

THE LIFE

OF

JOSEPH ADDISON ALEXANDER, D.D.,

PROFESSOR IN THE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY AT PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY.

BY

HENRY CARRINGTON ALEXANDER.

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But human tongue can never tell
 The rage that flashed from Juan's eyes
 When he perceived he'd lost his prize.
 Another dart to end the strife
 He hurled ;—it took brave Osman's life.”

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The two following pieces were written in his eleventh year. They both exhibit a marked increase in the poetic power, but are chiefly interesting as shedding a curious light on the character and extent of his childish studies. The first is entitled—

“ SOLITUDE.

“ Now in the eastern sky the cheering light
 Dispels the dark and gloomy shades of night ;
 And while the lowing of the kine is heard,
 And the sweet warbling of the songster bird ;
 Where from afar the stately river flows,
 In whose bright stream the sportive goldfish goes ;
 Where the thick trees afford a safe retreat,
 From public eye and summer's scorching heat ;
 There let me sit and sweetly meditate,
 Far from the gleam of wealth and pomp of state.
 And while I listen to that murmuring rill
 Which pours its waters down the neighbouring hill,
 I can despise the pride and pomp of kings,
 And all the glory wealth or power brings.
 Here in deep solitude remote from noise,
 From the world's bustle, idleness and toys,
 Here I can look upon the world's vast plain,
 And all her domes and citadels disdain.”

The next, which was written in the same year, affords us a pleasing glimpse of the boyish student and a charming picture of his early recreations. It is entitled—

“ THE PLEASURES OF STUDY.

“ The setting sun's resplendent shining ray
 Illumes the West and brings the end of day ;
 And now across the mirthful village green,
 Returning school-boys with their books are seen ;
 Who, wearied with the duties of the school,
 Rejoice to enjoy the summer evening cool.

The beggars also wander thro' the street,
 Entreating charity of all they meet ;
 Now learned men, philosophers profound,
 In gloomy silence meditate around ;

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Now the poor peasant with his little store,
 Returns with pleasure to his cottage door,
 The rich upon their couches slothful roll,
 With ease of limb, but restlessness of soul ;
 They still are restless when the glorious sun
 His daily course through the broad heavens has run ;
 No rankling care afflicts the poor man's breast,
 Who with a conscience light retires to rest.
 Now o'er his books the studious scholar pores,
 Nor hears the creaking of the opening doors ;
 Nor sees the visitors until they place
 Their unwelcome forms before his studious face.
 By him the wars of ancient Greece are seen,
 While others sport upon the village green ;
 And while he dwells on Plato's flowing words,
 He knows the pleasure study deep affords ;
 The Spartan chiefs and Athens' mighty son,
 Who conquered on the plains of Marathon,
 Pharsalia slow now rises to his view,
 And all the millions Julius Cæsar slew ;
 Nor sleeps great Pompey nor Mark Antony's shade,
 Who on the field of battle dead were laid.
 He sees them all in fancy and he knows
 When brave Camillus into splendour rose ;
 He feels the terrours of the Trojan crew,
 Whom on the waves relentless Juno threw ;
 He hears the clamour rising to the skies
 When haughty Taurus from the battle flies ;
 Loud cries of victory he hears,
 And clamour bursts upon his startled ears ;
 He sees the young Julius clad in arms,
 Resolved t' avenge his country's woeful harms ;
 He sees the place where noble Paris lies,
 And hears the groans with which that hero dies ;
 And when from these reluctantly he goes,
 To enjoy the time allotted for repose,
 The shade of many a mighty hero seems,
 To speak and hover round him in his dreams."