

THE LIFE



OF

ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER, D. D., LL. D.

FIRST PROFESSOR IN THE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY,
AT PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY.

BY

JAMES W. ALEXANDER, D. D.

PHILADELPHIA:
PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF PUBLICATION,
821 CHESNUT STREET.
1857.

ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by
JAMES W. ALEXANDER,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the
Southern District of New-York.

JOHN F. TROW,
Printer, Stereotyper, and Electrotypist
377 & 379 Broadway,
Cor. White Street, New York.

if you please, for a Syriac New Testament, for Trommius's Concordance, for Wetstein's Greek Testament ; I do not know whether it is worth while to mention Calasio's Concordance, and Michaelis's Hebrew Bible. I question if they are by any means to be obtained."

A literary project of Mr. Alexander, which he had entertained before leaving Virginia, was matter of much entertainment in his little circle of intimates. He had begun, and perhaps had completed, a work of fiction, answering exactly to what has since been called the religious novel. It was entitled "Eudocia," and purported to be the history of a young lady of wealth and beauty, who is led through various changes and degrees, from giddy ignorance to piety and peace. The plot was engaging ; there was a thread of romantic but pure love, running through the whole ; it abounded in graphic description and lively dialogue. Some of the scenes were eminently pathetic ; and Mr. Speece was known to burst into tears, when it was read aloud. The whole was made subservient to the inculcation of evangelical truth. The author finally determined to suppress it. The manuscript was not destroyed, but the delay—beyond the *nonum prematur in annum*—resulted in the destruction of more than one half. What remains would fill a good duodecimo. The allusions which follow will now be manifest.

MR. SPEECE TO MR. ALEXANDER.

"POWHATAN, August 15, 1808.

"DEAR SIR :—

"I received your acceptable and instructive sermon some time ago in Prince Edward, where Dr. Hall left it for

me on his way home. But your letter of June 8, I did not get, till two days ago. The single reason of my not having written to you during so long a time, was the want of any matter which I could think sufficiently interesting. I persuaded myself, however, that you as well as I could conceive how an affectionate regard might subsist between distant friends, though there were not a frequent intercourse by letter.

“Your approbation of my presbyterial sermon affords me much pleasure. I will remark to you that one reason of my swelling that sermon with so many long doctrinal paragraphs, was a wish to remove some suspicions, which you perhaps remember, that I was verging too much towards Arminianism. I have given a kind of confession of my faith, and hope the motive I have mentioned was not improper.

“I am delighted with the prospect of seeing your sweet Eudocia presented to the public. Before I received your letter I had resolved to write to you soon, principally to entreat that the door which confined her might be opened, that she might walk forth for the entertainment and edification of the world. I hope the humorous and satirical parts of the work will be retained. They will be useful in themselves, and will render the book alluring to a larger number of readers. And though I should not like to differ in a point of taste from Mrs. Alexander, allow me to put in a word in behalf of the dream, or dreams, which you read to me from the manuscript. Dreaming is indeed a delicate subject, both in philosophy and religion. But we believe that God does

sometimes speak to men, 'in dreams and visions of the night,' to fasten important instruction upon their hearts.

"I have been long collecting ideas for a dissertation on Liberty and Necessity; not to increase the mass of metaphysical subtilties on the subject, but if possible to diminish it. But I have another design in hand, more likely to be executed; namely, to write a sermon or dissertation on the doctrine of Election. Presumptuous as it may appear, I cannot but think I could produce something more satisfactory than I have met with on that doctrine; especially in the business of answering objections against it.

"Our Magazine is dead indeed; solely, I think, for want of zeal in the members of our Synod. I have long believed it possible to make a better one, under the auspices of Hanover Presbytery. The plan you suggest deserves attention. I had thought of trying to get a suitable printer, who should be furnished with matter and editorial direction, and print and distribute the work at his own charge, and for his own sole profit. The times are so discouraging to most things which require money, that I fear we can do nothing shortly in such a design. Mr. Hoge's reputation as a preacher is rising rapidly with the public, and I hope he will do well as the president of the college.

"I have seen the collection of books which you purchased for Mr. Rice. The cheapness of such a mass of literature quite astonished me. When I can find an opportunity of sending you some money, I shall probably request you to exercise a similar kindness towards me.

"I do not know any interesting news to send you from

this quarter, either on the state of religion, or any thing else. Where is to be the end of Buonaparte's tremendous career? But our God reigns, and we will rejoice. Mention to Mrs. Alexander my affectionate remembrance of her, and believe me

“Yours sincerely,

“CONRAD SPEECE.”

MR. RICE TO MR. ALEXANDER.

“CHARLOTTE, *January 28, 1810.*

“MY DEAR SIR:—

“I sometimes feel backward to write to you, because I have so little to communicate that can be at all interesting. But the pleasure which your letters afford me is so great, that, frequently when I have no other reason, I write that I may receive an answer from you, and hear something from Mrs. Alexander and your boys. If you think this is my motive at present, you will not wander far from the mark.

“Three days ago I finished the perusal of ‘Cœlebs.’ Miss Lightfoot Carrington, who is now in Richmond, met with it there, and sent it to me. I had often laughed at her for spending so much time in reading novels. When she got Cœlebs, ‘Here,’ says she, ‘is a novel at last which I know that Mr. Rice will be pleased with;’ and accordingly despatched it to Charlotte. I read it with more pleasure than any thing of the author’s writing. It delighted me; I trust it improved me too. It put me much in mind of a certain Miss Eudocia, whom I have been longing to see for some