

THE LIFE

OF

CHARLES HODGE D.D. LL.D.

PROFESSOR IN THE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
PRINCETON N. J.

BY HIS SON

A. A. HODGE

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affectionately yours
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PREFACE.

THE family of the late Dr. Charles Hodge have been assured, by those in whose judgment they have the most reason to confide, that a memoir of his life should be prepared. This was rendered probable by the fact that, although his life had been a quiet one, varied by few external events of general interest, yet it had been one of very remarkable literary activity, and of protracted and extended influence, involving an intimate association with many of the most interesting characters and events of the century. The totality of the phenomenon, including personality and achievement, was unquestionably very remarkable. It matters not whether the effect is to be attributed in the largest measure to natural, gracious, or providential endowments, the study of the causes combining to produce such an effect must be instructive. Behind every cause, whatever its nature, is the beneficent efficiency of God, and to him will be all the praise.

The subscriber undertook the work because he could secure the agency of none of those who would be more competent. That he is a son is an advantage, in so far as the relation secures special opportunities of information, and the strongest motives to diligence. It need, on the other hand, occasion no embarrassment, as he does not purpose to intrude upon others his opinions of, or his affection for his Father, but simply to gather and present materials through which his Father and his work may speak for themselves, and the opinions of the most competent among his contemporaries may be impartially reflected.

At the repeated and earnest solicitation of his children, my Father jotted down during the last year of his life some reminiscences of

his childhood and youth, and of his early friends. These I have recorded in the first and second chapters of this Memoir, preserving his order and language in the first person, but interpolating additional matter of the same kind, culled from the reminiscences of my Father's only brother, the late Dr. Hugh L. Hodge, of Philadelphia, dictated to his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Harriet Woolsey Hodge, during the winters of '70 and '71. I have preferred rather to fuse the new material with that of my Father, than to keep them mechanically distinct, and have marked the words of my uncle as his only in a few instances, when the propriety of doing so will be evident.

The other sources from which these memorials are drawn are :—A diary kept during his residence in Germany, from March, 1827, to May, 1828 :—meager notices of events and dates, preserved in connection with his daily record of the weather :—his published writings and his extant manuscripts :—his own letters, preserved by his mother, brother, and friends :—the letters of his correspondents :—estimates of his character and services, published during his life and since his decease, and especially the printed records of his Semi-Centennial Celebration, April 24th, 1872.

The state of his letters and papers is accurately represented by what he said in response to an application from a daughter of one of his oldest friends: "Through my long life I have never destroyed and never preserved letters." With much care many interesting relics have been recovered from the mass, while doubtless much just as valuable remains undiscovered.

I am particularly indebted to my Father's pupils in Ireland and Scotland—Prof. Robert Watts, D. D., of Belfast, and Mr. Charles A. Salmond, of Arbroath, and to Rev. Professor Benjamin B. Warfield, and the Rev. Drs. Henry A. Boardman and Wm. M. Paxton, of America.

PRINCETON, N. J., August 19, 1880.

A. A. HODGE.

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THE LIFE
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CHARLES HODGE, D. D.

CHAPTER I.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY,

WITH EXTRACTS FROM THE REMINISCENCES OF HIS BROTHER.

ANCESTRY—CHILDHOOD—MOTHER—BROTHER—TEACHERS AND
COMPANIONS.

DURING the last years of the seventeenth and the first of the eighteenth centuries, William Hodge, and Margaret, his wife, lived in the north of Ireland. They were the parents of four boys and two girls, of whom two died in early childhood, and one surviving to maturity left no record. The father died January 4th, 1723, and the mother October 15th, 1730.

Soon after the death of their mother, the three remaining children, William, Andrew and Hugh, emigrated to America and settled in Philadelphia, where they became successful merchants and men of influence in the community. William had but one child, Mary, who in August, 1757, married Mr. William West, from whom are descended the Wests, Conynghams and Fraziers of Philadelphia, and the Stewarts of Baltimore. Hugh, the youngest of the three brothers, had but one child, a son bearing his own name, who graduated in the College of New Jersey, in Princeton, in 1773, and took his master's degree in course. Soon afterwards he

sailed for Europe, but the ship he sailed in was never heard of after leaving port.

His mother, Mrs. Hannah Hodge, known for many years in the family as Aunt Hannah, was recognized in all the city as a mother in Israel. She was born in Philadelphia, January, 1721, the daughter of John Harkum, of English descent. Her mother, whose maiden name was Doz, was the child of a Protestant who fled from France on account of the revocation of the Edict of Nantz, 1685, and afterwards with other French Protestants, was principally instrumental in founding the First Presbyterian Church, then standing on Market Street above Second, of which the Rev. Jedidiah Andrews was pastor. Although Hannah joined the church in 1736 or 7 she thought her true conversion occurred under the preaching of Whitefield, when her life became eminently consecrated to religious interests. When in 1743 the Second Presbyterian was formed out of the converts of Whitefield, she was one of one hundred and sixty communicants originally enrolled. In 1745, she married Mr. Hugh Hodge, who was a deacon in the Second Church from its foundation to the time of his death. They had a dry-goods store on the north side of Market Street above Second. Their house was the resort of clergymen and the centre of religious meetings. After her husband's death Mrs. Hodge, although left independent, retained the business in order that she might not curtail her charities. Dr. Ashbel Green, her pastor, afterwards President of Princeton College, entertained a sincere reverence for her, and concludes his memoir of her, printed in the *Panoplist*, vol. 2d, for the year ending June, 1807, with a glowing eulogium of his friend. "Solid sense, sterling integrity, sincere piety united with great humility, the love of truth and the abhorrence of hypocrisy were her chief characteristics. These gave her an influence among her Christian associates perhaps superior to that of any other individual." Her house was the home of several old and infirm ladies, supported in great measure

by her bounty; and here* also originated the weekly meeting for prayer and religious instruction observed still in the Second Church, and in most of the other Presbyterian Churches of the city. The house in which she lived was, by the will of her husband, left upon her decease to the Trustees of the College of New Jersey, for the education of candidates for the ministry. This endowment has continued to fulfil the pious design of its founders up to the present time, yielding an income varying from eight to fifteen hundred dollars annually; thus constituting with a few others the foundations of a system of endowments which has since attained magnificent proportions.

Aunt Hannah died December 17th, 1805, when I was eight years old. I was present at her funeral, and was standing with my cousin, John Bayard, rather older than myself, near the open coffin. We began to cry. We thought that was the right thing to do. But his mother came up, and giving us a little shake, said in an authoritative whisper, "Stop." The discovery that we were making ourselves ridiculous, instantly dried the fountain of tears. By such filaments the present generation is connected with the past.

Andrew Hodge, the second in order of age of the three immigrant brothers, born in Ireland, March 28th, 1711, was my grandfather. He soon became a successful merchant, and acquired considerable property. His wharf, and store, and city residence in which he spent his life, were on Water Street, to the south of what is now termed Delaware Avenue. His country seat was on Mead lane, now Montgomery Avenue, and he possessed one of the only six carriages then in the city. He was active and influential in all the affairs of the Church and of the community, one of the

* "The crowd being often so great as to fill, not only the parlor and kitchen, but even the back garden, close up against Christ Church ground, and much to the offence of our Episcopal brethren, who called them 'Those conventicles held by Mrs. Hodge.'"

founders of and a liberal contributor to the Second Church, and a member of its board of Trustees to the day of his death. In 1739 he married Miss Jane M'Culloch. Her brother Hugh was an elder in the Second Church, and a man of great goodness and influence, though remarkable for the great tenacity with which he held on to his own opinions. He never would consent to the assertion that the earth moves; maintaining that it was contrary alike to his own observation and to Bible authority, as Joshua commanded not the earth, but the sun to stand still. His character is said to have been imbibed by our family, "O! there is Uncle M'Culloch" having become quite a saying among the descendants of his sister.

The religious excitement which attended the preaching of Whitefield in this country about the middle of the last century, gave rise to two parties in the Presbyterian Church. Those who approved of the revival were called New Lights, and those who stood aloof or opposed to it, were called Old Lights. The pastor of the First Church, then the only Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia, together with a majority of the congregation were Old Lights, while a minority were on the other side. These latter were, at their own request, set off and organized into the Second Church, of which the celebrated Gilbert Tennent was the first pastor. Of this Andrew Hodge, Senior, was a Trustee, and his son-in-law, Col. John Bayard, and his brother-in-law, Mr. Hugh M'Culloch, were ruling elders. The Church edifice was erected on the corner of Third and Arch Streets. It was an oblong building. The shorter side on the east faced Third Street; the longer side was on Arch Street. The steeple was on the west end, and the pulpit was on the north side. Subsequently the steeple was taken down and the tower included in the auditorium, and the pews were turned round to face the pulpit, which was placed at the west end. The Church in after years was removed to Seventh Street, near Arch, where it remained during the pastorates of Rev. Drs. Cuyler

and Shields. The shifting of the population necessitating another removal, a lot was purchased at the corner of Twenty-first and Walnut, on which has been erected one of the most beautiful church-buildings in the city. My grandfather's pew in the original edifice on Third and Arch Streets was the front one in the middle aisle to the left hand of the preacher. The same pew, *i. e.*, the same in relative position, has remained in the family ever since. It is now held by the great-grandson of the original occupant, Dr. H. Lenox Hodge, who is also a ruling elder in his ancestral Church.

These family details are of interest to those whom they concern. I wish, however, that those who come after me should know that their ancestors and kindred were Presbyterians and patriots.

Andrew Hodge and Jane M'Culloch were the parents of fifteen children, eight of whom died in infancy or early life. Their eldest child, Margaret, married John Rubenheim Bayard, of Bohemia Manor, Maryland, afterwards a Colonel in the Revolutionary army. After the war he settled in Philadelphia, but during the latter part of his life resided in New Brunswick, New Jersey. His sons were James A., who married the daughter of the Rev. Dr. Rodgers, New York; Andrew, a merchant, and president of the Commercial Bank, Philadelphia; Samuel, clerk of the Supreme Court of the United States, and a resident of Princeton, New Jersey; John M., who resided on the Millstone river, near to a village of the same name; and Nicholas, a physician, who settled in Savannah, Georgia. His daughters were Jane, who married Chief Justice Kirkpatrick, of New Brunswick, N. J.; Maria, who married Samuel Boyd, Esq., of New York; and Mrs. Samuel Harrison Smith, of Washington, D. C.

Agnes, the second child of Andrew Hodge, sr., married James Ashton, a twin-brother of her brother-in-law, Col. John R. Bayard, who was a surgeon in the revolutionary army, and was accidentally killed in Charleston, South Car-

olina. Their children were John Hodge Bayard, who lived in Cumberland and died unmarried; Jane, whom I remember as a portly lady, dressed in the simple habit of a Quakeress, which the stricter Methodists of that period adopted; and James Ashton Bayard, jr., born July 28, 1767. He practiced law in Wilmington, Delaware, and in 1787 represented his district in the National House of Representatives. In 1804 he was chosen United States Senator, as successor to his father-in-law, Governor Bassett, which position he retained until he was selected by President Madison as a Commissioner, together with Gallatin, Clay, and others, to negotiate a peace with Great Britain. His son, Richard H. Bayard, was United States Senator from 1836 to 1839, and again from 1841 to 1845. His second son, the third James Ashton Bayard in the direct line, was United States Senator for many years. And again the office has been continued in the third generation, in the person of the present Senator, Thomas F. Bayard.

A third daughter of Andrew Hodge, sr., married a gentleman from the West Indies, by the name of Philips. She left an only child, a daughter, who died unmarried.

A fourth daughter, Mary, married Major Hodgdon, a commissary in the revolutionary army. She lived to a great age, and left many children.

The sons of Andrew Hodge, sr., were John, a physician, who died at twenty-three years of age, and William, a merchant, who residing abroad was called by acquaintances on the Continent, "the handsome American." After the revolution he was employed in the secret service of his government, and falling under suspicion, was for a time confined in the Bastille, where he was well treated. He died when only thirty years old. Of James, the youngest son of Andrew, sr., it is only known that he died unmarried. Andrew, jr., graduated in Princeton College in the class of 1772, and married Ann Ledyard, half-sister of the traveler and author. He was a Captain in the Pennsylvania line during the revo-

lution, and was present at the battle of Princeton, and used to boast that he had captured a cannon in "Stockton's woods." He lived to a great age, and left many children. I heard the old gentleman say that at the battle of Princeton a company from Delaware, formed a little in advance of his own, broke and ran at the first fire of the British. Its Captain, who was rather corpulent, came puffing by crying, "Run, Captain Hodge, run, Captain Hodge, we shall all be killed." The only answer I could get to the question "Did Captain Hodge run?" was a little laugh. He fell back, however, upon his treasure trove, "the cannon in Stockton's woods."

Hugh, the eighth child and fourth son of Andrew Hodge, sr., was my father. He was born in Philadelphia, August 20, 1755, graduated in the College of New Jersey in 1773, and studied medicine under the eminent doctor Cadwalader. He was appointed Surgeon, February 7, 1776, in the third battalion of troops raised in the Province of Pennsylvania, in the service of the United Colonies. He was captured by the British, and held as a prisoner at Fort Washington, N. Y., but through the intervention of General Washington was liberated on parole. After engaging in mercantile pursuits with his brother Andrew, he returned to the practice of medicine, and soon secured an influential connection. The tradition of his fine person and attractive manners lingered among the latest survivors of his generation. He was a prominent actor in the terrible scenes occasioned by the memorable epidemics of yellow fever in 1793, and afterwards in 1795. And through the exposure incident to his labors on these occasions his constitution was impaired, and he died after protracted sufferings July 14, 1798, at the early age of forty-three. His pastor, Dr. Ashbel Green, said of him, in his eulogium, that "as a husband, father, brother, friend and citizen, none surpassed him."

His wife, my mother, was Mary Blanchard, of Boston. Her mother's name was Hunt, probably of English origin.

Her father, Joseph Blanchard, was a descendant of the French Huguenots. She was born in Boston in 1765, and passed her earliest years amidst the excitements preparatory to the rebellion of the Colonies against the authority of Great Britain. Of course her opportunities for education were comparatively few, but such as they were she employed them well, and early manifested a great taste for reading, often retiring from the fire-side circle to a cold room, in the depth of a Boston winter, and there enveloped in a blanket, read and committed to memory passages from Pope and Dryden, which she could repeat in after life. The physician of her family was the celebrated Dr. Joseph Warren, afterwards Major-General Warren, who fell at Bunker Hill, one of the first of his country's martyrs. Her recollections of him were always very vivid, as she often sat on his lap listening to his enthusiastic discourse upon the exciting controversies of the day. She was the youngest of several children. The descendants of some of her brothers remain in Boston to the present time, while those of others are in the extreme south-west. Her brother Samuel married a niece of the Hon. Timothy Pickering, a Colonel in the revolutionary army, and afterward was Secretary of War, under Washington. Her favorite nephew, Francis Blanchard, was father of the first wife of the distinguished Mr. Winthrop, of Boston. Her parents died when she was young, and her brothers and sisters, being for the most part married, she came to Philadelphia to reside with her brother, John Blanchard, about 1785, at twenty years of age, and was introduced to our family through letters to Maj. Hodgdon.

After a courtship, protracted by the failure of his mercantile enterprises, she was married to my father in 1790, by Rev. Dr. Green, and went to housekeeping in the dwelling-house on the west of the store-house, on Water street below Race, belonging to the estate of his father, Andrew Hodge, sr., then recently deceased. On December 19th, their first child was born, a daughter, whom they named Elizabeth.

She was a healthy and promising child, until in August, 1793, she was suddenly carried off by yellow fever. Their second child was Mary, born September 1st, 1792, and their third child was a little boy named Hugh, born August 24, 1794. When her little boy was about a year old, after many years of absence, my mother revisited her home in Boston, leaving her little ones in Philadelphia. Very shortly the little Mary sickened with measles, of which fact, of course, the mother was instantly informed. She immediately left Boston in the mail stage, and after traveling three days and three nights she arrived home to find that Mary was dead, and Hugh also was dying of the same disease. Thus was she left again childless. Their fourth child, Hugh Lenox Hodge, was born June 27, 1796, the year after the death of his little namesake brother. The family at this time, because of the supposed insalubrity of Water street, removed to a house on the south side of Arch street above Fourth, the third door from Christ Church burying-ground. Here at midnight, in the last moments of the 27th or the first moments of the 28th of December, 1797, I, the fifth and last child, was born. Aunt Hannah used to inquire for "that strange named child, Charles," as it was a new name in the family. My father died the 14th of July the next year, leaving my mother a widow in very limited circumstances, with two infants respectively two years and six months of age.

It is no marvel that mothers are sacred in the eyes of their children. The debt they owe them is beyond all estimate. To our mother, my brother and myself, under God, owe absolutely everything. To us she devoted her life. For us she prayed, labored and suffered. My grandfather's property yielded her for some years a comfortable income. But as it consisted principally of the Water (Arch) Street wharf, with its docks, and the warehouse and dwellings by which, on three sides, it was surrounded, its proceeds depended on the state of commerce.

As the non-intercourse act and embargo which preceded the war of 1812, and the war itself, led to the suspension of commercial business, our mother's income was almost entirely cut off. This was at the time we were preparing for college. Instead of putting her children off her hands, and leaving them to provide for themselves, by sacrificing all she had, by the most self-denying economy, and by keeping boarders, she succeeded in securing for them the benefits of a collegiate and professional education, at her expense, and without loss of time. She lived long enough to see both her sons settled in life and heads of families.

It is a tradition in the family that in her youth she was distinguished for personal beauty. A gentleman from Boston, after age and illness had produced their inevitable effects, exclaimed, "Can that be the beautiful Mary Blanchard, of Boston?" In the eyes of her children she continued beautiful to the end. Her large blue eyes never lost their light of intelligence and love.

Although thus devoted to the support and education of her children, she was always active in promoting the welfare of others. Her son Hugh has recorded his recollection of trudging by her side through the snow many squares to assist, with other ladies, in the distribution of soup and groceries to the destitute, either as donations, or at wholesale prices. She was one of the founders, and to the time of her death, an active promoter and Directress of the "Female Association for the Relief of Widows and Single Women of reduced circumstances," which still continues, after eighty years, one of the most useful, as it was one of the earliest of the many benevolent institutions of Philadelphia.

Having been an invalid for several years, early in April, 1832, she took a slight cold, which did not seem to be of any importance for two or three days. But this was unexpectedly followed by pulmonary congestion and slight delirium, so that she expired on the fourteenth of that

month; too soon, alas, for me to see her alive, though I left Princeton in response to the first note of alarm. Her funeral services were conducted by her aged pastor, Dr. Ashbel Green, who had married her, baptized her children, and delivered an eulogium over the grave of her husband.

My brother was far more than a brother to me. Although only eighteen months my senior, he assumed from the first the office of guardian. He always went first in the dark. I never slept out of his arms until I was eleven or twelve years old. I have now (1877) distinctly before my mind the room in which that crisis in my life occurred. I well recollect how quickly, after blowing out the candle, I jumped into bed, and threw the cover over my head. Having lived through that night, I afterwards got on very well. No professor in Princeton was ever able to bring up and educate a family of children on his salary. My brother, without waiting to be asked, always helped me through. He seemed to regard me as himself, and my children as his own. Although he rose to eminence as a practitioner and professor of medicine, he was revered principally for his goodness. His life-long friend, Dr. Caspar Morris, said in a published letter, that he "regarded Dr. Hugh L. Hodge as the best man he had ever known." He left five sons; three of whom are ministers in the Presbyterian Church, one is a minister in the Episcopal Church, and the fifth is a Presbyterian Ruling Elder. This is due, I firmly believe, to their father's prayers, and to the influence of their excellent mother, a daughter of the late Mr. John Aspinwall, of New York.

The first school to which I went was taught by an old lady in Arch street. It was attended by a room full of little boys and girls. I afterwards went to a school in Fifth street, opposite Independence Square, taught by Andrew Brown, a worthy elder of the Second Presbyterian Church. His specialties were writing and arithmetic. He was an adept in making quill-pens, and an expert in the use

of them. His flourishes were wonderful. He must also have been a good teacher of arithmetic. At least I knew more of arithmetic then than I do now. Within a few months a thin folio copy-book, having my name in it, and dated 1807, was found among some old papers. This book is filled with solutions of questions in Barter, Profit and Loss, many of which would puzzle me to solve now.

My next school was taught by an Irish gentleman named Taylor. He was a Swedenborgian. He lived in perpetual sunshine, always happy and always amiable. He took little interest in drilling his pupils in reading, writing and arithmetic. His favorite method of teaching was to get half a dozen boys around him before a large wall map of England, France, Italy, or some other country, pointing out its rivers, mountains, cities, and its ancient ruins; descanting on the elements of its population; the manners and customs of its people; its productions; its great men; mixing up geography, antiquities, history and statistics. He would linger around the battle-fields, describe the conflicts, taking part vehemently with one side against the other. He was an enthusiast, and infected his pupils with his spirit. He used to flatter them; dubbing them with the names and ranks of his heroes. My associates in this school have, as far as I know, all passed away. There were two Ralstons, two McCalls, two Reeds, James Hopkinson, John Brinton, and others [with whom the elder brother Hugh says, "Charles, as his manner was, through his whole life, contracted intimate friendships."] These now are all gone.

During my early boyhood in Philadelphia, my brother and myself went to a drawing-school kept in a room over Woodward's Book-store, on the corner of Chestnut and Third streets. Its master was an Englishman named Cox. He was a character. He lived in the southern part of the city by himself, in a house filled from garret to cellar with books and odds and ends of all things curious. While under his instruction I executed a landscape in water colors,

which now hangs in my study, and which is considered to possess considerable merit. How the merit got there is the mystery. Those who know anything of the history of my one work of art, are aware that when painting in India ink, the teacher looked over my shoulder, and said, "Charles, I think I could spit paint better than that." They therefore find it hard to believe that the merit of my landscape is due to native talent on my part, and not to the intervention of my teacher.

Our early training was religious. Our mother was a Christian. She took us regularly to church, and carefully drilled us in the Westminster Catechism, which we recited on stated occasions to Dr. Ashbel Green, our pastor. There has never been anything remarkable in my religious experience, unless it be that it began very early. I think that in my childhood I came nearer to conforming to the apostle's injunction: "Pray without ceasing," than in any other period of my life. As far back as I can remember, I had the habit of thanking God for everything I received, and asking him for everything I wanted. If I lost a book, or any of my playthings, I prayed that I might find it. I prayed walking along the streets, in school and out of school, whether playing or studying. I did not do this in obedience to any prescribed rule. It seemed natural. I thought of God as an everywhere-present Being, full of kindness and love, who would not be offended if children talked to him. I knew he cared for sparrows. I was as cheerful and happy as the birds, and acted as they did. There was little more in my prayers and praises than in the worship rendered by the fowls of the air. This mild form of natural religion did not amount to much. It, however, saved me from profanity. I cannot recollect that I ever uttered a profane word, except once. It was when I was thirteen or fourteen years old. I was walking with my brother, and struck my foot against a stone, and said: "D——n it." My brother was shocked, and exclaimed: "Why, Charles!!"

I cannot tell why I said it. I was not hurt, neither was I angry. It seemed to me to be an effect without a cause. I felt like a very, very small Paul, when he said: "It was not I who did it, but something dwelling in me." I am thankful that no similar experience ever occurred to me.

In the early part of the year 1810 my brother and myself were sent to the classical Academy in Somerville, New Jersey. The village was on high ground, very healthy, and on the line of the "Swift and Sure Mail Coach Line" between Philadelphia and New York, near the confluence of the Millstone and Raritan rivers, and between ten and twelve miles west of New Brunswick. The reason for my mother's preference for that school was not its celebrity, but its situation, only a few miles from the residence of Mr. John M. Bayard, who, although only our first cousin, was old enough to exercise parental care over us. For the first six months we boarded in the family of Mr., afterwards Judge, Vandevere. His oldest daughter was then an infant a few months old. I was sometimes allowed to carry her about on a pillow. After leaving Somerville, I did not see her until after an interval of fifty years. She was then a tall, thin lady, the widow of the Hon. Wm. Dayton, U. S. Senator and Minister to France. I could hardly believe my eyes.

I had another experience of the same kind. During my school days at Somerville, the reigning belle of that region was Miss Martina Ellmendorf. We boys used to collect around the church-door to see her in and out of her carriage. She subsequently married the Hon. Dr. Condict of Morristown. Some forty years after leaving Somerville I dined at Dr. Condict's, and said to him that as I had known his wife when a young lady, I should be very glad to be presented to her. He replied that she was very much of an invalid, and never left her room, but that after dinner he would introduce me. Her room was on the ground-floor; and when the door was opened, a tall, emaciated, mild and courteous lady, evidently not long for this world, rose be-

fore me. I could not help thinking that if identity could be preserved in spite of so entire a change of all that was outward, it might well be preserved between that aged believer (as she then was) and what she would be when she rose resplendent in the image of her Saviour.

During the remaining eighteen months of my stay in Somerville, I lived in the family of Doctor, better known as General, Stryker. The beautiful country about Somerville, on the Raritan and Millstone rivers, was in a great measure occupied by wealthy and refined Dutch families—the Ellmendorfs, Van Vacters, Van Esses, the Frelinghuysens, and many others. Mr. John Frelinghuysen lived on the Raritan, a few miles up the river; his younger brother, Frederick, lived in the village of Millstone: he was the father of the present U. S. Senator, the Hon. F. T. Frelinghuysen. A third brother, the Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen, so long the ornament of New Jersey, and General Stryker had married sisters. This led to his frequently visiting the family in which I lived. I thus became acquainted with him in my boyhood, an acquaintance which, in after life, ripened, on my part, into a revering friendship. I was one of those who were allowed to stand around his coffin, and gaze on his saintly countenance in the repose of death. His pronounced evangelical sentiments militated against his political success. The late Governor Seward was on intimate terms with Archbishop Hughes of New York, and called on him with the request that he would use his influence with the Romanists to induce them to vote the Whig ticket, when Clay and Frelinghuysen were candidates for the offices of President and Vice-President respectively. The Archbishop shook his head, and said: "We could stand Mr. Clay; but we cannot stand Frelinghuysen." This was told me by a distinguished gentleman from New York. My informant was satisfied of the truth of the anecdote.

Mr. Clay was also a praying man. The late Rev. Dr.

Edgar of Nashville, Tenn., told me that when traveling through Kentucky, he spent a night with Mr. Clay at the house of a mutual friend. It was a cholera season. During the night Mr. Clay was taken alarmingly ill. Dr. Edgar was one of his attendants. In course of conversation Mr. Clay, after expressing his faith, said that he never had introduced a measure into Congress, without first kneeling down and invoking the guidance and blessing of God.

I began the study of Latin when I went to Somerville. During the first year the academy was taught by the Rev. Mr. Boyer, afterwards pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Columbia, Penna. When he went away, the school was under the care of the Rev. Mr. Vredenburg, pastor of the Dutch Church in the village. On one occasion the pulpit was filled by the Rev. Dr. Livingston, long the patriarch of the Reformed Dutch Church in America. He was a patrician as well as a patriarch: tall and elegant in person, careful in his dress, a model of courtesy in manners, hair perfectly white and reaching down to his shoulders. I could not believe that Abraham was more venerable in his appearance. The only thing I recollect of his sermon is that he exhorted the people to commit to memory the fifteenth chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians. The exhortation took effect; for a few days after I heard Dr. Stryker call upon his daughters to repeat that chapter, the doctor himself prompting and helping them through.

One summer Dr. Livingston invited Dr. Archibald Alexander to take a seat with him in his carriage for a few days' tour through New Jersey, to attend Bible Society meetings. Dr. Alexander told me that Dr. Livingston addressed every one he had the opportunity to speak to, on the subject of religion. Even the hostler, who came out to water the horses, was sure to receive some word of admonition or counsel. This was a gift which Dr. Alexander appreciated, but did not possess. During the entire six weeks' journey I made with him through Virginia in

1816, I never, except once, heard him make such a personal address to any one. The exception did not amount to much. The stage had stopped for a few moments at Charlestown in the valley, and the driver, standing by the pump, called out to a companion, whom he saw going towards an open church, "Take care, don't go there, you may get converted." Dr. Alexander said to him, "Do you think that would hurt him?" Yet, Dr. Alexander, in the opinion of all who knew him, was second to no one in piety and zeal.

The only one of my school-mates at Somerville with whom I was associated in after life was the Rev. Peter Studdiford. During his whole ministerial life, he was pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Lambertville, New Jersey. That church rose under his care from a mere handful, to being one of the largest in the Synod. Dr. Studdiford, was distinguished for learning, wisdom and goodness in the most comprehensive sense of that word.

In the early part of the year 1812 my brother and myself removed to Princeton. In order to make a home for us our mother had removed from Philadelphia and rented a small frame house in Witherspoon street, which runs directly north, starting in front of the College. The house is still standing, next door to the old session-house, since the parochial school.

In order to aid in meeting her expenses mother received into her family as boarders several boys preparing for College, all of whom were either relations or connections. Our cousin, Alexander Hodgdon, of Philadelphia, Nicholas Bayard, son of our cousin, Dr. Nicholas Bayard, of Savannah, Georgia, and two young Master Wards, step-sons of Dr. Nicholas Bayard through his second marriage. These young men were the half-brothers of Jane and Margaret Bayard, the former of whom married the Rev. Dr. Leighton Wilson, and spent seventeen years as a missionary with her distinguished husband in western Africa. After that pro-

tracted service she returned to this country in as perfect health as any of her contemporaries who had remained at home. A year or two after her return she said to me that she still hankered after Africa. Her sister Margaret married the Rev. Dr. Eckart, and went with him as a missionary to Ceylon, and remained there ten years, until her broken health compelled their return. There was no physician resident at their station, and as cholera often prevailed among the natives, Dr. Eckart told me he always kept on hand a bottle containing a mixture of calomel and opium, and when called to a sufferer, uniformly administered a teaspoonful of the combined powder. If rejected, he repeated the dose. If retained, a cure almost always followed.

My brother entered the College in May, 1812, sophomore half-advanced. I entered the Academy, then taught by the Rev. Mr. Fyler, who was afterwards the head of a prosperous classical school in Trenton. The Princeton Academy then stood between the church and the house of the President of the College. It was during the same season that Princeton Theological Seminary was founded, and Dr. Archibald Alexander was inaugurated its first Professor. That important service was performed in the old Presbyterian church, which occupied the site of the present First Church, August 12, 1812. I can well remember, then a boy of fourteen, lying at length on the rail of the gallery listening to the doctor's inaugural address and watching the ceremony of investiture.

One day, during the same summer, the school-room door being opened, Dr. Alexander walked in. He found me stammering over a verse in the Greek Testament. The process seemed to amuse the old gentleman (just forty—old to a boy). He asked me what *πίστις* was derived from. I could not tell him. Mr. Fyler apologized for me by saying I had been studying Greek only a month or six weeks. This occurrence was the first thread of the cord which bound me to Dr. Alexander—a cord never broken. He never

failed to notice me when I crossed his path. Frequently he would take me with him in his gig, when he went out into the country to preach. On one occasion he took me to Flemington, a court town fifteen or sixteen miles north of Princeton. I was astonished at the knowledge he displayed of the country through which we passed. He knew the character of the soil in every neighborhood; the character of the people, whether of Dutch or English origin; the name of all the streams, where they rose and where they emptied. We were hospitably entertained, from Saturday to Monday, in the house of Mr. Samuel S. Southard, then a rising young lawyer, afterwards United States Senator and Secretary of the Navy. In my young days, he and the Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen were the two most popular men in New Jersey. Mr. Southard was a handsome man, and very cordial in his manners. He had the happy tact of making every man he met feel that he was glad to see him, and really enjoyed his society. As he liked everybody, everybody liked him.

Some years afterward (in 1825) during a meeting of the Trustees of the College of New Jersey, Chief Justice Kirkpatrick was staying with me, and Mr. Southard, then Secretary of the Navy, called to see him, and gave him a glowing account of the rapidity with which he had fitted out the frigate *Brandywine* to take Gen. Lafayette back to Europe. When he had finished the Chief Justice turned towards him and said, "Now, Mr. Southard, if any man should ask you which end of a ship goes first, could you tell him?" This was hardly fair in the old judge; as it is not expected that a Secretary of the Navy should be an expert in naval architecture.

CHAPTER II.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY CONTINUED.

FROM HIS ENTERING THE COLLEGE OF NEW JERSEY, SEPTEMBER,
1812, TO HIS GRADUATION, SEPTEMBER, 1815.

PROFESSION OF RELIGION—REVIVAL—CLASSMATES AND FRIENDS.

THE College of New Jersey was founded in the middle of the last century by Presbyterian ministers and laymen, and in large part by those belonging to the New Light party, the especial friends of revivals and earnest, evangelical piety. Their object, as expressed in the public declarations of all the parties concerned in its foundation, including Governor Belcher himself, was to promote the cultivation of religion, and of a liberal education in common, and especially to provide an educated ministry for the colonies. It was founded in 1747, in Elizabeth, New Jersey; removed in 1748 to Newark; and in 1756 permanently established at Princeton, in buildings then recently erected for its use. For many years the instruction was in the hands of the President, always one of the most eminent ministers of the Presbyterian Church on the continent, assisted by two, or, at most, three tutors, who were young men, changing every few years. For the first fifty years there were never more than two professors at a time, in addition to the above, and often only one, and sometimes not one.

From the first it had been the design of the Trustees to provide for the instruction of a Theological class. For this

purpose the Rev. John Blair, of Fagg's Manor, Pa., held the position of Professor of Theology, from 1767 to 1769, and the Rev. Henry Kollock, D. D., afterwards the eloquent preacher at Savannah, Georgia, held the position from 1803 to 1806. In the intervals this function devolved on the President at the time in office. After the resignation of Professor Kollock, an effort was made to raise a permanent endowment for the support of the Vice-President, who was also to be Professor of Theology. But in order to secure the location in Princeton of the first Theological Seminary of the Presbyterian Church, then in contemplation, the Trustees agreed that the College should withdraw from the work of theological instruction as a preparation for the ministerial profession. The Presidents, up to the accession of Dr. Green, had been Jonathan Dickinson, Aaron Burr, Jonathan Edwards, Samuel Davies, Samuel Finley, John Witherspoon, and Samuel Stanhope Smith.

I entered the Sophomore Class, September, 1812, a date which marks a crisis in the history of Princeton. The Theological Seminary had just been founded, and Dr. Alexander, the first Professor, inaugurated August 12th, and Dr. Ashbel Green, the pastor and friend of my parents, now (September 29th,) entered upon the office of President of the College. The faculty that year consisted of Rev. Dr. Ashbel Green, President; the Rev. Dr. Slack, Vice President and Professor of Mathematics, Natural Philosophy and Chemistry; Rev. Philip Lindsley, Senior Tutor, and Mr. J. Flavel Clark, afterwards pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Flemington, New Jersey, Junior Tutor.

I was examined for admission by Mr. John Bergen, one of the retiring tutors. In 1842 I went to Philadelphia to attend a meeting of the General Assembly. As I got out of the cars, there was a tall gentleman walking on the platform, who stopped when he saw me, and looking down on me, said, "I ought to know you. My name is Bergen." "A former tutor in Princeton College?" I asked. "Yes,"

he replied. "Then you examined me for admission into College, Sophomore, 1812." "Well, I have never seen you since. What is your name?" "Hodge." "Where do you live?" "Princeton." "You don't tell me you are the Rev. Dr. Hodge, of Princeton?" "Yes, I am." Turning on his heel, he exclaimed, "O! Pshaw! I thought he was an old man." The poor man felt that he had been defrauded.

In 1861 Dr. Bergen and myself were again members of the General Assembly. In that year the celebrated Spring resolutions were passed. These resolutions called upon all Presbyterians, ministers and churches subject to the General Assembly, to support the General Government in the civil war which had then commenced. The Northern and Southern Presbyterians then constituted one body. It was evidently proper to exhort the churches in the non-seceding states to support the government, for that was an acknowledged moral duty. But to address the same injunction to Southern Presbyterians, was to assume that their allegiance was primarily due to the General Government and not to their respective States; and that was to assume that the United States constituted a nation and not a confederacy; and that assumed a given interpretation of the constitution. As that was a political question, a large minority of the Assembly, as loyal as the majority, deemed that no Church-court had a right to decide it. Dr. Spring's resolutions, when first introduced, were promptly laid on the table by a decisive vote. But the next morning, there was such a burst of indignation from the secular press of Philadelphia, and such a shower of threatening telegrams fell upon the members, that the resolutions were taken up and ultimately passed. During the discussion, Dr. Bergen was in great trouble. He came to me repeatedly, and asked, "What shall I do? I am opposed to these resolutions, but if I vote against them, I can never go home." I told him I was very sorry, but I could not help him. It was easy for me to act, as I had nothing to fear from giving a negative vote.

When his name was called in taking the final vote, he rose and said, "Mr. Moderator, I want to say no, but I must say yes." That saved him. This was all the personal intercourse I ever had with Dr. Bergen. I am, therefore, surprised at the glow of kindly feeling of which I am conscious whenever I hear his name mentioned.

Dr. Green conducted the instruction in the Biblical Department, in Belles-Lettres, Moral Philosophy and Logic. We regularly had lessons in the Bible. On one occasion, while reciting on the Acts of the Apostles, Dr. Green asked me: "Was St. Paul ever at Malta?" I replied: "Yes, sir, he touched there on his voyage to Rome." "Pretty hard touch," whispered Johns (Rt. Rev. John Johns, Bishop of Virginia), who as usual was sitting next to me. Of course, the Apostle's shipwreck on that island flashed on my memory; and of course I laughed, and of course I was reproved. That was the kind of trouble Johns was always getting me into. We were also required to commit the Shorter Catechism to memory in Latin. The Episcopal students were allowed to study their own catechism. As that is shorter than the Westminster, many Presbyterians passed themselves off for the time being as Episcopalians. The doctor, to be even with them, required all who took the Episcopal Catechism, to prepare also for examination the Thirty-nine Articles. We attended worship every Sabbath morning in the Chapel. Dr. Green also lectured every Thursday evening in one of the College recitation rooms. These lectures were very instructive, and were attended by a crowded audience.

In the department of Belles-Lettres, we studied Blair's Lectures; in Moral Philosophy, Witherspoon's Lectures; and in Logic, Andrew's Logic—a little book about as large as an Almanac, which we got through in four recitations. I am ashamed to say that this is the only book on Logic I ever read. Some years ago a very intelligent Catholic priest came to Princeton (to the village, not to the Semi-

nary), to spend a few months in retirement and study. His faith in the fundamental doctrines of Romanism having been shaken, to avoid trouble, he came first to America, and then to Princeton, to seclude himself while engaged in investigating and settling the questions involved. I think I never saw such concentration and power as he exhibited for two or three months in examining the controversy between Protestants and Romanists. He never revealed his conclusion. I asked him many questions as to the method of instruction observed in Maynooth, where he had been educated. I asked particularly what was the effect of the study of the so-called "Moral Theology," designed to prepare a priest for the duties of a confessor. He answered: "Entirely to destroy the moral sense." That was precisely the answer I expected, which is no disparagement of moral philosophy as a science, but only of the methods at Maynooth. So it is no disparagement to logic as a science or an art, to say, that the excessive study how to reason often impairs the ability to reason. The best way to make a man a good carpenter is not to confine his attention to his tools, but to set him to work. So, as has often been said, the best way to make a logician is to set him to study Euclid, or, as any old student of Princeton Seminary would say, set him to study Turretin.

Our instructor in Greek was Rev. Philip Lindsley. He graduated at the College of New Jersey in 1804, in the class with the Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen, the Hon. Joseph R. Ingersoll, and the Hon. Samuel L. Southard. Mr. Southard continued his intimate friend through life. During our first term Mr. Lindsley was senior tutor. In the spring of 1813 he was elected Professor of Languages; afterwards he was chosen Vice-President; and on the resignation of Dr. Green, in 1822, he was elected President of the College. This office he declined on impulse. He disliked some of the Trustees very much; and when his election was announced to him, having them in his mind, he promptly

declined. I called to see him the next morning, and found him walking up and down his study a good deal perturbed. He exclaimed: "If Sam Southard (one of the Trustees) had been here, I would now be President of Princeton College." He was also offered the Presidency of Dickinson College, Pennsylvania, of Transylvania University, Kentucky, and of several other educational institutions, and finally accepted that of the University of Tennessee, at Nashville, where he spent most of the remaining active part of his life. His works have been collected and published in two handsome 8vo. volumes under the editorship of the Rev. Dr. Halsey of Chicago.

Prof. Lindsley was very popular with the students. He was rather above the medium size, erect and imposing in his carriage. He used to walk up and down the lecture-room, while hearing our recitations, with his book closed in his hands. He was very fond of paradox. He told our class that we would find that one of the best preparations for death was a thorough knowledge of the Greek grammar. This was his way of telling us that we ought to do our duty. It was a favorite idea of his that civilization reached its highest stage before the deluge; that the arts and sciences have never since reached the development which they attained among the antediluvians. He was a very frequent attendant on the debating society held years ago every Friday evening, in the Seminary, under the presidency of professors. He was sure to take the wrong side; Popery against Protestantism; heresy against orthodoxy. He was very kind to me. I had a crooked tongue, and had been studying Greek only six months before entering the Sophomore class, while some of my class-mates had been teaching Greek two years before coming to College. But the professor did all he could for me, pushing me up as high as his conscience would permit. He and old Dr. Slack succeeded at last in getting me up very near the top. On several occasions in after life, I experienced his kindness. The last

time I saw him was during the sessions of the General Assembly in Buffalo, in 1854. I have always cherished his memory with affectionate regard.

When I entered College the faculty consisted of the President, one professor and two tutors. Now it has a corps of twenty-eight or thirty instructors. The departments then filled by one professor, are now distributed among eight.

Dr. Green says, in his autobiography,* that when he entered on his duties as president, "The several members of the faculty before the expiration of the vacation met in my study, and at my instance we agreed to set apart a day of special prayer, in view of the duties before us. We prayed once together, and then the several members spent the day in private prayer." This was the spirit in which his administration was begun and continued to the end. The religious culture of the students was always uppermost in his mind. He preached regularly in the chapel on Sunday morning, introduced the regular study of the Bible, and lectured every Tuesday evening. When Dr. Miller came to Princeton, in the summer of 1813, he, with Dr. Alexander and Dr. Green, preached in succession in the chapel to the students of the College and Seminary, the latter at that time being very few in number. Dr. Alexander soon began to preach regularly every Sunday evening, at first in the junior recitation room, the southern half of the basement of the Old Library building, (now Treasurer's Office), which is still standing. That room is to this day sacred in the eyes of the old students of the College. It was then, and for forty years afterwards, the birth-place of many souls. We were thus brought under the influence of a man, who, as an 'experimental' preacher was unequalled and unapproached. It was said of him, that while most other ministers preached about religion, he preached religion. He

* The Life of Rev. Ashbel Green, D. D., written by himself and prepared for the press by Rev. Joseph Jones, D. D.

recognized the fact that the religious and moral elements of our nature are universal and indestructible; and that these elements, in Christian countries at least, are so developed that every man knows that there is a God on whom he is dependent, and to whom he is responsible; that he is a sinner and deserves to be punished; and that punishment is inevitable. He is therefore, all his life, through fear of death, subject to bondage. (Heb. 2: 15). No matter how reckless and hardened the wicked may become, they can never free themselves from their fetters; and, at times, the horror of great darkness falls upon them, and they wish they had never been born. Dr. Alexander revealed such men to themselves; showed them how vain it was to struggle against the laws of nature; that conscience was their master, and could neither be silenced nor sophisticated; that all their efforts to make themselves infidels were abortive; that no devotion to the world, that no degradation in vice can obliterate the conviction that those who commit sin are doomed to the second death; that however calm may be the surface, there is always the rumbling of an earthquake underneath—"a fearful looking for of judgment, and fiery indignation, which shall devour the adversaries." There was a noted man at this time in Princeton, who said, "He was sure Dr. Alexander must have been very wicked in his youth, or he could not know so well how wicked men felt."

In like manner he would detail the experience of those under the conviction of sin; show how such convictions often came to nothing; what was essential, and what incidental and variable in such experiences. He would take the serious inquirer by the hand, and tell him all about himself, leading him along from point to point, until the inquirer was left behind, and could do nothing but sit and weep. He knew that he was a sinner, that he needed salvation, that he could not save himself, but when told to come to Christ, he knew not what to do. Often, going to

his room, he would fall on his knees and call on his Saviour, and ask, "Is this coming?" or "Is this coming?" He never could understand what it was until it was done. It was easy to tell him that faith is simply letting go all other confidences and falling trustfully into the Saviour's arms, but no one knows what seeing is until he sees, or what believing is until he believes.

So also more advanced Christians, whether doubting, tempted, desponding or rejoicing, were all subject to the same self-revealing process, all edified and strengthened. Those were memorable days.

[His brother, Dr. Hugh L. Hodge, says: "In the spring of 1813, the boys, our cousins, who had become our mother's boarders a year before, having either left town, or removed their lodgings to the college building, Mrs. Dr. Bache, of Philadelphia, and her children, became inmates in our family. Dr. William Bache, then deceased, was a grandson of the celebrated Benjamin Franklin. Mrs. Bache, his widow, was the sister of Dr. Caspar Wistar, Professor of Anatomy in the University of Pennsylvania, and President of the American Philosophical Society. His house had become the centre of the literary and scientific society of Philadelphia. He was in the habit of receiving his friends to a frugal entertainment every Saturday evening. To these re-unions, the most distinguished foreign visitors in the city brought introductions, and the most intellectual of the professional residents gathered. And they have been continued, with their essential characteristics unchanged to the present time, in the re-unions of what has ever since been known as the Wistar Club. Mrs. Bache, a very superior and high-toned woman, had, previous to her marriage, kept house for her brother for several years, during which time, she with her friend Miss Eddy, afterwards, Mrs. Dr. Hosack of New York, had the great pleasure and advantage of attending these remarkable Saturday evening meetings. Her children, who now entered our

family, were Catharine, the youngest, a girl then of seven or eight, Benjamin Franklin, since the head of the Pharmaceutical Department of the United States Navy, Brooklyn, N. Y., and Sarah, the eldest, then a girl of fourteen years of age, well-grown, in blooming health, handsome, full of imagination, and exceedingly enthusiastic, unconscious of self and absorbed in whatever claimed her attention; a most agreeable companion. It was no wonder, therefore, that she soon won the love of my brother Charles, young as he was, an experience which nine years afterwards, in 1822, resulted in their marriage.”]

My brother Hugh graduated from College in the fall of 1814, one of the four to whom the first honor was assigned. The commencement of that year was marked by an event of great interest. It occurred towards the close of the war of 1812 with the British, and soon after the brilliant victories of Lundy's Lane and Chippewa. Major-General Winfield Scott, the hero of those battles, then Colonel, and Brigadier-General Scott, having been severely wounded in one of his shoulders, was making slow journeys from the Lakes to his home, in Virginia. He arrived in Princeton after the exercises began, and, though weak and emaciated, he accepted an invitation to enter the Church and take a seat on the stage with the President and Trustees of the College. He was received with every possible demonstration of enthusiasm. The degrees having been conferred, Bloomfield McIlvaine, brother of Charles Pettit McIlvaine, afterwards the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Ohio, delivered the valedictory. After having delivered the valedictory he had prepared to the President, Trustees, class-mates, and under-graduates, he suddenly turned to General Scott, and with astonishing facility of extemporaneous conception and expression, he delivered an eloquent and moving eulogium. The General afterwards confessed that he “would not have been more taken by surprise if he had been suddenly attacked by a whole regiment of Britishers.”

He attempted to rise more than once, and finally was forced, by his emotions and physical weakness, to remain quiescent. He afterwards confessed to my brother that "few attentions had ever given him so much, and so lasting pleasure."

[On January 13th, 1815, Charles Hodge and his friend, Kensey John Van Dyke, of the class below him, made a public confession of their faith in Christ by joining the Presbyterian Church of Princeton, of which the Rev. Wm. C. Schenck was the pastor. The venerable Dr. John Maclean, who survives his friends, says he well remembers the Saturday when he was startled in the street by Edward Allen rushing to him with the abrupt announcement that "Hodge had enlisted—" for the war with Britain had not yet closed, and a sergeant with a drummer was in the village endeavoring to enlist recruits. "Is it possible," he exclaimed, "that Hodge has *enlisted*?" "Yes, he has enlisted under the banner of King Jesus!" Dr. Maclean thinks that this public stand taken by these young men, among the youngest in the College, contributed much to bring to a crisis * that wonderful revival of religion which signalized the first half of 1815, one of the most memorable in the whole history of the town.]

It came not with observation. There was only a gradual change in the spirit of the College, and state of mind of the students—a change from indifference to earnestness, from neglect or perfunctory performance of religious duties, to frequent crowded and solemn attendance on all meetings for prayer and instruction. Personal religion—the salvation of the soul became the absorbing subject of attention. "The divine influence," said Dr. Green, in his report to the Trustees, "seemed to descend like the silent dew of heaven, and in about four weeks there were very few individuals in the College edifice who were not deeply impressed with a sense

* The same is asserted by Dr. Green in "Report to the Trustees on the Revival."

of the importance of spiritual and eternal things. There was scarcely a room; perhaps not one; which was not a place of earnest, secret devotion."

Hymns, then, as always, were very efficacious. Luther's hymns, at the time of the Reformation, were to the German nation what the trumpet and the bugle are to the army. "Ein' feste Burg" is still the battle-song of the German soldier. There are some hymns which did good service in my young days, which have since lost favor. "'Tis a point I long to know," "Come, humble sinner, in whose breast," are now regarded as too hypothetical. "I can but perish *if* I go." There is no *if* in the case. However this may be in logic, it should be remembered that there is a faith which saves, which cannot recognize, much less avow itself. Many get to heaven who can only say, "Lord, help my unbelief;" for that is a cry of faith.

HIS MOTHER TO HIS BROTHER HUGH.

PRINCETON, Jan. 23, 1815.

My Dear Hugh :—The last fortnight has been productive of events that have excited much interest, rumors of which no doubt reached you; but as rumors are seldom correct, I feel desirous of giving you a plain statement. An attention to religious duties, you know, has ever been a leading feature in the character of Charles, which has gradually strengthened with his years. The services of the Sunday previous to the fast determined him to make a public profession of them on the approaching sacrament, to which he was urged by his friend Biggs, and joined by Van Dyke. On Wednesday evening, C—, D—, J— and B— supped at Folet's (tavern) and gambled to a late hour. The faculty had information of it, and were waiting their return. Folet, alarmed for his own interest, at three in the morning, refused them more lights, and sent to give notice to those who were already acquainted with the circumstances. The consequence was they were all dismissed on Friday. J— called to take leave of us, humbled to the dust with the sense of his misconduct, and his heart overflowing with gratitude to Dr. Green for the admonitions and kindness with which the sentence had been given. On Saturday J— came again and requested to see me. He caught my hand on entering, and exclaimed that this was the happiest day

of his life. "What, sir, are you reinstated?" "Oh, no, madam, that is of little moment indeed at present. Religion has complete possession of my mind. After a night of agony, under the deepest convictions of my guilt, the morning brought some ray of comfort. I sent for Biggs. He spake peace to my soul. I have been to Dr. Green, who received me with the tenderness of a parent, pointed out my path, and encourages me to persevere by the assurance of future favor. To your dear Charles I am indebted for these impressions. In our walks last summer religion was often the theme, and though I felt nothing at the time, yet now they return forcibly upon the mind. I am permitted to stay some days longer, and have been in College conversing with my friends, I think, with some effect."

The next day the sacrament was administered. Though it is said two or three students ridiculed those that had joined the Church, this is very doubtful. But on Monday a great change took place in College. A general seriousness was observed in the Refectory. The rooms of Biggs, Baker and others were filled with students soliciting information on the subject of religion, and getting books. In the evening, while the Whig Society held their meeting, twenty Clios met in Allen's room to pray. On Tuesday the call for instruction was so general that Dr. Green proposed to give a lecture to those who chose to attend. The Senior lecture-room was full, and there have been prayer-meetings every evening. Blatchford and others of the divinity students spend a great deal of time in College, and the youths apply to either or all the professors indiscriminately. Johns, McIlvaine, Armstrong, Newbold, Smith, Rodgers, Ogden, Stewart, Clarke, Henry of Albany, are among those most seriously impressed, Lyttleton and Benjamin among those more lightly touched. No doubt there is much sympathy in the business, and as they instinctively followed each other last winter in mischief, they are led in the same manner this season to good. But it is very probable that after the effervescence subsides, there will be a good number who will experience a radical change.

You may suppose it has been a period of considerable agitation with me. The important step Charles has taken occasions much solicitude. He was so young, I could have wished it had been deferred at least to the end of his College course. But you know his impetuosity, and when duty and feeling urged him forward, I could not throw a straw in the way. He has raised expectations which I fervently hope may be realized. On Thursday he spoke his speech on Conscience, *and did himself justice*.* Mr. Davis and Henry, two

* This is the only instance to be found in her correspondence when she makes any such admission. She had a high conception of Charles' talents, but a very

divinity students of superior attainments and polished manners, pay him flattering attention. They no doubt count upon him as one of their number. This revival, as it is called, will no doubt reach the city with much exaggeration. I write, therefore, to give you a plain statement of facts, that you may answer explicitly if applied to for information. As I should be extremely sorry that any one should suppose the step Charles has taken was in consequence of a sudden impulse of feeling, you will be enabled to rectify any such error.

Your affectionate mother,

M. HODGE.

CHARLES HODGE TO HIS BROTHER.

PRINCETON, February, 1815.

My Dear Brother :—I would indeed be most inexcusable should I permit an opportunity, so direct and so long known as that which our dear John offers, to pass unimproved. I hardly know how to part from him, even for a week. I expect to meet with few in this world who will love me as ardently and constantly as he does. He, Biggs and Van Dyke, are the three in College to whom I feel most strongly attached, and from whom I shall hope not soon to be separated. I think it probable we shall all choose the same profession. Of this I am not certain. John, as you have probably heard already, is one of those who have so lately experienced the most desirable of changes. When gay and thoughtless, though also affectionate and kind, I loved him. How then shall I feel towards him when we hope to be enlisted under the same banner, to have the same end in life and the same hope in death. The step which your brother has taken, accompanied by dear Kinsey, you are already acquainted with. And why not my dearest brother too? Oh! that you, that Atkinson, that all, were here to see what has been done! for I cannot but think that all who see the present state of the College must also feel that this is indeed the harvest, the accepted time, the day of salvation. Oh! my brother! though it is only your little Toby who is writing to you, yet he loves you; he knows how many inestimable qualities you possess, and shudders at the thought of your

dissatisfied estimate of his diligence, ambition, or power of concentrated and sustained effort. Her tendency was to self-repression, and to the expectation of disappointment. His natural disposition was easy, and to the gratification of his tastes. Sense of duty and love for the cause of Christ were the springs of his subsequent life-long labors. But up to the day of her death, when he had been professor for ten years, the mother lamented that Charles would "never do himself justice."

wanting the one thing needful. You must not, you do not, at least I hope you will not, want it. I remember what you said of the "pious physician." I cannot tell you how it made me feel. I was rejoiced; for I knew that "he that seeketh findeth," and that "he that asketh receiveth."

You have probably heard exaggerated accounts of the revival, as must be expected on such occasions. I believe that there are about thirty who are really changed. Almost all the College attend the prayer-meeting, which is held every evening at eight o'clock, in Newbold's room. Dr. Green lectures to us in the senior recitation room every Tuesday evening, and Dr. Alexander on Friday evenings. These meetings also are attended by almost all the students. If you were to see me kiss Richards, you must think that a great change had taken place.

There are a thousand things I would tell you, but I must refer you to *our dear brother* Johns. It being half-past twelve at night is a sufficient reason for my bidding you good-night.

YOUR BROTHER.

There were one hundred and five students in the College during the winter of 1814-15, of whom twelve had been previously professors of religion, and were very useful in promoting that revival. Most of them were much older than the majority of their associates. Of this number were Daniel Baker, afterwards the celebrated evangelist;* Thomas J. Biggs, subsequently professor in the Lane Theological Seminary; Isaac W. Platt, long pastor of the church in Bath, New York; Robert Steele, the life-long pastor of the church in Abington, Penna.; John De Witt, life-long pastor of the church in Harrisburgh, Penna. Of the remaining ninety-three students then in College, fully one-

* Young men are sometimes disposed to determine present duty by their anticipations of the future. Mr. Baker told me that he expected to spend his life in preaching the gospel in the mountains of Virginia; and therefore would not need a thorough theological training. On this account he declined to enter the Theological Seminary. In less than a year after leaving College he was married and licensed, and entered on his work. The first thing we heard of him, was that he was called to be the pastor of an important Church in Savannah; then he was called to Washington, where he had Senators and Congressmen for his hearers. He subsequently discovered that God had called him to be an itinerant, and as such, he was eminently successful.

half gave to their fellow-men, in their after life, every evidence of having become true believers during this revival. In the light of God, the number was probably greater. Among these were John Johns, afterwards Episcopal Bishop of Virginia; Charles P. M'Ilvaine, afterwards Episcopal Bishop of Ohio; James V. Henry, pastor of Presbyterian Church at Sing-Sing, N. Y.; Symmes C. Henry, pastor of Church at Cranbury, N. J.; Ravaud K. Rodgers, pastor of Church at Bound Brook, N. J.; Wm. J. Armstrong, afterwards Secretary of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions; Benjamin Ogden, pastor of Church at Pennington; John Maclean, afterwards President of the College of New Jersey; Charles C. Stewart, Missionary to the Sandwich Islands, and George H. Woodruff and John Rodney, afterwards Episcopal ministers; Benjamin W. Richards, afterwards Mayor of Philadelphia, &c., &c. Bishop Johns, together with William James, Charles Stewart, and others, made his first profession of religion in the First Presbyterian Church, Princeton, July 7, 1815. He afterwards removed his connection to the Episcopal Church, attended by his family in New Castle, Delaware.

Many of my College associates subsequently rose to distinction. Judge Haines, of Ohio; William Pennington, Governor of New Jersey, and Speaker of the House of Representatives in Congress; James McDowell, Governor of Virginia; Richard H. Bayard, U. S. Senator, and Minister to Belgium; Henry Carrington and John Blair Dabney, of Virginia. These last were inseparables; room-mates, with all their books marked "Carrington and Dabney." Mr. Dabney became a prominent lawyer, but in middle life took orders in the Episcopal Church. Philip R. Fendall * was one of the first honor men of our class, and attorney of

* One day a dozen of us were standing on the front steps of the College, and Fendall was exercising his wit on those around him, when one of the crowd said, "Fendall, why don't you cut C——?" The prompt reply was, "What is the use of cutting mush?" C. was so amiable that even that gash healed by the first intention.

the District of Columbia. Persifer F. Smith became a general in the U. S. Army. He was a great favorite, and exuberant in humor. If you heard laughter in any part of the building, you might be sure that Smith was at the bottom of it. He was greatly distinguished in both the Florida and Mexican wars. After the Florida war he was driving in Philadelphia (his native city) with a party of friends, and the question came up, "What was the cause of the great difficulty attending the war against the Seminoles?" One of the party turned to the General and said, "Smith, you were there, what do you think was the cause of the trouble?" He replied, "I do not know, but I reckon it was the Indians." His constitution was undermined by malaria in Mexico, and he died in 1858, while in command of the post at Fort Leavenworth. John Johns, Bishop of Virginia; Charles P. M'Ilvaine, Bishop of Ohio, and John Maclean, President of the College of New Jersey, have been my intimate, life-long friends. Besides these there were a considerable number who have become judges, or members of congress, or distinguished as lawyers, physicians, or ministers of the gospel.

There were two of my college associates, who are enshrined in my memory as remarkable illustrations of the power of goodness, that is, of holiness; these were Charles B. Storrs and John Newbold. The former was the son of the Rev. Richard S. Storrs, of Longmeadow, Mass., and uncle of the distinguished Dr. Richard S. Storrs, of Brooklyn, N. Y. I remember him principally, as a member of Whig Hall,* where everybody deferred to him. He was intelligent, cultivated, gentle, courteous, unassuming and eminently devout. It was his piety which made him what he was. It was the halo that surrounded him, and which secured for him the affectionate deference with which he was always treated. His health was delicate, and he left college

* A permanent secret Literary Society of the College.

before graduation. After studying theology at Andover, he removed to Ohio, and became president of the Western Reserve College. He died in the house of his brother, the Rev. Dr. Richard S. Storrs, of Braintree, Mass., in 1833, at the early age of thirty-nine.

I never saw him after he left Princeton, and therefore was the more interested in the following tribute to his memory, taken from the *New York Times*, January 24th, 1878. "Many of the old readers of the (Boston) *Herald* may remember the beautiful poem of Mr. Whittier, to the late President of the Western Reserve College, Charles B. Storrs, a man of high culture and great intellectual powers. The late Judge Humphrey, of Hudson, Ohio, said Dr. Storrs was the most eloquent man he ever heard. President Storrs was an out and out anti-slavery and temperance man. In his advocacy of these two great causes, he knew no such words as falter or compromise. Slavery and intemperance were wrong, and they must be put down. Dr. Storrs of this city, a nephew of President Storrs, who inherits the intellectual force of his uncle, and is a man of rare culture, perhaps unequalled by any man in the American pulpit to-day, told me not long ago, 'that when his uncle, President Storrs, was sick unto death, and his mother was watching him with the greatest and tenderest care, anxious for his life, said to him, 'Your brother, the doctor, says, 'You must take a little brandy,' he turned his sparkling eyes to his sister, and in tones of voice almost silenced by the touch of death, said, in slow and measured words: 'No; I cannot take it. I must be true to the principle.' These were the last words he ever spoke, and his great soul went up to God, who gave it."

John Newbold was a native of Philadelphia, and a member of the Episcopal Church. I do not remember to have ever known a man who was so absorbed in the things unseen and eternal. He seemed to take no interest in the things of this life, except so far as they were connected

with duty, or with the interests of religion. His conversation was in heaven. No one went to him to talk politics, or to discuss the relative merits of their fellow-students. But if any were in darkness or trouble, they would go to him for instruction or consolation. He had far more influence than any other man in the Seminary (which he joined immediately after leaving college). If an irritating discussion at any time arose, as soon as Newbold entered the room there was a calm. Or if it happened, to any two of the students, as it did to Paul and Barnabas, "that a sharp contention," arose between them, so that they "parted asunder," he was sure to bring them together and fuse them into one by his love. He was tall and long-limbed, and rather awkward, though a thorough gentleman. His face was plain; and would have been homely, had it not been irradiated by the beauty of holiness. His heart was set on going as a missionary to Persia or India. As at that time there was no foreign missionary organization in this country, connected with the Episcopal Church, he induced Dr. Alexander to offer his services to the Church Missionary Society in England. He was, however, cut down by a rapid consumption, and died before entering the ministry. For a series of years, I acted on the purpose of not allowing his memory to die out in the Seminary. Therefore, once at least in three years (an academic generation with us) I held him up as an example; I wished to cause the students to see how much good can be done, by simply being good.

[Here ends the autobiographical notes. These, also, were the very last sentences that Dr. Hodge ever wrote, with the exception of two or three short family letters. A fit and characteristic closing of the vast volume of writing, which for fifty years had flowed from his pen.]

He graduated from college, September, 1815. John Johns and Philip R. Fendall shared the first honor, and Charles Hodge and Alexander Wurtz shared the second; Charles Hodge delivered the valedictory oration.