

EULOGY

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

FREDERICK A. RAUCH, D. P.

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

GÖTTHEAN LITERARY SOCIETY,

On the Evening of March 31st, 1841.

By G. William Welker, A. B.

GRADUATE MEMBER OF THE SOCIETY.

CHAMBERSBURG, PA.

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1841.

Gæthean Hall, March 31st, 1841.

RESPECTED SIR:—The Gæthean Literary Society has appointed us to return to you her sincere thanks, for the eloquent and appropriate address, which you delivered before her this evening, and also to request a copy for publication.

Respectfully Yours,

JAMES L. REYNOLDS.

J. H. GOOD.

M. L. SHUFORD.

G. WILLIAM WELKER, A. B.

Theological Seminary, Mercersburg, April 1st, 1841.

GENTLEMEN:—Your very complimentary note of last evening, has been received. Were I to give heed to my own feelings, I should assuredly refuse to give publicity to the address; for circumstances have necessarily made it imperfect and hasty, and I have to regret, that it was not more worthy of the occasion, and the society. But as you have a right to control it, being prepared at your request, and as I cannot doubt your sincerity in soliciting a copy, I herewith place it at your disposal, to make the use of it you think proper.

Yours with respect,

G. WILLIAM WELKER.

TO MESSRS. REYNOLDS, GOOD, and SHUFORD.

EULOGY.

GENTLEMEN OF THE GETHEAN SOCIETY :—

The transition from an emotion of the most exquisite happiness, to that of bitterest sorrow, is the most startling and painful. It is a law imbedded in the constitution of our present nature, to feel most sensibly the loss of what we value highest. That which is remote from our affections may pass away and we remain unmoved by the event ; but when the finest and most sensitive tendrils of the human affections have entwined themselves in thousand folds around some cherished worthy object, it moves the inmost soul to grief, to have the hand of the fell destroyer rudely tear away the support on which we have rested those affections. Yet such is the order of heaven, and who will gainsay ? Who can in his finite judgment affirm that all this is not wisdom in its most consummate, but to us incomprehensible developement ? Nor should we cynically cease to cherish friends, because we may have them torn abruptly from our embrace. We may not withhold our affections from concentrating in some beloved object, because there may come an hour when these affections will have to sustain a rude shock, in being severed from their hold. No present happiness should we spurn in ascetic disgust, because for aught we know, it may suddenly terminate in proportionally intense sorrow. Such a course would be to *pervert* the natural direction of noble and generous spirits. Though it were well to temper our earthly enjoyments with the thought of their *transitoriness*, yet still it can be real and blissful ; and our affections may be deep, sincere, and ardent when placed on a worthy object, and even though it be removed, the recollection of its existence lends a mildness to our regret, and to remember the *dead* with pro-

per feelings of veneration and regard, will be but a perpetuation under a different form, of the happiness we felt *in*, and derived *from* their living intercourse.

To cherish the memory of the friendship of one whom we loved and revered, now numbered with the *dead*, has given occasion to our assemblage this evening. To *eulogize* one of the best of friends, before *his* friends and *mine*, has fallen to me as a duty on this occasion. I could most heartily have wished that another more capable of doing justice to the object of the occasion, had been chosen. It is true, none could bring to the task a heart more willing to do it ample honor; and could I give form and expression to the emotions of my heart, I might hope to perform my duty so as to honor the occasion. But I speak to those who knew him, and who will indulge my inability, and complete the character for themselves, where I may fail to do it correctly, or leave it defective. Nor will I speak the language of vain panegyric; for he whose virtues and eminence I am this night to recount, never taught me thus—nor will I so soon forget to practice the lessons of wisdom, he so often repeated.

The sketch I present of the life of Frederick Augustus Rauch, must necessarily be imperfect, as I never heard him communicate much information on that subject. He was born in Hesse-Darmstadt, near Frankfort-on-the-Maine, of highly respectable parents, where his father still resides, a very amiable man, and an evangelical clergyman earnestly devoted to the work of his Master. His mother he lost in early youth, and has I believe one brother. As is the custom in Germany, he was at an early age sent to one of their excellent primary schools, where he made rapid advances, and already gave indications of his future greatness. When he had passed through the regular course, his father still thought him too young to be sent to the Gymnasium; but his eager thirst for knowledge, even then could brook no delay, and the judgment of his father as to his youthfulness, little satisfied the aspirations of the ardent student. About this time he visited an aunt, to whom he confided his difficulties, and unbosomed his great anxiety to prosecute at once his studies. His relative

sympathised with the aspiring boy—entered fully into his feelings, and gratified his wishes by generously furnishing him with means to enter the Gymnasium and pursue his studies. Here he spent every moment to some good account, and day and night witnessed his efforts, to meet the expectations of his Professors. By his assiduity he soon gained the notice and esteem of his teachers, and the encouraging news of his son's good conduct, and rapid progress, did not fail soon to reach his father through his teacher, and the representations of his aunt, who prided herself in her *protege*. When his father found that his prudential fears had been groundless, and that his son was able to take care of himself, away from his father's guardianship, and could creditably pursue his several studies, he cheerfully supplied him fully with means to prosecute them during his course. Having with his wonted ardour completed his course in the Gymnasium, in the usual time his class made application for reception into the university of Marburg. But three of the whole class succeeded in being matriculated—two besides young Rauch. An examination by the Faculty of a German University is no trivial ordeal. It is not only required to translate the languages correctly—construe them grammatically, and fully understand the subject of the author, but also to render the German language, idiomatic as it is, into latin as it is read to the candidate, and to give authority for the usage of words and the phraseology. The ability to do this, is a very rare attainment even among those of our land, who have completed their whole course of study.

Of his career at the University I know but little. He removed from Marburg to Giessen, and afterwards spent a year at the ancient and celebrated University of Heidelbergh, where he pursued his studies in the Philosophies and Theology under Professor Daub, whose lectures and conversation he esteemed of eminent importance to him. He never had the care of a charge as a settled pastor, though he often preached. He was on account of the eminence he had reached in his philosophical researches, though still a youth, appointed successively Professor of Philosophy in Giessen and Heidelbergh, and received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. But all these proud dis-

tinctions were not enough to wed him to the political institutions of his native land. It seems the youthful professor became fond of liberty, and as a *subject* expressed his views too freely to suit the sense of propriety, which obtains among the little despots of the German principalities. To enjoy the freedom to which his soul aspired, and to become eminently useful in elevating the literary character, and in spreading religion in our youthful land, he forsook the home of his fathers, for this abode of the free, where all spirits that rise above the constituted order of things that cramp their spirits at home, will find a congenial spirit pervading our customs—political and religious institutions. Dr. Rauch ever expressed himself in the most glowing terms of the free and rational principles of government of the land of his adoption, and no consideration could have induced him to return and remain in his *Fatherland*. He had even at this age risen to considerable eminence as an author. He had written his *De Sophoclis Electra* and *De resurrectione mortuorum* in Latin, which were published at the request of three German Universities. He had written a work on the original identity of the Hindoo, Persian, Pelasgic, German and Slavonic languages and one on the ancient Persian and Sanscrit literature, in German. He also had written a commentary on the Tragedy of Faust by Gœthe. This commentary, if I do not misapprehend, Gœthe in his conversations with Eckerman pronounced to be the best of the numerous works that had been written on his Faust, which surely was no trifling commendation.

About eleven years since, Dr. Rauch arrived a stranger on our shores. He sought the ministers of the German Reformed Church, and soon became intimate with several of them, particularly Mr. Pomp of Easton. Here whilst acquiring the English language, he taught music. Such splendid talents and extensive erudition however could not remain long hidden; and his amiable manners soon secured him friends, and he was chosen Professor of the German language in Lafayette College. His fame was spread and he soon became in request with the two great German religious denominations of our country; both of which offered him situations in their institutions, one

of which was especially very flattering. But against his *own* interest, his love for the German Reformed Church led him to accept the invitation to become principal of our Classical Institution at York, and he was at the same time elected Professor of Biblical Literature in the Seminary at the same place. The testimonials of character and learning he received from the different gentlemen he had become acquainted with, and from the President of Lafayette College, were very flattering. He remained at York till our institutions were removed to this place. He came hither, and when Marshall College was created out of the Classical School, he was chosen the President. How he labored and toiled; how firmly he stood by the interests of our institutions, in the darkest days of their history, when splendid offers were made to induce him to forsake them, you know. You too know his history, better than I can relate it, down to the morning of the second of March, when *death* deprived the College of its first President—the Seminary of an able and pious Professor—the Gæthean Society of one deeply interested in her welfare—and her members individually of a dear friend.

To pourtray the character of Dr. Rauch as he thought and acted, is no light undertaking. My youth—my habits of thought—my want of experience, all seem to charge me with temerity, and I would gladly have laid down my pen at this point; for to attempt to fathom the intellect—to understand the motives, and give form to the feelings of a man so great and eminent, require a maturity of judgment, and an accurate and intimate acquaintance with men, to which I do not pretend.

Dr. Rauch was a man of the most vigorous mind. It had been so exercised and so habituated to intense and profound thought, that until the influence of his debilitated physical system affected his mind through his nerves, he knew not what it was to flag in his most perplexed and protracted investigations. From the very extensive and thorough knowledge he had already acquired when but a youth, we can easily infer the strength and elasticity of his intellectual system. Most ordinary minds would have been crushed under the vast accu-

mulation of valuable and well digested thought, with which his mind was stored, and which he was wont to employ so effectually, with a facility and ease it was delightful to witness. No one that ever made himself familiar with his habits of thought, but found rich instruction in that familiarity. Dr. Rauch was a deep and *original* thinker. No subject embraced under the comprehensive law of the intellectual and moral world was too profound for his apperception, but when it arose above the conditioned power of human reason and grounded itself in the *unrevealed* will of Deity. Though he was not surpassed as a profound reasoner by any man in our country, and could indulge in speculations sublime and almost infinite in their depth, yet he was never *unintelligible* in his reasonings. No matter how far he ventured to pursue doctrines and hypotheses, in their consequences to which they might lead, he could make them intelligible to others, as intelligible at least as language would give form to the idea. His power of discrimination was acute and he had the most happy facility of expressing himself in the most precise terms. He labored, as you know, under the great disadvantage of speaking and writing in a language not vernacular to him, and his pupils in the abstruse sciences of Metaphysics and Ethics were sometimes but youths; yet he rarely failed with an ingenious mind of making himself comprehended. This was in part owing to his methodical thinking, and in part to the simplicity and precise adaptation of his words to express just the thought to which he wished to give form. The exactness with which he employed the English language and his extensive acquaintance with the usage of its words—their shade of difference in meaning, was such as to put many English scholars to the blush. It is a very general fault in deep thinkers, that they are too careless in the use of their terms, and employ no discretion in the form and presentation of their ideas. But such was not the case with Dr. Rauch. He never wished to appear profound and learned through the medium of unmeaning or incomprehensible phraseology, or involved sentences of dubious length and import. As his great object was to benefit the world, he ever sought to make himself understood,

though his erudition and profundity should suffer thereby in the estimation of superficial observers. In this respect he most happily blended two splendid qualifications that give worth and interest to a writer. While his thoughts contained all the profoundness of a speculative German Philosopher, he wrought them out and embodied them in the plain and comprehensible language of an English utilitarian. This continued habit of thinking had made him singularly happy in reasoning logically and determining correctly. It was no difficulty for his mind, fully cultivated in all subjects to grasp conclusions direct from the premises, to arrive at which would have required in ordinary minds long and painful investigation. It was a facility he often availed himself of, when it was necessary to give stability to the subject he had in hand, and had not time to enter into details ; and it was truly an enviable qualification in one in his position. But when it was required for the enlightenment of others, he was able and ready to support his judgment by a concatenation of lucid and systematic argument, that proved how well his mind was suited to make him a rapid thinker—how immense his resources were in argument, and how little liability there was in him to err in his judgments on subjects that came within the province of his investigations. I have heard him unravel a tissue of contradictions and seeming absurdities by a simple and comprehensive course of reasoning, that when he was done my difficulties had vanished as if by magic, and I was left to wonder, when introduced into this flood of light and reason, how it was possible I did not thus see it before ; now it appeared all so simple and natural. But it was a master-spirit that produced the change, and it should cause no surprise that I admired the man, who with so little effort could thus produce order out of confusion, and introduce light into intellectual darkness by a few simple illustrations drawn from his rich treasury. His knowledge of what was in the spirit of man gave him this power. He was a practical as well as theoretical metaphysician ; and he was wont to insist on a thorough understanding of mental Philosophy as a necessary requisition in every man, whose profession it would be to influence others by argu-

ments addressed to the understanding and affections. No minister especially, he said, could efficiently give point and energy to his discourses, if he was ignorant of the mental structure of the beings he addressed. If we had no other argument in support of his counsel, than the recollection of his ability in this respect, we should have enough; for the beautiful adaptation of his reasonings to the understanding and emotions, and their power to enlighten the mind, and move the heart, were attributable to their being directed and winged by a hand that knew the avenues to man's soul, and how the greatest effect could be produced.

The peculiar sphere of Dr. Rauch's investigations was that of Moral Philosophy. Had it been compatible with his duties, he would willingly have spent his time and strength on its important subjects.

It was in the fundamental principles of all true morality, that he could best contemplate the power, wisdom and love of the *Great First Cause*. He strove to make his system of Ethics eminently a Christian system in its ground work and deductions, as all know who are at all acquainted with it. His object never was to make the difficulties, which can be originated in this science by inquisitive and speculative minds, an arena for subtle disputations. He took no pleasure in speculating on opinions without grounds, and without ultimate beneficial tendencies to truth in prospect. He made the will of God the eternal source and spirit of all morality, and firmly built his beautiful and well-proportioned superstructure of Ethical science in strict conformity with the divine precepts as revealed in the inspired volume. It was his oft reiterated remark, that he hoped never to advance any theory in his lectures, which could not in the end clearly be traced to fix itself on the ground, which he had assumed. He discarded the theories that made *happiness*, *usefulness*, or any of the varied forms of *selfishness* the basis of moral obligation as *low* and derogatory to the majesty of God. His system was eminently calculated to exalt God—to make Him the centre of *all* that is holy and good, and an object worthy the love, reverence, and obedience of man. And every where the condition of man was acknowledged to be dependent on God for

the grace of eternal life, being incapable of obedience to the pure law of moral rectitude in consequence of a depraved native propensity to sin. He endeavored to set forth the reasonableness, and the beauty of holiness, in the doctrines of the Bible, and impress their importance on men. Love to God he insisted on as necessarily the constraining motive to duty in a strictly moral man. The man only that is purely moral is *free*, and this *liberty* of man consists in the harmony of the *human* with the *Divine* will. When lecturing on the efficient power of love to God as *motive* and the social obligations of men, his heart would grow warm, and he would become eloquent in speech and countenance. They were motives to practical morality, that he cherished in his own bosom, and loved to present to others. He was eminently a follower of Daub, whose opinions he loved to quote as authority. It was under this learned, pious, and profound man, that he imbibed his love for this science in a great measure. His love for it made him an especial favorite with this great man, and he was honored with his entire confidence. He expressed himself eminently favored by the private intercourse he enjoyed with this professor. The conversations during their *private walks* formed epochs in his life, to which it was a pleasure for him to recur. At such times the great truths of Ethics were investigated to their origin, and their consequences traced into the relations of life in all their beautiful and important influences. In the investigations he made in the production of his own system of Ethics, he feared not to grapple with the systems of giant scholars, and separate their truths from their wild speculations. The acuteness of Kant—the transparency of Schleiermacher, and the vast speculations of the capacious mind of Hegel, were laid under contribution by him to assist in presenting infinite truths in an intelligible form. He did not stop in his familiarity with the eminent philosophers of Germany, but had made himself conversant with all that is worthy of attention in our language, and his system of Ethics combined the richness and profundity of thought in the Germans, with the perspicuity and intelligibility of the English. His system was, as it were, the full blown flower of these. It was a sys-

tem that was at the same time remarkable for depth of thought and investigation—for transparency of thinking and luminousness of expression, and for being penetrated by the spirit and power of religion. It was a constant object with him to influence the heart as well as the mind—to improve as well as instruct—to lead the minds of his hearers to contemplate higher objects—to see the power and glory of God, and the beauty of religion. He has often inquired with earnest solicitude whether he made religion prominent enough—whether he enforced practical piety as a duty sufficiently distinct and clear. You who have been deprived of studying under him, have sustained a great loss, I feel assured. Our country too, *one*, which I feel will not be supplied for a time to come. A good, complete system of Ethics is much needed in our language, and no man would have been so well fitted as Dr. Rauch to supply this defect. We must then await the appearance of some mind of kindred spirit and ability to perform a work to bless the cause of science.

It might be thought a man so eminent in Metaphysical and Ethical pursuits, and whose mind was so deeply immersed in such recondite labors, would be illy fitted to admire and be sensible of the beautiful and sublime in art. But it was not so with Dr. Rauch. His acquisitions were as varied as profound. His talent and genius seemed in their extent to embrace all that lay in the varied range of thought. There was no province in all the circle of learning with which he was unacquainted, and he was no novice in any thing to which he made any pretensions. No man I believe possessed a more acute and cultivated sense of the beautiful and romantic. *Æsthetics* was the science in which his versatile genius delighted to recreate itself, and his spirit indulge itself in its freest and loftiest flights. This sphere seemed to be native to his mind, while frequent exercise of this talent had made him eminently a critic in the *beautiful*. He was at home in admiring the magic wonders of the chisel and loved to look on the marble form, seeming ready to start into life and animation. As he wandered through the galleries, where were displayed the monuments of the genius of the pencil, he was enraptured in tracing the sublimity

of thought they pourtrayed. Even amid the toppling ruins and fallen grandeur of some crumbling temples, he found opportunity to cultivate his taste, and expand his mind in witnessing architectural beauty and order and in tracing the successive developement of the mind. Of music he was passionately fond and his soul was delighted with the harmony of sweet sounds. He was borne beyond himself in imagination when listening to the enrapturing symphonies of Mozart and Beethoven. He was not an unmeaning admirer, but was a connoisseur whose pretensions were no greater than his cultivation and genius warranted. But in poetry he lived. Its influence on his mind can be seen in all his productions and even the abstruseness of Psychology is enlivened by its poetical thought and rich classical allusions. He was conversant with every poet of note, and was wont to point out and dilate on their merits. Homer, Shakespeare, Gœthe and Schiller were familiar to him, and no one better appreciated their beauty and genius. And in him they have not only lost an eloquent admirer, but an able advocate of their merits. His work on *Æsthetics* I was anxious to see, for it would have been an excellent accession to the literature of our country. Dr. Rauch would have produced a system that would have evidenced much originality of conception and would have adorned his subject by rich illustrations, drawn from a mind stored with all that is beautiful and poetic in Classic and Oriental literature. It would have been a delightful source of profound, rich and varied entertainment. His conception of the beautiful was grand, and to hear him speak on it was an intellectual feast. In the sphere of beauty as presented in the fine arts, he viewed the human mind as realizing *its thoughts* in forms, that presented the highest idea of the compass and power of the intellect of man. Its power to combine and heighten the beauty of nature was a proof of the rich endowment, with which heaven had blessed the crowning wisdom of its creative work. Beauty is *thought* realized. He was an admirer of what is beautiful and romantic in nature. There all was *sublime* to him in its conception and creation. It was the handy-work of the divine thought realized, and his admiration was mingled with reverence for its author.

As a teacher many of you are acquainted with him. Of him in this respect I may speak the language of confidence; for during a period of five years I had enjoyed the privilege of his instructions and advice. He was in all points fully furnished for his duties. His felicitous faculty in communicating knowledge, is spoken of in the highest terms, by all who enjoyed his instructions. His numerous illustrations were always happily adapted to make his teachings agreeable—to simplify and explain the truth in hand. The most dry and abstruse subjects of study, would assume life and agreeableness under his explanations. He would lay open all that was valuable in it, and imperceptibly lead the student into the spirit of it, and interest him deeply in the new forms and deeper life, with which he clothed it. It did him good to see an inquisitive mind, and he took pleasure in urging such a youth onward, and in presenting encouragements to him. His sensitive nature may have led him sometimes to reprove with unwonted severity, but no man was ever more prompt to make an amendment. He never deliberately wounded the feelings of any one. In this respect he presented a noble example of what a man can do by the power of his will in suppressing a naturally hasty *temper*. This improvement was the most marked, and it was the fruit of much watchfulness and prayer. With tears which showed how kind and tender-hearted he naturally was, he would often regret his seeming harshness in reproof. This was the failing of a good teacher, who was wont to greet his pupils with a kindly smile, and it is the only one I know. He looked on the students as children, and they, at least the deserving ones, held the place of children in his affections. He was at all times willing to counsel and defend; and his last breath could he have spent to vindicate them if assailed. Some of us have had generous proofs of this. It afforded him pure satisfaction, to have the students come to him for instruction, and he never hesitated to advise and assist them when he could. He ever strove to have the relation that should subsist between himself and the students, one of love and approbation. He wished to be esteemed—not feared; he wished to treat the students as gentlemen, who

acknowledged the propriety of proper relations and honorable conduct. It was with reluctance that he exercised discipline, and never did any thing but the interests of the Institution move him to it. No one who knew how deeply insubordination wounded his heart, with one spark of noble and generous feeling, would ever give offence. The high sense which Dr. Rauch had of duty made him scrupulous in the employment of every hour of his time, and every moment of which he was deprived he looked upon as so much lost, not to himself, but to his young friends, and to the cause of learning and truth in the world. For all his hours he had his appropriate labors. He was, when health permitted, engaged early and late, and I need not tell *you*, who were acquainted with his habits, how great and onerous were the labors which he accomplished weekly. It was a matter of conscience with him never to enter on any labor without full preparation to discharge the required duties. No partial knowledge would suffice him—no doubts found a place in his instructions; all the light that could be collected on any subject he made his, before he would venture to communicate his opinions to others. It was necessary to his enjoyment to study. His soul found delight in the attainments his intellect made in the acquisitions of truth; nor would he leave difficulties unsolved, if they were in the sphere in which a solution was possible. When he would meet with some great and important difficulty, on some subject, he would bear it in his bosom for months, amidst all the claims upon his thoughts from without. Whenever a moment of quiet was afforded him, he would consider it in new forms—under different lights, and if aid could be derived from the opinions of others he would seek for it, analyze it and weigh its importance. Nor did he think his labor vainly spent, when by patient thought he had removed his darkness—and when he found light and truth on the subject, it was refreshing to his soul. In the next conversation you would enjoy *with*, or lecture you might hear *from* him, his countenance would brighten with a smile of conscious desire to do good, as he would communicate the result of his researches. It was the delightful feeling of making the students the medium of spreading the

great and beautiful truths he taught, throughout our land, that animated him and made his labors a work of love. He was most happy as a teacher, in presenting his ideas so as to attract the minds of his auditors, and elicit their independent thought on the subject. There were no phenomena in nature, or no difficulties in science, which he had not investigated. He was always endeavoring to gain new and clearer proofs of what he taught. The actions, feelings and words of a child would give him subject—matter on which to think and from which he would draw familiar and vivid illustrations of scientific truth. He was never idle in this respect; a spire of grass would afford him a subject for meditation, during a long walk, on the plastic power. The instinctive movements of an animal would lead him into an investigation of the law that reigns in their nature, and which instead of reason and will, determines their movements. The care and protection of a beast or a fowl for its young, would entrance him for hours in intense thought, as he would trace the wisdom and power of God in thus constituting them in order to preserve and perpetuate his creation.

As a gentleman, Dr. Rauch was a pattern. It were natural to imagine, one so deeply and constantly engaged in study, to be reserved and formal, as is often the result of such a life. But there was nothing ascetic or selfish about him, and he was ever placid in his general disposition. He was kind and frank in his manners—he had the utmost respect for the feelings and views of others. In all his social and public relations he was exemplary. Learned as he was, he was free from every tincture of pedantry, and he was too modest to thrust himself into notice. The refinement and cultivation of the scholar and gentleman were every where visible in his words and actions, but no attempt was made to strike the senses with a show of superior knowledge. He was ever anxious to learn, and willing to correct an erroneous opinion in him when convinced of it. Truth was the object he strove after, and bigotry he loved not. In his intercourse with the world he was above suspicion; he thought it mean-ness to suspect any one without a knowledge of their defection. This

indiscriminate confidence in the event, no doubt was often injurious and unpleasant to him in its results.

I do not claim for Dr. Rauch, exemptions from the frailties of our nature. That he had faults, *you* know, and I know, and who has not? That his sensitive disposition led him into indiscretions—that his communicativeness caused him to err, is certain; and that false friends injured him, through his mis-placed confidence, is but too true for the honor of our nature. But let us remember that such a man's faults ever assume an undue prominence in our sight, and that they are more likely to excite observation than his virtues. These things were no disparagement in my mind, for we all must expect fallibility in our fellow mortals. He had enemies I will not disguise. He had inveterate enemies, who loved to wound his character with poisoned arrows. I have not time, nor would this be a fitting occasion to account for this. But where are the *great* and the *good*, that have not been assailed by envious and base minds? It is said of the *Ermine*, that when its fur becomes soiled, the sensitive creature becomes dejected, droops and dies, and surely a man so sensitive in regard to his *honor* and his *fame* would be wounded to the soul, in grief, from such malicious attacks.

I must not neglect to present Dr. Rauch under another aspect, I mean as a Christian. This is after all the true dignity of man, and is a grace, the attainment of which far outvalues all intellectual greatness, and which crowns with an infinite loveliness all the social virtues. Here it was that he felt most interested—here he wished to make the greatest advances. He often spoke of the infinite disparity that holds between the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ, and all the accumulative erudition that has ever been combined in the intellect of any being. The great and distinctive features of the religion of Jesus Christ, were themes he loved to dwell upon. It created a pleasure that warmed up the heart to listen to him, when conversing or discoursing on the love of God. You who have heard him, know that he loved to speak on this theme for hours—that he never grew weary in telling of the love of heaven. Then it was that a celestial

flame seemed to burn in his bosom, for he became truly eloquent. It was the eloquence of truth that flowed from a heart, where its power had been felt, and where it lived and daily exerted its influence. His views on the great doctrines of the Bible—the sovereignty of divine grace—the justifying merits of the Redeemer's blood—the eternal Sonship and Deity of Christ, were orthodox as held by the Reformed Church in all ages. The more he contemplated them,—the deeper and more carefully he searched the word of God, the more he was confirmed in them. He did not pretend to live above the practical influence of religion. His love of *rational* truth did not distract his faith in the word of God. Never did he with daring hand attempt to lay bare its mysteries, and reduce its sublime truth and doctrines to the comprehension of reason, or on an equality with the cold and lifeless forms of metaphysical truth. Faith in the word of God was the prominent ground of his belief; and wherever the doctrine of the Scriptures transcended the comprehension of reason, he felt still assured of their truth and could embrace them as certainly as the simplest declarations of his word, and believe them with a deeper conscious feeling of awe and reverence. His was a conscious and felt religion, and where his intellect failed to trace the ground and reason of its truths, his inward perception found no difficulty, for all these great and mysterious things harmonized with his regenerated life and reason. When speaking of the reasonableness and credibility of our *holy faith*, he was wont to remark, that it was vain to attempt to convince an unconverted person of its power, its beauty and conscious credibility, for the truths of God's word are truths that address themselves not *so much* to the intellect, not to the unfeeling power of reason alone; but to the heart—to the consciousness of the soul, and *these* must be in harmony before *they* can receive the word of God in the love of it. He often said that the student of the Bible should have a transformed life, or he could never explain its sacred truths—he could not exhibit their hidden meaning and life-giving power. The spirit and beauty of the scriptures lie deeper than intellect can pierce, and it requires *spirit*, fully to enter into them. In the nature of things

it is not possible for the spirit of a man to comprehend the things of the spirit of God, except there be an intercommunication of spirits—if there be not consonance in views and feelings. Such was the spirit which Dr. Rauch brought to the study and exposition of the Bible. Because this penetration of the human spirit by the divine, was so beautifully exhibited in the profound and spiritual writings of the heavenly-minded and now sainted Olshausen, he loved to peruse his explanations of the sacred oracles. He spoke in raptures of the sweet Christian spirit breathed in them, and the depth of spiritual life and faith they developed. They were refreshing to him as a stream that flowed fast from the fountain of Life and revived his graces and quenched the thirst of his soul. I have not intended to say that Dr. Rauch set small value on systematic and theoretic divinity. By no means, for he loved to see theology discussed as *the* science and the ground of all truth in *its sphere*; but he considered this speculative and intellectual theology when possessed, alone, as useless and lifeless. No one was better fitted than Dr. Rauch, to defend on scientific ground the Divine authority of our holy religion. He looked on systematic theology more as a ground from which to satisfy the intellect and upon which to contend with the enemies of our faith, than as a fountain from which to imbibe living waters to delight and edify the humble disciple of Jesus. For the ground-work of his doctrinal system he spoke of his indebtedness to Prof. Daub, his spiritual father. From him he had received a Christian father's counsel, and he was pleased to repeat his beloved teacher's ideas and views. At the last recitation I was permitted to have with him, on our lesson being ended, he closed his book, and though at the time very weak, he soon became animated in speaking of the great importance of Philology to the correct interpretation of the Scriptures. These, he remarked, when he had finished, are some of the beautiful ideas of Daub, and I love to impart them to you. From the information of Dr. Rauch, I would infer that the counsels and thought of this man gave character and direction to his life and opinions. He loved to speak of his fervent piety—of his affectionate disposition, and loved him

as his *own* father, and it seemed he had his friend always in his eye.

From Dr. Rauch himself I learned, that his views on some subjects in practical religion, had undergone what he considered and felt, happy changes since he had been in intercourse with American Christians. He was a man who prayed much *for*, and delighted *in* refreshing revivals of grace in his soul. And with thankful heart he would acknowledge the gracious revival that God sent his soul, when he took to heaven that dear friend of his, the beloved Rice, "whose praise is in all the churches." Though the Lord took away a man in whom his affections were wound up, yet he graciously made up for the loss, by the light of his countenance. He loved to speak of the mercy of God in the manifestations of his grace which he enjoyed, *I have reason to think, very frequently*, since that event. This is a part of my theme on which I delight to dwell, for he who thus acknowledged the power and beauty of religion on the soul, was no *mediocre* man, and one whose testimony should be felt. For his was the conviction of an acute and refined mind, and the consciousness of a soul above the ignorant fears of superstition. His life he endeavored to form in accordance with the demands of God's law. His public discourses were rich in thought and heavenly unction. They were remarkably adapted to the occasion and circumstances, and afforded rich matter for serious meditation. Learned and profound as he was, he could when his audience demanded, preach in the most simple style of thought, especially in his vernacular language. He loved to engage in the services of the sanctuary, but he took especial delight in the social prayer meeting which he held with the students as long as his health and pressing duties permitted. He never felt so happy, I thought, as when standing in our midst, speaking of redeeming love—the *freedom* of grace and the parental mercies of God to his children. You, too, know how earnestly he would entreat the thoughtless to consider their ways, and become participators in the favor of God. As he lived—so he died, trusting in the vicarious merits of his Redeemer's righteousness, for peace with God, and

the pardon of *all* his sins. In the last conversation I had with him, on the prospect of death, he told me if it were his Master's will, he had no desire to remain, and that he was willing to leave the world and his contemplated labors for its benefit behind. His death, I believe was full of hope and immortality, and he is at rest. Though for *your* sake—for the sake of the *Church*—for the sake of the *world*—for the *sake* of the partner of his life and hopes—and for *my own* sake, I could have wished him spared to us, yet for *his* sake, I rejoice in his state of heavenly rest and triumph.

Though the life of Dr. Rauch was *short*, and he was cut off just when he was beginning to be able to extend his influence by his pen, and was in fact contemplating magnificent undertakings—works worthy his colossal mind and splendid talents; yet still, the object and influence of his labors will not be *lost or small*. He lived above the unhallowed feelings and impulses that move the world. Selfishness found no place in his bosom. The *great* object of his life was not to put forth *himself* in prominence. Higher was his effort directed in the arrangement and ultimate tendency of his laborious hours of study. He believed and taught no one has a *right* to exclude the *world*, much less *eternal interests* from himself, while he wraps himself up in indifference to every thing but his own mental pleasures. His life of indefatigable industry, he considered his duty and blessing to spend for the cause of religion and literature among his fellow men. Never was he willing to engage in any labor, but which, if *not directly*, had at least *ultimately*, God for its object. Heaven will not fail to sanction such motives, and Dr. Rauch's influence will be felt, though his labors were abruptly terminated. Not only his Psychology, which I trust will form an Epoch in American Metaphysics, but his labors I think will also be felt and exert an influence on the world and in the Church, through the students who have graduated and studied under him. They are destined to be scattered over the land, and the views and feelings they have imbibed from him, will give character to their lives and coloring to their thoughts. Thus I hope much will be effected indirectly, yet far less than he

would have done, had his labors been *necessary* to God in the developement of *his* purposes.

Such is the man I have this night attempted to eulogize—such I conceived to be the character of that great and good man to whose memory you delight to do reverence. I have thought his best eulogy to be *himself*—as he lived—thought—and acted among us. Whether I have thus succeeded in presenting him before you, it remains for you to judge. I attempted to present his greatness of intellect—amenity of manners and humble piety as they were

—“Blended with such passing art
As awes at once and *charms* the heart.”

Though he was endowed with gifts and graces of heart and mind—though he shone thus great and luminously in the world—though the happiness of many—though great and important benefits to the world—the Church of Christ—the prosperity and permanency of our Institutions, all *seemed* dependent on his continued life and exertions; yet he has fallen at an early age—in the vigour of his intellectual and moral life of greatness. The ruler of the universe, who in his supreme wisdom sees the end from the begining, had *need* of him in heaven. When it is necessary for the welfare of God's cause on earth, that heaven should have another heir, then earth and its interests—the greatness of the man availed not to stay his spirit a moment. When death came

“Ah what availed that wide capacious mind
With every science accurately fraught,
The keen ey'd fancy, sparkling and refin'd
The blaze of genius and the depth of thought.”

The sad event has wrapt us in gloom. At its announcement kindred spirits throughout the world, will grieve that one brilliant star in their constellation has fallen—that a breach has been made in their bright circle that must for a long time to come remain unoccupied.

On the eventful dawn that witnessed the sad event, methinks the *muses* overwhelmed with deepest distress for the death of a favourite,

tuned their lyres to the melancholy notes of woe—the *Graces* were wreathed in mournful cypress as they stood at the bier of an admired son—and that the *Genius of Evangelical Religion* wept drops of bitterest sorrow as she raised her tearful eyes to gaze into the opening heavens after his emancipated soul, and as she turned away, exclaimed with a wounded spirit—“truly a great man has this day fallen in Israel.”

But this event comes a severe bereavement to this association. She has lost an early and tried friend, whose counsels and pen were at her command. This night we have assembled in testimony of our regret for his loss, and esteem for his memory. Let then his name be honored—and his sacred fame be cherished by the “*Gæthean Society*,” and never while *she* exists let his memory be forgotten. Let not the badges of mourning *we* wear be empty and unmeaning weeds, but mournful tokens of a love and grief that shall influence our lives. We cannot better honor his memory than by cherishing Marshall College—we must make her interests, our interests; for to elevate and give character to this Institution, Dr. Rauch was willing to spend his life, and sacrifice all he had.

Young friends, *I charge you* to preserve the fame of Dr. Rauch. Speak of his virtues—recount his splendid attainments—and spread his goodness, and his greatness far as truth, learning and religion are valued. *I charge you* not to forget his precepts or his character. Bear the recollection of them in your hearts. And may they shed an aroma of virtuous influence on your whole lives. Wherever you go—in whatever capacity you act, ever think would Dr. Rauch have done this, would he if here sanction it! As you often make pilgrimages to the grove where is his tomb, in solitude to commune with your hearts or to do honor to his shade, Oh forget not to think of what he taught—recall his example of doing good, and disseminating truth to honor the king of heaven. With *you* his friends it remains to cherish his memory. *You* must be his monument and *your lives* his epitaph.

"Go build his monument;—and let it be
 Firm as the land, but open as the sea,
 Low in *his* grave the strong foundations lie,
 Yet be the dome expansive as the sky,
 On chrystal pillars resting from above,
 Its sole supporters—*works of faith and love*.
 So clear, so pure, that to the keenest sight,
 They cast no shadows; all within be light;
 No walls divide the area, nor inclose;
 Charter the whole to every wind that blows;
 Then rage the tempest, flash the lightnings blue
 And thunders roll,—they pass unharmed through."