, who answers a question before it is asked. The case cannot be before him, till he knows the vote, &c. He has a right, as Christ's servant, to the testimonial in his favour, even of an appointment which he declines. His congregation have a right to the credit derivable from his preferring them, in case of refusal. The simple, natural method is the best."

It was also during the low state of his health in the middle of this May, that he wrote for "The Presbyterian" an affectionate notice of the Rev. Henry V. Johns, D. D., of the Episcopal Church, then recently deceased. From that article I extract a paragraph of biographical interest:

"The first person with whom I ever talked freely, respecting the infinite concerns of my soul, was Henry V. Johns; and he has told me that a like remark would be true of himself. It was in Nassau Hall, then the principal edifice of Princeton College; and in No. 27, in the 'second entry;' a locality fresh in the memory of old Nassovians. We were boys of sixteen; though I was about to commence bachelor of arts. Such conversations begin, one scarcely knows how; in a short time we had unbosomed ourselves to one another, and entered upon a close and tender friendship which I trust in God is never to cease. During the days in which Henry was under the work of the law, and humbly doubting whether indeed he had attained to justification or not, he used to walk in the grove behind the college, which, alas! with other forest shades of my boyhood, has long since vanished away. As he strayed, musing, his eye was attracted by a small folded paper upon the ground; this he picked up, and afterwards showed to me; it contained these words: 'And they that are Christ's have crucified

NEW YORK, *May 28, 1859.*

As I am ready to catch at any little straw of amendment, I feel cheered by being very slightly better to-day, though after a bad night of vexing dreams and wakings. My cough is in abeyance; the disguised chill and consequent fever return every evening. I have taken a refreshing drive for three successive days.

Upon any fair calculation of probabilities, how likely is it that a promiscuous assembly at Indianapolis will decide a question aright for the whole church? I have long looked in vain for any scriptural or rational foundation for supreme "courts," having half a continent for their scope. This feeling of mine does not extend to Presbyteries.<sup>1</sup>

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, *June 7, 1859.*

Your alternative of a tour to the West [in preference to the South] would not have suited me at all. I know nobody there, and conveyances and railroads are not what I need. In Virginia I have mountains, numerous friends, at whose houses (as here) I can be sheltered, with sweet, rural quiet, and daily horse-exercise. I could not have come even here, if Dr. Cabell, with considerate kindness, had not gone to New York for me. At the time Dr. Delafield arrested my trip, my cough and expectoration were excessive. I had night-sweats, and my pulse was at 120. It has come down to 84. The journey has done me good, though I have very bad nights. The weather here has been almost cold; the hills and mountains are beautifully clad, but the corn is not so high as in Jersey. Strawberries still linger, of fine quality, and plentiful. We shall probably remain some weeks here, and at a magnificent farm of Mr. Franklin Minor, about five miles off.

After having written and printed a good deal about sickness, health, &c., I find there are pages of experience to turn over, which are quite new. Especially do I see that we may be brought into stumbling and stripping dispensations, of which

the flesh with the affections and lusts, Gal. v. 24. *Try yourself by this!* The incident made a deep impression on us both, carrying to our apprehensions at that time something of the supernatural. We have talked it over in later years, and there is reason to believe that it had a moulding influence on Johns's experience and life. Soon after this we became communicants, at our respective homes."

<sup>1</sup> May 30.—"I have had a somewhat refreshing night's rest, which I have not had before during some weeks." In a few days (June 2) he set out with his wife and youngest child for Virginia. All his arrangements indicated that he thought it probable he should never return; and as the train passed Princeton his emotions gave unequivocal signs of his reflecting that it was likely to be the last view he should have of that endeared place.

during their continuance we cannot comprehend the nature. I never felt more perfectly resigned to God's will, or more disposed to justify all his dealings, be it life or death, or disability. This is my strong permanent feeling. Nevertheless, with this, and perhaps from physical depression, all things seem sad. The chords are unstrung, and the instrument relaxed. Give my love to all yours, and to inquisitive friends.<sup>1</sup>

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA, *June 23, 1859.*

By a dispensation very merciful to me, the summer heats have been held off thus far. The harvest is in full blast—what a cheering sight! I presume I saw during a drive this morning several wheat-fields, of 300 acres each, under the process. McCormick's reaper is largely used. The improvements here are great, and still going on. To the Rotunda they have added a great projection with a new Corinthian prostyle on the North front. Their great room is very noble, and has a full-size copy of Raphael's School of Athens. At great expense they are now working to convey water from a neighbouring mount to every part of the precincts. A charming parsonage has been built for their chaplain, on a green hillside, among trees. One of the best-placed and finest buildings is an Infirmary for sick students. It is supplied with every convenience, aired throughout by Emerson's ventilator, hot and cold baths, English water-closets, &c. They have a professional teacher of gymnastics, and two gymnasiums, one for summer and one for winter. Russian vapour-baths are on the grounds, which Dr. C. takes every few days, leaping from the sweating one into a very cold plunge. Their "public day" is the 29th, when every thing breaks up. Dr. Gessner Harrison, now their oldest professor, has resigned. The demand for schools is truly surprising. I suppose there are a dozen country-grammar boarding-schools in this county. Gentlemen's sons are very glad to take such places.

If they did not keep saying so, I should not know that I was any better than a month ago. I lie awake most of the night with slight fever, and seldom fail of a chill during the twenty four hours. A slight dinner is the only meal for which I have

<sup>1</sup> On the 9th June Dr. Alexander wrote to his intimate friend, James M. Halsted, Esq., of New York—"Since our arrival here, I have on the whole been a gainer. While I cannot say that my cough is gone, it is wonderfully lessened, and quite suspended for long periods. My nights are bad, and I suffer from a dyspeptic colic, which makes very strict diet necessary. My appetite is good, and I am riding on horseback every day. My friends think I shall recover, against the fall. That is as God pleases, unto whom I desire to submit myself."



any appetite. Quinine in large doses makes me for days as deaf as the late excellent "K. H."<sup>1</sup> They begin to let me have raspberries and ice-cream.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The newspaper signature of the Rev. Richard Webster, of Mauch Chunk, Pennsylvania.

<sup>2</sup> The last letter but one, ever written by this faithful hand, so far as I have been able to discover, is the one I subjoin, from the Warm Springs, addressed to his brother Addison, in Princeton. Like the preceding letters from Virginia to myself, it was written with a pencil, but with no signs of debility.

"BATH COURT HOUSE, July 13, 1859.

"Writing costs me so much, that this must go for an answer to A.'s and J.'s letters. We arrived here on the 13th, perhaps the hottest day of the season. Though feeling the heat, we are all benefited by the marked change to mountain air. The bath agrees with me; it is 38 feet diameter, 5 feet deep, and 98° Fahrenheit; being moreover clear as crystal. The waters are also drunk, being weak Epsom salts, and a dash of sulphur. The hotel is well kept, the mutton is delicious, and venison is on the table twice a day. The guests do not number more than forty. This place is in danger of being left out of the fashionable range; it is no longer on the way to the White Sulphur and Sweet Springs, and is accessible only by very heavy mountain staging. It is nevertheless, for picturesque scenery, above all the others.

"Since coming here I have felt better in several respects; better sleep, excellent appetite, and a slight accession of strength. I am taking no physic, except Dr. Delafield's tonic prescription of *Citr. Ferri cum Cinchona*; it comes mixed chemically. My absolute strength is small: I was in error about my weight; it is 142 lbs. . . . I think the heat must be very great in the plains. Drought prevails here; there has been no shower for three weeks.

"If my aunt and cousins are still with you, remember me to them kindly. I was so utterly unfit for visiting, that I did not fulfil my purpose of going to Staunton and Lexington.

"This is a very wild country; venison, however, rises in price; it is now six cents a pound. A buck is brought in, on an average, once a day. Partridges and pheasants abound. A fox crossed right before our horses' heads on the Warm Spring mountain. We shall probably remain a week, and then go for more permanent quarters to the Red Sweet Springs. I neglected to say, that I feel quite free of my intermittent, neither have I any regular cough."

The final effort of his letter-writing was to address some lines to a young nephew in New York, who was suffering with a broken arm.

## CHAPTER XV.

### CONCLUDING NOTE.

1859.

WITH the letter of June 23, this long, regular, and most affectionate correspondence terminated on the part of my faithful friend. I wrote to him on the 7th and 21st of July, informing him in the latter, that I should leave home on the 27th for a journey of some weeks, and begging him to send me word to certain points on the 5th and 10th of August, of the state of his health. I had been desponding of his recovery from the time of our last personal interview, May 2; but was not prepared to receive the tidings of his departure so early as it came; for before the first date I had fixed for his writing to me he was in his grave.

Nothing, therefore, remains of my present undertaking, but to furnish a narrative of the events of these last few weeks; which I am able to do in the language of those who had the privilege, providentially denied to myself, of being with him in the closing scenes.

At the University of Virginia he had his home with his wife's brother, Dr. James L. Cabell, Professor of Comparative Anatomy and Physiology, whose sympathies and attentions as a companion, friend, and physician, supplied every thing that either his domestic or religious wants could require.

“During the first few days after his arrival at my house,” (I quote the words of Dr. Cabell in letters to myself and others,) “he allowed himself to be distressingly exercised on the subject of his relations to the congregation, but letters received almost simultaneously from two of the Elders, in which they requested

him to dismiss that subject from his mind until his health should be fully restored, had the desired result ; and from that time forward I had no reason to think that the subject ever disturbed him again. The remainder of his days was spent in tranquil enjoyment, evidently at peace with God through faith in Christ, and in love and charity with all men.

“ Leaving the University at noon of July 12, we reached Millboro’ station at four, and there took a chartered coach for the Warm Springs. The afternoon was exceedingly sultry, and when we reached the Bath Alum Springs, nine or ten miles from the station, and five from the end of our journey, it was found necessary to stop for the night. We made a fresh start at daybreak, (July 13,) and crossed the Warm Spring Mountain before breakfast. It was a fine bracing morning. He had enjoyed good rest during the night, and was in excellent spirits. When we drove up to the Warm Springs Hotel, he got out of the coach with a more elastic step than he had shown for months, and averred that he felt like a new man. After a day or two this feeling of buoyancy deserted him, and was succeeded by an expression of tranquil resignation which puzzled me. On the one hand, the absence of a painful expression was gratifying, in contrast with the previously frequent indications of bodily and mental distress ; but, on the other hand, the ordinary signs of convalescence in improved appetite and buoyant spirits, were lacking.

“ The suspension of some of his most distressing symptoms soon after his arrival in Virginia, gave me for a time pretty sanguine hopes of his ultimate restoration ; but my mind gradually received the impression that despite the abeyance of such symptoms, no ground previously lost was ever recovered. The flesh and strength he had lost were never regained ; and more than this, his weakness and emaciation increased progressively though slowly. By insensible degrees my hopes were lessening and my fears were increasing. He himself never wavered in his conviction that he was not only hopelessly disabled, but that his end was much nearer at hand than others thought. He left New York early in June, six weeks later my house, in the firm conviction that he would see neither place again. Still he was

impatient to get into the mountains. You know the force of his æsthetic susceptibilities. In his daily drives, his enjoyment of our mountain scenery, which is unsurpassed for its varied beauty and grandeur, was almost rapturous. It had never before, he said, been half so great. He would repeatedly say that he had no language of his own adequate to the expression of his feelings, and could only exclaim with the Psalmist: 'Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness and for His wonderful works to the children of men.' Similar exercises were manifested on our journey to the Warm Springs, and especially at that spot of exquisite beauty, where we lingered a week. It must have been the effect of such mental exercises that produced so marked a change in the expression of his countenance, by removing the traces of suffering, as to cause both ourselves and strangers to mark the change, and to imagine that he was much better. But I recall the fact that he several times said to me: 'I have a strange feeling of increasing debility.' On learning from my sister that he slept better than he had done for months, that he was entirely free from pain at night, and that his appetite and enjoyment of food were keen, I could not attach much significance to a feeling, which is temporarily experienced by most persons who take a warm bath daily. He was impatient to go on to the Red Sweet Springs, (Alleghany county,) his favourite resort in these mountains. Waiting for a rain to lay the dust and cool the air, we left the Warm Springs on the 20th July, the day after a heavy shower had produced this twofold change, on a bright and beautiful morning. But we had not gone many miles before we found, to our great regret, that the clouds of the preceding day had not extended far in the direction of our road, and we were greatly oppressed by the heat and dust. Towards noon he requested me to stop the coach at the nearest house as he was suffering extreme pain. In about a quarter of an hour we reached an obscure country tavern, where we remained four or five hours, and then proceeded eight miles further to a more comfortable house, where well-ventilated rooms and good bedding could be obtained. Here, during the night, symptoms of dysentery appeared, but were relieved by prompt remedies to such an extent as to admit of his travelling the next morning over the

remaining eighteen miles of his journey, which brought us to the Red Sweet Springs. Having here more comforts, conveniences and appliances for gratifying his tastes, than could have been brought together elsewhere, both he and my sister made it a subject of thanksgiving that he was permitted to reach a spot endeared to him by its rural and quiet charms and many pleasant associations.

“ Our determination to continue our journey was based upon the fact that the tavern at which we lodged, though in many other respects quite comfortable, was rendered unfit for invalids by reason of its being the night-stand for the enormous travel to the White Sulphur Springs. The stages were coming in or going out nearly all night, and there were not two hours of quiet during the entire night. He passed over the eighteen miles with so little discomfort, and with so frequent manifestations of delight as he recalled the familiar objects along the road, that I really thought the disease must have been extinguished. The symptoms returned, however, after our arrival at the Springs, but with so moderate a degree of intensity as to awaken no alarm. The immediate cause of death was an uncontrollable diarrhoea supervening upon an attack of dysentery. His system responded readily enough to the remedies employed, and this circumstance induced us to indulge very sanguine hopes of his recovery until a few days before the termination ; but his physical constitution had been so completely wrecked that he had no recuperative power in reserve for such exigencies. On Wednesday morning, July 27th, after a night of fever, I sent telegraphic communications to his friends respecting his condition. From this time till his death I did not leave his bedside, except to take my meals. Wednesday night the fever was scarcely perceptible, and his sleep was so refreshing that on awaking at dawn of day, he said to me : ‘ I slept delightfully and am much refreshed.’ An hour or two later he said to my sister : ‘ I must be better—I feel entirely comfortable.’ This delusive appearance of amendment continued all the day, and slightly revived our hopes. But Thursday night the fever recurred, and again on Friday night. On the latter occasion a collapse ensued on the subsidence of the fever, which looked like the final sinking. He rallied, however,

but the fever recurred early Saturday night, and by midnight he was evidently and unquestionably sinking, though he continued to breathe till about five o'clock on the Sabbath morn.

“Much of the time before his strength entirely failed, was spent in sending messages of farewell and comfort to his congregation and the absent members of his family. He said: ‘I have not been in the habit of talking much on the subject of my own spiritual states of feeling. With respect to my subjective religion, I have often disappointed people who look for manifestations of a certain kind. But I have frequently made known to Elizabeth [his wife] the grounds of my hope.’ It was now suggested to him that he was exhausting himself, and needed rest, but he added, ‘Let me say one word more with respect to the solemn event to which you have called my attention. If the curtain were to drop now, and I were this moment ushered into the presence of my Maker, what would be my feelings? They would be these: first, I would prostrate myself in an unutterable sense of my nothingness and guilt; but, secondly, I would look upon my Redeemer with an inexpressible assurance of faith and love. A passage of Scripture which expresses my present feeling is this: “I know whom” (with great emphasis) “I have believed, and am assured that he is able to keep that which I have committed to him against that day.”’ In quoting this sentence he remarked, “some persons read it ‘*in* whom I have believed,’ but there is no preposition. Christ himself was the direct object of the Apostle’s faith.” This took place about twenty hours before his departure, after which he fell into a sweet sleep, which continued till the last.

“We are apt to think of sickness and death at a public watering-place as peculiarly distressing. It was far otherwise in this case. Our party had the exclusive occupation of a large isolated cottage, with abundant attendance by excellent and sympathizing servants, and the kind-hearted and liberal proprietor (Mr. Bias) spared neither trouble nor expense in procuring every comfort and luxury which could be had.”

It increases our cause of thankfulness for the perfect peacefulness and serenity of this passage through the valley of the shadow of death, to know that Dr. Alexander expected to suffer

some severe spiritual conflicts before his release. In view of such a trial he had deliberately prepared the minds of those who might be expected to be most deeply moved by it; reminding them of the nature of such temporary temptations of faith, as sometimes occur in Christian experience before the final triumph, and bidding them not to be disturbed by what might take place in his own instance. But no such darkness, doubt, or trouble came, even for a moment. His countenance, even in silence and sleep, bore such a happy and transported expression, that it was remarked by one who witnessed it that he was already looking into heaven. In this respect, those prayers appeared to be answered, which were intimated by his speaking of the comfort he found on his death-bed in such stanzas as these, (translated from German:)

Forsake me not, my God,  
 Thou God of my salvation!  
 Give me thy light, to be  
 My sure illumination.  
 My soul to folly turns,  
 Seeking she knows not what;  
 Oh! lead her to thyself—  
 My God, forsake me not!

Forsake me not, my God!  
 Take not thy Spirit from me;  
 And suffer not the might  
 Of sin to overcome me.  
 A father pitieth  
 The children he begot;  
 My Father, pity me;  
 My God, forsake me not!

Forsake me not, my God!  
 Thou God of life and power,  
 Enliven, strengthen me,  
 In every evil hour;  
 And when the sinful fire  
 Within my heart is hot,  
 Be not thou far from me;  
 My God, forsake me not!

Forsake me not, my God!  
 Uphold me in my going;  
 That evermore I may  
 Please thee in all well-doing;  
 And that thy will, O Lord,  
 May never be forgot  
 In all my works and ways—  
 My God, forsake me not!

Forsake me not, my God!  
 I would be thine forever;  
 Confirm me mightily  
 In every right endeavour.  
 And when my hour is come,  
 Cleansed from all stain and spot  
 Of sin, receive my soul;  
 My God, forsake me not!

I place, here, principally on account of the interest now associated with it by the unexpected decease of the writer himself in less than six months from its date, an extract from a letter addressed to me by Dr. J. Addison Alexander, on the day after his brother's death, but before the intelligence had reached New York.

“NEW YORK, *August 1, 1859.*”

“MY DEAR SIR,

“I left town on Friday for a day or two, and on returning to resume my work [writing Commentary] this morning, find that James's sons set off that same day for the South, having heard unfavourable news from their father, and that my brother Samuel followed them last night after receiving a despatch saying that James was rapidly sinking. He was seized with dysentery on his way from the Warm to the Sweet Springs, where it seems that disease is epidemic. I hear indirectly through a member of Dr. Cabell's family, that at the beginning of this new attack he suffered nothing, but seemed nearly insensible. We are now in hourly expectation of later news, which will determine my own movements. In the mean time I think it right to let you know what we know, if you have not previously heard it. I cannot yet abandon all hope, though I stand prepared to hear the worst.”

In a letter a month afterwards, and in reference to another



bereavement, Dr. J. A. A. says: "I have no doubt you have often turned in thought to our departed 'son of consolation,' as if he were still living. With a strange but not unnatural forgetfulness, I find myself looking to him for support even under the irreparable stroke of his own death. I had no conception of my intellectual dependence upon James, until I caught myself continually laying things aside to tell him as the person who could best appreciate and enjoy them. All this says very loudly 'cease ye from man whose breath is in his nostrils,' and shows the grace and wisdom of that constitution which reserves the office of comforter for a divine person. The circumstances which you mention certainly go far to reconcile us to his death at this time; but I feel now and then a disposition to repine at the circumstances themselves. I have no doubt that he shortened his own life by morbid anxieties, connected not merely with his health, but with his duties. I find it hard to acquiesce without a murmur in the loss of such a man from such a cause, or to reflect, without a momentary pang of discontent, that he might have preached for many years with ease and pleasure, but sunk under the weight of other cares.<sup>1</sup>

"It seems an argument in favour of the old Puritan arrangement, which provided both a pastor and a teacher in such cases. But I have already said too much, and check myself."

Ten days afterwards, referring to the modification in his Seminary duties, Dr. J. A. Alexander wrote: "The change in my employments is exceedingly agreeable, and none the less so from its having been a favourite plan of James's, without whose influence it never would have taken place. This is not the only point in which he lived to see his hopes fulfilled in reference to his nearest relatives—another instance of the loving-kindness which arranged the circumstances of his death."

The decease took place early on the morning of the Lord's day, July 31, 1859. After a proper interval, the body was taken to Princeton, and the interment was made on Wednesday,

<sup>1</sup> The writer alludes to his brother's extreme, almost morbid conscientiousness, which led him to attempt an amount of labour beyond his physical ability, and which oppressed his mind when he found he could not overtake his work.

August 3d. The religious services connected with it were held in the First Presbyterian Church, and were conducted by the Rev. Dr. Thompson of New York, Dr. Magie of Elizabeth, Professor Hope, (since deceased,) of the College, and Dr. Hodge, the last of whom preached a discourse from the words in Matthew xxv. 34, "Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

The sympathy felt by Christians of all branches of the church, in the removal of Dr. Alexander from their communion, was strikingly displayed in a meeting which took place on the 5th of August, at the most largely frequented of American summer-resorts—Saratoga. At this assembly clergymen of the Episcopal, Congregational, Baptist, Methodist, and Reformed-Dutch, as well as the Presbyterian churches, expressed a common sentiment of brotherly affection and high esteem.

The Session of the bereaved congregation in New York, appointed the second Sabbath of October to be observed with special reference to their affliction. It had been expected that the church would be closed during part of the summer and until that day, with a view to some extensive changes in the building to assist the voice of the pastor. But upon the reassembling of the congregation, a marble tablet, inserted in the wall near the pulpit, was the only change to be noticed. That tablet bears the following inscription :

IN MEMORY OF

JAMES WADDEL ALEXANDER, D. D.,

FOR THIRTEEN YEARS THE BELOVED AND REVERED PASTOR OF THIS CHURCH ;

WHOSE SINGULAR NATURAL GIFTS, RIPENED BY GENEROUS CULTURE,

WERE SUCCESSFULLY GIVEN TO HIS SACRED WORK ;

AND WHO, BY HIS FERVENT PIETY, PURE LIFE, TENDER AFFECTIONS,

LARGE BENEVOLENCE, AND UNSPARING LABOUR, SO ENDEARED HIMSELF TO

HIS PEOPLE, THAT THEY MOURN

AS FOR A DEAR BROTHER AND BELOVED FRIEND.

HE WAS BORN MARCH 13, 1804,

HE DIED JULY 31, 1859,

DECLARING, AS THE SUM OF HIS FAITH AND HOPE,

*"I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed to him against that day."*

With the services on the Sabbath alluded to, were connected in the morning a sermon by Professor Hodge of the Princeton Theological Seminary, from the words, (Acts ix. 20,) "He preached Christ;" and in the afternoon a sermon by the Editor of these volumes, from 2 Peter i. 15, "Moreover, I will endeavour that ye may be able, after my decease, to have these things always in remembrance."

From the former of these, I extract a few paragraphs:

"Dr. Alexander united in himself gifts and graces rarely found in combination. God had endowed him with a retentive memory and a perspicacious intellect, with great power of application and acquirement, with singular delicacy of taste, with a musical ear, and a resonant voice. These gifts were all cultivated and turned to the best account. Probably no minister in our Church was a more accomplished scholar. He was familiar with English literature in all periods of its history. He cultivated the Greek and Latin, French, German, Italian, and Spanish languages, not merely as a philologist, but for the treasures of knowledge and of taste which they contain. To this wide compass of his studies is in good measure to be referred many of his characteristics as a writer, the abundance of his literary allusions, his curious felicity of expression, and the variety of his imagery.

"It was, however, not only in the department of literature that Dr. Alexander was thus distinguished. He was an erudite theologian. Few men were more conversant with the writings of the early fathers, or more familiar with Christian doctrine in all its phases. He embraced the faith of the Reformed Churches in its integrity with a strength of conviction which nothing but the accordance of that system with his religious experience could produce. \* \* \* Theology and philosophy are so related, that devotion to the former involves of necessity the cultivation of the latter. Dr. Alexander was therefore at home in the whole department of philosophical speculation. His last publication was an able exposition of the views of the metaphysicians of the middle ages on one of the most important questions in mental science.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "The doctrine of Perception, as held by Doctor Arnauld, Doctor Reid,

“Thus richly and variously was your beloved pastor endowed. These gifts, however, were but accomplishments. Underneath these adornments, in themselves of priceless value, was the man and the Christian. He was an Israelite without guile. Probably no man living was freer from all envy and jealousy, from malice, hypocrisy, and evil-speaking. No one ever heard of his saying or doing an unseemly or unkind thing. The associations connected with his name in the minds of all who knew him, are of things true, just, pure, lovely, and of good report. No one can think of him without being the happier and the better for the thought. He was a delightful companion. His varied knowledge, his humor, his singular power of illustration, rendered his conversation, when in health and spirits, a perpetual feast. Having been brought early in life to a saving knowledge of the truth, his religious knowledge and experience were profound and extensive. He was therefore a skilful casuist, a wise counsellor, and abundantly able to comfort the afflicted with the consolation wherewith he himself had been comforted of God. He was evidently a devout man, reverential in all his acts and utterances, full of faith and of the Holy Ghost.

“The pulpit was his appropriate sphere. There all his gifts and graces, all his acquirements and experiences, found full scope. Hence the remarkable variety which characterized his preaching; which was sometimes doctrinal, sometimes experimental, sometimes historical, sometimes descriptive or graphic, bringing scriptural scenes and incidents as things present before the mind; often exegetical, unfolding the meaning of the word of God in its own divine form. Hence, too, the vivacity of thought, the felicity of style, and fertility of illustration which were displayed in all his sermons. He could adapt himself to any kind of audience. \* \* \* He preached Christ in a manner which seemed to many altogether peculiar. He endeavoured to turn the minds of men away from themselves, and to lead them to look only

and Sir William Hamilton,” in the *Repertory* for April, 1859. As I have, in the progress of the volumes, indicated Dr. Alexander’s articles in the *Repertory*, as far as I can identify them, I will mention that in the course of 1858 his contributions were, 1. “Ancient Manuscript Sermons;” 2. “Sprague’s Annals.”

unto Jesus. He strove to convince his hearers that the work of salvation had been accomplished for them, and was not to be done by them; that their duty was simply to acquiesce in the work of Christ, assured that the subjective work of sanctification is due to the objective work of Christ, as appropriated by faith and applied by the Holy Ghost. He thus endeavoured to cut off the delays, the anxieties, and misgivings which arise from watching the exercises of our own minds, seeking in what we inwardly experience a warrant for accepting what is outwardly offered to the chief of sinners, without money and without price. He was eminently successful in his ministry, not only in the conversion of sinners, but in comforting and edifying believers. The great charm of his preaching, that to which more than to any thing else its efficiency is to be referred, was his power over the religious affections. He not only instructed, encouraged, and strengthened his hearers, but he had, to a remarkable degree, the gift of calling their devotional feelings into exercise. In his prayers there were those peculiar intonations to which the Spirit of God alone can attune the human voice, and at the sound of which the gates of heaven seem to unfold, and the worshippers above and the worshippers on earth mingle together, prostrate in adoration. Your religious services, under his ministry, were truly seasons of devotion, the highest form of enjoyment vouchsafed to men on earth. The man who can give us this enjoyment, who can thus raise our hearts to God, and bring us into communion with our Saviour, we reverence and love. This is a power which no one envies, from which no one wishes to detract, which surrounds its possessor with a sacred halo, attracting all eyes and offending none.


“Dr. Alexander’s preëminence, therefore, was due not to any one gift alone; not to his natural abilities, to his varied scholarship, to his extensive theological knowledge and religious experience; not to his divine unction, or to his graces of elocution. It was the combination of all these which made him, not the first of orators to hear on rare occasions, but the first of preachers to sit under, month after month and year after year.”

## THE LAST LETTER.

[The last letter ever written by Dr. Alexander, as referred to on page 290, was as follows:]

“WARM SPRINGS, *July 19, 1859.*

“MY DEAR LITTLE CHARLEY.—We have all been very much grieved to hear of your trouble; your mother’s letter is all we know, but we trust you are by this time over the worst. I am weak, and cannot write much, but I beg you to consider that it is your Heavenly Father who sends this affliction on you, for your good. And if you are patient and resigned to the will of God, it will please God as much as if you did the most laborious works. We were pleased to hear how manly you were, after you were hurt. This was God’s gift; and he will take away your timidity, if you ask him, and make you strong and courageous.

“Willy has a letter begun to you, but he is a poor writer, and every thing draws him away. Give my love to your dear parents, to my sweet little Netty, to Archy and Sam, also to your Uncle Sam; all join in this. A letter is a great treat up here. Our address will be: Red Sweet Springs, Alleghany Co., Va.  Please let this be known to our friends. We expect to leave here to-morrow in a chartered stage. Mrs. Cabell is better. Your aunt is well; so is Will. My own troubles are chiefly from extreme weakness. I gain little.

“God bless you, Charley!

“I am your affectionate uncle

JAMES.”



## A P P E N D I X .

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No. 1.

P R E S B Y T E R I A L   C H A R G E .

1841.

[It will not, I think, be considered an inappropriate addition to the friendly counsels contained in many of the foregoing Letters, to insert the public CHARGE addressed by their writer to his correspondent, as part of the prescribed services at his Ordination and Instalment. This took place, August 11, 1841, in the First Presbyterian Church of Trenton, the same over which Dr. Alexander was installed, February 11, 1829.]

Invested as you have just been with the most sacred office known among men, you feel it, I doubt not, to be the most solemn hour of life, one to which you will look back with profound interest during all your pilgrimage—perhaps in your dying moments—and certainly from the eternal world. And whether the retrospect be one of joy or grief will depend on the manner in which you shall have fulfilled these vows. If you perform the duties of a gospel-minister with faithfulness, to the end of your course, you will shine as a star in the firmament of glory; but if you turn aside, seduced by sloth, fear, pleasure, literary or professional fame, ambition or lucre, your account will be as dreadful as your privilege is great.

Consider what it is that you have vowed. To be zealous and faithful in maintaining the truths of the gospel, and the purity and peace of the church, whatever persecution or opposition may arise to you on that account;—to be faithful and diligent in the exercise of all personal and private duties which become you as a Christian, and a minister of the gospel; as well as in all relative duties, and the public duties of your office; endea-



vouring to adorn the profession of the gospel by your conversation; and walking with exemplary piety before the flock over which God hath made you a bishop. And, finally, and specially, to discharge the duties of a pastor to this congregation.

These, my brother, are the duties which you have just now recognized as yours; and I am appointed to charge you, yea in God's name, solemnly to charge you to persevere in them. But why need I enlarge upon them? It is not the knowledge of our duties which is most needed, but the heart to perform them. We all know more than we do, and little would be gained if I were to rehearse to you the contents of all the volumes on the pastoral care. These you might know, and yet be a cast-away. But to *do* them is what only the Spirit of God in your heart will ever ensure. There is only one thing which will make you, and keep you a faithful pastor, and that is the new nature in vigorous life; evincing itself in love to Christ, and love to souls. Take heed, therefore, to *thyself*, as well as to all the flock over which the Holy Ghost hath made thee bishop, to feed the church of God, which he hath purchased with his own blood. Take heed unto *thyself*, and unto the doctrine; continue in them; for in doing this thou shalt both *save thyself*, and them that hear thee. Though you are a minister, it does not follow that you are a member of Christ. I am sure I speak your own convictions when I say, that all ministerial activity and success is hollow and deceptive, which does not flow from inward experience of the divine life. Without this, vanity is stamped alike on the tongues of men and of angels—on prophecy, mysteries, and all knowledge, on self-impoverying alms and martyrdom itself. If you ever really preach Christ Jesus the Lord, it will be because God who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, shall have shined into your heart, to give you the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. Have you, my dear brother, beheld that glory? Having the same spirit of faith with Paul, can you say I believed and therefore have I spoken? Does the love of Christ constrain you? Beware of preaching an unknown Saviour. It is He who is to be the theme of all your ministrations. Make sure of an interest in his death; and not only this, but strive to keep the fountain full, rather than to multiply the streams; cultivate the graces of the closet, in order that you may come forth in public and private, fresh from divine communications.

It is, after all, personal piety which makes the able minister. It is a mournful fact that the holiest services may degenerate into a routine, and we may preach and pray with hearts as dead as those of our hearers. Even the measures supposed to indicate

the extremest zeal may be conducted in utter coldness and hypocrisy; and the preacher may come reeking from the heats of fanatical parades, to show in the domestic circle a frivolity and asperity, a sensuality, or a cupidity, at which even his unconverted hearers blush. O watch the fire within doors!

My brother, this is a true saying, If a man desire the office of a bishop, he desireth a good work. A bishop, then, must be blameless, the husband of one wife, vigilant, sober, of good behaviour, given to hospitality, apt to teach, not given to wine, no striker, not greedy of filthy lucre; but patient; not a brawler, not covetous, one that ruleth well his own house, having his children in subjection with all gravity. Be thou an example of the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity. Meditate upon these things; GIVE THYSELF WHOLLY TO THEM.

If these precepts be observed, you will the less need rules as to the details of duty. Love is wiser than rules. Love is wisdom, nay love is power. The particular measures to be adopted as to the communication of divine truth, I leave to your own Christian discretion. Love is inventive and will find out ways. Live in the Word of God; be mighty in the Scriptures; turn what you read into experience; and you will save the souls of those who hear you.

And now—May the blessing of God rest upon you, and the Spirit of Christ fill your heart! *Amen.*

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## No. 2.

### ADDITIONAL LETTERS FROM EUROPE.

1851.

[No more extracts from the correspondence were inserted in Chapter XI., than were sufficient to furnish a general outline of the first European journey, without giving those few months a disproportionate space in the memoir. The following additional selections have been made as not only entertaining in themselves, but eminently characteristic of the observer.]

LONDON, June 9, 1851.

As I am bent on *old* London, I caught at the coachman's saying this morning, that we might see Greenwich Fair. Down the New Road in an omnibus to the *Bengk*, (so is "bank" hight,) thence to Temple Bar in another; thence to London Bridge in a

third, (always on top,) seeing Bow church, Guildhall, Mansion House, &c., to the stairs by the bridge. Hundreds on hundreds of vans laden with country folk. Scores of steamers, some for a penny, for the Fair. Such masses of heads I never saw. Yet the ever-present police prevent the slightest jam. Off we go, under London Bridge, seven miles downward to Greenwich. Such a sight! Streets cleared of animals and vehicles for miles. All one raree-show. Thousands on thousands. Here is a mountebank; there a Highland piper in tartan, and boys dancing the fling; then theatres, with Hamlet and Ophelia begging the people to come in, price one penny. I saw three several Punch and Judys. Like ten old commencements [of Princeton College] in one. Yet among a hundred thousand people we saw no disorder, heard no oath, and met but one tipsy man. They get warm toward night.

Then to glorious Greenwich Park, acres of green turf, and trees centuries old. We supposed the number of separate stalls or places must have been several thousands. All laughing, all merry, all kindly, all rosy, all plebeian, and all Cockneys. We saw not one gentleman or lady. From time immemorial, the people at this Fair use a little noisy wooden scraper-wheel, called the "fun o' the fair." Everybody scrapes everybody's back unawares. Hundreds of babes in arms, and all this in a smart rain. But, as I said, London rains are play-showers.

LONDON, *June 10, 1851.*

Holidays continue. Hundreds of people will come from all the railways. I am writing early at the south-east window of the house, four-pair back. Through one pane of glass, without moving, I count fifteen churches, including St. Paul's, over which the sun is trying to colour the black London smoke, but for which I could perhaps count forty steeples thus. I look down into the court of Somerset House, without rising from my chair. All about are chimney-tops, but by going to the flat roof, I see all this quarter—the Tower, Abbey, Lambeth, bridges, river, &c. It is what brought me here. [142 Strand.]

The wonder of wonders is the police. There are 900 added. They are so protected as to feel their respectability. A few days ago, an uppish Captain of the Coldstream Guards, connected with the Duke of Devonshire, struck a policeman. Notwithstanding his extreme flouncing, he was sentenced to ten days' imprisonment. These policemen are to the great machine of London exactly what our fifty engineers were to the engine of the Arctic. I have seen but one tipsy man, and heard but one oath in England, yet I have been in the most populous parts. No

crowding is allowed. There is ten times as much collision at Fulton street, New York, as at the East end of the Strand, or London Bridge. I have a passion for getting lost in odd streets, and have done it to my heart's content here, resorting to policemen for aid. It is believed any 'bus-man, or officer, would be dismissed instanter who should be uncivil to a stranger.

Our host came yesterday, 97 miles in two hours and a quarter. Yet it was smooth as a sleigh. They are adopting some bars of solid iron, with no sills or sleepers between them and the gravel. All along the sides of road [railway] it is at this season like a parterre.

A 'bus which I used was marked 6365. As many a-top as in. The 'bus coachmen are far above ours; being often coachmen driven from the roads by the railways. They never chew, talk low, or behave surly. The one who last drove me to the Bank is a genuine Mr. Weller, Senr.; was twenty-eight years coaching; came out of Hesse—“did ye never 'ear of Hesse? Many convicts in America? I has a nevoy in Adelaide.” He helps me up, holds my umbrella, calls other 'buses, and covers my legs with a cloth when it rains. He knows me again and engages to take me up. This is true of all. Two can sit each side of coachman. He has nothing to do with the money, but drives from 7½ A. M. to 12½ night. Some days, the Paddington says, he takes in his ten pounds, often only two. Price is sixpence.

Having been at Greenwich Fair yesterday, and seen all Cockneydom in glorious delight, I went *up* stream to-day to see the other extreme, viz., Windsor Castle. The contrast is extraordinary between this dead-level garden (like a magic prairie) of matchless green, and the frowning fortress, which you see for miles, and which you almost skirt in arriving at it. Its towers are a hundred feet high. All my ideas of castellated strength were quite feeble, compared with the reality. Outside it is a giant hold; inside it is a scene of luxurious art. All my conception of Gothic churches being from drawings, I was struck dumb when I first entered St. George's Chapel. It is vain to enlarge on it. What I cannot get over is the glorious airy loftiness, lightness, and sweetness of this edifice, *without one idea of gloom.*

One of the very prettiest things I have seen was a string of Quaker girls at Windsor, no doubt wealthy, but uniting the innocency of the pale Philadelphians with the British roses. It requires some little historic knowledge to survey such galleries of art as these at the castle. One room is filled with the works of Van Dyck, and one with those of Sir Thomas Lawrence. The view from the top of the castle has often been described, (see Gray's Ode,) but it seems endless, and may, for extent, be com-

pared with Monticello, [Virginia.] The number of pedestrians is astonishing. Every one drinks the light malt liquor of the hostelries, but none seem excited. Games of cricket on the greens are often in sight. The boats on the river seem wholly gala-boats, and chiefly rowed by boys. The number of the boys' boats at Eton is surprising.

*June 11.*—Before breakfast I surveyed Covent Garden Market near by, and saw the matchless flower and fruit emporium of London. Scores of large peaches, forced in hot-houses, and selling for 2s. 6d. a-piece, [55 cents.] After breakfast across Waterloo Bridge to the South-Western Railway. It is Hampton Races. This caused a multitude to be going the same way. This also showed us every variety of sporting character. The course is a mile from the Palace. (As a proof of English exactness, 1s. 7d. is this moment sent in from the Post Office, to be returned to an unknown person in this house, which has been over-paid.) The palace of Hampton Court is on the north of the Thames, ten miles up the river, near Richmond. Way very lovely; green lanes, winding pathways, cricket parties, green winding banks of the gentle Thames, pleasure-boating, (the only use of wherries now,) amazing swiftness of the four-oar boats, rowed by amateurs. At length get out at Hampton. Roads full, full; nobles, gentry, jockeys, pony-phætons, donkeys saddled for races, grooms, postilions, men in every livery, and colour of breeches. As they turn off to the left, we turn off to the right, to the palace. The elms were planted by Wolsey, who planned this immense structure. The glory of the building is its paintings. For the first time I beheld works of M. Angelo, Corregio, Murillo, Guido, Titian, and the original Cartoons of Rafaele. We visited thirty-two apartments and saw 1,026 pictures.

*June 13.*—I was much gratified with the law-courts. Lord Chancellor Truro was on the seat of equity, and Mr. Wood was speaking, in that hurried, clipping way common to all about St. Stephen's. Lord Campbell and Coleridge at Queen's Bench. Benches crammed with sergeants and barristers, in wigs, bands, and gowns. I also entered the court of the Vice Chancellor, Sir J. Knight Bruce. I hardly expected to see so many wigged ones on the benches; they filled them like pews. Then dash out, and lose myself in the city—in the London of C. Lamb. After all my study of the localities, I can hardly believe my eyes. Such dark, dim, tall, narrow, winding ways, such labyrinths, plainly just so for ages. People stare as I drive into the courts around St. Mary Aldermary church, Bow-lane, and peep into Friday street, Bread street, Old Change Alley; often have to get into a doorway to let a single cart pass. Come out suddenly

on St. Paul's Church-yard; go round it, among the shops; survey the Religious Tract Society, their beautiful committee-room and library. Portraits of Burder and Bickersteth. Invited to meet their Committee. See Arnold's face [portrait] in a shop, and go in; it is Fellowes's, his publisher. Greatly struck with Newgate street and Old Bailey. Wonderful old courts opening into Farringdon St. Without. Down from High Holborn to Fleet street. O the throng! Think of Johnson. Fleet street becomes the Strand, and in this I am now at home.

A wondrous eating and drinking folk are the Cockneys. Pastry-cooks and chop-houses seem to be a fourth of the shops in some parts, and you can hardly look up without seeing bright pots of ale carried about. Yet nobody seems to be drunk in the streets. I begin, however, to be aware of desperate lazars, and see pallid, begrimed children. I have no time for telling of the ancient churches, which are numberless. Their names carry me back to Foxe's Records. Bow church I pass daily. St. Mary le Strand is very near me; so is St. Dunstan's in the East, and St. Clement's. St. Sepulchre's (St. Pulchre's) is near Pic Corner, where the great fire stopped. In another direction I found myself at the Seven Dials. I owe much to the cuts in the "Penny Magazine" for my familiarity with these spots.

*June 14.*—I went out before breakfast to revisit Covent Garden market, which I suppose is the greatest flower market in the world.<sup>1</sup> I could smell the rich odours long before I got into the street. I bought a moss-rose, a damask rose, a bud, a geranium, and a bunch of pansies, all for sixpence. You must know that no rose will any longer grow in the close air of the "City." After breakfast I went to the Horse Guards, traversed the St. James's Park, and enjoyed the green grass, the water, the swans, the song of birds, and the play of a thousand children. These three great parks open into each other. Don't think of them as little patches like those in New York. In the middle of these parks you are out of sight of all the great city, but with gigantic trees, velvet turf, copses, thickets, artificial rivers, even with miniature ships on them; thousands of people gently sauntering or resting, and children without number playing, romping, rolling, flying kites, and fishing. I pursued my way to St. James's Palace, and found the Foot Guards just proceeding thither from Buckingham Palace with music. I followed them into the quadrangle of the ancient palace. There these noble red-coats formed a hollow square, and the band played for an hour the choicest operatic airs. I need not say a Queen's band is

<sup>1</sup> He afterwards had to acknowledge the superiority of the Paris market, page 144.

no mean affair. I then proceeded to another court, and approached one of the stiff sentinels. I showed him Mr. T.'s letter to his brother. He presented arms, and accompanied me to the right door. I rang and was admitted to the palace—to an ante-chamber. Four servants were in waiting. Mr. T. had not arrived. It was about eleven, and all the court-people had been up till four at a masquerade ball at the palace. I was ushered into his office, which was full of great ledgers about levées, drawing-rooms, presentations, &c. The servant brought me a fresh "Morning Post," which is the Court paper. Presently T. came in. I told him I had thus far failed to see the Queen. He directed me to go to Buckingham Palace, near Constitution Hill. Crossing Green Park I did so, and took a seat looking towards the Palace Garden. Presently there was a sensation. A coach, with four elegant outriders, approached with the Queen and Prince Albert. I saw both distinctly. They were coming home from the Crystal Palace. The people observed dead silence, and the general raising of hats was quiet and momentary.

In the afternoon I went into Hyde Park, to see what I consider the greatest display in England. Every day before dinner (5 to 6½) all the aristocracy appear, either in carriages, or on horseback. The drive is miles round. All the wealth and beauty of England is here represented. Coachmen, footmen, postilions, all in livery, all in white cravats, breeches and stockings, and many powdered. In Rotten Row the equestrians appear. Our Virginians stand aghast at the bold riding of the ladies. Such horses and horsemanship cannot be matched. Among this multitude I did not hear a loud word, or giggle, or see an arrogant or bold look. Very few of the women are beautiful in face, but the figure and port are incomparable. Nothing was apparent to distinguish noble persons, unless it were studied cleanliness and plainness. All the finery is on the horses and servants. The most graceful dressing was on the French ladies, of whom there are many.

*June 16.*—Clear again; but it will rain before night, as it has done every day. You don't see one in a hundred, even of women, with an umbrella. The water here is good, and so are the milk and butter. Such mutton and beef I never saw. Bacon (as they call it) differs from ours, and is very melting and delicious. Cherries have just come. No cheap strawberries yet. English eat cheese with salt. Their Cheshire is about like our Goshen. The Stilton is rich and altogether peculiar. The cream cheese and the sausage are better than we have at home. The bread is not always good. It is not dark all night now. I waked it two, and could have read large print.

To-day at Westminster Hall; saw the Vice Chancellor on the Bench. In the Common Pleas saw the Lord Chief Justice, Sir J. Jervis, and Sir T. N. Talfourd. In Exchequer, heard a funny case about tobacco samples. Lord Chief Baron, Sir J. Pollock, displayed much keenness in bridling Mr. Humphrey, Queen's Counsel. Sir James Park, of the same bench, spoke often. In Queen's Bench again saw Lord Campbell. The lawyers wear not only the wig, with two rows of curls and two queues, and the gown, and very long bands, but also the strait coat of a century ago. I sat among them some time in the Exchequer court.

The house next door to me, (No 141,) is that in which Jacob Tonson kept shop, and where were published Thomson's Seasons, Tom Jones, and the histories of Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon.

*June 17.*—I again visited Covent Garden market to see the matchless fruits, and flowers, and vegetables. Here are things which cannot be described. I passed by the old Hummums. Revisited the Temple; entered the house where Johnson lived and Lamb was born, and Johnson's house in Bolt court. Thence to the neighbourhood where the "Boar's head in Little Eastcheap" once was; now occupied by the statue of William IV. Then to the American Minister's, [Mr. Abbott Lawrence;] great style; he has an excellent manner, very English, and keeps up the American style. Then for the fourth time, to the Crystal Palace. This time I must say there was a crowd. There must have been hundreds of school boys and girls in uniforms. Whenever I see a well-dressed woman, I know she is French. The riding of the ladies in Hyde Park is a beautiful sight.

Mr. Lawrence had given to Major Preston and me an order to enter the House of Lords. Being a little too early I passed some time in Westminster Abbey, just opposite, among the tombs. Then I went out to see the Lords assembling. The day was fair, and it was a fine sight. The common mode was on a noble horse, with a groom on another, who immediately rides off with both horses. Some came in coaches. Some walked, and I even observed some getting out of very ordinary cabs and paying the fare. I had the uncommon pleasure of seeing the Duke of Wellington, for the second time. He was on horseback with a groom; white trowsers; much of Dr. Miller's look. He dismounted with much difficulty. I did not see him afterwards in the House. The Chancellor, Lord Truro, was on the woolsack. I saw Brougham, Grey, Sir J. Graham, (in the gallery,) Lord Lansdowne, Earl of Anglesea, (with one leg,) Archbishop of Canterbury, Bishops of London, Norwich, and Oxford. The



bishops waddle up and down in their full robes. The judges have their gowns and wigs. The Lord Chancellor has a wig with immense ears. The rest of the Lords are dressed in ordinary morning trim, generally in frock coats, very plain, but scrupulously clean. The Chancellor left the woolsack and made a very warm defence of Chancery. Lord Stanley made a powerful attack on the ministry in regard to the navigation laws. Every other sentence was about the United States. He was answered by Lord Grenville, of the Board of Trade, and when I came away at 7½ (still dinnerless) Lord Hardwick was just speaking. I thought the debate most able. Stanley is a truly eloquent man.

PARIS, June 20—July 9, 1851.

From London to Dover we went like lightning, flying through Kent, too fast to see much. It was about like going from New York to Trenton. O the wretched little steamer across the channel! They are half an age behind us in steamboats. We tossed like an egg-shell. The sea broke over us, so that the deck was soaking, and the spray like rain. Below—one pavement of emetic ladies. As for me, except the ducking, I never enjoyed any thing more. I could not stand up, but I felt perfectly triumphant as we cut through the waves. Calais in sight. What a change for two hours! Now for the customs. A little Frenchman, indescribably quick and *habile*, spies out the Americans in an instant; attaches himself to us as commissionaire; carries every thing; takes us to office to show passports; then to bureau to change our sovereigns for French money; then to a room, where coffee and luncheon; then to an office to get our ticket stamped; then to the cars to secure a separate carriage for ladies, &c.; then to weighing place (of trunks); then to another office where baggage-tickets are given; then to cars to see us locked in. All this (which we could never have done ourselves) little Mons. Marguerite does for one franc. At four we are off on the newly-opened railway. Our carriage is as sumptuous as the finest coach, roomy and soft, in every way luxurious. We had 235 miles to go after 4 P. M. I can hardly collect my thoughts to tell about it. All the trees, even in what seem to be woods, are planted in rows; all trimmed, except the innumerable poplars, which look like green pillars. Perpetual sight of peasantry. As they stop to look, the scenes are for a painter. They wear the boldest colours, and seldom less than four; high caps; groups in the deep-green hay and barley, look beautiful. Dear little children, in hues of the rainbow, held up by fathers in blouses from the hay-fields. Villages on villages; all of one

story; all either tiled or thatched, and some both at once. At Amiens the beautiful sun was going down in the western plains, and casting a blush on the ancient cathedral. How indebted I am to the "Penny Magazine" for its cuts and descriptions! At Douai (where the Bible was translated) the whole neighbourhood is cut up into ups and downs by the fortifications, and the green sides of the moats and ramparts were filled with people. They gathered around us, but in the most civil way. The peasant women are as coarse as men. It was still daylight when we passed Lille, and these scenes were repeated on a larger scale. Arrived at an enormous station-house in the north of Paris, we take an omnibus for the Hotel, and roll through lighted streets. Thousands sitting out in the *rue de la Paix*, &c., even at midnight.

After breakfast next day, I took a drive in a cab; stopped to deliver my letters to Dr. F. Monod. The concierge says: "to the left, second floor." I ascend; see door marked "Monod, Pasteur." I send in my name; instantly I am seized and kissed on both cheeks, not by good Dr. M., but by Mr. Bridel, who remembers me in an instant. Adolphe Monod lives opposite.<sup>1</sup>

Besides our general view of the President [Louis Napoleon] at the review of the Champ de Mars, [p. 142,] we had two several occasions of looking him closely in the face, at corners where our pushing driver drew up. We were enveloped in the enthusiastic crowd, who began with *Vive la Republique*, and ended with a universal shout of *Vive l'Empereur!* Women ran like mad among the tramping of the horses. The cortége was preceded by guards holding cocked pistols, and followed by the carabinieri in brazen helmets and cuirasses, which sounded as they rode. All the troops were regulars. I never expected to see such a review, as they commonly fall on Sunday. All the fine equipages seem English, as do all the beautiful children. The creatures that go about in sabots, and run after you with bouquets, or carry great panniers on their backs, are brutally hideous. The grisettes in shops, and the trim little women in caps, that trip along every moment, are well-dressed, and graceful to a degree. There is nothing in England like the Avenue des Champs Elysées, or the Concorde, or the Louvre, or the fortifications, or the middle age piles of the Cité, or the quays, or the Arche de Triomphe. This last fills my eye more than any thing architectural I have seen. But I love London more. I miss the ever-present police, always kind and ready, giving you a sense of protection wherever you are. And then there are not ten men in France whom I could care to go ten miles to see; whereas I can name a hundred in London.

<sup>1</sup> Dr. A. Monod died April 6, 1856.

On the 23d, I passed through lines of soldiers to the south side of the National Assembly. Place assigned me in the gallery, opposite the tribune and President's chair. Assemble at two. President has an enormous bell, which he rings to keep order. Heard a speech from Leroux, and a long one from Laurent. Then for a long walk, along the matchless Avenue, through the Tuileries, among hundreds of statues, deep shade of trees, and thousands of flowers to the Champs Elysées. Scores of amusements among the trees. All the working-people of Paris seem pouring into these artificial forests. Punch and Judy. Cripples with music. Flying-horses and circulating boats. Dancing dogs. Two little open-air theatres, with numerous singers and large orchestra. These immense forests, called gardens, are used by the Parisians as nursery, smoking-room, and study. The people live out of doors. All the men seem to be either priests or soldiers, so the women keep the shops.

In the *pays Latin* I was in a little rapture. The Hotel Cluny gave me impressions for life. These old black, grim, finous, conic-topped towers, fill all my mental blanks *au sujet* of the middle ages. In the *rue St. Jacques*, that long, long, tumble-down street, I began to breathe afresh, as in the Old Jewry, &c., but with more hoary and romantic souvenirs. The inside of French churches is stable-like, compared with St. George's, Windsor, or Henry VII.'s chapel.

One morning I took my early coffee at a *laitière's*. Saw the sale of milk, and the perfect courtesy and elegance of the servants who came for it. I have learnt to bow to the lady when I enter a café; this was, however, a plebeian shop, the cafés were not open. On returning, I found that Mr. Rives had called in person, and afterwards had sent me his silver medal to admit me for the day to the diplomatic tribune, the best place for seeing and hearing; so I shall go again. I have seen the chief notabilities of France in the Chamber. Soldiers are just as numerous as bees in a hive. The red-legged regulars are the meanest creatures, singly, I ever saw. The enthusiasm for Louis Napoleon is great. I am sick of seeing on every church, house, and wall, "Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité." It is positively babyish. I miss the noble English policemen. It is advised not to ask the soldiers; they are provincials, and know nothing. I find the priests most *suave* and agreeable, and they speak such French; for much of the jumble of the *badauds* is incomprehensible. French *men* do not compare with the English, but for one good-looking, graceful English woman, there are 800 French. I observe two marked classes of women: the peasantry, who work like horses and walk like oxen, and the Parisians, who are light,

graceful, and *bien mises*. French children are no touch to the little angelic things of Kensington Gardens.

I wish you could get one glimpse of the Boulevards. Conceive of a curved street, a bow, of which the Seine forms the bowstring. Make this twice as wide as Broadway. Line it with lofty houses; set two rows of large trees in a sidewalk twice as wide as the widest in New York; illuminate this like daylight; fill it with thousands on thousands of holiday-people; imagine cafés and restaurants with fronts all plate-glass, and interiors all marble, mirror, and gold; then add chairs filling almost all the space on the sidewalk, occupied by well-dressed people, eating and drinking, and this nearly all night. Even the poor do every thing in public view. Before a bit of a shoe-shop, the man, woman, and children cut their loaf and hand about their bottle, and clack, and bandy compliments, as if no mortal were near them. This is repeated during this ambrosial weather every few paces for miles. In the old quarters, near the Pont Neuf, or Hotel de Ville, (town-house,) where the streets are about as wide as a bed, the swarms of people look, I suppose, just as five hundred years ago. They live on bread and wine. The bread is weighed in the shops. I even see broken crusts sold. The people live miserably inside of their houses. A tailor, for example, has a bedroom up eight pair of stairs, and over the river, and no sitting-room. His shop is all glass and gold. His wife keeps a brilliant café, as idol or presidente; *i. e.* if she is very handsome. After work-hours they are all the time in the public gardens and places, breakfast and dine in the open air, and look like Ahasuerus and Vashti; as Cobbett says: "pigs in the parlour, peacocks on the promenade." Still these funny creatures are full of "Monsieur" and "Madame," and full of gesture and smiles. The genteel French people are perfectly graceful. When I go to while away an hour over an ice, always accompanied by a whole decanter of ice-water, frozen around the inner surface, I study the groups of three, four, and ten. They are dressed to a marvel, as to fit, colour, and *mise*. They never stare at you, or seem to know you are near. They have no formal bows or motions. I observe nothing which would be unusual in a first-class New York parlour, except a certain smirk, arising from a feeling that one must always speak with a smile. The people look American; for we get our fashions here. The better sort, as in the Chamber of Deputies, (Cavaignac, Lafayette, Lamartine,) are like very plain American gentlemen; only some have a scarcely visible show of crimson ribbon in the second top button-hole—the decoration of the legion of Honour. Dr. Monod wears one. A. Monod is a beautiful, saintly man,

for elegant, primitive simplicity. Every Thursday he has a general reception, and probably does more good than by preaching. Prayers in French before tea. Fine singing from the "Chants Chrétiens." I could not help thinking, at one of these soirées, I never saw so much simplicity, so much polish, and so much affection, mingled. My father would have been pleased with the sweet quietness of the girls. Almost all the conversation was religious.

Parisians hear music every hour for nothing, which it would take large sums to procure in America. I calculated that one might hear gratis thirty orchestras and 150 singers, any evening in the Champs Elysées. The music in the Madeleine, St. Roch, Notre Dame, St. Etienne, Notre Dame de Lorette, and St. Vincent de Paul, is *rococo*, and probably equal to any out of the Pope's chapel. The solos of a distant, lamenting female voice, *tremolo*, *minore*, *diminuendo*, contrasted with a crash of a hundred instruments, and then a hundred voices like Russell's, [deep bass,] and the interspersed *canto fermo*, or austere Gregorian chant, centuries old, combine with the *tableau vivant* of a priestly pantomime of purple and gold chasubles, (the mantle with cross,) and the yet more imposing long white flowing robe of cambric over pink, girt with pink—the young priests being picked for their figure—to make a bewitching show, which intoxicates poor female worshippers into a trance of ambiguous rapture, which they deem religion. I think the magic of anti-christian pomp has attained its acme. Poor Puseyism, compared with what it imitates, is but pewter to gold and rubies. They have made a separate *art* of the dressing and marshalling of hundreds of officiating persons, who move or stand with the height of solemn grace, and the overpowering combination of costume, the prelates, the priests in heavy purple or crimson, gilt—the younger clergy, imitating the white-robed angels of their pictures, the nuns, (most of them seemed crying, with swollen eyes,) the little boys in pure white, and the innumerable girls, in veils. I observed that men, who looked like emperors at the distant altar, were canal-men and bravos, when they passed me in the procession.

When an eminent speaker in the House of Commons said, this week, that none of the Dissenters went over to Popery, adding that the existing plan of Oxonian training tended to rear up Romanists, he uttered what any eye may see confirmed in Paris. Who would not, if he goes pomp-hunting, prefer the real old middle-aged mummery to the would-if-I-could-ish simulation of it? Frequent visits to Popish celebrations, must lead truly Protestant minds to doubt the possibility of giving any aid whatever to genuine worship, by the appliances of costly archi

ecture, graphic representations, and elaborate music. "Christian Art," in the sense of the modern art-mad school, there is none. The highest philosophy of *cultus*—if the phrase may be allowed—leads to the most simple and apostolic rites.

It is high time that America and Britain were bestirring themselves to send light and leaven into this continent. M. Gasparin has lately given some frightful accounts of once evangelical Germany. Among his statements are these: Public worship is disregarded. In Berlin, out of four hundred thousand souls, there are three hundred thousand who never attend any of the thirty-two churches. Dr. Tholuck declares that, a few months ago, at Halle, in the principal service of the cathedral there were present fourteen persons; in another church six, and in a third five! Next day he attended a sermon, of which he was the only auditor! The theatres are as full as the churches are empty. Is it wonderful, when we regard the tendency of German philosophy? The papers of the tailor Weithing are published by the state authority of Zurich. Delecke makes fun of poor timid Voltaire and Diderot, "who never were prepared to look on man as the culminating point of existence." Marx and his fellows say:—"The *idea of God* is the key to the dungeon of mouldy civilization. Let us away with it. The true road to liberty, equality, and happiness, is atheism. Let us teach man that there is no God but himself." Wiehern testifies that emissaries are out, that schools of atheism are founded very widely, under the guise of reading clubs and singing societies.

M. Thiers has made a speech against free trade, which, independently of the topic, is considered the greatest speech of the session. All the left side, his opponents, joined in the acclamation. I don't believe that Demosthenes ever showed more tact in "wielding the fierce democracy." His triumph as an orator is complete, though the question may go against him. This government feels itself in great danger. These amazing gatherings of soldiery show it. They are from distant provinces. Everywhere you see *casernes* taking the place of other buildings. People feel the mortification of this under a Republic. Two spies attend poor Mr. Close's little chapel! The police is three-fold: 1, soldiers; 2, police without uniform; 3, unknown spies, (waiters, guards, valets, drivers, &c.) Thank God for our gospel and our freedom!

In the number of animals the Garden of Plants is surpassed by the London Zoological Gardens; but what surpass its gardens, trees, walks, buildings, museums, fountains, and free lectures? Constantly open to the people. Every tree of every climate; all flowers of the world in numbers of enclosed gardens,

with paths between; every plant labelled with the botanical name, and all arranged by families. The museums of natural history, the mineralogical and geological and paleontological collections of Cuvier, Haüy, and Jussieu, the collections of fossils and comparative anatomy, kept me perpetually wondering. The buildings are numerous and extensive. The Cedar of Lebanon, which is a colossal tree, repaid me for all my weariness. It is ten feet round, near the branches.

The palace of Versailles might occupy a volume. It would take a month to see it well. In my ignorance I thought all these palaces, with their grounds, not a hundredth part so extensive as they are. I did not figure to myself miles of avenue, trees of all zones, thousands of statuary, spaces so ample as to remind one of American forests and prairies, and chambers so numerous that the foot wearies before they are half traversed.

I attended a lecture on history in the College of Sorbonne. Entered the library, filled with quiet students reading; a priest presides. Library of St. Genevieve; what a place! Transcendent loftiness and beauty; 200,000 volumes; 100 reading; copy of Rafaele's School of Athens as large as the side of a house.

On the 5th (July) I went to church, expecting to hear Monod. The old psalms did me good. The old Huguenot look was in some of the Frenchmen. Just before the second singing, a sparrow tried to get into a window over the pulpit. Immediately they sang Psalm lxxxiv. 3. The preacher was M. Enfoux, of Geneva. I dined at the table d'hôte; nineteen changes of plates. On my right, a Russian lady and four daughters; they spoke English, French, German, and Russ. On my left a party of fine English. I love to meet decent English people; you look in their faces and believe them. In the evening I went to Wesleyan chapel, and heard the minister, young Mr. Close, preach a beautiful orthodox sermon; full and able on original sin. About a hundred were there.

I sicken at the everlasting sight of bayonets and swords, and the feeling of espionage. There never was a stronger police under an autocrat. I am weary of speaking broken French, though the courtesy of every class passes description. So do the vastness, beauty, and keeping of public institutions. Fifty thousand persons are maintained in these charities. Under a polish, which reaches almost the lowest of the canaille, there is a godlessness which is horrible. Leaving out a few names in Sardis, blessed ministers and people, whose love seems the greater for insulation, this beautiful, matchless, glorious capital is Satan's seat. Words fail—paper must not aid—to report the moral rottenness of a generation brought up in bloody infidelity. The

fear of God, producing truth, is lacking. Yet of ceremonious religion there is vast increase. The priests, in black garments, go about the streets. Yet evil as popery is, it owns a Saviour, prayer, a heaven and hell, and a God. There is a school growing rampant, which denies each or all of these.

The chief thought I had in these fairy-land palaces and Eden pleasaunces, was of the monarchs, and great ones, who had been violently torn from them; Louis XVI., Napoleon, Charles X., Louis Philippe. The chief thought as I gazed from the north balcony of St. Cloud on the incomparable view of Paris and the great spaces around and between, was, will God's justice suffer this wicked country to remain unvisited? The chief personal reflections were, I love American simple nature more than ever, and American freedom of religion more than any words can utter. I love and covet these matchless and incredible wonders less than my dear fireside; I less than ever wish ornaments for my church, or ornaments for my house. O for the purity and peace of Christ's religion for all I love!

DIJON, *July 10, 1851.*

To-day I have been in a fairy-land all the while. O la belle France! It is just the word. By stage I can understand how it might be very tedious, but by luxuriously rapid and well-appointed rails, it was just the sliding of one ravishing picture over another. A few elements in bewitching combination—this is the secret of French landscape. The time is favourable. Every thing is in its glory. The early part of the day we were almost always dashing through the valley of some river. The valley is a prairie exactly; we see the gentle barrier on each side. Towards evening we began to be sensible of a great change. The scene became rugged. We went through tunnels of thousands of feet. Bare rocks expose themselves, and at length the basin (in which we seem always to be) shows-around its further edge mountains and beginnings of what we are going to have anon. We pass the watershed, and are in a new world; every thing is changed. Geology, houses, dress, almost sky, seem new. I have come into the land of St. Bernard! I am in the heart of Burgundy, a dukedom greater than many realms. Every village has had some memory, all day long, but now we are nearing the central region of a country most famous. France is as green as England, and along here as much of a garden; but O how pensive from the total absence of cottages! Every inch is tilled except where perpendicular. No forest, but tens of millions of trees, all planted and very scattering, now in clumps, now in rows. I have certainly this day seen a hundred miles of poplars.



In the boundless champaign of tillage, they seem as necessary to the scene as the spires of Holland. Why am I so often reminded of Old Virginia? I will tell you. In England, or even New England and New York, the eye would behold the plain cut up by hedges, &c. Here, as in Virginia, though for a different reason, all is open. Yonder is a view of rolling land, descending rounded towards the river we are skirting. Ten thousand acres lie over the round haunch of the broad swell, as perfect a garden as I ever saw, but so mottled that every one of us compared it, over and over, to a bedquilt; a patch of wheat, a patch of rye, a patch of mustard, a patch of broom, a patch of walnuts, the ground of all being vineyard, vineyard, vineyard, in a green like distant Indian corn. Vineyards are exactly like pole beans of a certain height. In certain situations they are very beautiful, as to-day, when ever and anon they hang over the round bank of land next the horizon, like hanks of green yarn over a hedge. Observe, the prospect is so vast, and so unobstructed by trees, that fields look like squares of chess, only oblong, and no division breaks the continuity except a sweet, fairy-road, winding away among vines and wheat, with, it may be, a cart load of girls, all colours, under broad brims of straw, with pitchforks. We have seen miles of hay-making, with five hundred groups, no one of which would disgrace a picture of Claude. You know all the people live in villages. These villages, at this season of deep verdure, seem always to be nestling. You wonder how the houses can squat and huddle so. They cluster around the little church, like sheep around the ram, as close, as irregular. All are of a colour, rusty russet red, tops are same as sides. In themselves ugly and mean, as parts of a rapid landscape very snug and beautiful. What remembrances crowd in during 200 miles of road carrying one deep into the ancient feudal soil! Here were the Gauls; here was Cæsar; we have passed several towns named by him. Here were the barons and monks of the middle ages. Here were Burgundian princes, who were all but kings, and yonder are their castles, black with age and awfully frowning over the sweet peaceful soil. Here, as you approach Dijon, were the walks of Bernard's and of Bossuet's childhood.

Dijon! I now understand what an old rocky French town is. I never can describe it. Everybody here as fresh as Irish. I wonder at the hale, happy look of all. But we are high up; all the way from Paris to this vicinity, we have been going up the streams. Every thing in the air is like Lexington, [Virginia,] or Schooley's Mountain, [New Jersey.] At a glance we see we are in the old Burgundian capital. Quiet, pleasant old town. Our first visit was to the celebrated Museum. Men and girls

are copying in the galleries. Among the signs of decreasing population, several churches are perverted to other uses—one is a corn-market, another a fruit-market, a third a fodder-market.

GENEVA, *July 13—17, 1851.*

The complexion, though we go south from Dijon to Geneva, gets clearer and clearer as we ascend, and I see many a blue eye, reminding me of the Germanic origin of the Burgundian stock. The ploughs have a wheel and four horses, and they plough very shallow. Great industry. Nobody looks unhealthy or suffering. Roses abound, and many times I meet peasants in the road, carrying each a rose in his mouth. The houses, as we gradually rose, assume a trace of the Swiss cottage, so that when I saw a real chalet, I was not surprised at all. The great wooden shoe looks crippling, especially on children. Thatch on almost every house, about nine inches thick, often covered with a deep moss. Thus must these higgledy-piggledy towns have looked 500 years ago. These plains are rich, and tempted warriors. Therefore the houses are thick and defensible. Therefore also the people gathered in villages. We began to see single cows led by a string, to crop along the road's edge. Cattle generally a reddish dun. Oxen yoked from the horns. The expanse of hay-fields or prairies amazed and delighted me. The swell of the land increased as we advanced, and with it the beauty of the prospect. "That great mountain" Jura, which we thus approached, is very long and very broad, made up of parallel ridges, together shaped like the back of a mighty ox. At certain turns we saw the peak of Mont Blanc, like amber. It is beyond Switzerland, being in Savoy.

We breakfasted at Champagnolle, having left Dijon at 3½ A. M. I am perpetually asking myself "can this be France?" when I look at the beautiful skins. True the hard workers burn nearly mulatto, but the children and some women are of perfect red and white, and even the men show such blond that you wonder to hear French out of their mouths. In descending these sides, the valleys and gorges begin to assume more and more an amphitheatrical shape, and we found ourselves running sheer round the shoulder of great cliffs, with the depth opening green and solemn below, often with herds and cottages in the very fundus. How little did I expect to be so long crossing Mt. Jura, or to ascend it at a canter and almost a gallop. Ghylls or becks, little foaming streams, dashed across our way. Greater streams, white with rage, ran beside us. I remember one cascade of snow, which poured out of a field of emerald. It was young hemp. Every inch is rescued where a hoe can enter.

One sees hay-making girls, under broad flats, in a little rug of land, away over among the inaccessible rocks. The valleys have a green, which is black; the very air seems changed; the effect is not melancholy but an awful serenity. As we get more among proper mountaineers, cut off from the rest of mankind, it is pleasing to observe how the family feeling becomes more manifest. Fifty times I saw what I thought a family, on some knoll, by some spring, down some well-like plunge of green with a house at the bottom; three sisters with broad Leghorn flats, and haymakers under a tree; babies held by others little bigger, that the mothers might hoe or drive. No poetry or fiction can reach the reality of such scenes, occurring every moment, and amid such sights and such air.

On the beautiful evening of the 12th, we drove into lovely Geneva, a beauty in the midst of sublimity.<sup>1</sup> We have been greatly favoured in weather, for it is said that there are not more than fifty days in the year which furnish a perfectly clear view of Mont Blanc, and we have had three of them, and seen the full moon rise above it, which could only happen with great southing. As I now see it, it is rose-colour in one part, while, as the sun declines, the left-hand portion assumes a ghastly bluish pallor, which must remind every one of death. I had never thought much of this thing of hues. This very day (the 14th) as I was walking along the delightful avenue, skirting the south side of the lake to Dr. Merle's residence in Eaux Vives, I suddenly found the perspective ending in the placid Leman. But what a play of hues! The foreground avenue all deep-green; the nearer water pea-green; the tilled lands just below, a veil of lilac; the mountains beyond that a crystalline hue, shading off into pearly clouds and blue heaven.

Who would have thought, that Geneva could have been turned into such a stamping-ground!<sup>2</sup> The park or wood on the northern eminence is full of booths, stalls, shows, and gambling tables. The variety of gamblings is great. Women generally keep the tables, and children are inducted into the mysteries. Some are rolling balls for eatables; some shooting a cross-bow at a target, over which a rude Liberty rises, on each shot, with the appropriate information that she purposes to go round the globe. Here are flying-horses, more rapid and comical than in Paris or anywhere else, having one row of whirlers within another, going not merely on horses, but on

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Alexander found great pleasure and assistance, during his Alpine travels, and to Heidelberg, in the company of the Rev. J. W. Newton, chaplain of the U. S. Navy, and formerly of the Edgehill School at Princeton.

<sup>2</sup> The *Tir Fédéral*: see page 148.

swans, sleigh-bodies, and so on. Here are lotteries, "ou l'on ne perd pas," and dice-playing, where you get gingerbread or knives. Here are booths of cirques, and jugglers, and posture-makers, most primitive in kind, and outvying Greenwich Fair. I never could have expected to see two such displays of un-American sportiveness.

Swiss politics is in much commotion about these times. Enjoying freedom for ages, except when the French had them under, they are nevertheless practised on by every sort of French and Italian refugee. What is in the mouths of every one about aristocracy, is very much like the same talk in France, during the years preceding the reign of terror. Yet, when I think of the past, when I look on the face of nature here, and especially when I contemplate the thousands of mountain men and women now in Geneva, so fresh, frank, hearty, honest, and Protestant, I hope strongly that God has something better in reserve for the sons of Tell, as they love to call themselves.

I have seen four priests going about in the black robes of their detestable order. There is a rookery of Jesuits here, and they have set the sisters of Charity a-going, as most likely to win our Protestants by acts of real humanity. The number of papists in Geneva is about 10,000. The more I see of the pomp of Romanism—and I have seen perhaps as much as could be seen out of Rome—the more I am in love with simple architecture and simple worship.

GENEVA, *July 19, 1851.*

I have just returned here, fifty-one miles from Chamonix. It is summer, and European summer, without summer-clothes, summer debility, or summer insects. Geneva is full of English. Sir R. Peel is near me, and Lord Vernon and Lady Vane probably in the house. Lord Vernon put twenty balls in the centre of one of the targets the first day of the shooting match. The distant mountains interest me most; near by they are too cold, cloudy, and frightful. The sights one sees are somewhat, but nothing to the millions of thoughts which the sights awaken. The sights are only the keys; the thoughts are the music. Many a mark is in E.'s Bible of spots, where I have read God's words under the tremendous shadow of mountain walls reaching to heaven, and by torrents pure and beautiful, leaping and foaming down the perpendicular but broken sides of deep vales. The dark, but clear atmosphere, caused by the elevation, the unparalleled verdure, the shadow of giant mountains, and the play of altogether novel lights and shades, affect me even more than the summits of the great Alps. I could slightly imagine the

latter; the other is entirely beyond every descriptive power. I have thought of an eclipse; but there is no melancholy. It is a serene, heavenly awe. The very potato blossoms look pearly, and shine like some sort of brilliant exotic. This shows that it is the air and light which produce the effect. The imminent and terrific passes and paths make even the horse and mule different from ours. In precipitous ascents, when the driver dismounted, the stout muscular horses took the carriage up as well without him. As to the mules, their footing is next to a miracle. They always take the outside edge, and go boldly along places more difficult than the bowsprit of a ship.

It was almost like home when I reached Geneva. With its lake, its suburban parks and *campagnes*, its nearer hills, and its Alps in view, it is the loveliest place I know. Mr. Newton and I united in thanking God for the wonders of these three days, and for good tidings from home. "Let the God of my salvation be exalted."

The horrible priest-riding of the kingdom of Savoy, smites me everywhere. The priests are the largest, finest, and fattest. The churches are solid and often modern.

O how a bell resounds in the green Alps! The crosses are as frequent as milestones. If the Virgin could weep, it would be to see the puppets and frights which represent her in the wayside shrines. Swiss families seem to love one another with intensity. They love all their little livestock. What a blessed land do you and I live in, where poor woman is not turned into a beast! I am sure I have seen girls of fourteen, carrying as much straw or green branches as would fill a cart. Their heads are used for this. I saw one woman carrying thus a closed umbrella, and another a heavy pick-axe. My soul is weary of soldiers. The sight of a soldier or a priest makes me first angry, and then sorrowful. As I surveyed the boundless arable lands on the slopes of the mountains, which contain the lower Arve, all one map of varying meadow, garden, and harvest, unincumbered by fences, dotted with sweet cottages, sprinkled with trees and vines, without a square foot in a state of nature, I remembered the numberless wars between Savoy and Geneva. And when I looked at the soldiers, and listened to the fierce, radical politics, and the sounds of rifle-shooting at the grand national match, I was made sure that unless God interpose, all this sweet land will be given up again to fire and blood. Yet these Swiss of the great cantons are a noble race. It was doubtless the best of them I saw here, during the great democratic celebration. The mountain-girls, in costumes of every cut, were fresh as roses and brawny as boxers. The middle of the streets

was their walk. Not a loud word, nor a disorderly gesture. To tell the truth, they looked American to me, and I laid it to (1) Republicanism, and (2) to Protestantism; but rather of their fathers than their own.

Here the wheat-harvest is in its glory. I looked out on rising, and saw a company of young men and lasses going a-field. Their sickles were all fantastically ranged around a staff, surmounted with a grand bouquet, and borne aloft by one in the middle. They make a play of every thing.

VEVAY, *July 21, 1851.*

We arrived at Vevay by steam from Geneva on the 19th, in order to spend the Sabbath in one of the loveliest, quietest towns in Europe. From the bank here, we look into the rounding of the lake, and see the castle of Chillon. We took a calèche, and visited it on Saturday. Without an interval this road is walled the whole way. It has on the right the lake-shore, vineyards to the very edge, and on the left, the swelling round mountains, vineyards to the very top. So populous is this region, that it is like one village all the way. Vevay is celebrated by Rousseau as the most enchanting spot on earth, and I see no reason to the contrary. The old cathedral is the chief Protestant church. The building bears date 1498. Alas! the gospel of the Reformers who occupied it, is not preached there in French, but in English. I heard one of the most blessed gospel-sermons, of the Simeon sort, from an Anglican chaplain, Mr. Cleves; John v. 42. About sixty English were present. It was a refreshment to my weary soul, which I shall remember all my days. When I came out, and looked from under the perfect shade over vineyards, town, lake, and nearer hills, to the silvery, heaven-like Alps, on a day of great clearness, with temperature making cloth dress indispensable, I trust my heart experienced some of God's sure mercies, and I was reminded that his covenant is more durable than the Alps, which must crumble away. The people are in great contrast to the mountaineers of Savoy. They are a ruddy, industrious, teeming, happy generation. The illusory view of a tourist is that they know no care.

On Saturday evening, at dusk, the streets and neighbouring roads were full of people, coming in from the vines, and sitting at their doors. A most wonderful *yodler* sang in the court, in the Alpine manner. It is as indescribable as inimitable, and does not sound like a human organ. The peasantry drink wine as freely as we drink water, but intemperance is very rare. Bread and wine are the universal meal. I am surprised to see how little flesh is used, even in twenty courses, at table d'hôte.

Indeed I think the air and climate lessens one's taste for it. There is no end to the confections. Their cakes are always dry, crisp, and macaroon. I am sure I have tasted 200 kinds in France and Switzerland. Warm bread is unknown.

LUCERNE, *July 25, 1851.*

From Vevay I went to Berne, a stern old Protestant town, more noble in my view from my having just come out of Freiburg, the chief Catholic canton. The Jesuits are in full blast there. I have no expectation of ever seeing such farms, such crops, such peasantry, such houses, and such babies as I saw in Berne. The châteaux equalled all my best forethoughts, and erased the ill impressions of the Savoy Alps. Millions of beehives in these vales and heights. Morning or evening the honey is never absent.

We entered Lucerne the 24th. The country people of Lucerne are not to be compared with those of Berne, whom I continue to think the finest yeomanry I ever saw. We took a little steamboat yesterday, to survey the lake Lucerne, which, in the opinion of Sir James Mackintosh and others, is the noblest lake in Switzerland, *i. e.* in all the world. I read Schiller's "William Tell" among the very scenes it describes. The spirit of liberty waked up in me very strong at Rütli, the green ledge, where in 1307 the three Swiss conspirators met to free their country; at Flüchen, by Altorf, where Tell shot the apple; at the chapel where he leaped ashore out of Gessler's boat; and in view of Küssnacht, near which he slew Gessler. Five hundred years have not taken away the interest of the Swiss in these mighty deeds. At least three men, of whom two were quite common, indicated the localities to me, and the third told me the whole in English, with tears in his eyes. The music of the Lucerne church-bells is beyond any thing I have yet heard. Many of the people speak Italian, but most a horrible German patois. The Jesuits have a college here, and go about like princes.

ZURICH, *July 26, 1851.*

Here I am, *Deo favente*, in the old Protestant city of Zuingli. We came from Lucerne in about  $7\frac{1}{2}$  hours across the Mt. Albis. We went through the canton of Zug; all Papists: but I saw no such horrendous life-size images of our Lord crucified as abound and stare at you in Lucerne. Crossing this little canton, we entered the sweet, rich, green, Protestant land of Zurich. The road went round and round the mountain (Albis) in successive platforms, for a length uncommon even in Switzerland, so that this enchanting *paysage* was every moment coming up afresh,

all lying flat and long and wide before us, so as to remind me of what they tell concerning views from a balloon. I begin to feel quite German since I slept under a feather-bed, and paid my bill in Gulden and Kreuzers. Our removes were nine: Soup; bouilli and carrots; trout; tripe with oily mashed potatoes; cherry fritters, with the stems sticking out; volaille with lettuce; strawberries dressed with wine and cinnamon; cherries, cakes, &c.; a bottle of white wine at each plate.

On Sunday I went to the cathedral where Zuingle preached. The church is awkwardly divided by a rude ill-painted screen through both nave and aisles, and is seated with deal forms, with backs, marked and numbered but unpainted. There is no paint, except some daubing at the pulpit end. I saw and heard no organ. About 200 persons seemed little where 2,000 might have been. I saw one man besides myself in the nave. A few old men sat along the side walls. One gentleman was near the platform. Two men were on it at the preacher's right; about six singers at his left; these were led by a blind young man, who read the hymn from a large book with raised letters. He is an admirable singer. They sang twice, but only one tune. The peasant women, who made up the assembly, sang almost perfectly. Every one had her black and gilt book, with a folded white handkerchief. The tune was ancient and slow. All sang, and all stood up in prayer. The preacher was in gown and bands. The sermon was on the fear of God, and seemed to be an attempt to be very pathetic upon mere moralities. The women almost all slumbered and slept. I saw whole rows thus exercised. The service was one hour; viz.: 1. Hymn, (sitting.) 2. Prayer—read by the preacher standing. 3. Sermon, (he stopped at each head, turned round and employed a blue handkerchief.) 4. A prayer read, (Lord's prayer at close of both.) 5. Hymn. Minister then immersed himself in a hat, and people retired. I recognized no benediction. On retiring, some of the poor women bought fine cherries at the foot of the steps. A deader service, out of Quaker meeting, I never saw. No wonder they have forgotten Zuingle's name. The University here has about forty professors and more than 300 regular students; but the *Cantonschule*, like a [German] Gymnasium, has 400.

HEIDELBERG, July 31, 1851.

I left Zurich on the 28th for Basel. Some of the villages on the road were the worst I have seen. Dunghills all along the streets. They are just in wheat harvest, and the valley of the Rhine is one sea of corn and sheaves; the more striking from the absence of fences and roads. All the people seem to be



out. Old men sit among the sheaves. There are more women than men at the work, and babies lie about in abundance. The approach to the Rhine naturally awakened me. At first sight I compared it with the Passaic at Newark, but I soon thought it more like the Shenandoah. The flow of the stream is majestic. We entered Basel as the eclipse of the sun declined. It was my first view of mighty walls of the middle ages, though I have seen many walled towns. The first stork I saw at the place where we dined.

We left Basel in omnibus, and took rails at Heiltingen for Freiburg. Crossing the Rhine takes me out of sweet Switzerland into Germany—the Grand Duchy of Baden skirting the east bank of the Rhine. I now go fully into German-speech. At Berne it began, but it has been mixed, everywhere the two languages and always English at the inns. The headman at Lucerne spoke English, French, Italian, German, and Dutch. He is a Hollander, and says he learned them by grammars, in order to be a waiter.

Freiburg is a Romish town with a small University. It borders on the Black Forest, which, in truth, is a mountain-range, covered with firs, some of which are 120 feet high. The cathedral greatly impressed me. The sculptures exceeded my thoughts. The tower, 380 feet high, all of stone, looked like a delicate and graceful nothing against the mountains or the sky. Living water flows in wide streams through all the streets. It is a healthy but wintry place. We left it (on the 30th July) by railway to Kehl; by omnibus to Strasburg Cathedral! Leaving S. in the afternoon, we passed Rastadt and Carlsruhe, and entered Heidelberg just after dark.

Kenilworth is a plaything compared with the mountain-castle of the old Electors. Old ruins and new erections; walls twenty feet thick in places; twenty rooms at least with shrubbery full-grown in them; vaults and dungeons; towers, half fallen, where you have the city under your very feet, and a champaign country all gold and green, now falling before the mowers and reapers. There are about 650 students here. They swagger through the streets with little caps of every hue. The rowdyism of the boys passes belief. An apprentice let loose is a feeble comparison. The number of professors and lecturers is seventy. Many of these get not more apiece than a New York coachman. In the Medical Faculty some zeal is apparent. There are two courses of Medical Jurisprudence; one for jurists, and one for medical men. There are lectures on the History of Medicine, on diseases of the aged, and on many subdivisions of anatomy and therapeutics.

COLOGNE, *August 4, 1851.*

I left Heidelberg on the 1st. Though nominally at Frankfurt, I did not really see any thing of the place. I saw a good many troops, and one corps in white uniform, who were probably Austrians. Biberich, where I took boat, may be called the port of Wiesbaden. When I got to Cologne about 10 P. M., my trunk was missing. All inquiries proved fruitless.<sup>1</sup> A gentleman condoled with me, and offered to lend me from his wardrobe. I afterwards found it was Lord Dudley Ward. Visited the cathedral; more than a hundred men are working in sheds at the costly carvings. That which most struck me in the interior is its awful grandeur, its vast extent. The Papists grow zealous in proportion as the Protestants have become erroneous and indifferent, and are regaining their hold on the young. In the cathedral I saw rows after rows of girls deeply engaged in devotions, in the side chapels. I dare not give the proofs I have of lax morals in the towns; the natural consequence of forsaking God.

The streets of Cologne are narrow, crooked, dirty, and without sidewalks. The filth of German inns is inexpressible; yet the linen and beds are fine. Bread is capital, so is butter, which I have never seen salted in Europe.

Since I left Paris, I have seen no painting that moved me so much as one at the Museum here—"the Jews at the willows of Babylon," by Bendeman, of Dresden. Cologne delights me with its Roman ruins and inscriptions, its labyrinth of old lanes, toppling houses, indescribable courts and markets, and quaint edifices. Yet I long to see our own fresh and progressive cities; to see a land where there are no guards, watch-towers, passports, and over-worked women. Poor things! their furrowed mahogany faces, their gray hair streaming from whimsical head-dresses, often make me muse sadly.

I was in the great cathedral on a high day. The vaulted roofs resounded with an orchestral mass. A great number of instruments, joined with a grand organ, performed one of the most learned masses. But by far the most impressive part was purely vocal, and plain chant, all in one part, often by boys; the performers being visible in stalls around the choir. I was very near the Archbishop of Cologne, who is also a great prince. The Priests' seminary, near by, has 400 young priests. I was at the Jesuits' church, which is fine; also at St. Peter's, chiefly remarkable for an altar-piece, the apostle's crucifixion, which Rubens esteemed his best work. The only Protestant church,

<sup>1</sup> The trunk was not recovered until August 8, at Rotterdam.

borrowed from the Romanists, is for the soldiers here who happen to be Protestants. I saw yesterday (the Sabbath) a wonderful procession around St. Martin's church. It was St. Martin's day. Purple and gold, incense and tapers, chanting and mummary. I cannot describe the agony of devotion I often see in German Catholics, especially in old women and young girls, with their rosaries, &c. In my humble view a generation is growing up most craftily trained in every popish delusion. The German popery is altogether a different thing from that of France and Italy. The very advertisements on church-doors breathe a spirit of profound tenderness. God grant that some of the poor priest-ridden souls may find the true cross!

I attended the Episcopal service at the British Consulate. There were sixty present, apparently people of some mark. It was Puseyitish. The priest backed the people, had an Oxford cap, moved here and there, and had much mumming over the elements of the offertory. Twenty-one communed.

AMSTERDAM, *August 5, 1851.*

From Cologne in steamer Rubens for Arnhem in Holland—the charmingest town for elegant neatness. We really know nothing of interior Holland in America. The East India trade enriches hundreds of men, who live at home, in a quiet grandeur, like Quaker princes. The fronts of some houses are just like white porcelain. The landscape gardening is English. The windows are the most chastely elegant; adorned with little screens of Berlin-work, embroidery, or costly Japan. Apropos, the Japan trade is all with the Dutch. Of Java tin, a sale was yesterday made, (two million guilders,) all to a fellow-traveller and acquaintance of mine. The Dutch complexion is even better than the English; and the people are quiet and happy. The sea-ports are indeed like others, and Amsterdam is filthy; its canals smell like bilge water; but Utrecht is like an island in a sea of tranquil academic verdure. I spent some delightful hours (in U.) traversing the China-like streets, the water-side-walks, and the cool still University and Library. Mr. Ader, the librarian, was all attention; spoke English, German, French, Dutch, and Latin. All the theological lectures in Holland are in Latin; the medical in Dutch. Utrecht is the seat of so-called orthodoxy. Leyden and Groningen are liberal. There are about 5,000 Jansenists in Utrecht. Of the 200,000 population of Amsterdam 30,000 are Jews. There are 600 windmills. The Philadelphia "State House" is plainly a reminiscence of the palace. The very name is the same. I feasted my eyes at the Museum with paintings of the Dutch school, which gave me the same pleasure

in comparison with Guido and Rafabelle, that Boz does in comparison with Milton. The country we passed is a perfect flat. Think of the meadows near Newark, [New Jersey ;] make these perfect green or yellow velvet ; remove all fences ; intersect with narrow and broad canals full to the green edge ; cover them with myriads of cattle, always black and white ; dot them with low white houses ; extend this plain till the windmills all along the horizon look like chessmen ; add flowers, clean peasants, and storks, and you have Holland. There is no country but America so belied as this. It is the only country I have thought I could live in. Arnheim, for example, is a little city of trim, lovely houses, pure streets, green parks, ramparts turned into promenades, and an appearance of wealth among the retired East India merchants which was new to me. But Utrecht gratified me yet more. Its hotel meets every demand of the most fastidious quietist. Though very large, it is so quiet that I never saw or heard another guest in it. The women going by were all dressed like a play, in clean caps, longish short-gowns, and black petticoats. All looked like toy milk-maids.

In Holland people smoke at the dinner table, smoke while eating melons, smoke while setting the table. In Leyden nothing moved me more than the remembrance of Boerhaave. I came away with reluctance from his speaking portrait. It has some traits of our Franklin, but more heart and more love. I stood by his simple memorial in St. Peter's.

"SALUTIFERO  
B O E R H A V I I  
GENIO  
SACRUM."

On a basrelief medallion likewise the legend *Sigillum veri simplex*. We were shown about the University by Prof. Dozy, to whom Dr. Robinson had letters. They have only one term and the holidays are now. The library has 1,631 oriental MSS., exclusive of Hebrew. Dozy has published one volume of a catalogue of these MSS. At the University I ascended the desk where Witsius often held his acts. But the Senate Hall is a place which, Niebuhr says, has no equal for academic memories. It contains 108 portraits of Leyden professors.

We visited Siebold's Japan Collection, the only complete one in Europe. He was eight years in Japan, and one of these in prison. The "Museum van Oudheden" carried me back to Egypt, Carthage, and Etruria. Mummies of babies, who died 3,000 years ago. The Museum of Natural History has a world-wide fame. In ornithology and comparative anatomy, it beats Paris. Whole droves of skeleton genera, from an elephant to

a mouse. The rector of the Leyden University is Dr. Nicholas Christian Kist. The Theological Professors are Kist, Van Hengel, Van Oordt, and Scholten. Add, from the Philosophical Faculty, Rutgers, who reads on Exegesis, Antiquities, and Sanscrit; Juynball, on Hebrew and Arabic, and Stuffken on Logic. According to a hasty enumeration the Professors amount to thirty-three. Both at Utrecht and Leyden, the libraries are in buildings devoid of all costly display. At Leyden the accommodation for books is altogether insufficient. Leyden is the only place where we have seen bills advertising students' rooms, in Latin; several windows held out *cubicula locanda*. But the medical lectures are already in Dutch, and the theologians will soon be forced to follow the example of Germany. Customs, however, take deep root in Holland, and one sees many usages which are known in Bergen and Somerset [New Jersey]. In our inn at Utrecht—the neatest and most home-like I ever entered—five footstoves were in our breakfast room; and there were at least twenty in a pile beside the door of the great lecture-room. In one of Wouverman's celebrated paintings at the Hague, we observed the same implement, of the same fashion, even to the rhomboidal cup for the charcoal, which always belongs to the *Vuur Stoof*. The same persistency might be exemplified in window-mirrors, storks, health-bulletins, and the clerical-looking undertaker, who invites to funerals in a dress as dignified as a bishop's. Také it altogether, Holland, in its rural portions, gave me such unexpected pleasure, that my chief regret is that I had only a passing glance.

Of the moral and religious state of Holland, I must refer you to more authoritative statements, which may be expected at the Evangelical Alliance next week, in London. A hurrying visit, like mine, to inns and galleries, does not give much insight beyond the surface; every word I write on this head must be subject to correction. We were of one mind in thinking that evangelical religion had not sunk in Holland so much as in Germany and Switzerland. A pious and intelligent officer, high in the service, declared to me his belief that the persecution of the Separatists was at an end. They abound in the province of Groningen, where also lax divinity is most rife. The Heidelberg Catechism is too much supplanted by abridgments, but is still regularly preached on. Many good people in the National Church contribute to the support of the pious Separatists. My informant himself does so; and further expressed his belief that thousands of the common people hold fast to the divinity and atonement of our Lord. At the same time great coldness and formality are prevalent, as in Scotland under Moderatism. But the churches are full, and the people have that Protestant and

Presbyterian look, which is in contrast with what one sees on the upper Rhine. The works of the great poet and historian Bilderdijk are read with affection. His admirer and friend Dacosta is well known as an evangelical believer. Yet the book-shops reveal a portentous preference for German, and especially for French literature, and the days of vernacular Dutch theology seem to be over. Many versions of English practical works are for sale; and at the Hague, in an open market, we found a tract-man vending Christian broad sheets and little books, of which I will show you a sample. Hopes are entertained that measures will soon be taken to restore in part the freer action of the Classical and Synodal Courts.

THE HAGUE, *August 6, 1851.*

I do wish I could for one instant show you a Dutch town. You will never believe me if I describe it. Broeck, as everybody knows, is the cleanest place on earth; we failed to reach it, but know that there is neither horse nor cart road, that every pipe must have a stopper, that the pavements are in figures like mosaic, and the gutters running with pure water. English comfort is not so cosy, nor so universal. The Dutch of this city are the best-dressed people I have seen; fashion without finery, and plainness without dirt. Positively, whole rows of houses look more like china-ware than bricks and mortar. The Hyde Park of Haag is called the Bosch. It is a forest, two miles long, with a square green parade in the middle. For imitation of nature it surpasses the English parks. Dr. Robinson says it beats the Thiergarten of Berlin, and that of Munich. What music I have heard there just now at sunset! All the better sort of people seemed to be walking there, but orderly and composed. Holland is not seen to advantage by Americans who hasten up the Rhine. All my days shall I remember Arnhem, with Vevay, Eton, and Heidelberg. True, I felt the contrast more after three days in Cologne, of which Coleridge says—

“Ye nymphs who reign o’er sewers and sinks,  
The river Rhine, it is well known,  
Doth wash your city of Cologne;  
But tell me, nymphs, what power divine  
Shall henceforth cleanse the river Rhine?”

The Hague, as a royal residence, adds a subdued splendour to the Dutch neatness. I do not therefore take it as a sample of Holland. The streets are clean. The canals are not so intersecting as at Amsterdam, which is cut into 95 islands. The houses are peculiar, but neat. Much marble is used for the whole pavements of halls, and for the trottoirs in a few places. The bricks

are so thin, and the white pointing so exact, and the paint of the wood-work so redoubled and polished, and the plate glass so large, that the fronts have an indescribable porcelain look. It is like the quietest parts of Third street [Philadelphia] thirty years ago, with a great addition to finish.

The Hollanders drink tea, which is very fine, and comes from Java. The quantity of East India furniture, japan-ware, &c., in Holland is very great. The little frames, which lift up with the sash, are very pretty. They conceal the people spying out of the *spions*, or mirrors. I used one of these mirrors at Leyden, and could sit and see a great way up the street. They have an admirable linen curtain, which a simple cord pulls up, in fan-folds; very cheap and pretty. Every parlour-window looks beautiful from outside.

LONDON, August 19, 1851.

I arrived here in the night of the 9th, in twenty-two hours from Rotterdam. The English being poor sailors avoid this by preferring Ostend, or even skirting along to Calais. I would not have missed the voyage for much. As soon as I got to the noble Boompje of Rotterdam, and saw the Indiamen, and flags of all nations, and the "General Washington of Alexandria," better-looking than them all, I began to take courage. A sniff of sea-air revived me after the unutterable stench of the canals, and every breath of the German sea did me good. We had more than 100 passengers, besides 108 calves. N. B. The veal of Holland is peculiar and a rarity. They serve it as the *bonne-bouche*; it is as white and delicate as chicken. I could not say with Voltaire, "Adieu canards, canaux, canaille!" I shall always love Holland; the more for that it took me unawares. Amsterdam and Rotterdam are all over like Chatham St. [New York] and South street [Philadelphia] combined. Amsterdam is alive with Jews, who seem the mobile part of the population. Erasmus's statue at Rotterdam is in the very midst of a throng, not one whit above the Market street [Philadelphia] fishmarket, and we could scarce approach it for the folks taking down their movable stalls. Boats lie almost touching the really grand old image. The immense cathedral, frowning over the whole, is begirt with dark, musty shops, such as America has none of. The Boompje, or great maritime street, is a wide quay on the Maes, (the Rhine has here lost its name,) and is lined with such trees as are in the Philadelphia State House yard. But the heaviest shipping penetrates by canals into the very heart and bowels of the city, and is unloaded at the doors of stores.

What most pleased me in Holland, was to see how different

the lot of woman is from that of the sex in France and Germany. Here are no women carrying heavy loads, or doing men's work. Indeed, the Hollanders have a hundred devices to save the very men. Horses and carts abound in their fields. There are thousands of dog-carts; and wind and water are levied on for every kind of work. In Holland the chief reading, if I may judge by the bookstores, is first of French, then of German, then of English. This is unfavourable. Col. S. says the Separatists are no longer persecuted; that the people would not bear it. He thinks most of the poor country people retain sound doctrine. The rationalists are city-men and professors, and even these do not openly impugn the doctrines of grace. The churches are largely attended; which differs from Germany.

Here, in the thick of old London, a stone's throw from Milk street, in Cripple-gate Within, it is as quiet as a New England village. In the evening after my arrival, coming by the little old church of St. Mary's in the street (Aldermanbury) of our first lodgings, I saw lights and could even discern the preacher, whose motions indicated earnestness. I slipped in near the further door. The preacher, a middle-aged man, was very warmly engaged on Hebrews i.: "Thy throne, O God," &c. He had not uttered many sentences, before I found him to be evangelical. His third point was on the perpetuity, his fourth on the glory of Christ's Divine kingdom. He read part, but added much *ex tempore*, reading his numerous and fervent citations from a little Bible lying beside his MS. The application was full of point and unction. Coming just from the depths of popery and neology, and from the tossings of the German sea, I enjoyed as much as Jonathan when he found the honey-comb, and my eyes were lightened.

On the 13th we got into very good snug quarters at 34 Great Ormond street, Queen's square, Lamb's Conduit street. I went to survey Billingsgate. It is well, for they are putting up a lofty pile to supersede the old classical place. The fish-people were more decent than I expected. Crossing several vessels, I boarded one of the oyster-sloops, and got acquainted with the skipper. He ordered up some oysters for me to taste, such as sell for thirty-two shillings a bushel. They have a high flavour, and are small, round, flat, and not clustered. Larger ones, for nine shillings, are coarse and repulsive.

As I walked up Cheapside I met a school of little girls, belonging to some old foundation; brown petticoats, white capes, caps and pinafores; little old women of a former age. One can scarcely walk about in London, without seeing some token of the numerous charities of a better day. The supply of churches in



the "City" unquestionably surpasses that of any town on earth. You sometimes pass a dozen in a five minutes' walk, almost every one bearing a name of history. To-day I came all of a sudden on St. Swithin's lane and church, and looked about for London Stone. I came near missing it, for an idle fellow, leaning against the wall of the church, entirely covered it. I feel a strange interest in the very old part east of the Monument, *i. e.* the part untouched by the fire of 1666. Some of the houses look as if Wiclif and Chaucer might have lived in them. I went to St. Paul's, and heard some of the cathedral singing. Then I perambulated the great precincts. Two statues held me long, and I went back to them—Dr. Johnson and John Howard; and both are by John Bacon, the pious sculptor. Johnson's is a noble work of art, though the idea is ancient, being neither more nor less than a Hercules. As to the rest, I grew weary of attempts to ring the changes on Victory supporting a dying hero. Emblematic and allegoric sculpture has done me no good.

The corner house opposite our lodgings is a gin-palace, brilliant as day. The next, a vintner's. The next, opposite to us, is a sweet dairy shop. Most of the other houses in this Sansom-like [Philadelphia] street, are private. I have scarcely been able to write for the delicious street music. No music has given me such soothing pleasure, as what I have heard by chance. The gin-palace has a stream from dusk onward—boys, women with infants, smart young women, errand people. I see sad signs of drink in London, on a closer inspection. No drunkards abroad—the police see to that—but men and women muddled, and in that sleepy state which daily imbibing secures.

There is, in my judgment, a rancorous envy of America very general in a certain English class, and that a very large one. They lose no chance of laughing at the American part of the Exhibition, and ringing changes on Mexico, Slavery, &c. This is mingled with a certain dread and respect, which is flattering to us, but only implied. They think our cleverness amazing. Mr. Bull is somewhat slow to take an idea. Certain things in the American Exhibition will run all over England before they have done funning at us. For example, McCormick's threshing-machine will cut down hundreds of English harvests. A ruling-machine sets the stationers aghast. In the care of the soil and the housing of crops, and the saving of land and produce, we are very far behind them, but as far before them in tools and quick work. The American cradle is itself a century in advance of the old corn-growing countries. I travelled hundreds of miles through actual harvests. The sickle was universal, (so here also,) and the work slow, though neat. Ploughs and harrows were going

for the next crop, while the wheat was in the shock or wagon; but nine-tenths of the ploughs I saw on the continent were shallow things, drawn by oxen or cows, and with a wheel. In Holland, things are more as in Somerset and Bergen, [New Jersey.]

The Christian Evangelical Alliance meets on the 20th, and lasts twelve days. I do not expect to go, after their acts concerning American slave-holders. I declared to Dr. Hamilton that whatever my private opinions were on slavery, I would sit in no body where my Southern brethren were excluded, and that I would not submit to any inquisition by English Dissenters.

LONDON, *August 22, 1851.*

It is impossible to give an idea of the way the street-people talk. It is not this or that word, but all the words; and hardly a name fails of some change. "Go by the Fondlin' sir, ye'll see no turnin' to put ye out, till ye git to Lamb's Cundick" — "theng' ye" — "hit's a good 'apenny" — "ye'll bean American." Mr. —, when I ask after his family, always says: "Nicely! I assure you."

I am now familiar with the sight of liveries, uniforms, and odd costumes. Postmen, servants, soldiers, proctors, bishops, some clergymen, coachmen, beadles, charity-scholars, wagoners, appear in a dress peculiar to each. The low population is very vile.

The opening of the Evangelical Alliance on the 20th was the most elevated season of devotion I ever attended. I stayed from ten till two. It was a great prayer-meeting at Freemason's Hall. I had some delightful chat with Noel. Dr. R. Buchanan, of Glasgow, read an address of an hour, full of Presbyterian good sense. The Rev. Ed. Bickersteth (the son) made an address so full of modesty, humility, and love, that every one felt like embracing him. He is pale, small, and plain, but so simple, John-like, scholarly, and winning, that I rejoiced that the church of England had such men. When he alluded to his father, all the house was in tears. In this the English assemblies are just like the Virginians. There were three hymns and three prayers. The first hymn was,

"Come, let us join our cheerful songs."

Another was Psalm 133, old version. The whole look of the assembly is English. So many stout, ruddy men; more [than English] uncouth, peculiar faces; more ugliness, greater strength, health, and play of countenance. Occasionally I would see a swarthy, sour-looking one, like me; he was always a Frenchman. Sir Culling E. Eardley, Bart., was made President. He

stepped up gaily ; a fresh, smiling little man ; youngish ; green frock, yellow waistcoat, white trousers, checked neck-cloth, brown gloves, and umbrella under arm while he spoke. The meeting was more familiar than with us. The speeches were numerous, and generally short ; kindly, but often poor and sometimes very awkward. The sing-song tone of some was comical enough. The more educated and gentleman-like spoke most like Americans. A churchman, who offered an extempore prayer with open eyes, is the only Englishman whom I have heard say *kyind* and *gyide*. Sir Culling says "urgin', givin', utterin', also *illustret, vindikët*. The meeting, which was very long, was one of animation, devotion, and many tears. There was much clapping of Bickersteth, and some "hear ! hear !" Next day (21st) I heard Mr. Noel's address at the Alliance. His manner is very easy, quiet, and perfectly colloquial. But he was never animated, and seldom made a gesture.

My ticket at the Tower showed that I was the 4,002d visiter yesterday. At the Alliance to-day I entered the house when they were discussing a paper of Dr. Baird's, which I have not seen, but which is said to have been sound and patriotic. My name was mentioned by the President, Sir Culling E. Eardley, and I was suddenly asked whether I would consent to meet a Committee on the subject. Much surprised, I nevertheless replied as follows :

"I have been present, Sir Culling, only as a respectful and affectionate visiter, and am under obligations to leave town to-morrow."

"*Sir Culling E. Eardley*. 'At what hour?'"

"That question, let me answer, seems to imply that there is some hour in which I would engage in such a discussion. We, Sir Culling, who have preached to the slave, and stood by the slave in his dying moments, know too well the agitations which a question so complicated with other interests can produce. I have joined in the prayers, and at a remote part of the circle, in the praises of this festival of Christian love ; and for one I am not willing to introduce an element into these conversations, which, happily, has been thus far absent ; and not willing to engage in any gladiatorial exhibition on the subject of American slavery."

The spirit of certain Independent and Baptist members of the Alliance is quite offensive. I would not give place to such, by subjection ; no, not for an hour. Some of the Church of England men and the best heads of the Free Church, are willing to hear the facts and to discuss the matter candidly and fraternally.

Lime-street, famous in theology,<sup>1</sup> is a narrow, crooked alley. The number and closeness of the old churches is surprising. The day was when great regard was had to the spiritual wants of London. If the Non-conformist Reformation had not been quenched by war and by Cromwell, this home-missionary zeal would have made London the glory of England, and England of the world. As it is, the star has gone westward. It is in America that the genuine principle of English Protestantism has expanded itself. The spirit of slumber has fallen on the titular Church of England, which has neglected God's poor. Little is to be hoped from the fiery fanaticism of political dissenters, who are constantly fevering themselves with some new excitement. God grant that American Christianity may go forward, with that life which I know so much better how to prize, after seeing the symptoms of moribund society here!

Street-shows and street-wonders would take up a book. This morning we had—1, a venerable gray-haired man, without hat, led by a dog, cantillating his woes; 2, a trio, Hindoo man and two children, one beating a drum-keg with his hands, and singing his ills; 3, a show of unknown contents, like a Swiss char-a-banc. Accompanied Dr. Robinson to the British Museum, the great object of my curiosity. We made at once for the antiquity gallery. Here are Layard's things. Most are figured in his books: the perfectly Caucasian and fine profile of the chief figures. The Egyptian faces show the Hindoo eye, unmistakably. Elgin Saloon! Models of the Parthenon as perfect, and as in ruins; representing even the friezes, metopes, and internal statue of Minerva. This is indeed the consummation of sculpture-art. Tangled, rumpled drapery, from the age of Pericles. My mind is made up in an instant. I am glad they are here. Here they are safe, and only here can they be examined nearly. Wonders on wonders in the Egyptian saloon, taking one back to the times of Moses.

On the 17th, I heard Dr. Hamilton on Col. iii. 16. Service 1 hour 45 minutes. Prayers long, before and after. Order thus: 1. Singing part of Ps. cxlvii. 2. Prayer. 3. Reading Col. iii., ending with "The Lord bless his word." 4. Singing of Psalm cxlvii. continued. 5. The Lord's Prayer. 6. Sermon. 7. Singing of remainder of Psalm cxlvii. 8. Prayer. 9. Notices. 10. Blessing. The sermon was about an hour; was exuberant in similitude, and full of pathos. Altogether different from the one in June. Just like his "Mount of Olives." Manner warm; sermon read, but with interpolations. Gown and

<sup>1</sup> "The Lime Street Lectures," by Non-conformist divines, 1730-'31.

bands. Bible carried before him into pulpit. One of the deacons acted as precentor. All sang, but in bad time, and amazingly slow. I sat in a high pew, back, called the "Elders' pew." In it was Dr. Brown, Greek Professor at Aberdeen, former Moderator of the Free Assembly. The house was built for Irving. Some painted glass, on which the Scotch thistle and the burning bush. Seats in the aisles, and rush of people after the first prayer. Next day had good chat for an hour with Dr. Hamilton at his house, and thence with him to the British Museum.

This morning I went to Westminster Abbey for a leisurely survey. My more mature thoughts differ from what I expected. In no view that I can get of it does the outside of Westminster present itself as one idea, like Freiburg, Strasburg, or Cologne. As works of art few of the statues in the wilderness of tombs, redeem the English school from the common censure. Chantry's, even, are not all I hoped for. The best in my humble judgment is a bas-relief by Flaxman, representing a sister prostrate in all the effusion of hopeless woe upon a brother's tomb—that of George Lindsay Johnstone in the north aisle.

BERWICK UPON TWEED, *August 26, 1851.*

Before leaving Cambridge yesterday, I found the rooms of Martyn and Kirke White at St. John's. The chambers of Milton, at Christ's, are no longer known. We were warmly invited to dine with the Fellows of Trinity, but we had already dined in King's by invitation of the new Vice Provost, Mr. Heath. There are about sixty Fellows at Trinity College; about eight get £300; about eight £250; the rest £200. King's about £250. Not necessary to reside. Thorwaldsen's statue of Byron, which had been refused at Westminster Abbey, is in the library of Trinity. I am yet to behold any thing so enchanting in its mixture of antique art and perfect nature as King's College. The grounds are like green plush, without even a daisy, or an extraneous leaf on the smooth-rolled turf. This extends over many acres to the river, and is encircled and broken by majestic trees. The Fellows live like princes.

In six hours from Cambridge we reached Lincoln. We saw the noble exteriors of Ely and Peterborough cathedrals, the surpassing tower of Boston Church, and more fully Lincoln Cathedral and York Minster. And here we are on the edge of Scotland, England, Tweed, and the German Ocean. We are one day ahead of the Queen, who is to sleep at Doncaster to-morrow on the way to Edinburgh. I never saw so much wheat, even on the Rhine, as I have seen harvesting during a week. It is matter of unspeakable thanks. This I feel when I see often fifty persons

gleaning in a stubble field. The country gets tumbled and rumped as you get into Durham. They most awkwardly cut the wheat with a scythe. But their stacks and ricks of immense height are worth going to see. Berwick is a fine old town; the clear, black situation, with hillside, Tweed-vale and sea, took me by surprise. There is no railway known to me, which goes so long by a river of picturesque beauty. Is there any lovelier valley than that of Tweed?

EDINBURGH, *August 30, 1851.*

The way from Berwick was along the Tweed by Kelso to Melrose. Every name recalled Border history, Burns, and Scott. How often has poor Sir Walter's pony crept along the sweet, shaded lanes, through which I went to Abbotsford! I was in his superb library, and the study; saw Chantrey's bust, with abundance of the things named by travellers. We crossed the Gala Water again and again. It is generally said this borderland is the loveliest in Scotland. The little rivers, pure as crystal, and winding in green vales, come purling in every now and then, and each is known in history; and here and there a castle or abbey 800 years old rises majestically among the verdant fields. The only trees are planted. The round hills are treeless, but green or purple with heather, and the eye runs over such waves of this green ocean, that the distant herds and flocks look like specks. We came near Flodden-field and saw Dryburgh Abbey, where Scott lies. When we got to the quiet little inn at Melrose, and had lunched on broiled salmon-steak, the host said: "There is an American here, who has been walking over the hills." Presently he came in; it was Major Preston. I had already given him two adieux. He accompanied us to Abbotsford.

How soon we lose the Northumberland burr on crossing Tweed, and what a different look in everybody! The children talking broad Lowland Scotch seem so funny. I hear some boys flying kites—"Jamie, I bate ye 'till be ower heevie—ye'll hae it agen the brae." This is not as stumping as the Yorkshire "He maxum pikum," (he makes them pick them;) and "Sneck yett" is "shut the gate," for they have no article.

We are at 20 George's square. Mr. Dickson met us at the terminus with a cab and real Scotch hospitality. I enjoy a Christian house more than you can know, till you have been three months in hotels. Queen Square is a private street; no horse or vehicle passes. Sir Walter Scott passed his boyhood in this row, No. 27. Back of us is Watson's Hospital, with the meadows, as the fine avenue is called, which leads to the green

outskirts. I cannot note a tithe of the sights. The University-rooms of Chalmers', Wilson's, and Hamilton's Lectures. Statue of Burns, by Flaxman, his last work. The Harrow, where Hogg lodged. Houses of Hume, Blair, Knox, Cardinal Beaton. The Wynds; the Tolbooth; Grey Friars Church. The Castle. The Antiquarians' Museum. The Advocates' Library, where the librarian showed us a letter of Charles I., when a boy, a Mazarin Bible, and the autograph of Waverley. I find Edinburgh, as often described, "beautiful for situation," beyond all cities. It has eminences, valleys, architecture, mountains, water, wide prospects, and thronging memories. Surely Scotland is "a field, which the Lord hath blessed."

The intelligence, culture, and warmth of the excellent persons I meet, is delightful. They are the quickest people I ever saw, and this is united to great piety. I have fallen into the very circle to which McCheyne's friends belong. Hewitson (his life is published in America) was an intimate of Mr. Dickson's, whose name occurs often in it. The piety of the Free Church folks of this school runs in the vein of exceeding tenderness and humility. Among many others, I must remember the Rev. Andrew Cameron, editor of the Christian Treasury; the Rev. Mr. Gould, of the Reformed and Presbyterian church, editor of the new edition of Owen's Works; Mr. Johnstone, of the house of Johnstone & Hunter, chief publishers for the Free Church; Dr. Hetherington, the historian; Dr. W. Lindsay Alexander, the Independent; Mr. James Bonar, editor of the Assembly's Proceedings; Mr. Hackett, of the Advocates' Library.

On the 28th the Queen entered about 4 o'clock, through the Dumbiedykes to Holyrood. I had a close view. Prince Albert was by her in an open carriage. The next carried the Prince of Wales and Princess Royal. Instead of receiving the Queen in the narrow streets, the body of the population poured out and spread themselves in a broad, green valley, between Holyrood palace and the range of hills including Arthur's Seat, Salisbury Crags, &c. This ravine was covered by tens of thousands, not in a level mass, but stretching up the sides of the hills on the clean turf, higher and higher, till the remote groups were almost too small for vision. The crags resounded with enthusiastic acclamations and the roar of cannon. So happy a multitude and so sublime a gathering I had not seen. If the Queen has any heart, she must have been overcome. She looked hearty, though she had come 250 miles that day. Lord John Russell was very much cheered, but I heard some Popish hissing. He visited the New College of the Free Church. The people love to speak of the Queen's punctuality and energy. On the

night of her arrival she went out to see Lady Buccleuch, who is ill, and the next morning she went to Donaldson's Hospital before her early start northward at 8 o'clock. At the Hospital provision is made for the instruction of 300 boys. The building is so grand, and the grounds and prospects so delightful, that it is thought of for a palace.

At the "Ragged School" we saw 300 children, all without means of living. They come every morning and go home every night. When they come they strip off all their tatters, go into a bath, put on school-clothes, learn, work, have three meals, then put on old tatters and go home.

On the 1st of this month partridge-shooting began. The number is surprising of gentlemen with gun-cases, &c., that one meets. They have regular dog-tickets on the railway.

At the College of the United Presbyterian Church we saw the Library, and the beautiful Hall in which their Synod meets. They have about 130 students. Their professors are all pastors, and their session is only seven weeks! It is common for the ministers to live several miles out of town. Dr. Eadie comes here every day from Glasgow to his lectures. Almost every pastor is away at this season.

BRIGG OF TURK, PERTHSHIRE, *September 2, 1851.*

Dr. Robinson and I left Edinburgh yesterday morning. I sit at a window of my bed-room in this lonely mountain inn, just at the opening of the Trosachs, or pass to Loch Katrine, to which I expect to walk after breakfast. All day yesterday and all to-day, it is the scenery of "the Lady of the Lake," and this is really what draws people here; for there is grander scenery in Europe, but men love to go where poets have been. On the way from Edinburgh were Linlithgow Palace, Bannockburn, and Stirling Castle. If I had got to Stirling a day sooner I should have seen the Highland Sports, such as pitching the stone, tilting, broadsword, highland-pling, wrestling, &c. As it was I saw plenty of beggars and barefoots, and part of the 79th regiment in the castle, all bare-kneed, but mighty brawny and big. I began to see the Celtic visage and hear the Gaelic, which is a sweet language and very like Irish and Welsh. This morning the sun rose beautifully over a mountain. The air was Alpine. Huts in the distance had low roofs, and sometimes no chimney, the blue peat-reek coming out of the door. Wherever you looked, all was tumbled up and down in fantastic hills and dales, but perfectly soft and perfectly green, except where the purple heather covered the sides. An old Highlander sat in the fog, wrapped in his plaid, with his shaggy dog, watching a herd. Hay was making in



some little patches far off, and through my glass I saw a little girl using her hands for pitchfork, and a baby propped up in the hay. We got into a vehicle, without cover, and drove through the Trosachs to the Loch. While we waited for the steamboat I mounted a hill, and lay down in the heather. It is soft and fragrant, and the flower is beautiful. It is not unlike clover at a distance, but taller, and far more uneven, and when viewed closely, is a beautiful bushy flower. I can well understand now how people might sleep on it, and how the fleeing Covenanters, in hiding, could escape by means of it. No wonder it is the darling growth of Scots. Almost every one travelling carries some heather-bloom somewhere about him. On the boat we had a Highland piper. Why did he not play "Hail to the Chief," which was made for this lake? He played "Roy's Wife," and "the Campbells are comin'."

We got out in sight of the house where Rob Roy was born. We then rode five miles to Loch Lomond. No woods, no farms, no cultivation; all hills and muir-land, and peat-bog; all green, with thousands of fern and heather; and mountains before us to the north and on both sides. I saw peat or turf burning for the first time. They cut it in the moors, and pile it in stacks. It makes a nice, gentle fire, and the smell is pleasant. The people have little tillage, and live by their cattle and sheep. Almost every man wears a plaid around him, and so do half the gentlemen tourists. Stunted trees of tangled growth sometimes appear. Stone fences run irregularly up and down, often surmounted by scrubby dwarf-oak hedge, and with every crevice full of mingling fern, broom, and heather. Black cattle and black-faced sheep roam over the muir-land. The whole scenery is wild and novel, but thus far less lofty than I expected. The trip in a cart from Katrine to Lomond was very jolting, but O the singular, dream-like wildness of those hills and moors, where a man would be lost in half an hour, if he left the only road, and yet no forest! Look on every side, and see the horizon shut in sometimes by rocky mountains of every varied contour which primitive granite can take, but seldom bare, and for miles together gently blushing with the flower of the heaths now in their glory. Within this bounding rim, see the country tossed up and down, as if the ocean in a long roll had suddenly been turned into green land; for everywhere the green is perfect, and the matted grass is short and thick like moleskin. Mark the silver rill that meanders on the left to join Lake Artlet to Loch Lomond, showing that we have passed the water-shed, and go down. Observe the low piles of granite rocks, without mortar, without window, thatched or turfed, the smoke coming out of

the chimney or door, and the truncated pyramid of black peat standing by. Do not neglect the million gay flowers with which God has beautified these solitudes, nor the fantastic mists and clouds that roll about the eminences of Ben An, Ben Venn, and Ben Lomond.

GLASGOW, *September 10, 1851.*

At Balloch, on lake Lomond, we took rails for Dumbarton; saw the wonderful castle, but did not hear "Dumbarton drums beat bonnie O." I had seen many castles, but for singular prominency this exceeds. The twin mount, on which it is built, rises out of the river beach, as if a gigantic elephant had pushed himself half way out of the flats. This, like Stirling, is kept garrisoned, by provisions in the treaty of union. Here we took steamboat for Glasgow, and ascended the broad Clyde. Every mile showed us the approach of a great commercial and manufacturing city. It is a noble town, is Glasgow, (as the English express it.) The college is of the grand stone common here, and has some massy houses and quadrangles. The professors have quite a street of academic mansions. The Hunterian Museum is rich in MSS., printed incunabula, and medals. A Virgil of 1470. A Golden Legend, Caxton, 1483. An Anthologia, by Aldus, 1503. A Plotinus, ed. princeps, 1513. A stereotype plate, used by Ged, in his Sallust, 1744, long before Didot. Principal Macfarlane preaches in the old cathedral. The beautiful choir is the place of worship; behind this is a Lady Chapel; then a Chapter House, used as a vestry. The crypts are very old and in good repair. Here Scott makes Rob Roy to have listened to the long sermon. The Green, or Common, a lawn with a drive of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles, was swarming with poor, drying clothes, and young folk playing and lying on the grass in a smart rain. The Bridge Gate, full of wretched poor, such as I have seen nowhere else. The Tron Church and St. John's, memorable for the labours of Chalmers. The new parts of Glasgow are better built than Edinburgh; though the site is far inferior, yet equal to almost any other place. Houses of the finest sort rent for £100 to £120. They are built of a dark solid stone laid in large pieces. The smoke of factories keeps the town in such a smoke as I have not seen before. The Mitchells are full of hospitable warmth. Mr. Andrew Mitchell lives at Helensburgh, twenty-nine miles down the Clyde opposite Greenock, but comes up daily to his warehouse in Virginia street.

I attended, at Grey Friars Church, the ordination of Mr. Leach, the missionary for Madras, by the United Presbytery. Dr. King preached a great sermon from 2 John 8. It was

memoriter, and eloquent in a high degree; polished, ingenious, and faithful. They had a choir, and artificial music, but all sang.

Dr. Symington, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, (brother of the theological professor of Paisley,) showed me an original of the Solemn League and Covenant. I breakfasted with the Rev. David Brown, of Free St. James's—the writer on the Millennium. Went to Paisley and saw the Abbey and Dr. Witherspoon's old church.

The 7th was spent in a visit among the Highland lochs, with the Mitchells, Rev. Mr. McEwen, &c. The great characteristics of Scottish scenery were here apparent. The granitic hills come down everywhere to the water, leaving little laps of land for towns and seats. They run down in such wise to the great estuaries that they are all cut into indentures like glove-fingers. These run up among the highlands, and are girt with soft hill-sides, beyond which mountains rise and peep. I was among these lochs, sometimes in steamboat, sometimes in row-boat, and often on foot. On every hand were towns, churches, mansions, noble seats, but generally wild walks for cattle and sheep. We saw Loch Long, Gare Loch, Loch Goil, and Holy Loch. In so doing, we saw Greenock, Gourock, Dunoon, (of which Dr. Mackay is minister,) Ardentiny, Roseneath, (where is the Duke of Argyle's seat.) The population of Glasgow fly to these seaward slopes. Some of the towns are made up of villas. Plenty of Gaels, with kilt and mull and guttural but soft language. The nestling churches and manses of Presbyterians differing only in name, and the cheerful aspect of a pleasure-taking yeomanry, gave me an unwonted delight.

The 8th—a lovely, placid Sabbath—was spent in Helensburgh. Such places and such scenes must have been in the mind of Grahame when he wrote his "Sabbath." The hills lie softly on every side of the frith and around the neighbouring lochs. Small towns twinkle in the half-veiled sun across the water. The harvests, only partly cut, shine over the rounded fields. There is a perfect stillness. The temperature just admits, but does not demand fire. The town seems about the size of Princeton, and has an Established Church, a Free Church, a United Presbyterian, and an Independent. I worshipped with the third of these. The assembly was about equal to yours in Trenton. They were plain people in general, with a considerable sprinkling of gentry. A sister of the Duke of Argyle is a frequent hearer. Mr. McEwen preached in the morning on Col. iii. 17, the next verse to what Dr. Hamilton preached on in London. I preached in the afternoon from Jude 20, 21. It was like a revival meet-

ing all day, for earnest hearing, looks of fire and affection, and psalmody that I never can forget. In the evening at Mr. Mitchell's, some one suddenly observed that every man in the room was a minister's son; and we soon discovered that four of the five were ministers' grandsons. One of the company was Mr. Hugh Moncrieff, a descendant of the original Seceder. The Secession body gave more than two-thirds to the United Presbyterian Church. They are together the most liberal of the Scotch Presbyterians. They have much of the best pulpit talent in Edinburgh and Glasgow. The prayers affect me more than the preaching.

The Duke of Argyle's domain is very large, and I passed on foot through that part of it which lies between Loch Long and the Gare Loch. I passed the solid, modest new Free Church, with its tent for sacraments, and visited the Established Kirk of Roseneath. Turning into a green lane, I found about twenty-six low stone cottages close side by side. Then came the ancient grave-yard, overhung by trees, with walled enclosures for noble families, &c. Outside of this is the parish school and schoolmaster's house, very well built and snug. The dominie showed me the church, which stands in the midst of the grave-yard. It is on a very narrow parallelogram, by far the narrowest church I ever saw. The pulpit and pews are unpainted, and the stone floor is cold and even wet. The sacramental table was longitudinally the whole length. Quality folks use the gallery, and the Duke's pew is just opposite to the pulpit and singularly near it. Going out of the grave-yard, you enter a park belonging to the kirk, with the most extraordinary avenue of yews within, and limes without. They mingle for such a length, that in the remote perspective it is almost night-like. This charge of perhaps £180 cannot have more than forty hearers. The manse is a beautiful cottage, overgrown with vines, about half a mile off. From here you look over the Loch to Row, famous for the "Row heresy."

We were accompanied on our return to Glasgow by Mr. James Smith of Jordanhill, who, at 70, has his yacht-pea-jacket on, and talks freely about Greek antiquities. He presented me a copy of his learned monograph on Paul's Shipwreck. He is of the Establishment, [Presbyterian.] More walks over the city. Called on Dr. Runciman of St. Andrew's (Established) Church. He does well here, and has filled his church from the wynds. His reception of me was cordial and elegant.

My mind, as you would expect, has been much on the Presbyterianism of Scotland. The surface-view, which a mere guest takes, is perhaps worth little, but I am seeing much and hearing

more in answer to my queries. In general, the absolute state of religion in Scotland is higher than I thought. The events following the Disruption have wrought more widely and deeply. The effect on the Establishments has been to make them better and not worse. There is not a parish [Established] preacher, who would not resent the charge of being Arminian. They have noble charities, and the Normal schools, &c., are palatial. The Free Church is striving hard to keep up at the speed which they began. Nowhere, except in some new-measure spots of old, have I seen such signs of universal working, by Bible-classes, tracts, books, hymns, domiciliary visits, care of poor, Sabbath schools, &c. They cannot help remembering their undue zeal against Voluntaries, and burden themselves by claiming to be the Kirk, and so by planting a church beside every national church all over Scotland. Their mighty man is Hugh Miller. He is hot, excitable, and on occasion implacable. I see much to make me believe that the power of Scotch Presbyterianism is in the United Presbyteries. They have no hypotheses *in petto*. They are more like us. They have acquired a status by the Disruption, and work heartily with the Free Church. There never can be any vital pre-lacy here. The Episcopalians here are about as often mentioned as the Moravians with us. The clergymen of the Free Church whom I have seen are exceedingly well-informed as to our American churches, and acquainted with our literature. The education of the rising ministry is going forward with great zeal. In acquaintance with all the modern works of German interpretation, the new race of ministers will be much before those of the Anglican Church. When I speak of the Free Church, I mean that the remark should apply to all the Dissenters of Scotland, between the different classes of whom there is an increasing fellowship. Even the Reformed Presbyterians appear to be separated by a scarcely distinguishable interval from the others. The angriness of the controversy concerning the Atonement seems to have departed; whether with any sacrifice of old Calvinistic tenets in any quarter it would not become a passing stranger to determine.

Both in Edinburgh and Glasgow the eye is continually saluted by Presbyterian structures. Many of these are in the modern Gothic style, and some are florid in a high degree. Their interiors, however, are less airy and ornate than with us. All the Scottish churches have vestries, and all the ministers wear the Geneva gown or cloak, which has come down from the days of Knox. In some churches the preacher pronounces the Lord's Prayer immediately before the sermon. The old version of the Psalms is universal. The prayer after sermon is uniformly longer than with us, and the service varies from an hour and three-quarters

to two hours. At this season the usual hours in town are eleven and two. The custom of "turning up" the passage remains in all its strength, and hundreds of Bibles are rustling at once. So far as I can learn, the topics which fill the pulpits are just those which fill the Catechism; and the general strain of preaching is not so much alarming as persuasive. The person and work of our Lord form a prominent part of public discourses. Great diversities, of course, obtain among men of various gifts and temper, but in general there is much earnestness in public addresses. In the cities many sermons are read from the manuscripts, but the country parishes scarcely tolerate this.

BELFAST, *September 16, 1851.*

If you knew that my letters are generally written on my knee, you would wonder that there is any handwriting about them. I write this, that you may know of my safe arrival in the land and province of my progenitors, after the dangers of the North Channel. There is something very solemn in approaching a new country by morning twilight; both my views of Ireland have been such. As this is the great mart of the linen trade, one of my visits was (with Dr. Maclean and Mr. Thomas Mitchell) to the Linen Hall, where we saw the article in all its varieties. An English Quaker gave us many explanations. He showed us the different bleached and unbleached fabrics. Sometimes a linen-house pays a thousand pounds in a week to handloom cottage-weavers. But cottage-spinning, so famous in the days of my great-grandfather, has been done away by machinery. We saw how gaudily the shirtings are put up for the American market. Also the difference of the linen for the British trade, which has less starch and less "beetling," as a pounding is called, which flattens the thread. The British fabric looks as well after washing as before. No person whom I have questioned, knows any thing of the new operation for dressing flaxen thread, so as to remove the "cold feel" which distinguishes linen from cotton goods. It was boasted that this would make flax take the place of cotton. American flour is largely used here, as also in Glasgow; at about £1 1s. the barrel.

A jaunting-car took us to Cave Hill, where we had as good a view of the Lough and surrounding country as this hazy atmosphere allows. The Divis and other hills are fine. Abundance of water comes down from these heights. The country houses look well, but every thing lacks the trim finish to which my eye has been accustomed. The hills are without heather and often bare. In and near the town I see numbers of ne'er-

do-weels, half-naked children, and canal-digger-like men, but no tokens of absolute distress. I am surprised that things are so familiar. It arises from the American look of the brick houses, the imperfect keeping of the lawns, and the Scotch-Irish countenance of the peasantry.

The drive along the sea-shore to the Giant's Causeway was delightful. The beach is not sand, but generally beautiful rock, often limestone, which keeps the water from being muddy. It is as clear as a spring, and the mottled bottom has a novel appearance. The curves of the bays are beautiful. But every thing derives its character from the cliffs and mountains, which were always on our left, rising high and magnificent, with basalt columns and wonderful freaks of the igneous rocks, giving premonitions of what appears in its perfection at the Causeway. The whole north-east shore derives its picturesque loftiness from the primitive and basaltic rock, which girdles the inner limestone and other stratified rocks of the island. When we began to turn inland, we had beauties of a different sort; mountain prospects, long winding treeless glens, hill-sides covered with the chequered oat-fields and pastures, occasional moors with peat, cottages and flocks, browsing goats and merry peasants. On leaving Ballycastle, where is a fine old ruin, we found a highly cultivated country. The church of Ballintoy seems almost in the sea, and the manse is a cold, white solitary house looking over the water to Rathlin. I saw the sun go down, a disk of molten gold, over the foreland of Bengore. About nine in the evening I saw a beautiful Aurora Borealis—well so called at this point. It was a zone arched over a chord of about sixty degrees of the horizon, having Arcturus in the centre, with bright radiations striking up from several points.

The prints generally represent the scene about the Causeway, so as to give the neighbouring *precipices* as the Causeway. These precipices are grand, and are likewise columnar, but they are nothing to the main object. The Causeway is well named. It is a platform jutting out in three capes into the sea, toward which it inclines. It is not very high above the water. It is made of columns, side by side, perfectly dry and close. You cannot thrust a knife between some of the junctures. These columns go down unknown lengths. They are exposed on the hill-sides, so that you can see them joined together in pieces. Where one end joins another there is a concavity fitting a convexity, which is as wonderful as any thing. It is on the tops of these joined pillars that you walk. The surface is a little uneven, but in general may be described as plane. The columns are of dark gray basalt. They are polygonal prisms—hexagons, pen-

tagons, a few heptagons. I saw one nonagon, one square, and one rhombus. The little concavities in some hold sea-water, which leaves salt; and on most of them are numerous lichens, and even small flowers. Piles of these blocks are taken away, even to America. Our guide delivers a set at Liverpool for about £4. There are two famous caves. I entered one of them, Port Coon. The effect is awful. You have at your back a cavernous depth of dark, and in front the wild ocean roaring in to your feet.

DUBLIN, *September 18, 1851.*

My first stage from Belfast was to Armagh, a fine old town, where the Papists are building a cathedral, which Dr. Cullen says shall surpass the Anglican one. Here we coached it across the county to Castle Blayney. The country has the same undulations, but looks worse; smaller patches, ruder hovels, more wastes, later oats, and dirtier folks. At Blayney we took cars for Dublin. Drogheda is a seaport, and has a brisk commerce, fine edifices, a stern, middle-age gate, but we drove through long streets of blank, ugly, stone, one-story thatched hovels, and were infested with beggars. From there southward through the counties Louth and Meath, the beauties increased every mile. Often we were by the sea, and at Malahide Bay were carried over its noble arm. Howth Head is a grand eminence, and the approach to Dublin is famous. Its spacious bay, its broad river, its eight bridges, and its superior public edifices, tell of grandeur, which is every day decreasing.

Saw the poplin-looms at Atkinson's, Sackville street. He sells nothing but poplins, and only to retail-buyers. Got a sample of a dress worn by the Queen, fifteen dollars a yard. Phoenix park is seven miles round, and contains 1,760 acres.

I made a trip to Inch to inquire about the relatives of our servants at home. Their mother had gone to America, but was directed to a brother. I went there. Poor man! he denied his name, and was afraid to come out, fearing no doubt some proctor or landlord's agent to turn him out. At this point I made known my purpose, and a great change came over them. As many as seven persons, old and young, came out of the cottage-door, and gathered around my jaunting-car. They asked many questions about the girls, and said all here were well. When I rode away, the blessings of the whole group followed me in most hearty Irish. The country around Thurles, Drum, and Inch, is very beautiful and the roads are like a floor, with walls or hedges. Indeed I can no longer say Ireland is without levels, for we were in a stretch of flat land most of the way from Dublin.



But then on our right we had the blue ridge of Sliebh Bloom, which we flanked, and took its south-west on our right in going to Limerick. At Thurles we got out. The most of it is of white rough-cast stone houses thatched; with irregular streets and a little dirty market-place, where a score of women have piles of excellent potatoes on the earth. Beggars and tattered hordes of lazzaroni, more ragged than those of Drogheda, roamed in the ways. Thurles is a very churchly little town, and was once a great one. Three castles in ruins, a monastery, two nunneries, a college, an English church, a chapel, barracks for the soldiery, barracks for the constabulary police, poorhouses, (here as elsewhere fine edifices, and lately containing 1,700 poor,) female schools, and other charities. Here the great Popish Synod met some months ago.

I inquired at Inch for L.'s father, and saw him. He bears a good character, but is very poor, and patched to a mournful degree. He had heard nothing from L. for eighteen months. The poor old man has no longer any work at the college. Great numbers have gone to America from Tipperary. Twelve cottages were desolate on a mile of road. Only one tenant is left on Mr. Trant's estate, which is six miles long. This is the worst county in Ireland for shooting landlords and proctors. The land is good, but the people look dogged and unhappy. From Thurles to Limerick we had broad pastures and romantic hills. Take it altogether, Ireland is a land of unsurpassed charms of the green, wild, and quiet sort. You are hardly ever out of sight of some ivy-crowned ruin, castle, church, or abbey, telling of the power which has gone by.

Roman Catholic Ireland is depopulating in some sense. Small cottage-farms are disappearing, large estates are growing larger, fewer hands are required for pastures and sheepwalks; better cultivation will make this beautiful, this enchanting island, more beautiful and enchanting; the Celtic race will be increasing in America and Australia, and the over-stocked priesthood of Ireland will lose its slaves and its supports. Ulster is in a different case. It smiles with agricultural, pastoral, and manufacturing wealth, and has spots unsurpassed on earth.

I found that our Minister, Mr. Abbott Lawrence, had been at Limerick and at Galway, and was down the river with Lord Monteagle and others. As to Limerick—50,000 population—the new town is beautifully built, no place of it size is more showy. The people in the good streets are handsome and elegant; but the masses in the over-crowded lanes and along the quays and noble bridges, beat all I ever beheld for abandoned, rowdy, jovial, beggarly appearance. Such rags, such stench, such impu-

dence, such almost naked, though often ruddy and handsome Irishism, I find not even in Ireland. The grand old cathedral is begirt with offensive smells and fearful sights. I doubt whether Venice is more full of license than Limerick. Here popery revels. The new part of Limerick is more fair and regular than Belfast, with streets like Chestnut street somewhat vulgarized. But who can describe the gangs of wretched, wanton, roystering, impudent women and children, half-naked, tattered and foul, who sit, sprawl, lie, squat, bluster and laugh about the cathedral, the bridges, and the quays!

The mountains on our left after quitting Dublin, were no doubt part of the Wicklow cluster. Kildare was an interesting point. Its ruined abbey, and tower 130 feet high, are grand objects. Portarlington is noted as the place of Wellington's education. A French colony till lately had French preaching here. There are many boarding-schools, and we saw a bevy of fine young girls going to the capital. All the country scenes rich; much pasture, heavy hay, some oats, occasional bog with piles of turf, few cottages, few labourers in the fields, and these were more haggard and woe-begone than in even the middle counties. This whole vale is more wooded than usual. As we entered Tipperary the land looked flatter and more neglected, but with more numerous broken-down castles and some good mountains towards the south.

GALWAY, *September 21, 1851.*

On the 20th I left Limerick on the top of an old-fashioned mail coach, of which there are more remaining in Ireland than in England. The roads were fine, and perfectly smooth all day, and as the country is limestone, and rocky, were without exception lined by stone walls for all the sixty-four miles (Irish) to Galway. Castles and abbeys in ruins were scarcely ever out of sight. The country grew poorer and rockier as we went on, and the small dust of the limestone roads was exactly like rye-flour. At Clare, a small wretched town, with a beautiful site, we saw hundreds of young women and girls on the river bank. I was told their mates have gone to America. The fields look stony and poor, and the whole country is marked up by the ugly stone dykes. Moors or bogs are not very frequent. The roads abound with foot-people; they are squat, flat-faced, homely, and often brown. At Ennis we left the coach for a jaunting-car. Ennis is the chief town of the county Clare. It is made up chiefly of one-story hovels, thatched. It was market-day, and the peasantry were crowding the market-place. This day, it seemed to me, that I saw more asses than in all my previous life. The same

poor, barren, stony, white land, prevailed all the way to Gort; but when we came near to Gort, we arrived at the demesne of the Viscount Gort, extending some miles. We drove through it. Though he is poor, the castle is fine, and the grounds are in a fine style of landscape-gardening, with parks, deer, avenues of ash and beech, dark and romantic; glimpses over the lovely lake Cootra of sloping mountains, and exit by a grand carved portal. A little beyond we got out to see a great natural curiosity. A river, called Blackwater, runs out of the lake, and then goes under ground, and reappears in a wonderful manner in a deep place fifty feet down like a goblet, and called the Punch Bowl. We are now in the county Galway, Province of Connaught. It was market-day at Gort also, and from the inn where we dined we looked out on the broad but irregular market-place. Here we were among the aboriginal Irish. The women wear a dark blue cloak and hood, and red petticoat. The scene was novel and lively. Crowds and groups, stalls, booths, and tents. One was selling kitchen stuff by auction. A woman had four hats on a board, and another two. One had *dulse*, [an edible sea-weed.] There were carts of buttermilk packed in straw around kegs. Stalls of shoes, and of nails in little parcels. A woman brings a hen or a dozen eggs for a mile. A girl had a donkey to sell, and held it by a straw rope. Pigs, washed clean, were conducted by the same sort of line. Potatoes, of course, abounded. Hay in bundles; heather brooms; sacks of oatmeal. Plenty of rags and little appearance of dress. Red coats here and there predominating over the sport, Connaught-men, and a good many in the constabulary uniform.

We took another car, and posted to Galway. The same scene; walls, ruined cottages, roads full of women in hoods, and groups of travellers from the market. Occasionally, a "plantation" announced a rich estate. Ruined cottages, with only walls. All gone to America. An English clergyman tells me he counted 114 such ruined cabins in eight miles in Mayo. Galway and Mayo suffered more than any other counties. I passed a hut, and saw the woman on the straw-bed, her only seat. All speak Irish. Two poor little boys, about four years old, came to beg. The larger one said, apologizing for the silence of the other, "he has no Inglis."

Galway is the fifth city of Ireland, and has about 20,000. It has some fine buildings. The Queen's College is magnificent. There are also the two court-houses, the Union or Poor-House, the usual barracks, several monasteries, and several Catholic chapels. But whole streets are of one-story hovels, close together, dark and thatched. The noble estuary and neighbouring

lake give dignity to a place which is far, far beyond all I ever dreamed of for squalor, filth, and poverty.

On the Sabbath I found the principal street crowded with people even more than Princeton in an old-time Commencement. All talking Irish. Not one well-dressed person. Even the female sex shows no care for finery or cleanliness. Dark cloaks and broad-ruffled caps, without bonnets or shoes or stockings, and with red petticoats. Women carrying babies in their cloaks behind them. It is difficult to get through the throng in the mid-street. Women in red wrappings. Lines of women sitting on the ground. Little appearance of drink or gaiety. No good faces, but many open, funny ones. I am reminded of squaws. I never saw such rags, holes, fringes of tatters, filth, combless black locks, and babies half exposed and shamefully uncovered. I saw a thousand such. These are Irish of the Irish. Men in knee-breeches. Beggars follow you for a furlong full of wit, comic entreaty, and prayers for your welfare. A gentleman, who has been at Connemara, says their car was surrounded by a hundred at once. The stench of the ways is horrible. Near the chapels the crowds are indescribable. The English church was a Catholic one till the time of Edward VI. It is of fine stone, a regular cross, with a lady-chapel added to the west side of the south transept. Since the twelfth century it has had a foundation for a warden and six vicars, who still reside. The service was going on, and I heard the conclusion of an evangelical discourse (to the military) from Mr. D'Arcy, who is a Galway man. He kindly showed me over the house. The nave is walled up, and the service is in it and the choir and south transept. Mr. D'Arcy preached again (to the congregation proper) extempore, on Rom. v. 1, a right Calvinistic sermon upon justification by faith and imputed righteousness. I never heard better organ-playing. It was almost a cathedral service, and two voices in the choir were transcendent. I had not gone to the Presbyterian church, having heard that it was Arian; but finding I had been misinformed, I went there in the afternoon, and heard a young man preach to twenty-five hearers. The Protestants are increasing, and are about one in twenty.

Billingsgate is a paradise to the fish-market of Galway. A chatter rises from it to the bridge above, which is unlike all I have met with. Though so overcrowded and underclothed, these Connaught Irish seem peaceable. During the famine it was indeed otherwise. As I looked at an ass with panniers of bread, the post-boy said "a year or two ago that load could not have gone by here without an escort." As we entered the walled hill-road, which leads into Galway, we met cart after cart for

miles, all full, having more women than men, and in some cases all drunk. We met gangs of the same sort on foot in the road. The post-boy said robberies were frequent not long since along here, and that he should stop in Galway all night.

An optical phenomenon was observed by Dr. Maclean, Mr. Mitchell, and me, near the Queen's College. Persons in some numbers, walking on a quay, or river-promenade, looked so much taller through a scarcely perceptible mist, that we all agreed the same appearance would, in ordinary circumstances, indicate a stature of thirty feet. It was fearful.

The poor people are all emigrants in intention. I never talked with one among hundreds, who did not speak of America as of Paradise. The population still seems to an American eye immense. The priests walk among them like a superior race, elegantly dressed, and with an air not unlike that of our own clergy. I rejoice to add there is a work of God going on among these lowest of European Papists. Last month in Connemara alone, 1,900 Papists were "confirmed" under church-missions. In Mayo there is persecution. The Rev. Hamilton Townsend was thrice shot at in his own house. After all, my general conclusion is, from repeated conversations with the most informed gentlemen, that a better day is coming. The very famine has tended to improve agriculture; the very depopulation also has thrown thousands out into a new soil, and at home has aggregated innumerable ill-tilled patches barely sustaining life into large farms or sheep-walks requiring fewer hands, and gradually filling with new tenants. But this involved in part a change of race. Nowhere has the pure Celtic blood been energetic. Unlike as are a Highlander and a Connaught man, they are as to unthrift and idleness, identical. Large numbers of English labourers are coming into Mayo. In the east of Ireland the mixture of Celtic with Anglo-Norman blood has produced the finest physical result on earth. The better class at Dublin and Limerick, the people you meet in carriages, are by all odds the very handsomest people I ever saw. In Galway one has the population of a city with the squalor and brutality of a hovel. I dare say there are a thousand houses in the town without a floor. The contrast between these and the palaces of the regiment, the police, and the priests, tells a painful tale. I dwell thus on Galway, because it is the worst place I have been in.

DUBLIN, *September 23, 1851.*

Leaving Galway, we came directly eastward by the Midland Great South-western Railway, 127 miles across Ireland to Dublin. The first part of our way was stony like the road from

Gort. The number of ruinous cabins was great. Castles were numerous. As we advanced through the great limestone plain, the country constantly improved in verdure, houses, and crops. After leaving Cranmore we were in quite a plain. We were some time in the county Roscommon, formerly the most turbulent in Connaught. Athlone is an important central point, but its glories are in ruins. Great fortifications, and signs of military force. The British government pursues a policy like that of the Romans, laying out vast sums on public works, which will last for ages; these show Ireland to be a conquered province. Now, on leaving the Shannon again, we came into gentle wooded regions, which, nearer to Dublin, became perfectly English, with lodges and trimmed trees, and neater cottages. Great numbers of emigrants were in the trains, and we saw bitter partings outside. The people look far better in Leinster. But everywhere, those who have the least pretension to gentle blood are the best-looking people I ever saw. A Spanish gentleman in the train told me he would have taken me for a Spaniard; he and I looked like mulattoes among the lily and rose of Jerne. Mullingar and Maynooth were passed. The grounds and colleges of Maynooth are stately, with an old castle and fine trees. Well-dressed, important-looking priests, were pacing, with the never-absent breviary, on the green banks of the canal.

All over the island Ulster is spoken of as a happy model, and even in the mouths of the priests "Ulster-tenure" is a common word; it amounts almost to fee simple.

So many things crowd on me, that I am utterly unable to say what I wish on any one. As to the government policy—for some years I am fully convinced government has seriously intended the good of Ireland. The problem has been almost insoluble. It was perplexed by the potato rot, fear, dysentery, and cholera. If Providence had not opened the new world, the results would have been awfully worse. Mr. D'Arcy told me, that at one time he saw 130 putrefying corpses above ground in a field near Galway. The power of the government has been put forth to an extent which no man can estimate without being here. Let me hint at some of its indications. In the numberless towns and villages through which we passed, the majority of houses being hog-pens, and the people like beggars, there were always three or four noble structures of the finest building stone in the world. You need not ask what these were. The largest is the Poor House; the next is the jail; the third is the regimental barracks; the fourth is the guard-house of the Constabulary, who are in great strength, wear uniform, are fine picked men, always from a distance, and armed. Here we see

the conquered Province, but who can say what else England could have done? Again, government has lent vast sums to the railways of Ireland, and these given (not to flourishing Londonderry) but to Drogheda, to Enniskellen, to Cork, to Galway. They are fully equal to the best English roads. The station-houses, as a whole, are superior to the generality in England, being such as will abide for ages, to speak for England as the ruined roads and aqueducts do for Rome. I know England has sought her own power in this, but she has no less served the interests of Ireland by her recent policy. Even this matter of evictions has two sides, just as slavery has with us. The Presbyterians of Ulster are perfectly satisfied with government. Truth is no doubt hard to be got at among such differences. That the tenant-tenure and the absenteeism have wrought iniquitously and murderously no sane mind ought to doubt. Yet on this very head matters tend in the right direction. Under the Encumbered Estates Act (which is named every hour in Ireland) titles can be made good to purchasers. The beggared nobles of Ireland are selling to rich merchants, gentlemen, &c. In the long run this helps the populace, notwithstanding proximate evils. Just as you know how much more miserable are the slaves of a poor planter, or a bankrupt. Emigration (blessed be God!) has allowed hundreds of thousands to go to a country, where they may be happy. The priests have had their day. They are phrensied just now, under the Ecclesiastical Titles' Bill, and the ultramontane zeal of Dr. Cullen. But my belief is their time is short.

OXFORD, *September 27, 1851.*

Leaving Liverpool day before yesterday, the train came by the beautiful Trent valley again, and I caught a glimpse of Lichfield Cathedral and Lord Lichfield's park. The first few stages I was alone in my carriage. From Blatchley to Oxford my companion was the Hon. —, son of Lord S., going to Eton. He was constantly opening his hat-box, which contained a pair of trousers, and his carpet-bag, which was swollen so as to be tied with twine. He was very offish and affected, till the sky was covered by a rainbow of uncommon beauty, and then he was so carried away, and so lighted up, that he lost all sense of his rank, and submitted to be taught the word *vibgyor*.<sup>1</sup> My gentleman had risen very early to take the train, and, I fear me, had not washed his hands; and his beautiful hair streamed in the wind like elf-locks. At Oxford he furnished himself with a Benjamin's

<sup>1</sup> The mnemonic initials for the primitive colours.

portion of tarts and cakes, which he attended to while I dined, keeping his hat on; (boys here all wear hats.)

The Oxfordshire peasantry talk more like New Englanders than any I hear, but not in regard to their *Us*. My guide might pass for a Massachusetts man, in his very intonation, were it not for the pains he takes with his "aches." He industriously says "hentrance," "Hoxford," "Hariel College," "hinner closhters." I employed a guide, and visited the exterior and grounds of Christ Church, Magdalen, University, Balliol, Merton, Exeter, Queen's, New, Lincoln, All Souls, Jesus and Pembroke Colleges, and Magdalen Hall. Happily the verdure is as yet untouched. I rejoice in these genuine old English streets and yellow house-fronts, gables, square casements, oriels and projecting stories. They first won my affection at Eton. I foresaw that Oxford would take all the colour out of every thing else; because I knew there was nothing like it on earth. I should like to be here again in term-time, yet I would not miss the solitude, silence, and memorial ghastliness of such haunts as New College Garden, Christ Church Meadow, Maudlin Walk, Quadrangle of Jesus College, place of the martyrs, &c. King's at Cambridge greatly surpasses any one thing here taken singly, and Trinity College, Cambridge, is fully equal to any one structure here; but all Oxford is immensely above all Cambridge. Things which strike me:—Christ Church Meadow, walks, and trees. The avenue is nowhere so perfect as that of Trin. Coll., Cambridge, but is vaster, wilder, and if not so pensive, more captivating. The sunset meanwhile was American. The tower of Maudlin, from which Dr. Phillips's church [Fifth Avenue, New York] is derived, as the Lenox Hall, [Princeton Seminary Library,] from Magdalen chapel. The walks of Magdalen, especially Addison's walk. New College, antique and massy; its gardens and trees *sans pareil*. Deer were at the very doors in Mag. College Park. The Bodleian. The Clarendon. The Theatre. The Radcliffe Library. "Manners makyth Man," over the gate of New College. Jesus College, only for Welshmen; its physiognomy like its namesake at Cambridge. The reading of my childhood was strangely and eagerly about the Universities, and it left deeper traces than I knew of before. These English boys have some peculiar and winning points. Being sent so early from home they gain a certain manliness. They abound in a slang idiom, which would be almost unintelligible in America.

LIVERPOOL, September 30, 1851.

From Birmingham to Liverpool is five hours. There was much to please, in the winding of little rivers, the verdant



pastures, the universal hedges and planted trees trimmed in an odd slender way; the fine cattle, the thatched cottages, with roses; the hayricks as trim and smooth as vases; the rosy children; the winding country roads and lanes; the peeping spires, and mighty substructions, viaducts, and tunnels of the Great North Western Railway.

On the Sabbath I proceeded to make a new trial to hear Dr. McNeile. His beautiful new church is in the country suburbs, far from houses, among gardens and villas, with abundance of well-kept ground about it. The congregation was very large, many being strangers, whom the gowned vergers led up. The assembly looked plebeian, but devout. The organ was simply played; no interludes, no intoning, no musical Kyrie Eleison, only the Gloria was so given. The people all bowed at the name, but McN. not perceptibly, if at all. The hymns were of Bickersteth's collection; a hymn opened the service and all the people sang loud and well. Dr. M. read the lessons well, but rhetorically. He has two voices, and his baritone voice is incomparably rich, but he makes too much of it, barely shunning the theatrical. He is tall and thin for this country, florid, with noble aquiline face, and hair very gray. He prayed extempore, both before and after sermon. He preached in the gown. The text was Matt. xi. 25, 26. He preached without manuscript, holding a small Bible in his hand throughout. His oratoric art was seldom apparent in preaching. His manner is the elevated colloquial. His discourse was clearly unstudied, but clearly unwritten. There was no hesitation, nor any infelicity of expression, while he went often to the very edge of familiarity. He had no occasion for the pathetic, but was awfully solemn in places. His plan is evidently to be a teacher. He opened most familiarly from ver. 26, "Thou hast hid these things:—what things?" His introduction was an answer to that from a perfectly plain, natural, simple, concise, but elegant exposition of ver. 16—24. He spent about half the body of the discourse in showing that some things were not hid from "the wise and prudent." He exalted the man of worldly wisdom, quoting largely from Sir John Herschel, and reading from two bits of paper, which he held up just as if at his fireside. He showed how much the great philosopher may learn of God. Here he horrified me by a most pernicious doctrine, viz., that God's benevolence cannot be inferred from creation and providence. I could scarcely keep quiet in my pew. He was clear and able on the incapacity of a carnal mind to see the spiritual objects. I have seldom heard this great but ticklish point more cleverly touched. Illustrations from the senses. *Inter alia*— "It is a peculiarity of spiritual light that it carries

its own evidence with it. At this instant you perceive in this house a great variety of colours. (At the moment the sun was breaking in very radiant, and even shining on half his face.) You need no proof that the objects have these hues. You possess the senses for it. The light that appeals to these senses is self-revealing. Now suppose a blind man among you should say, 'there are no such colours—there is no such beauty—the perceptions of these people are delusive and their admiration is enthusiastic folly'—would this disturb your persuasions? Not for an instant. But many of you lack another sense. You see no excellence in the Gospel; you discredit the witness of those who do. Why are some born with four senses instead of five? born blind? (then with scarcely audible tones and a manner of unparalleled abasement) '*even so Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight!*' And why are some born again with six senses instead of five? new born? (then with the same pause and eloquent subduing of tone,) '*Even so Father, &c.*'" This was his transition to the second part, which was to refer all to Divine sovereignty. He was thorough-paced in his Calvinism, and ended most abruptly with one of the very boldest demands on every hearer to bow and become a babe and believe it.

I regard McNeile as a prince among extempore preachers. He escapes several evils to which such are very prone. He is very dense; he says what he means, and goes on; yet he lodges his meaning completely, by a happy choice of words and by avoiding poetic terms, technical phraseology, and language unusual among common people. Though singularly happy in illustration, he is very sparing with it. The staple of his discourse was exegesis, and argument on the exegesis. I have said his voice is perfect. He never employs effort, or breaks into spouting tones. When most effective, he is most colloquial and least loud. At the warmer and more rapid places his native Irish broke forth most distinctly, never in pronunciation, which is classically English, but in the accent and cadences. As compared with Dr. Cook I note as follows: Cook is past his prime, being perhaps 65—68. Cook has a trifle of conventional pulpit tone, and becomes a declaimer, so far as management of voice goes. Cook's sermon [p. 158] was much more articulate, and built up Presbyterian-wise. Cook plays the orator more, and soars into imaginative pictures and showers of similitude. I apprehend nine out of ten would give the palm to Cook. I am not sure but that I also should do so, when I get over the immediate impression of McNeile, as the last heard. Cook preached 69 minutes; McN. 50. They are by a long way the most eloquent men I have heard in these climates. Up to a

certain point I thought Dr. King such. He is indeed a great preacher. But he has one set of faults inseparable from a Scotchman, and another set inseparable from a memoriter preacher. He cantillates, and more and more as he gets on; never uttering one sentence as he would at his table. He writhes, and brings his right arm around, as if he were reaping. He makes you sympathize with his pulpit sweats. Then his whole sermon, though learned, ingenious, and richly original, smells of the lamp. There is an artful reserve of pungency for the last part of the sentence, which is often antithetical. This surprises and gratifies, but it hinders the great effect, and is a mannerism. Few can attain it, but those who do fall below the highest style. Dr. King abounds, even in prayers, in a cunning citation of texts so apt and so curiously tessellated, that it has almost the effect of wit; it is an outgrowth of Seceder textual preaching, as cultivated in a soil of elegant literature. Yet it sins against nature, and so against eloquence.

The best *speakers* I have heard, are Coquerel and Adolphe Monod. In no single word, gesture, or tone, do they ever transcend nature. I think McNeile sometimes does in regard to that deep organ-note which he cannot help using out of place. If I could hear Monod in a regular sermon, I should, perhaps, regard him as the nearest pulpit perfection. At present it lies between Cook and McNeile; and as to matter, the praise is greatly on the side of Cook.

I would not think of naming Dr. H. among "the first three," yet he is a great man in his way. In spite of his pronunciation and tone, he is an eloquent preacher. His flowers deceive and betray him, but he has more than flowers; he has argument, original thoughts, and a pathos which redeems his metaphors and apologues. A few years hence he will probably be a far greater preacher than he now is.

Next to all these above named I place Mr. Scholefield of Cambridge; but he is as simple as a child, and as plain as a farmer, and not an orator at all.

STEAMSHIP "ATLANTIC," *October 1—15, 1851.*

*October 3.*—We loosed from moorings at 1 15, P. M., on Wednesday the 1st inst. At eleven on Thursday night the piston rod broke, and after stopping an hour we got under way with one engine. The repairs will require immense labour, and many of the passengers wished to return to Liverpool, or put into Cork. It is a mercy that the wind is not as high as it was, though the sea runs fearfully high. I occasionally hear a sea shipped over my head, running off the fore-deck like a river.

*October 7.*—For several days and nights it has been impossible to write. Indeed the place where I now sit has been filled with water during part of the time. We have now been six days going in the teeth of a gale, which, during many hours of Thursday, and especially that night, was a dreadful storm. It is a mercy to be remembered that our piston was repaired before the worst came; for with one engine we could not have kept our head to the wind, and so should have gone into the trough of the sea and been submerged. As it was, the irruption of waters was fearful. The seas which followed us were as high as the pipes. The forepart plunged into mountains of water, which swept the decks, floating the water-casks and making it deep enough to swim. It broke through four bulwarks or breakwaters, one of which was four inches thick. The sound of the labouring, creaking, smashing seams was like going to pieces every moment. The seas shipped forward came down the hatchway, breaking the thick glass, and making it knee-deep in some state-rooms in an instant. Our own was floating. High as is the stern of the "Atlantic," the sea broke over the hurricane deck, and came through the dining saloon, and into the main saloon below. The thumps upon our counter were like tons of metal falling from a height. This lasted for part of a day and night, and even when it remitted on the morning of the 3d, we were still in a terrible gale. Anxiety was increased by a man's falling from the mast. We made only four or five miles an hour most of the time. During these awful hours every eye was turned towards Capt. West. His tall, noble form appeared everywhere, but for whole nights he was drenched. In the terror of that memorable night I believe many of us thought we should never get to land. It was too violent and noisy for prayer in common. Bishop Otey<sup>1</sup> and I prayed in his state-room, together with my room-mate, (Capt. Cullum,) who was wrecked in the Atlantic, when Dr. Armstrong was drowned, [page 59.] We talked the matter over during the height of our tempest. Perhaps those suffered least who were deadly sick, as scores were.

On the 5th, the Lord's Day, it was so far abated that I read the 107th Psalm, and prayed in the dining saloon. Soon afterward it abated further, and we had quite a passable night. Yesterday it was very rough again, but not so horrible. About midnight the wind and sea were comparatively quiet. "O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!"

*October 8.*—At noon we had an observation, and found by

<sup>1</sup> Of the Episcopal Church, Tennessee.

dead reckoning, that we were 1,212 miles from Liverpool. Yesterday, during a blow a white bird alighted on our vessel, and was caught by the cabin-boy. It must have been driven out six hundred miles from the Summer Isles.

## SONNET,

WRITTEN ON THE STEAMER ATLANTIC,

*October 4, 1851.*

Tossed like an egg-shell on the heaving main,  
 Our ship, that looked a giant at the quay,  
 Shivers and groans a frightened babe on sea,  
 As the wind roughens all the watery plain;  
 Till oak and iron own the wrenching strain.  
 So weak is man's work in the mighty hand  
 Of him who gives the howling surge command,  
 To lift the wrestling waves that foam with pain.  
 But yet the force which drives the wreck to land,  
 Or whelms whole squadrons near some treach'rous strand,  
 Or forks the lightning in the helmsman's face,  
 Or shoots the waterspout in column grand,  
 When gulfs lay bare the deep uncovered sand,  
 Is power all wedded to triumphal grace.

*October 10.*—We approached the banks of Newfoundland, but the wind is stiff ahead, and it rains almost all day. Great gloom prevails in the company. Some are not yet come forth of their chambers. Some are lying about in the cabins, both day and night, wretched with a sickness which has no parallel. In the upper dining-cabin, on the quarter-deck, much of the day is occupied with meals; breakfast from 8 to 11; luncheon at noon; dinner at 4; tea at 8, and supper at 10. Towards evening the rain abates, and at 9 the full moon shines beautiful over the whitening sea. For the first time, in this gloomy voyage, the young folks gather in the dining-saloon for games and merriment. Every morning Bishop Otey and I have prayers in his state-room.

*October 11.*—We are on the banks of Newfoundland. We had tremendous heavings, and one sudden pitch, which many thought greater than any during the gale. It threw down a sailor into the fore-castle companion, and greatly injured him. Towards night a dead whale hove in sight, escorted by porpoises and birds. Grampuses are seen to spout, and sea-birds become numerous.

*October 12.*—Lord's day. Divine service in dining saloon at 10½. Bishop Otey preached. The attendance was very good. After tea I preached in the same room on the prayer of the publican. The saloon was entirely filled, and the company was attentive.

*October 13.*—Fog. We blow the steam-whistles now and then, to give warning to poor fishing-vessels, which might be overthrown by our tremendous weight of 2,900 tons going fifteen miles an hour. We passed not a great way from Halifax. The bad weather, by preventing ventilation, has made many of the state-rooms quite offensive, so that when you pass by the doors you sniff a variety of odours, like the wards of a lazaretto. These ships are spoiled by the addition of new berths filling up what used to be the fine open space of the forward cabin. Not only are these state-rooms all along the sides of the vessel, but a compact village of rooms fills the interior, leaving only some insignificant areas, where the stairs and skylights are, and some narrow entries. These rooms are close and dark, and here the rush of waters was greatest during the gale. The gay fellows have names for several parts, such as Cavendish Square, Pall Mall, and Rotten Row.

*October 14.*—Shortly after breakfast it became evident that there was some cause of alarm. Presently we began to perceive breakers on our starboard bow. How beautiful are these deadly enemies! It becomes apparent that we have missed our reckoning, and have run too near Nantucket shoals. The engine stops, and steam is let off. It is hard to think of peril under this clear sun and amidst this beautiful blue sea, and from those snowy surges that dash up and twinkle in the sun. We heave the lead twice, and find about 24 fathoms.

*October 15.*—The wooded, flat shores of Long Island are in view. We soon pass the Narrows. It is an incomparable morning, making one think meanly of European skies. Sun and moon are both visible. The grand bay with islands and shipping is in sight. We come to at the foot of Canal street, about 6 30 A. M.

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### No. 3.

#### SUPPLEMENT TO THE EUROPEAN LETTERS OF 1857.<sup>1</sup>

LIVERPOOL, *October 9, 1857.*

You will have learned from other sources, that the 7th of October was observed throughout the British Isles as a day of Humiliation and Prayer, in regard to the present Indian calamities. There is good cause to think that it has been a day of spiritual good to many thousands. The daily newspapers of yesterday from one end of the land to the other, are filled with

<sup>1</sup> This is taken from Dr. Alexander's correspondence with "The Presbyterian."

reports of the sermons preached; and from these, it is plain that the talents and piety of the best men were employed in this work. In Glasgow, where I was at the time, the shops were closed, and there was no appearance of business in any one of the numerous streets through which I walked or drove. In some churches, the services were of a freer character, familiar to us in America, and prayers were offered alternately with addresses. This is true of the United Presbyterian church in Wellington Street, of which the excellent Dr. Robinson is the pastor. He was assisted by the Rev. Dr. Archer of London, and from both we heard faithful and memorable exhortations, addressed to a very large assembly of solemn and sometimes deeply affected worshippers. I accepted it as a token of confidence in American sympathy and Christian love, that these good men and esteemed brethren forced me into the service, which as a foreigner I scarcely knew how to undertake, especially after twenty weeks of silence, but which they were pleased to recognize as a tribute of unfeigned regard for the testimony which we uphold in common. On that, as on other occasions, my soul was melted within me at the thought of these beloved missionaries of our own and the Reformed Presbyterian Church, who, I fear, have fallen asleep amidst the assaults of the murderous Sepoys. After the service of two hours, I saw the adjacent lecture-room, where the late venerable Dr. Mitchell, pastor of this church, for more than half a century, used to instruct the theological students of the Secession Church. His portrait and those of two ruling elders adorn the walls. According to my best recollection the communion numbers about thirteen hundred.

Not to confine myself to a particular body, I went in the afternoon to the Barony Church, belonging to the Establishment, in order to hear the Rev. Norman McLeod, who is at this time second to no preacher in Scotland, for what may be called a catholic popularity. Accustomed as we are in America to consider the Establishment and Moderatism to be much the same, we ought to rejoice and be thankful for the tidings that there are not a few ministers in that body who preach Christ, with a fulness, fervour, and spiritual unction, which no denomination can surpass, and which would have been stigmatized a century ago as ranting Methodism. On this occasion I heard only the second of two discourses, which was on Lam. v. 16, "The crown is fallen from our head; woe unto us, that we have sinned." Other topics had occupied the forenoon; he was now upon the sins to be bewailed, and the hopes to be cherished. Mr. McLeod has every advantage of external gifts, in stature, face, carriage, and gesture; and in regard to voice, I have never

heard any more flexible, rich, and controlling ; I cannot suppose that in popular address our Dr. Mason was either more strong or more pathetic than Norman McLeod. I had not heard him utter two sentences of devotion, before I ceased to wonder why crowds attend upon his ministry, while I less than ever was tempted to crave any liturgical crutches in the way of printed prayer. Let men pray thus, and we shall hear of no deviation from the way of our fathers ; and with a rubrical imposition of forms men cannot thus pray. I have no quarrel with "our excellent liturgy ;" I have gratefully joined in its best parts almost every Sabbath for months ; I believe it to be the best compilation from the Latin offices that has ever been made, nevertheless I hold on in our primitive and more excellent way, and should be pleased to read an answer to famous John Owen's tractate on Free Prayer. Apropos of this matter, I have heard one of the most celebrated ministers in Scotland, eminent alike for the gift and the grace of praying, interlard his devotions with passages from the prayer-book. I cannot but make reclamation against this, on grounds of unity and sacred composition. Those collects, which I had often joined in with reverential admiration, seemed out of tune amidst the inspired breathings of David and Jeremiah, which were legitimately and beautifully introduced at the same time. I could not help wondering at the gifted utterances of the very minister to whom I here allude, and who is known in more lands than one.

But to return, Mr. McLeod's sermon was a noble piece of free argumentation and passionate eloquence. He spoke like a senator on this occasion, and you may judge in how untrammelled a manner, when I add that he read from several volumes, and even from Tuesday's *Times*. The secret of the effects produced by this preaching is, that his heart is bursting with the very emotion which he seeks to cause. I need scarcely add that he used no manuscript ; sometimes he does so ; but this was one of the discourses which cannot be written. There were several generous allusions to our own country in this delightful sermon, which gratified me all the more as contrasted with the crude, ignorant, and fiery attacks of many, on what they think American toleration of sin. Mr. McLeod's vindication of Missions, his plea for national mercy, and his retorts upon the infidel party, were triumphant. But most of the time I was too near breaking out into tears to sit as a critic. When, on another occasion, I heard Mr. McLeod preach on a Sabbath afternoon, I was really lifted up to consider that God had still a testimony, in a large school of the younger churchmen, for the most evangelical doctrines and experience. This, however, need not be said



to any one who has read the "Earnest Student," which is his work, or the "Footsteps of St. Paul," by another minister of the Kirk, in Glasgow.

It would be very presumptuous in a passing stranger to pronounce upon the ministry of a great people, or to characterize their pulpit. He can at best hear only a few, and these may not be the representative minds; I shall, therefore, indulge in no sweeping remarks, but content myself with saying, that so far as I can learn, there is no country on the globe, which is better furnished, in its rank and file, with a thoroughly orthodox and earnestly evangelical ministry than Scotland. How entirely exceptional all but the Presbyterian element is, may be gathered from the fact, that in Glasgow alone there are more than a hundred Presbyterian ministers. I am not very far astray, when I say that of these the Established Church has thirty-four, the Free Church thirty-three, and the United Presbyterian Church thirty-one. On the National Fast, it is to be supposed, all these, and many others, were engaged in leading the minds of their hearers to penitent reflections suited to the present crisis. In a word, the national mind has been thoroughly waked up to the religious aspects of this portentous theme. One mighty dictator of British opinion, the *Times*, though sometimes admitting letter-writers who take the other side, nobly vindicates Christianity and Missions from the charge of having provoked these hostilities. It is honourable to the British people, that everywhere the most candid confession of national sin is fairly uttered. The opium business has especially come in for its share. I acknowledge that our British brethren, who often say hard things of our government, are just as ready to say hard things of their own. This is a land where free speech and a free press are high in influence; nowhere more so. I felt the fellowship of the old Presbyterian temper, when I heard a pastor from his pulpit protest against the terms in which the Queen *commanded* the Fast to be observed; a protestation which the venerable Dr. John Brown also made very prominent in his discourse in Edinburgh.

As I sat in the gallery last Sabbath, when Mr. McLeod referred to a passage by chapter and verse, a thousand pocket Bibles instantly turned up the place; it is so everywhere in Scotland. The practice of using a reverent posture in prayer is universal here; and I have never found myself the only person, besides the minister, who was standing, as has often happened to me among the indolent worshippers of England and America. The Presbyterians of this country, that is to say, the great body of the population, love the house of God, and are attached to their own particular forms. Churches are built for

use, and in most cases are very closely seated, so as to be full even to packing. I was delighted to observe that on an evening when I heard a Glasgow clergyman preach, the house, which had aisles and even pulpit-stairs crowded, was occupied largely by those classes of hearers who in some of our cities have so much left us for other denominations, or for none at all.

If my experience is worth any thing, there is not a more hospitable land than this; people talk of Highland welcomes, but you are met thus to Gretna and the very Tweed. A minister in Rosshire, whom I never saw, gave me a warm and cordial invitation to tabernacle with his family all summer, beside his lochs; and no doubt would have given us Gaelic treats of salmon and grouse. What Emerson says, concerning England, of "full dress and dinner at six," as a national influence, is just as true of Edinburgh and Glasgow; and I question whether what Mrs. Hannah More said was already going out in London, to wit, *conversation*, is anywhere more nobly upheld than in the better circles of the cities. Some of the most instructive and entertaining—let me even add, edifying lessons I ever received, have been in such circles, as well six years ago as now.

While so many of our young men go annually to Germany, year after year, bringing home no practical good that I can comprehend, it is sincerely to be wished that some of them might go to Scotland, to see the Presbyterian machine really worked, by congregations having from twenty to thirty ruling elders each, and as many deacons, and to limber their academic sermonizing by a hearing of several commanding preachers, who unite athletic bodies with well-furnished, determined, and fervent minds. Some things I honestly believe they might learn of us, but in the faculty of carrying gospel truth with interest to promiscuous assemblies and the common people, they excel us. With hardly any exception, all the preachers of Scotland, who are much followed by the multitude, are as remarkable for purely evangelical preaching, as for intellectual power and impressive elocution. Few of them are what we should denominate good speakers.

With thanksgiving to the God of our life, who has preserved me and mine through many changes, I record my desire to return to the land which I admire and love the more by reason of all contrasts and comparisons, and to the labours for which I trust I am in some slight measure better prepared in body, though not yet wholly relieved.



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