

THE LIFE

OF

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BY

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which he made collections for future labours. Epitomes, criticisms, abstracts and reflections form the greater part of these manuscripts.

“But it is to his character as a Christian, dedicating all his talents and acquirements to the service of Christ, that we turn with most satisfaction. * * Of the spirit and character of his preaching, as truly as of any man’s that I have ever heard, I think the description of the Apostle Paul’s preaching to the Corinthians may be sued: ‘For I determined to know nothing among you, save Jesus Christ and him crucified!’ His labours were incessant—too great for his debilitated state of health. It is well known that a desire to do good, and a love for his Master’s work, would not allow him to enjoy the relaxation which was necessary. A respectable number were added to the Church during his six months’ labour, and many—even the most lawless and thoughtless—were occasionally made to feel and reflect under his discourses.”

It was impossible that Addison Alexander should not be most painfully affected by the death of his nearest and best friend. He was in Italy when the sad event occurred; but five months after, at Berlin, in a moment of restless and characteristic longing for change, and a strong desire for home, “or ever he was aware,” he seems to have been overwhelmed by a sudden rush of recollections, and at once poured out his whole soul in the following pathetic poem, which it may be well to say, was immediately suggested by a conversation in which he had just been engaged with some friend on the closing scene of Schleiermacher. It was written with great rapidity, in his ordinary journal. The handwriting, by its irregularity and fiery speed, shows the presence of some vivid emotion.

“The plan was laid. The hour was nigh.

Both were resolved to brave

The tempest’s terrors and to try

The swiftness of the wave.

To-day where art thou? where am I?

Alone, beneath a foreign sky,

And thou art in thy grave!

While I careered before the gale,

And the auspicious blast

Filled the deep bosom of the sail,
 And bowed the sturdy mast ;
 Thy pallid cheek became more pale,
 Thy secret springs began to fail,
 Thy life was ebbing fast.
 While I, through Latium's blasted plain
 Approached the walls of Rome,
 Where o'er a thousand spires and vanes
 The antichrist's proud dome
 Like an imperial giant reigns ;
 Disease had well-nigh loosed the chains,
 Which kept thee from thy home.
 And while I hastened to explore
 That world so new to me,
 That grave of empires now no more,
 How fared it then with thee ?
 Ah ! thy captivity was o'er.
 Death had unbarred thy dungeon door
 And set thy spirit free !

There is as much sonorous passion in this verse as in anything he has written. The gates of his soul were not often thus lifted ; but when they were, the torrent that came forth was at flood-tide, and bore him impetuously onward, till the gush of feeling had spent itself. He was not known to revert very often to the decease of this amiable and attractive being, but there is every reasonable certainty that he continued to hold his image in his heart, and that for a time it exerted a quickening influence upon his life.

Such was "the manner of man" that the young scholar grappled to his soul with hooks of steel, in the scholastic retirement of Edgehill. Brown, or "Rezeau" (as he called him), was not only the sharer in his literary raptures, but also in joys and sorrows which he imparted to no other outside of his own family.*

* As Mr. Alexander commonly burnt his letters, I have succeeded in discovering one only of Rezeau Brown's. It possesses a melancholy interest, now that he is gone, and has been for years forgotten.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"I am sorry that I am unable to be punctual to our appointed time for