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ARTICLE I.

## THE METAPHYSICAL POSTULATE OF HERBERT SPENCER'S FIRST PRINCIPLES.

*First Principles of a New System of Philosophy.* By HERBERT SPENCER. Second Edition. Appleton & Co. 1871.

*Discussions on Philosophy and Literature, Education and University Reform," etc* By Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON, Bart. New York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers. 1853.

*The Limits of Religious Thought: Examined in Eight Lectures Delivered before the University of Oxford, in the Year MDCCCLVIII., on the Bampton Foundation.* By HENRY LONGUEVILLE MANSEL, B. D., Reader in Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy at Magdalen College; Tutor and Late Fellow of St. John's College. First American, from the third London, Edition. With the NOTES translated. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1859.

The corner-stone of Positivism in all its forms is the doctrine, now so fashionable in scientific circles, of the unknowable; and the derivative doctrine as to ultimate causes, whether final or efficient. Since this is so, it is worthy of remark that the founder of French Positivism, M. Comte, has taken this doctrine of the unknowable for granted. There is not a scintilla of proof for it in the *Cours de Philosophie Positive*. We are not aware that either M.

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## ARTICLE V.

## PALMER'S LIFE OF THORNWELL.

*The Life and Letters of James Henley Thornwell, D. D., LL.D., Ex-President of the South Carolina College, Late Professor of Theology in the Theological Seminary at Columbia, South Carolina.* By B. M. PALMER, D. D., LL.D., Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, New Orleans, Louisiana. Richmond: Whittet & Shepperson. 1875. 8vo., pp. 614.

When a great and good man dies, there is a natural demand for the perpetuation of his memory in some enduring form. It is not satisfied by the monumental marble which is erected above his grave, nor by the brief eulogies, however true and eloquent, which may be pronounced upon the occasion of his death. There is the desire for the living, breathing, connected story of the life which has ceased among men. Unrecorded traditions, however numerous and vivid, are apt to become exaggerated and untrustworthy, are lacking in unity, and are destined to lose their distinctness even in the memories of contemporaries, to fade into a few great outlines as the generations recede from that which knew the man himself, and finally to sink into utter oblivion. Such a contingency is deprecated as a species of calamity. We are conscious of a feeling that, although we are unable to arrest the stroke of death which removes the body from the fellowship of the living, we may rescue the memory of departed worth from the shadow and mould of the tomb. Not only do we crave the opportunity of reading a full and graphic account of what we in part may have personally known, but of imparting to those who may come after us the benefits ourselves have derived from contact with a great and useful life.

These feelings are enhanced by the obvious consideration that the history of any period is, in a very large degree, that of the great men who live and act in it. They not only create events by their own energies, but use those which originate in natural

causes, apart from their instrumentality, for the attainment of the ends they seek to achieve. Their genius rules the elements which move upon society, and moulds them in obedience to its inspiration. They do the thinking of their time, and to a great extent stamp the character of its measures and policies. No history of an age can be produced which does not recount the deeds of the individuals who were a conspicuous part of it. The truly great men of a period are its jewels—its ornament and glory; and, if it cannot leave them, it seeks to transmit their memories as its choicest heirlooms to its successors. It is natural, therefore, that each generation should desire the biographies of its actors, as well as the chronicles of its facts, to represent it in the court of the future which will surely sit in judgment upon it. It is in this way it leaves its likeness behind it, to be suspended for study in the galleries of history. The doom of being forgotten is as much dreaded by an age as by an individual; and it well knows that upon the men who illustrated it by their thoughts and their deeds must depend its title to future fame, or even to future recognition. The Church, as a society composed of human beings, is not insensible to these feelings; but to her there are other and loftier motives to perpetuate the memory of her sons. Their lovely graces, noble virtues, and heroic achievements, are confessedly the fruits of that supernatural grace to which she owes her distinctive existence, and which it is her peculiar mission to glorify. Every precious gem which she wears upon her bosom is polished by the hand of the Divine Spirit, and she hastens to blend them into a coronet of honor with which to deck her glorious Redeemer's brow. In rehearsing the story of the lives of her worthies, she composes fresh psalms to the grace of redemption, which touches the lips of mortal men with coals of living fire, transmutes their energies into angelic virtues, and inspires their hearts for the achievement of immortal deeds.

Such were the emotions which were awakened in the breasts of his contemporaries by the lamented death of the great and good Thornwell. It was felt that it was a duty which the present owes to the future that the record of such a life as his should not be allowed to exist as a precarious tradition, but, reduced to perma-

ment form by competent hands, should be handed down for the contemplation of after times. But who should perform the delicate and responsible office? Who could be found to unite in himself all the qualifications requisite for its successful discharge? Happily, there was no difficulty in answering this demand. It seemed to be generally conceded that there was one among us who possessed all the requirements for the undertaking, and that into his hands there would be no hazard in committing it. The friends and admirers of the distinguished dead turned with a sort of instinctive unanimity to Dr. Palmer. He did not take to himself the honor and the responsibility of the work; he was summoned by a distinct vocation to gird himself for the task, and then cheerfully addressed himself to its performance. The finger of the general judgment indicated him as the man. For a number of years he had been intimately associated with Dr. Thornwell, both in his personal and ecclesiastical relations. For that period they labored together in the same town, and the utmost freedom and cordiality of intercourse existed between them. The unconscious future biographer had the fullest opportunity of becoming acquainted with the inner characteristics, as well as the more obtrusive qualities, of the man whose life he was afterwards to delineate. The warmest friendship attached them to each other. We recollect that on one occasion, when the question was before the Charleston Presbytery, to which they both belonged, of the removal of Dr. Palmer from Columbia to Charleston, Dr. Thornwell felt it to be his duty to advocate that measure, but remarked that he did so in opposition to all his personal feelings for a friend whom he loved as his own soul. Such an affection for another must have opened to him the doors of his heart. The work itself, as now given to the public, furnishes evidence that there was the most unreserved communion between them. The author, therefore, is a witness who speaks, in great measure, of his own personal knowledge; he knows whereof he affirms. We have alluded thus particularly to the means enjoyed by the biographer of fully taking the measure of his subject, in view of the fact that the estimate which he has expressed of him is so exalted as almost to suggest the apprehension that much has been spoken

from that indiscriminating admiration of genius which results from the contemplation of its object at a distance, and through the magnifying medium of a partial and inadequate knowledge. To a reader unacquainted with the great man who is the subject of the work, the author's language in regard to his powers and attainments will sometimes appear to be positively extravagant; and it would not be strange if he should feel disposed to ascribe it to an hallucination of mind, perfectly consistent with honesty, but springing from insufficient grounds of judgment, and leading an admirer to sublimate the object of mental homage above the region of tame and sober fact. The relations sustained by the author to the man of whom he speaks forbid the entertainment of this mythical hypothesis. He was with him under all circumstances, with and without the uniform of public parade; and there was no man who in undress was simpler, more artless, more childlike than Dr. Thornwell. He witnessed the free play of his intellect when there was no opportunity for special preparation, but when questions suited to task the highest intelligence and the profoundest scholarship were suddenly sprung upon him. We here recall a conversation with Dr. Palmer, in which he told us that he had not long before, in Dr. Thornwell's study, asked him for an account of Kant's philosophical system, and that, in ready response to the request, he expounded for an hour to his single auditor the theories of the great German, with all the earnestness and thoroughness which would have been elicited in addressing an assembly of hundreds. Access so unrestrained to the eminent subject of this memoir must have furnished the writer as complete a knowledge of his gifts, acquisitions, and character, as it is possible for one man to gain concerning another.

During this period, too, of intimate personal intercourse, Dr. Palmer was the fellow-presbyter of Dr. Thornwell. On the floors of Presbytery and Synod, he frequently heard him in debate upon ecclesiastical questions, and, of course, often listened to his profound and eloquent discourses from the pulpit. It is scarcely necessary to add, that he possessed all the ability and scholarship necessary to enable him to enter into sympathy with the intellectual powers with which Dr. Thornwell was so richly endowed,

and which are so vividly portrayed in the work before us. Himself gifted with the inspiration of the orator and the sagacity of the ecclesiastical statesman, and characterised by a remarkable facility for linguistic studies and a natural capacity for metaphysical thought, which, although it does not often display itself in technical forms, is revealed in the structure and staple of his public efforts, he could not fail to absorb, without any special endeavor, that acquaintance with the capabilities and acquirements of his distinguished friend which prepared him in subsequently taking the *role* of the biographer at once to do him the amplest justice and to "speak the words of soberness and truth."

Such were the qualifications of the author for his work. Socrates had his Plato and his Xenophon; and could it have consisted with the Christian humility of the great Carolinian that he should not have been insensible to "the last infirmity of noble minds"—a desire for posthumous fame—such an ambition would have been satisfied if he could have foreseen that the writer of these charming memoirs—the sharer of his inmost thoughts and feelings—would be called by the voice of his surviving friends to tell to posterity the story of his life and labors. It might, however, be supposed that the intimate friendship which existed between them would have tended to produce a partial judgment, insensibly leading the biographer to form an overweening estimate and to present an exaggerated portraiture of the qualities of one so greatly loved and admired. There is some force in this presumption; but it is checked, if not entirely removed, by the knowledge which the most intimate and dispassionate friends of the author possess of his singular freedom from prejudicial judgments and his wonted judiciousness and impartiality. He is not the man to pronounce an ill-considered and extravagant opinion in reference to friend or foe. He wrote for the eye of Dr. Thornwell's contemporaries; and any exaggeration of statement he full well knew would evoke attention from all parties, and most probably hostile criticism from some. It behoves a history of contemporaneous or very recent events to be exact, for the opportunity of correction and denial is palpable. The truth is, that the writer could hardly have uttered encomiums too highly

pitched when he described what was generally admitted by those competent to form a judgment to be supreme human genius. The only criticism which we have heard, charging defect upon the work, is that the author has not sufficiently signalized the marvellous influence which Dr. Thornwell wielded as an educator over the young men who came under his instruction at the South Carolina College—an influence which impressed itself upon them as well in the development of habits of thinking as in the actual formation of opinion. We mention this not because we deem the criticism well founded, for it appears to us that while no doubt that point might have been more minutely and impressively insisted on, the author could not well have yielded to the temptation to do so without dwelling at disproportionate length upon a single though remarkable feature of Dr. Thornwell's many-sided career. We call attention to the criticism in order to evince the fact that in the State in which the subject of the memoir was best known there does not exist, so far as we can ascertain, any impression that the picture of his life is too brightly tinted by the partial hand of friendship. The coloring is strong, but it is conceded to be true to fact.

Dr. Palmer usually addresses audiences eagerly awaiting his appearance, but never, probably, has he spoken to one which more anxiously expected him than that multitude who greeted the issue of this book. Desire was keen and expectation ran high—desire stimulated by unbounded admiration for the genius and tender love for the memory of the lamented subject of the work; expectation based upon the known ability and eloquence of the author. No apprehension was entertained as to his success in accomplishing this office of affection for his departed and illustrious friend; there was only anxiety to witness its completion. It was believed that a chaplet would be woven by his hands worthy to be placed on Thornwell's grave. Nor when the book appeared was there any disappointment of these feelings. They were fully justified by the result. The work, in the opinion of all from whom we have heard, is grandly successful. From all sides we learn that it is read with absorbing interest. Our friend, the editor of the *Southwestern Presbyterian*, tells us that on the

evening on which the book was received, he took it up with the intention of consulting a portion of it in regard to a topic in which he happened to be interested, and that the breakfast bell next morning summoned him from the closing chapter. We had a nearly similar experience, except that we began at the beginning, and finding it impracticable, notwithstanding the avidity with which its contents were devoured, to get through six hundred octavo pages in a single night, broke off in time to secure a short nap before the labors of the day, and reserved the rest for the next opportunity we could snatch. The hours rolled by unheeded while the spell of the entrancing story was upon us. The naked truth in regard to the triumphs of genius over obstacles blocking its path, and the wonderful method by which Divine grace prepared and trained it for the sublime mission of subsequent life, wore the charm with which the artist of fiction, by grouping ideal qualities and events into a transcendent unity of his own creation, invests the visions of the imagination. The reading was attended with varying emotions, akin to those with which a traveller, passing through a new and picturesque country, beholds fresh and surprising scenes of interest at every turn of his road, and again like those by which one is thrilled who watches the shifting fortunes of a well-fought field. Alternately we were melted by some exquisite touch of pathos, provoked to laughter by a stroke of humor, electrified by the account of some marvelous intellectual achievement, stimulated by the proofs of courage displayed by an intrepid spirit, rebuked and saddened by the record of untiring industry and consuming zeal, and bowed into adoration of the power and wisdom and mercy of a covenant-keeping God and Saviour. There are no contests more interesting than those of the forum and the deliberative assembly, no battles so grand as those which are waged for principle, no sufferings so sacred as those which are endured for truth, no struggles so suited to elicit human sympathy as those which are maintained with the tyranny of the devil and sin and hell, those which take place on the arena of the soul itself, between powers once pervaded by unity in the service of their God, but now split asunder in consequence of the fatal schism effected by the fall.

Such is the drama which moved before us as this narrative of Thornwell's life unfolded itself. Though an account of a theologian, a philosopher, and a scholar, and therefore chiefly interesting to those whose lines of study and order of thought are intellectual, this memoir is by no means destitute of attraction to the less cultivated people of God. The letters which it embodies breathe an earnest spirit of piety, and a tender sympathy with the afflicted, which will render them affecting and useful to those who desire to grow in grace, and to the stricken mourners who weep at the graves of kindred and friends. They are charming specimens of epistolary writing. The work, consequently, is winning praises from all classes of readers. The scholar and the student read with rapt admiration of the wonderful powers and attainments which are so eloquently depicted, and the humble child of God, whether lettered or unlettered, is delighted and edified by the spiritual counsels, so wise and salutary, with which the narrative is freely interspersed. There is scarcely an end which may be sought in the composition of a memoir which is not attained by this. There is, however, a special and paramount value which attaches to it, and of that we may have more to say before we close.

The style of the work is entitled to unqualified praise. It displays all the attributes for which the gifted author is distinguished, whether in speech or in writing. No reader can fail to be struck by the rhythmical flow and musical cadence of the sentences, the graceful elegance of expression, the copiousness and yet the appropriateness and vigor of diction, the graphic vividness of portraiture, and the transparent clearness and masterly ability of didactic statement and exposition, which characterise the book. It is the very "image and presentment" of the author. We hear the orator speaking through the printed page. We imagine the expressive gesture, the kindling eye, the magnetic tone. The pen did not seem to fetter the free action of his genius. He had a noble subject, and he has nobly responded to its demands upon his powers. We have not heard of a shade of disappointment in the minds of Dr. Thornwell's friends—the most jealous of his reputation—in regard to the style in which the

work is written. There is but one expression from all—that of satisfaction and delight. There is a sense of genuine pleasure when a production fulfils the law of fitness and congruity; and we confess to having experienced that feeling in reading this memoir. It was meet that the life of Thornwell should be written by one whose style would not suffer censure by comparison with the pure and lofty English of which that great man was a master, and in which, as in royal vesture, his grand ideas were wont to habilitate themselves. We are conscious of a feeling of gratification at seeing the two associated by the bond of this beautiful memoir. In our younger days we were accustomed to hear them preach when they occupied neighboring pulpits in Columbia, one in the chapel of the College, the other in the Presbyterian church; and to listen to them proclaiming “the glorious gospel of the blessed God” before the Charleston Presbytery and the South Carolina Synod. We cherish a distinct remembrance of the last time when that rich privilege was ours. We will be excused in recurring to it. It was at the meeting of the Synod at Chester, in 1856, when, after a close debate, it was decided, upon an appeal from the court below, to advise Dr. Palmer to accept a call from the First Presbyterian church of New Orleans. On the Sabbath, Dr. Palmer preached in the morning, and Dr. Thornwell in the afternoon. The occasion was one of touching interest, for it was felt that the former was to preach for the last time as a member of the Synod in which he had labored for years, and which had given him every mark of its confidence and affection. His text was, “God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.” The sermon was a noble and affecting one, and the eyes of his brethren were wet with tears. But the feast was not over. In the afternoon, Dr. Thornwell came on, with a sermon from the words in the 10th chapter of John: “I am the good shepherd; the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep.” He was manifestly in the vein to preach, for he moved off, at the start, like a free charger impatient for the course, or a gallant ship with all her canvas spread and a favoring gale behind; and having recently passed through severe bereavement in the loss of his venerated mother and a beloved child, was in a tender

and melting frame. Who that heard him can forget the unction and the power—the glow, the fervor, the deep pathos, with which he delivered himself on that occasion? Who can forget the cogency of reasoning by which from the text he fortified the doctrines of substitution, particular atonement, and final perseverance, and the classic and elevated diction, the flowing periods, the charming, fascinating manner in which he depicted the gentleness of Christ's rule as symbolised by the pastoral staff? And whose memory does not retain the impression of the thrilling scene when, having described the trials through which the great Pastor safely conducts his people to the heavenly fold, he leaned over the pulpit, and with uplifted arms and tones of indescribable intensity, exclaimed: "I am tired of temptation and of sin; I am tired of death-beds, funerals, and graves. Oh for the pinions of a dove, for then would I fly away, and be forever at rest!" The memorable day was closed with a beautiful sermon at night from the eloquent Dr. Thomas Smyth, now with Dr. Thornwell, where the clash of discussion is merged into shouts of praise. The reader will pardon the tear which these recollections press into the eye. This was the last occasion upon which we saw Dr. Thornwell and Dr. Palmer together, and heard them on the same day. Now once more, in this captivating memoir, they seem to us to be in company. So, linked by this tie, let them go down to posterity—*par nobile fratrum!*

We give a few extracts from different parts of the book, as furnishing specimens of its style, and as serving to justify the laudatory terms in which we have spoken of it. The first is taken from the opening chapter:

"History loves to trace the lineage of those whose lives have been heroic. It seems to add grace to virtue when it descends from sire to son.

And is successively, from blood to blood,  
The right of birth."

Even the pride of birth which it begets is shorn of its offence when it becomes the spur to honor, and the legacy of a spotless name is bequeathed, with increasing splendor, to succeeding heirs. The claim of birth is buffeted with scorn only when it stands upon the merit of the past, which it is powerless to reproduce. The rugged sense of mankind discriminates, with sufficient sagacity, betwixt the counterfeit aristocracy

and the true. The veneration which is natural to us, resents the fraud of an empty name, without the solid worth it was supposed to represent. But if the blood that courses through the veins bears upon its tide the virtues by which it was first distinguished, and the scions of an ancient house give presage of the honor which made their fathers renowned, it bows to such with a deference that seals the legitimacy of their sway. It turns, with a lofty disdain, from those who gild their vices or their weakness, with the lustre of a name which is prostituted in the use; but it accepts the blessing coming from ambition itself, when the *prestige* of birth prompts generations, in their turn,

‘To draw forth a noble ancestry  
From the corruption of abusing time,  
Unto a lineal, true-derived course.’

“But the longest pedigree must have a beginning; and the whole force of these suggestions goes to show that the chief glory belongs to the founder of a family. It is the impress of his character which honorable descendants are careful to preserve; and though the original dignity may be enlarged, it is by the stimulus derived from his example. The glory of embellishing a name can never be superior to that of first drawing it from obscurity. As, too, a wise government recruits its nobility by timely and gradual accessions from the commons beneath it, so God, in his adorable providence, is continually bringing out the unknown to be princes in the power of their influence over the Church and the world. This pre-eminence is challenged on behalf of the subject of these memoirs. If his name was never borne with ‘chant of heraldry’ along the aisles of the drowsy past, he has the superior glory, in this respect, of being born only of himself. . . .

“It is unfortunate that so little can be traced of Dr. Thornwell’s parentage on the paternal side. Of his grandfather, nothing is known but what has been mentioned above. Of his father, little can be gathered beyond the fact that he belonged to that important and useful class, so necessary under the partially feudal system which has passed away, who managed the estates of others; serving as middle-men between the proprietors, who were often absentees, and the baronial estates, which they managed as their representatives. He is described as generous in disposition, free-handed and hospitable, living always up to his means, and accumulating nothing. Firm in the execution of his purposes, he acquired the reputation of being a good planter and an excellent manager; and to the period of his death held positions of responsibility and trust. When this event occurred, he was in charge of the business of a widowed lady, Mrs. Bedgewood, afterwards Mrs. Billingsley.

“The scene of death is thus described by an eye-witness; and it is interesting, as bringing, for the first time, distinctly before us the subject of this book. It may lend additional zest to the narrative to say that it

is told by one from whom he was separated in birth by only the interval of an hour, in homes which were in sight of each other, upon the same plantation. This surviving friend, sustaining almost the relation of a foster-brother, thus depicts the sensibility and grief of the youthful orphan: 'At that time I lived a great deal with my aunt, Mrs. Bedge-wood, and was there when Mr. Thornwell died. Though only some seven or eight years old, I remember the day perfectly. The house was not more than a quarter of a mile from my aunt's; and both she and I were there when he breathed his last. It was the first time I had ever seen death face to face. I remember the looks of Mr. Thornwell to this day. After he was laid out, James and myself looked wonderingly on his remains, and then went to the spring, talking, as boys might, of the strangeness of death. I recollect his saying, in almost heart-broken accents, *What will mother do? What will become of us?* We remained some time at the spring; he often weeping bitterly, and I consoling him as well as I could. No day of my life is more vividly impressed upon my memory.'

"It is an artless story like this which most quickly suffuses the eye with tears. It is graphic in its very simplicity. Every line in the picture is sharply cut. Two young boys, just eight years of age, stand together by the side of a corpse, with that strange awe which all remember to have felt when first gazing upon the great mystery of death: then sitting down by the cool spring to appreciate what it imports to the living; then the sudden rush of grief upon the orphan's heart, and the affectionate sensibility which stretches into the desolate future, breaking into the wail, 'What will my mother do?' It is the first sign given of the broad and noble nature, which it will be the business of these pages to portray; of that deep affectionateness, which flowed like a majestic stream through a generous life, fertilising friendships as tender and as lasting as ever gathered around the memory of the dead. It shall be told in due time 'what that mother shall do,' when we come to see the filial love which bursts forth in the passionate cry of the boy, folding at last her venerable form in his manly embrace, smoothing the pillow under her dying head, and writing her praise in lasting marble over her grave."

We next furnish some selections from different parts of the book, which will at once illustrate the writer's style, and be interesting to the reader as exhibiting the evidences of Dr. Thornwell's wonderful power as a preacher. The first presents him as going, not long after his licensure, to fulfil an engagement to preach, under a cloud of doubt as to his call to the ministry, and even his conversion:

"In his solitary way, as he journeys along, in the beautiful spring,

terrible thoughts settle upon his mind which he cannot conjure away. What if, after all, he should not be a converted man! What, if it should be a profane touch that he was to give to the ark of God! What, if the ministry should prove to him an iron bondage, and, having preached to others, he himself should be a castaway? And so he journeyed on, like Saul to Damascus, with the deep midnight upon his soul. At the end of a day's travel, he rested under the hospitable roof of a pious elder, to whom he opened all the sorrow. But no comfort came from all the comfort that was spoken. The good elder could succeed only in exacting a promise, at parting, that he would go on to his appointment; and if the Lord, in answer to prayer, did not make his duty plain, why, then, he need not preach. The place is reached: he enters the pulpit with 'the great horror of darkness' resting upon him still. It is the garden of Gethsemane to this young but chosen servant of the Lord, who must here learn to drink of the Saviour's cup, and be baptized with his baptism. He rises to preach: and now the time has come for the revelation of the Saviour's love. Through a rift in the gloom, there rushes down upon him such a sense of his acceptance with God as was overpowering. The assurance and the joy overflowed into the discourse, which poured the sacred oil over the assembly, until some gathered unconsciously near the pulpit, in breathless suspense upon the young prophet's lips. He was from that moment anointed to a life-work, which is precious in its record here, and—above."

The next extract gives Dr. Palmer's first impressions of Dr. Thornwell as a preacher:

"Dr. Thornwell was, however, no stranger to the Columbia pulpit, as he often, during the preceding year, for consecutive Sabbaths, occupied the place of the pastor, Dr. Witherspoon, when disabled by chronic sickness. It was at this period the writer's acquaintance with his friend began: though his own position as a divinity student did not warrant the intimacy which was enjoyed a little later, when brought into the relation of a co-presbyter. The impression will never be erased of the first discourse to which he listened, in the year 1839. A thin, spare form, with a slight stoop in the shoulders, stood in the desk, with soft black hair falling obliquely over the forehead, and a small eye, with a wonderful gleam, when it was lighted by the inspiration of his theme. The devotional services offered nothing peculiar, beyond a quiet simplicity and reverence. The reading was, perhaps, a trifle monotonous, and the prayer was marked rather by correctness and method, than by fervor or fulness. But, from the opening of the discourse, there was a strange fascination, such as had never been exercised by any other speaker. The subject was doctrinal, and Dr. Thornwell, who was born into the ministry at the height of a great controversy, had on then the wiry edge of his

youth. The first impression made was that of being stunned by a peculiar dogmatism in the statement of what seemed weighty propositions; this was followed by a conscious resistance of the authority which was felt to be a little brow-beating with its positiveness; and then, as link after link was added to the chain of a consistent argument, expressed with that agonistic fervor which belongs to the forum, the effect at the close was to overwhelm and subdue. 'Who is this preacher?' was asked of a neighbor, in one of the pauses of the discourse. 'That is Mr. Thornwell; don't you know him?' was the reply. Thornwell, Thornwell! the sound came back like an echo from the distant past, or like a half-remembered dream, which one strives to recover; when suddenly it flashed upon the memory that, eight years before, when a lad of thirteen, he had heard a young collegian say, 'There is a little fellow just graduated in my class, of whom the world will hear something by and by; his name is Thornwell.' This and that were put together; the prophecy and the fulfilment already begun. How little did the writer dream, in the wondering of that day, that nearly twenty years of bosom friendship would bind him to that stranger as Jonathan was knit to David; or that after five-and-thirty years he would be penning these reminiscences in this biography. Let him be forgiven for floating thus a moment upon the flood of these memories."

We offer next to the reader a portion of the author's recapitulatory analysis of Dr. Thornwell's qualities as a preacher, which contains as fine writing of the sort as we have ever encountered:

"The feature most remarkable in this prince of pulpit orators was the rare union of rigorous logic with strong emotion. He reasoned always, but never coldly. He did not present truth in what Bacon calls 'the dry light of the understanding;' clear, indeed, but without the heat which warms and fructifies. Dr. Thornwell wove his argument in fire. His mind warmed with the friction of its own thoughts, and glowed with the rapidity of its own motion; and the speaker was borne along in what seemed to others a chariot of flame. One must have listened to him to form an adequate conception of what we mean. Filled with the sublimity of his theme, and feeling in the depths of his soul its transcendent importance, he could not preach the gospel of the grace of God with the coldness of a philosopher. As the flood of his discourse set in, one could perceive the ground-swell from beneath, the heaving tide of passionate emotion which rolled it on. Kindling with a secret inspiration, his manner lost its slight constraint; all angularity of gesture and awkwardness of posture suddenly disappeared; the spasmodic shaking of the head entirely ceased; his slender form dilated; his deep-black eye lost its drooping expression; the soul came and looked forth, lighting it up with a strange brilliancy; his frail body rocked and trembled as under a divine

afflatus, as though the impatient spirit would rend its tabernacle and fly forth to God and heaven upon the wings of his impassioned words ; until his fiery eloquence, rising with the greatness of his conceptions, burst upon the hearer in some grand climax, overwhelming in its majesty and resistless in its effect. In all this there was no declamation, no 'histrionic mummery,' no straining for effect, nothing approaching to rant. All was natural, the simple product of thought and feeling wonderfully combined. One saw the whirlwind, as it rose and gathered up the waters of the sea ; saw it in its headlong course, and in the bursting of its power. However vehement his passion, it was justified by the thoughts which engendered it ; and in all the storm of his eloquence, the genius of logic could be seen presiding over its elements, and guiding its course."

"To understand Dr. Thornwell's power, these several elements must be combined : his powerful logic, his passionate emotion, his majestic style, of which it may be said, as of Lord Brougham, that 'he wielded the club of Hercules entwined with roses.' This generation will never look upon his like again ; a single century cannot afford to produce his equal. It may listen to much lucid exposition, much close and powerful reasoning, much tender and earnest appeal, much beautiful and varied imagery ; but never from the lips of one man can it be stirred by vigor of argument fused by a seraph's glow, and pouring itself forth in strains which linger in the memory like the chant of angels. The regret has been expressed that his unwritten sermons had not been preserved through the labors of a reporter. It is well the attempt was never made. What invented symbols could convey that kindling eye, those trembling and varied tones, the expressive attitude, the foreshadowing and typical gesture, the whole quivering frame, which made up in him the complement of the finished orator ? The lightning's flash, the fleecy clouds embroidered on the sky, and the white crest of the ocean wave, surpass the painter's skill. The orator must live through tradition ; and to make this tradition, we have described one of whom it may be said, as once of Ebenezer Erskine, 'He that never heard him, never heard the gospel in its majesty.'"

The only other extract which we will present is one in which an account is given of Dr. Thornwell's last illness, death, and funeral :

"But we must return to a more peaceful scene, one of surpassing solemnity, but one the sadness of which is chased away by the light of Christian triumph and joy. On the very day that father and son parted in Charlotte, Dr. Thornwell took his bed, from which he was lifted only to be borne to his burial. From the beginning of the attack, he was impressed with the conviction that it was his last. The Rev. John Douglas, a tried friend of his from early college life, came to him at the first

stage. As he entered the room, he said: 'You have just come in time to see me die.' As we have narrated, by what seemed an accidental circumstance, his beloved wife was at his side. To her he mentioned the pleasing fact, that at Wilson's Springs, from which he had just come to meet his son, though in some respects uncomfortable, he had had a time of great spiritual enjoyment. He seemed to have been taken there, away from all whom he loved, that in solitude and prayer he might be prepared for the coming of his Lord. For nearly two weeks he lingered, being tenderly nursed at the house of Mr. William E. White, of Charlotte, by loving friends, who would cheerfully have saved his life by the surrender of their own; until, on the first day of August, 1862, he gently fell asleep. It was only this; there was not a struggle, nor a groan. He threw himself back upon his pillow; lifted his right arm and hand; it quivered spasmodically for a few seconds, and then dropped; his eye became fixed; and with a few short breaths his spirit passed away.

"The nature of his malady prevented him from speaking much. He had been threatened all his life with consumption, which perhaps settled upon a different organ from the lungs. A chronic dysentery had slowly undermined his strength, and the toneless system had not power to resist the final assault. The lethargy to which this form of disease predisposes, made him quiet for the most part; although he was easily aroused, and always with the full recognition of those around his bed. Being asked if he had any word to leave to his boys, he replied: 'Oh! they are the burden of my soul; if they were only children of God, I would ask no more.' Being further pressed to know if he had any directions to give concerning them, he added: 'The same Jesus who has watched over me can take care of them.' On being asked again, if there was anything he wished done, when he was gone, the triumphant word of faith came back, 'The Judge of all the earth will do right.'

"He lay much with his hands folded across his breast, with lips moving as if in prayer. Then, at other times, there would fall upon the ear troubled and incoherent utterances, which, when caught, would reveal his mental habits. Lifting his finger, as if addressing an imaginary class, he would say, 'Well, you have stated your position; now prove it.' Again, as if musing upon some metaphysical theme, he would articulate: 'The attributes—first the moral, then the intellectual, and thirdly, the religious or spiritual;' reminding one of the good Neander, who, in a like condition, would lift himself on his dying couch and say, 'To-morrow, young gentlemen, we will resume our exertions upon the sixth chapter of John.' It is our loss that there are no more last sayings to record of such a master; for

'The tongues of dying men  
Enforce attention, like deep harmony;  
The setting sun, and music at the close,  
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last,  
Writ in remembrance more than things long past.'

Yet, they are not needed. Our brother's whole life was a continued chant; and memory will preserve its music, returning upon us with ceaseless echoes, till we, too, sleep. The last time but one it was the writer's privilege to hear him in the pulpit, in one of those outbursts of emotion so characteristic of his eloquence, he exclaimed: 'I am often very weary; weary with work, as the feeble body reels beneath its accumulated toils; weary of struggling with my own distrustful and unbelieving heart; weary with the wickedness of men, and with the effort to put a bridle upon human passions; and I often sigh to be at rest.' Brother, thou hast entered into rest; and we are the more weary for the loss of thee!

The Holy Spirit placed his seal upon that pallid brow. The partition is very thin between the two worlds, when we come to stand upon the borders of both; and the beautiful light streams through the curtain which separates them, and throws a strange radiance upon the dying believer, the prophecy of a glorious transfiguration. Says Dr. Adger, who came in at the last hour, just in time to catch the last look of recognition and love: 'Delightful smiles played over his countenance, as, on a summer evening, the harmless lightning plays, with incessant flashes, upon the bosom of a cloud.' The last work of the Holy Ghost was being done, in completing the saint's likeness to his Lord; and that Lord was speaking with his servant face to face, as he did with Moses out of the cloud. The last broken words, upon which the departing soul was borne into the bosom of God, were ejaculations of wonder and praise: 'Wonderful! beautiful! Nothing but space! Expanse! Expanse! Expanse!' And so he passed upward and stood before the Throne.

'How glorious now, with vision purified  
At the Essential Truth, entirely free  
From error, he, investigating still,  
From world to world at pleasure roves, on wing  
Of golden ray upborne; or at the feet  
Of heaven's most ancient sages sitting, hears  
New wonders of the wondrous works of God.'

"His remains were conveyed to Columbia, in a car specially set apart by the kindness of the President of the railroad. The funeral services were conducted, on a Sabbath afternoon, in the Presbyterian church, where he had so long proclaimed the gospel of his Lord, in the presence of an immense multitude, who had assembled to pay the last homage to greatness and to goodness. The Rev. Dr. John B. Adger, with difficult utterance, took, as the text of his discourse, the watchword of his departed friend, 'Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?' The Rev. Dr. George Howe, his colleague in the Seminary, and the Rev. F. P. Mullally, who had been co-pastor with him in the church, assisted in the impressive service. As the long procession moved through the streets of

that beautiful town, to the resting-place of the dead, the city bell tolled its solemn and plaintive notes, expressive of the public and the common grief. In the family enclosure in Elmwood Cemetery, the precious dust was committed to the earth, by the side of the loved daughter, who but three years before was laid to rest. There, in a quiet and beautiful spot, by the banks of a soft-murmuring stream, the stranger will find a solid block of pure white Italian marble, upon whose face he will read only this inscription, in bold relief,

‘JAMES HENLEY THORNWELL.’”

The method of treatment adopted by the author we regard as, on the whole, very judicious and happy, although we apprehend that it is only concerning this matter there is likely to be any difference of opinion in the minds of the readers of the work. We would be glad to furnish extracts conveying the author's account of some of the principal features and incidents of Dr. Thornwell's life, but the fact that this could not be done with justice either to the writer or his subject without considerable fulness of detail, and that the limits of this article will not admit of our doing that prevents us from gratifying our desire in this regard. We must content ourselves with exhibiting the manner in which the author has used the materials which he had at his command—and they were so meagre that the wonder is he has succeeded as well as he has—by submitting the headings of the chapters into which the work is divided. They are as follows: “I. Parentage and Birth; II. Early Boyhood; III. His Patrons; IV. Preparation for College; V. College Life; VI. College Life Continued; VII. His Conversion; VIII. His Teaching at Cheraw; IX. Residence at Cambridge; X. First Pastorate; XI. First Professorship; XII. Voyage to Europe; XIII. Letters from Europe; XIV. Old and New School Controversy; XV. Polemic Career Begun; XVI. The Board Question; XVII. General Correspondence; XVIII. The Elder Question; XIX. Call to Baltimore; XX. Question of Romish Baptism; XXI. Assemblies of 1847 and 1848; XXII. Personal Friendships; XXIII. State Education; XXIV. Call to Charleston; XXV. Presidency of the College; XXVI. Presidency Continued; XXVII. Close of His Presidency; XXVIII. Editorship of *Southern Quarterly Review*; XXIX. Seminary

Life; XXX. Seminary Life Continued; XXXI. Second Voyage to Europe; XXXII. The Late War; XXXIII. His Course in the War; XXXIV. Organization of the Southern Assembly; XXXV. His Death; XXXVI. General Review: As an educator; as philosopher and theologian; as a preacher; as a presbyter; as a Christian and a man. Appendix: I. Notices of Sermons; II. 'Our Danger and Our Duty;' III. 'The State of the Country.'"

This general view of the contents of the book indicates the mode in which the author has treated the life of his great subject. The sectional distribution of the history is natural and logical, and its development sufficiently exhaustive. We admire the taste and judgment which led the writer to confine himself to a single volume; there are perhaps none who will not concede that he has been governed by a just sense of perspective in the composition of the work. It may be that some of Dr. Thornwell's friends would have been gratified by a somewhat fuller and more circumstantial presentation of incidents, as, for example, the effects produced by the delivery of particular sermons and speeches. Such a desire would be easily accounted for; but, in the first place, it is not at all improbable that the author has availed himself of all that sort of material which came into his possession, after using every fair means to solicit such contributions to his work from parties in whose power he supposed it lay to furnish them; and, in the second place, it may be that, supposing he did have in hand a somewhat ampler stock of personal incidents than has been embodied in the book, he deemed it inexpedient, by such an addition, to spin out the story to greater length than it actually assumed under the prosecution of his plan. Everything—his scrupulous regard for the reputation of the man whose life he was writing, his intimate friendship for him while living, and his veneration for his memory now that he is dead—conspire to make him a competent judge in the case. We confess that we would have been glad if Dr. Palmer had deemed it consistent with the limits or the scope of his work to have taken up and subjected to examination a criticism which has been passed upon Dr. Thornwell's consistency as a theologi-

cal thinker, in reference to a point of doctrine which he has discussed in his writings. There was no one more able than he to have set that matter in a true light, but we have no doubt that he had good reasons for refraining from its consideration. It is not unlikely that he may have judged that as the criticism alluded to was occasioned by the posthumous publication of Dr. Thornwell's Writings, the office of replying to it belonged more properly to a reviewer than to a biographer. As we have adverted to this subject, we will embrace the opportunity of offering some explanatory statements which, we think, will be sufficient to show that the criticism in question is grounded in a misapprehension of the facts of the case.

In the year 1860 appeared the elaborate and able work of the Rev. Dr. Samuel J. Baird, entitled "Elohim Revealed," in which he propounded his theory of the "numerical identity" of the race with Adam as the ground of their implication in the responsibility of his sin. This work Dr. Thornwell reviewed in an exceedingly vigorous and masterly article published in the SOUTHERN PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW. In that article he utterly denies the theory of numerical identity, and contends that the federal relation between Adam, as a representative, and his posterity, is the real ground of the imputation to them of the guilt of his first sin, and at the same time furnishes a sufficient vindication of the justice of God in holding the race responsible for that sin. More than ten years after the publication of the article against Dr. Baird, the first two volumes of Dr. Thornwell's Collected Writings were issued. The first volume contained his Lectures on Theology, which had not previously appeared in print. This led to the supposition that the Lectures were written subsequently to the publication of the review of Dr. Baird's work. In the Lecture on Original Sin, Dr. Thornwell confesses the leaning of his mind to the theory of a generic or substantive unity between Adam and his race, as vindicating the justice of his appointment as their federal head and representative, and of the imputation of his guilt to them. Through ignorance of the facts of the case, it was supposed that this lecture was posterior in the order of production to the article against Dr. Baird, and

that in it Dr. Thornwell had receded from the ground maintained in the article, and had substantially adopted the theory of numerical identity which he had previously so strongly opposed. Hence the charge of inconsistency arose, and, it must be admitted, was, on that hypothesis, invested with some plausibility. For the discussion of Dr. Baird's position had thoroughly drawn Dr. Thornwell's mind to the questions involved; his judgment must have been carefully and definitely formed in regard to them. And if the lecture was written afterwards, there would seem to have occurred some modification of his views, or at least a strange inattention to the possible construction of his terms. Now, the fact is, that the lecture, as it stands in the Collected Writings, was written before the article. Before obtaining full evidence in regard to the matter, we had come to the conclusion that the lecture was the earlier production of the two, for the obvious reason that it contained no allusion whatsoever to the theory of numerical identity—a thing which would have been unaccountable had the article been first written. But we had the means of verifying this judgment, and we took the pains to employ them. We knew that Dr. T. D. Witherspoon had, while a student of theology, in 1859, had taken full notes of Dr. Thornwell's Lectures, and had enjoyed the opportunity, in consequence of his peculiar relations to the Doctor, of comparing them with the manuscripts of the lectures. Accordingly we wrote to him in regard to this matter, asking him to inform us whether his notes of the Lecture on Original Sin were identical with it in the form in which it appears in the Collected Writings. He replied, stating that the correspondence is almost *verbatim*, as well in regard to the portion in which Dr. Thornwell speaks of generic unity as to the others. As the notes were taken in the spring of 1859, and the article against Dr. Baird was written in 1860, the proof is transparent that he could not in the lecture have abandoned the ground maintained in the article. If there was any change at all, it was from the position of the lecture to that of the review.

In the next place, it cannot be fairly shown that the position of the lecture coincides with the theory of Dr. Baird in regard

to the nature of the relation between Adam and his seed. Dr. Thornwell nowhere in that production uses the terms "numerical identity," and it is but fair to suppose that he meant something else than Dr. Baird's identity by the expressions "fundamental," "generic," and "substantive" unity. We have Dr. Wither-  
spoon's statement that in the year previous to that in which the Lecture on Original Sin, as contained in the Collected Writings, was delivered to the Senior class of the Seminary, Dr. Thornwell used the following language in commenting upon Calvin's view of the transmission of Adam's sin: "Calvin draws a distinction between Adam as a parent and Adam as a root. In the term *root* he implies the mystic unity of the race in Adam. He was not merely man, but humanity; not a man, but human nature. This is but a modification of the old dogma of Plato and the Realists. Adam, as a root, contained the ideal humanity. Every man was generically or potentially in Adam, and thus destroyed with him. Calvin certainly inclines to this doctrine of the Realists, that there is an abstract essence of humanity participated in by all men. But this involves a philosophical dogma which the Scriptures do not recognise, and upon which, even if it were philosophically true, we would have no right to found a scripture doctrine. But I do not believe in generals as really existing. They are only logical deductions from particulars, and, therefore, I cannot rest the truth of the doctrine upon any such theory." It is not probable that in the interval between this utterance and that of the article against Dr. Baird, Dr. Thornwell had adopted a theory coincident with that of numerical identity. That would involve the supposition of two changes—one to that theory, and the other from it; and that in the course of three years. *Credat Judæus!*

In the third place, the language of the Lecture on Original Sin in regard to the unity of the race in Adam is hypothetical and cautious: "If there is a fundamental unity in the race," "I must confess that in my own mind there is a leaning towards a theory which shall carry back the existence of the individual in some sense to Adam." On the other hand, the tone of the article upon Dr. Baird's book is positive and dogmatic. Our own

conviction is, that when he wrote the Lecture on Original Sin, Dr. Thornwell had allowed himself to go farther than was his wont into speculation as to the nature of the relation between Adam and his posterity, and the ground of divine justice in the imputation of his guilt to them; but that, when he encountered Dr. Baird's theory, he saw the peril of indulging in that line of thought, and definitely resiled to his old, scriptural position in reference to the representative relation. At all events, it is incontestable that there was no subsequent abandonment of the view so powerfully maintained in the review of Dr. Baird's theory, and that that article embodied his last published thoughts upon the important subject it discussed. The lecture, therefore, must be interpreted by the article.

To return to Dr. Palmer's book. We trust that the results which it will achieve will be commensurate with the consummate ability with which it is written. We doubt not that one of the first which it will produce will be to correct certain misapprehensions which have been entertained by those who did not know him well in reference to the great man whose life it so faithfully depicts. It was supposed by some that he was stern and gloomy, and by others that he was simply and coldly intellectual. An English Presbyterian magazine spoke of him as being to his people the incarnation of "sheer intelligence." No one can read this memoir without perceiving that there was in him a singular absence of harshness and asceticism, and that he was at the farthest possible remove from being a huge intellectual iceberg. He was as simple and gleeful as a child; and while he had a marvellous intelligence, it were difficult to say whether or not it preponderated over the warm and loving sympathies of a broad and catholic heart. If we might appropriate to him language which savors of paganism, we would say that upon him

"Every god did seem to set his seal,  
To give the world assurance of a man."

He was not perfect, for when we knew him he lived on earth, but all the virtues were represented in him; the Sacred Nine of the Scriptures, the sisterhood of the heavenly graces, attended him whithersoever he went.

Another beneficial result that we confidently expect to flow from the publication of this work is the elevation of the standard of scholarship and preaching among us, and the encouragement of young men to overcome by invincible determination and strenuous effort all the obstacles which oppose the cultivation of their powers, and the accomplishment of the noblest ends of life. A concrete case of the realisation of ideal excellence is a mighty enforcer of the obligation to seek it. The attainment is seen, at least in measure, to be a possibility. The temptation to despair in the face of difficulties is lessened, if it be not entirely destroyed. Every man, it is true, is not a genius. But what one man by labor and patience has achieved, another man, in his degree, may do. We need just such an exemplification as our biographer paints of the acquirements of the scholar made by one born and reared among us, in our present depressed condition, in which some of the spurs to exertion created by the opportunity for honor and preferment are taken away, and the struggle for subsistence thrusts itself upon our young men as apparently the paramount duty of the hour. Thornwell, too, was the powerful preacher, and his example, as held up in this book, must stimulate candidates for the ministry to follow in his steps. While he lived he stamped, as far as his influence reached, his impress upon the style of preaching. That cold and passionless tone of pulpit effort with which, in our boyhood, we were familiar could not live in the contrast furnished by his fervent, unread, apostolic delivery of the glorious gospel of the blessed God. It is our belief that he has wrought a revolution in the type of preaching in all that section of country of which he was a radiating centre of influence. A Presbyterian need not now be told that he preaches like a Methodist because he looks at his congregation instead of his manuscript, and takes fire from the inspiration of his theme. He may even escape the imputation of rant, although in the vehemence of his zeal he may sometimes dare to employ what was common to the ancient orator, and the absence of which in the British Parliament David Hume deplored—the *supplicatio pedis*—and may lift up his voice like a trumpet and speak of Hell instead of Hades to immortal spirits,

swiftly passing with him to a flaming bar and an eternal doom. We can never forget how we were waked up as from a dream when we first heard the thrilling tones and saw the impassioned manner of this mighty preacher. We were wont to come away from listening to him, as John Foster said of himself after a sermon by Robert Hall, with the impression of having breasted a storm. And now that he is dead, he yet speaketh through the eloquent portraiture of this book. We trust and believe that it will exercise a powerful influence in moulding the type of preaching in the Southern Presbyterian Church.

This biography, moreover, must unquestionably contribute to direct attention, on the part especially of non-ministerial readers, to Dr. Thornwell's writings—a result the value of which it is impossible to overestimate. It will be a happy circumstance, a matter of devout thanksgivings to God, if the noble, comprehensive views of the gospel, and the scriptural representations of the Church and the Presbyterian system, expressed in those works, shall be, through the instrumentality of this book, brought into contact with the mind and heart of those who are taking the place of the fathers, and by whom, under God, the future policy and interests of our Church must be directed. Dr. Thornwell was a reformer in the sphere of the Church. The grand, distinctive principles of the Presbyterian system which others had contended for amidst the stern conflicts in which his life began, it became his vocation, by the instrument of his powerful logic, to develop into higher significance and fuller proportions; while there were other cardinal truths, as, for instance, the spiritual office and sphere and ends of the Church, which it seemed to be his mission to call out into light and to imbed in the hearts of the people of Christ. For some time he battled with undaunted courage, but with apparently trivial success, for these inestimable principles; but ere he fell asleep he was permitted to witness the organisation of a church which welcomed them to her heart, and made them the watchwords of her future career. Wo worth the day if she should consent to sink this her peculiar testimony, for the utterance of which she was born, and profanely despising the glorious opportunity opened up to her in

the providence of her Head, relinquish, by a species of moral suicide, her distinctive existence, and, by her own election, pass once more into the forlorn estate of Gibeonitish hewers of wood and drawers of water to a secularized ecclesiasticism!

The only remaining result of the publication of this work which we will mention is, that it adds a fresh contribution to the vindication of the Southern participants in the late war from the charge of having been governed by unwarrantable passion, or the temper of wicked resistance to legitimate authority. Dr. Thornwell was not a disciple of Calhoun, nor bred in the school of nullification and secession. He was ardently attached to the Union, and almost to the opening notes of the great struggle deprecated the severance of the bond which linked the States together in a mighty confederation. Nothing but the profoundest convictions could have induced him to espouse the other side, and by argument and appeal and personal sacrifice, urge the Southern people to contend as for altars and hearths. The advocacy of the cause by such men was not needed to make it right; but it will tend to redeem it from unmerited reproach before the bar of an impartial future. And when, finally, it shall come to a higher and truer judgment upon this solemn matter than this poor world can furnish, it will afford a presumption in favor of our approval if we shall be found in the company of such men as James H. Thornwell.

We had hoped to append a few personal reminiscences of Dr. Thornwell as a thinker and a preacher, but the length to which this article has been protracted warns us to desist. We would have been glad to steal to his grave and add our humble sprig of cypress to that beautiful wreath of amaranth which has now, by the hand of affection, been reverently laid upon it. For we, too, knew him; and although we were not privileged, as was the author of this memoir, to lie in the bosom of his friendship, yet it was once ours to hear him from Sabbath to Sabbath, as, with scarcely less than an angel's ability and fervor, he preached the glories of redeeming grace. We have wept freely under the naked exhibitions of his argumentative power, and been transported out of self-consciousness by appeals that seemed to blend

the thunders of Sinai and the judgment bar with the melting accents of the Cross. We are not reluctant to state that we have gained more insight into the scheme of redemption from his writings—gathered and treasured as our theological jewels long before his works were collected and given to the world—than from those even of John Calvin and John Owen themselves. Wonderful man! When we were on a march to Malvern Hill, one whispered to us that Thornwell was dead! Fatigue, privation, hardship, country itself, were all forgotten under the weight of those appalling tidings, and thousands experienced the same overwhelming emotions. Lamentation broke forth from the length and breadth of the South; his native State covered her face and wept; but it was the Church of his love—the darling Jerusalem of his heart—that bowed in deepest grief above his bier; while she might have been conceived as pouring forth the passionate and touching lament:

*Λάμβανε, Περσεφόνα, τὸν ἐμὸν πόσιν· ἔσσι γὰρ αὐτὰ  
Πολλὸν ἐμεῦ κρείσσων· τὸ δὲ πᾶν καλὸν εἰς σὲ καταρῆρι.  
Θνάσκεις, ὦ τριπέθατε· πόθος δέ μοι, ὡς θναρ. ἐπιτη.*

But nay; he cannot vanish as a dream, though he walk no more among living men. Embalmed in the heart of the passing generation amid a thousand precious recollections, he cannot by them be forgotten; this memoir, attended by a retinue of traditions, will transmit his memory to other times; nor will he cease to be remembered while a human name is cherished as the symbol of genius, learning, and piety, of courage, honor, and truth.

We cannot close these comments upon the work before us without adverting to the fact that it was purely a labor of love, unattended with the slightest material advantage to the author; and without also giving expression to the feeling that, by its production, he has entitled himself to the gratitude of the friends of Dr. Thornwell, of South Carolina, of the Southern Presbyterian Church, and of the whole South whose distinctive opinions that great man so ably expounded, and whose memorable struggle for constitutional rights he so earnestly endorsed. Nor will he be without the meed of praise from the admirers of genius and the friends of truth everywhere into whose hands his book may

come. He has, indeed, erected a monument to the memory of the illustrious dead more durable than brass or stone—one which the weather of centuries will not disintegrate, nor the tooth of time corrode. He has already won the plaudits of his brethren, and the cordial, Well done! of all whose approbation he would esteem. We have understood that a second edition of the book is called for. It is to be hoped that the author may see his way clear to issue it. It will afford the opportunity of eliminating errors of typography, and a few others affecting the sense, which through inadvertence crept into the present edition and mar its perfection. These external blemishes ought to be removed from a work which is internally a master-piece.

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ARTICLE VI.

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY AT SAVANNAH.

There were present at the Savannah Assembly only one hundred and twenty-one commissioners, against one hundred and thirty-three at the St. Louis Assembly. Not counting Hangchow and Sao Paulo, we have fifty-five Presbyteries, entitled each to two, and seven entitled each to four, so that the whole possible number of commissioners is one hundred and thirty-eight. Last year all were present except three ruling elders. This year some three ministers and a dozen ruling elders were absent. But the body was large enough for all useful purposes. The Lord grant that our Church may prosper and increase; but let us make arrangements in season to prevent our highest ecclesiastical court from ever becoming an overgrown assemblage. One hundred and fifty men, carefully selected, can better serve the Church as a supreme judicatory than any crowd of three hundred which can be brought together.

There was some complaint of a difficulty in hearing, owing to a muffled echo in the house; but we experienced no particular