

*Sam. Inett Esq  
with the regards of  
P Bates.*

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E U L O G Y

ON THE

REV. JOSHUA BATES, D. D.

Former President of Middlebury College,

DELIVERED ON COMMENCEMENT DAY,

AUGUST 9, 1854.

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BY GEORGE HOWE, D. D.

Prof. of Biblical Literature, Theological Seminary, Columbia, S. C.

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PUBLISHED AT THE REQUEST OF THE ALUMNI.

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Joshua Bates

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“THIS whole earth,” says Pericles, in his panegyric over those slain in the Peloponnesian war, “this whole earth is the sepulchre of illustrious men ; nor is it the inscription on the column in their native soil alone that shows their worth, but the unwritten memorial of them repositied more durably in universal remembrance, than on their own tomb.”\* That this memorial might be erected in the minds of men, nations have essayed to honor their deceased benefactors, even when they have censured and persecuted them while living. Socrates was lamented by the very people who condemned him to die ; and their resentment towards him as their faithful reprover, was swallowed up in their sad regrets at their own misguided judgment, and at the irretrievable loss the Athenian state, and Greece itself had suffered, by his cruel death. Affection dwells upon the virtues, and sinks into forgetfulness the faults of him whom the grave covers. It lingers with a tenderness of friendship, unfelt before, in those places

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\* Thucydides. History of the Peloponnesian War.

where the honored one lived and walked ; it yearns towards his person, withdrawn now from the abodes of men, and invested with a sacredness which inspires veneration and awe, as if, while of us yesterday, in the familiarity of friendship, it now pertains to a higher and supernal sphere, to which we cannot aspire. The painter's and the sculptor's art are put in requisition to perpetuate the features and form ; costly mausolea and enduring pyramids sometimes mark the resting-place of the decaying dust, and the gifted pen or the eloquent tongue are taught to exhibit to those yet living, the deeds and virtues of departed worth. The most imbruted nations have honored their dead the least, while those stronger in moral virtue, and more fully impressed with the immortality of man, by mounds of earth and rude constructions—the product often of much labor, if wild and savage, or, if civilized and cultivated, by works of exquisite art—have testified their regard for the departed, and taught the living to emulate their deeds. The last resting-place of the congregated dead is a school of wisdom, and funeral rites are impressive teachers to those who are to live and labor but for a season here. Especially has this been the case, since life and immortality have been brought to light in the Gospel. The sepulchral monuments strewn throughout the earth, mark well the change from Paganism to a purer and more exulting faith.

The emblems on the tombs of the early Christians were the anchor, the lyre, a ship with its canvas spread, a palm, a crown ;—emblems each of hope,

or joy, or continued progress, or victory, or honor, outward and visible expressions, through the medium of sense, of that memorable benediction, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." The day when the tortured body expired, they called the martyr's *natal day*, τὰ γενέθλια τῶν μαρτυρῶν. They celebrated it with songs and joyful symphonies; for it was the day when the soul was ushered into a new, untried, but joyous existence, by the pains of death, even as it had been ushered by birth-throes and in pain, into this its earliest state of conscious being. Death was to the body but a peaceful slumber, as the Saviour said of Lazarus, "He sleepeth." "I go that I may awake him out of sleep." And the place of interment they called κοιμητήριον, a *sleeping* place, a *cemetery*; for the sleep was not forever, but a repose after toil, till the morning should break.

His weeping family have followed *him* to whom we dedicate this hour, to his last resting-place; his bereaved congregation have waited in sadness around his bier; his chosen friend,\* with an appropriateness few can equal and none surpass, has pronounced his deserved eulogium; the tolling bell long since announced to the inhabitants of this town, the death of one, for long years, their respected neighbor and honored citizen; and now, the sons of the College over which he so long presided, at its first anniversary since his demise, would pay their sad but grateful tribute to him who walked before them in blamelessness, dignity and love, his sons, the most of

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\* Rev. Dr. Sprague.

us, in literature, gathering around our literary parent, to do honor to his name and embalm it with fond and respectful memories.

Why one who began his College life as a student, young in years, as soon almost as he commenced his presidential career, and afterwards was removed from all consort with him, should have been selected to do him honor, is to me unknown. Others who associated with him, not only as pupils but as companions, whose mature years had been spent, at least in partial converse with him, could have spoken with more authority and wisdom.

As we contemplate the men who pass before us, they separate into various classes. Each has his own peculiarities of mind, as he has his own characteristic features. In temperaments they differ, and in intellectual endowments. These differences prevail alike among those doomed to manual toil, and those who substitute for it the severer labor of the mind. It has been denied of *genius*, that it is an original endowment. It has been affirmed that opportunities of culture and favoring circumstances are its creators, and that there is an absolute equality of mind in all. Inequality of intellect was admitted by Dr. Johnson; but Genius he defines to be "a mind of large general powers determined by *some particular direction*." Native *predisposition* he denies to be its character, and so doing, runs counter to that theory which lies concealed in the word itself, which leads the mind back to our origin, our *γέννησις*, and counter also to those numerous facts of history, which render it impossible for us to suppose

that Napoleon could ever have been a Cowper, or Cowper a Napoleon; that Newton could have commanded armies, or Alexander the Great have discovered the theory of gravitation, or have given, by whatever process of education, a *Novum Organum* to the ancient world.

But a man may have great talent, that is, great weight and force of character, for so the word signifies, without being what the world calls a *genius*. His mind may be strong, cultivated alike in all its powers; all departments of knowledge may receive a due and equal share of attention. There may be a will to execute and a judgment to guide; the affections may play in delightful harmony, stimulating, and yet limiting and controlling each other; the duties of life may be discharged blamelessly in all their relations; and over all, may be poured forth the spirit of unaffected piety; the heart may have felt, through the illapses of the divine Spirit, the love of God, and this shall show itself forth in judicious efforts to promote his glory in the world. There may be manifested in him, in all the situations in which he is placed, a perfect and noble *symmetry of character*. While there shall be nothing to amaze and astonish, there shall be much to admire, and every thing to respect. There may be no dazzling brilliancy of imagination, no clinging to fine-spun and untried theories, no show of anxiously minute learning, no shock given by that which is strange and novel, to the cautious and prudent, no high work of art produced to be the admiration of future ages, no discovery in science, and no profound researches,

enlarging the limit of human knowledge. The world may not ascribe to him the high characteristics of exalted genius, and yet society shall feel this man's power, shall do homage to his understanding and his heart, shall select him to lead them in their enterprises, and shall delight to dwell beneath his shadow. The man whom the appreciating few would call a genius, they would not so entirely trust. He might excel all other mortals in that special direction to which his mind is bent, he might be gigantic and unapproachable in his endowments and attainments there, while in other things the child might equal, and the most ignoble mind excel him. There might be the absence of a knowledge of common things, and weakness or aberrations, rendering him incapacitated for posts of high trust, where administrative talent is a first requisite.

The man in whom genius reigns predominant, dwells in solitude. He individualizes himself, till he stands as it were alone, or with few who sympathize with him. His communings are not with the world, but with the creations of his own spirit. In the language of Cousin, "He cuts loose from society, and it no longer attends to him." \*

A Bacon, a Locke, a Newton, a Shakespeare, a Milton may be the admiration of the scholar, the philosopher, and the poet; they may stimulate other minds and impress themselves on succeeding ages; but neither Bacon, Locke, Newton, Shakespeare nor Milton was born to lead, nor did they, in any remarkable degree, lead the generation to which

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\* Cousin. History of Modern Philosophy, Vol. I., Lecture x.

they belonged, nor even the men with whom they were immediately associated. But this the man of solid talents, courageous, hopeful and resolute, is able to do. Such in his own high sphere, in which Providence placed him, was the immortal Washington. Not distinguished by any striking endowment, which, jutting forth in undue prominence, could destroy the beautiful symmetry of his character; yet, placed in a position of responsibility in which few men have ever stood, possessed of indomitable will, of an undaunted courage, held in check ever by consummate prudence, he never took a step it was necessary to retrace. By the symmetry of a well balanced character, he possessed the respect and confidence of his countrymen, and led them, through unexampled perils, to victory and independence. We call him the great and good Washington, the Father and Saviour of his country. But had the tables been turned, and had he been unsuccessful, how would this mere fact, while it should be perfectly compatible with all of character which can be justly accorded to him, have dimmed his fame and covered his name with comparative obscurity. "The proper sign of a great man is, that he succeeds."\* He was equally removed from the *original* and the *ordinary* man. Every thing had tended to form him as he was. The idea which dwelt in the mind of the nation, dwelt also in his mind, and his heart beat in unison with its throbbing breast. He was the nation, while he was also himself. This people beheld in him their image

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\* Cousin.

nobly developed, according to their own ideal, took him to their embrace, and gave him their homage.

Now such a character, of such symmetrical proportions and such ability, in his own proper degree, and in his own true sphere, do we ascribe to the subject of our present discourse. He was not called upon to lead a nation, not placed by Providence in any such position. As a pastor in the duties of the pastorate, as the chief officer of a struggling but valuable institution, which has done good service to the church and to the state, as a member of society at large, representing the sound and conservative spirit of the old New England character; in these respects only do we speak of him, and in these only compare him with those men whom the world has chosen to honor. His mien, his countenance, his personal presence were commanding. There was both majesty and music in his voice; his aspect was benignant, his address was gentlemanly and courteous; he was blest with vigorous health, and was trained by the circumstances of his early life to habits of industry and patient labor; he was cool in temper, indomitable in courage, and inflexible in purpose; happy in disposition, being determined not to be oppressed with sadness and despondency, nor irritated by crosses and opposition; a determination which, if not always carried through perfectly in practice, was yet the ruling temper of his life. These things we have said of our departed friend, in part from knowledge, and in part from the testimony of others, which we have no reason to gainsay. He had as few, as most men, of those

“peccant humors of learning” of which Lord Bacon complains. “Many of our great men have egregious faults,” says one; “not so with Dr. Bates. He has no faults.” “It is much for children to have a father,” says another, writing to a member of his family, “whose course through the world was never marked by a false step.” These are the declarations of partial friends, in all their breadth of meaning not true of any human being, yet proofs that we stand not alone in our favorable estimate of his character. And if, in what we say of him, we shall either, in the estimation of some, transcend the bounds of truth, or, in the estimation of others, fall far below the reality, this is but the fortune of him who passes his judgment upon public benefactors. “Hard is it,” says the same statesman and orator with whose remark we commenced, “to treat a subject like this, where truth, though probable, will hardly gain assent, where the hearer, enlightened by long acquaintance, and warm in affection, may quickly denounce every thing unfavorably expressed, while the stranger pronounces all exaggerated.”\*

Born of pious parents in the town of Cohasset, on the south shore of Massachusetts Bay, where his ancestors had lived for several generations, from A. D. 1636, and three months and a half before the Declaration of American Independence, his life has traversed the last quarter of the eighteenth century, and the first half of the century in which we live; and he has been the cotemporary of those great

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\* Thucydides. Hist. Lib. II. c. 43.

events which achieved our Revolution, and of that progressive and constant advancement through which our nation has passed. The early days of his boyhood were divided equally between the manual labor of husbandry or attendance upon a country store, and the ordinary schools which were then taught during certain months of summer and winter. At seventeen years of age, he commenced the classics with Rev. J. G. Shaw, the parish pastor, and pursued these studies, with many interruptions, till the age of twenty, when he was fitted for College. Wishing to defray the expenses of his own education, he taught a select school for a twelve-month more, continuing his studies under the general direction of Rev. Henry, afterwards Professor Ware, then of the neighboring town of Hingham. To him he occasionally resorted, and presented for resolution those difficulties which he could not master without his aid. In this way he completed the studies of the Freshman year, and entered Harvard College as a member of the Sophomore class, at twenty-one years of age. This preparatory part of his education he always regarded as defective and desultory, and yet its disadvantages were remedied in part by his determination perfectly to master whatever was the object of intellectual pursuit. His was another instance in the chapter on "the Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties," of which there have been many examples since and before. The *res angusta domi* compelled him to pass the winter months of two remaining years of his College days as a teacher of youth. In College, mathematics is said to have

been his favorite study, but his recitations in every department were correct, and his course characterized by punctuality, regularity and faithfulness, which, in academic life, are prime virtues. "He did not neglect," says one of his surviving classmates, "the prescribed course, for any supposed benefit to be derived from general reading, as is the habit of some; and if not the most perfect scholar in every study, at all times, his general superiority was freely admitted." He graduated at the age of twenty-four, with the highest honors the College had to bestow, in the class of 1800, on whose roll are many distinguished names.

The refined and accomplished Buckminster, whose writings have long been classical for style, whose mind was instinct with beauty, and who passed away almost in the flower of his youth; and Alston, of southern birth, yet finding a congenial home in this less fervid clime, of noble generosity, of cultivated mind, whose high genius as a painter none can fail to acknowledge who have stood before that melancholy memorial of departed talent and taste, the unfinished picture of Belshazzar's feast; and others still surviving, and filling stations of high trust, were his classmates there, whose acknowledged worth serves now to enhance his College fame. We are well aware that eminence in College is not a sure criterion of the future, and that a student of mature age, and conscientious diligence, may surpass his more youthful competitors; and they, when their habits are better formed and they are more conscious of their powers, may distance him in the race. Still,

it will be conceded that his position as an influential man has justified his title to the rank accorded then.

The next year he taught in Phillips Academy,\* and the next was a student of theology under Rev. Jonathan French, of Andover, four years before the Andover Theological Seminary commenced, the first institution of the kind in our country, and perhaps any other, that excepted over which the Rev. John Mason, of New York, presided, and which had but a temporary existence. The same advantages were enjoyed by him, small as they appear to us, as the earliest teachers in our schools of theology possessed. Their period of preparatory professional study was in some cases briefer than his. Professor Stuart first learned the Hebrew language after he was inaugurated Professor of Biblical Literature, and had been several years in the ministry. Professional knowledge was then obtained *in* the ministry rather than *out* of it. Our Colleges had ceased to be schools of theology, which those founded by the Pilgrim Fathers chiefly were, in their earliest period. In dogmatics there had been, and still were, giants in those days. Biblical and exegetical studies were perhaps less pursued than in the earlier times of the New England ministry. And the history and antiquities of the church, too little appreciated even now, which explain so many controversies, guard against so many mistakes in doctrine and practice, and give their *quietus* to so many errors, were too

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\* During this year he also devoted six hours in each day to theological studies.

little known. Happy is it for our clerical profession, that we shall now, at length, in our country, have a theological literature rich and varied, exact and comprehensive ; and the noblest of all sciences, itself the comprehension, in its capacious bosom, of all the rest, will stand forth acknowledged as such, in the republic of letters.

Dr. Bates was licensed to preach by the Andover Association in May, 1802, and was ordained and installed over the First Church and Parish in Dedham, Massachusetts, as colleague with the Rev. Jason Haven, on the 16th of March, 1803, at the mature age of twenty-seven. His charge was one of importance, including the seat of justice for a large and populous county, where were assembled gentlemen in the several learned professions, among whom that pure patriot and eloquent man, Fisher Ames, was the most conspicuous. Mr. Haven's death, in about two months, left him the sole tenant of the pastoral office, an office which, with its pulpit and its cure of souls, shows forth, most conspicuously, the wisdom of Him who is the head of his body, the church, and is among those choice gifts to men, which the Saviour first won, and then gave when he ascended to heaven. How well he filled this office, during the fifteen years of its occupancy, numbers living, of his former flock, could testify. His preaching is among the memories of my early childhood, and his published sermons of that period, show that it was eminently practical, and sound in doctrine ; yet more adapted to edify the church, perhaps, than to arouse the heedless and worldly. His discourses were logical in

method, written in a perspicuous, free and polished style, having frequently then, as also at a later period, passages of eloquence and beauty, and bearing the marks throughout of faithful preparation. He never at any time gave distorted views of doctrine, but successfully endeavored to preserve all in harmony with the whole of revealed religion. Those advantages of person to which we have referred, his commanding and full-toned voice, his easy elocution, his dignified yet graceful manner, and his earnestness of tone, his doctrine and his life coincident, which exhibited lucid proof that he was honest in the sacred cause—all were elements of power. One who heard his first sermon here, has borne his testimony that he was always listened to with pleasure, and commanded a full house and an attentive auditory. And when in the latter part of his life, after full and studious preparation, he laid aside all notes, and delivered himself without the constraint of a written discourse, there probably was, at times, an impressiveness, freedom and ardor, which, notwithstanding the disadvantage of increasing years, excelled the more elaborate style of his earlier days. Among the reminiscences of his first ministry, are his care and training of the young, assembling them monthly for catechetical instruction in the presence of their parents who might be induced to attend, using, for this purpose, a familiar Catechism of his own composition, selections from Scripture, and songs of praise, for the younger; which Scripture and sacred melodies have lived in our memory till now. To this was added, that noble manual, the Catechism of the

Westminster Assembly of Divines, for the elder, to deride which, but shows the ignorance or error of the critic, which could not have been written earlier than it was, every expression standing over against some falsehood which has been maintained in the conflict of ages, been weighed in the balance and found wanting. He was a favorite of the young, a cheerful and welcome visitor at the hearth-stones of his people, and, by the circulation of well-chosen books, successful in leading the minds of many to a higher knowledge of the true and the good. Were it not for the encouragement of this kind, extended to one who was then the child of affliction and suffering, and which has ever dwelt among the tender memories of early boyhood, it would have been hard to have drawn him who now addresses you, away from his distant home and his arduous duties, to have told, as he now does, the simple story of his pastor's worth. His hold upon the youthful heart is said to have been retained in his second pastorate, to the end of life.

His conduct, as a minister of Christ, was marked with that prudence which rarely deserted him. His determination seems to have been, as he himself declares, in reference to his second pastorate, to know nothing but Christ Jesus and him crucified. He did not indulge himself, then, as he declares he did not in his later ministry, "in *political* preaching, in *speculative* preaching, or in *controversial* preaching." Perhaps he did not preach as much in the form of doctrinal discussion as would best subserve the highest instruction of the people, though on this point

there may be excess, and men may be allowed to differ. "His doctrinal sermons," it has been said, "were practical, and his practical sermons were doctrinal." This is right, but doctrine must still be the web and woof of a preacher's work. Decided political opinions he certainly had, but only on one occasion is he recollected to have essayed the doubtful experiment of revealing them in the pulpit; and on the following Sabbath his recantation followed, though in a covert way, for this imprudence. And yet no heart beat more truly with love of country. In the war of 1812, when the British ships were lying off the port of Boston, it is well remembered by him who addresses you, that he encouraged the men of his congregation to a week's work on the fortifications at the heights of Dorchester. With the early dawn of Monday morning, they were to move towards their rendezvous, the farmer with his teams, the carpenter with certain common implements of his trade, and *he* would lead them to their labor of patriotism, and join them in it. And had his manhood been attained in the period of the Revolution, like the ministers of my own faith in our southern clime, he would have been found, it is believed, if not bearing arms with his fellow-patriots, encouraging them, at least, in their resistance to foreign domination, exposing himself, as some of them did, to have his house, library and study pillaged and fired, and his church burned as a school of what was termed rebellion. Such times, thanks to Heaven, our country has seen but once. Secure it now is, in its beauty and strength, from foreign oppres-

sion ; secure may it always remain against the only evil which threatens it, intestine discord and civil strife.

In this period of the life of Dr. Bates, the numerous calls made upon him for special service in preaching at ordinations and the anniversaries of societies, show the estimation in which he was held beyond the precincts of his own parish. Already did he take that lively interest in all enterprises of benevolence which characterized him through life ; and the earliest of his printed sermons I have seen, is an able, well-reasoned discourse on intemperance, published in 1813, in which the doctrines which have been current on this subject since 1822, are fully set forth. In the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, of which he was a corporate member from 1821, and the American Education Society, he was especially interested ; and of other societies was a prominent member, contributing liberally of his labor and means to the circle of benevolent efforts which have characterized the church in the present age. He was the friend, counsellor and advocate of that noble, Christian man, the Rev. Dr. Codman, of Dorchester, in one of the most memorable controversies of a local, ecclesiastical nature, which have occurred in the history of the New England Church. It was the beginning of that series of events which have separated the adherents of the religion of reason and the religion of faith—the religion of nature, and the religion of a sinner needing redemption, into two distinct communions. The wisdom, the decis-

ion, the ability and the skill with which Dr. Bates defended his friend, and in him the cause of God and Truth, before the most imposing conclave that could be well assembled, under such circumstances, in the Congregational church, and against the most able, experienced, skillful and eloquent counsel, is well known to all in that region, whose memories go back so far. His own parish was the second in Massachusetts which was rent asunder by these divisions. His presence alone had, for a length of time, preserved the ancient order of things; and after his departure, there arose an almost unexampld state of division and commotion. On the settlement of a new pastor of an opposite faith, the courts were filled with litigation; and the precedents established by the tribunals of Massachusetts in that case, have ruled to this day, giving great advantage to the advocates of modern rationalism, and offering corresponding impediments to the faith once delivered to the saints. Ere these events occurred, he was quietly and peacefully seated in the presidential chair of this College, having been inaugurated on the 18th of March, 1818; and could look back on the troubled sea which was tossing its foaming waves over the scene of his former labors, and which his presence might have kept quiet some years longer, in gratitude that he was saved from the fury of the storm, though in sorrow at the sad separations between once chosen friends which were now occasioned. With the minority of his parish and the majority of his church, tossed now "with tempest and not comforted," he deeply sym-

pathized, and waited for the time 'when her stones should be laid with fair colors, and her foundation with sapphires, and all her borders of pleasant stones.'

But with what auspices did he enter upon his new office here? In many respects most favorable, with high and deserved confidence in his ability, with just and sound views himself as to what the College ought to be. His inauguration was eminently auspicious; and the sentiments he then expressed, addressed themselves to the best judgment of the pious friends of the College, and to the sober opinion of all men.

Yet, one who thinks the presidential chair of an institution like this, is a seat of ease, as it truly is of honor, and that he is the most favored of Providence who is called to assume its responsibilities and encounter its toils, is but a novice in these things. Few of our institutions are adequately endowed; and money is the sinews of education, as it is declared to be of war. College buildings cannot be reared, apparatus provided, and libraries filled, without pecuniary means. Professors and their families are not all spirit. Men must be provided with substantial bread to eat, and raiment to put on, and cannot permit their wives and children to starve, while they furnish nutriment to the souls of ingenuous youth. And when Dr. Bates entered upon his office, a sad incubus of debt rested upon the College, and its coffers were empty. Instead of pursuing peaceful studies, and storing his own mind with knowledge, that he might pour it into the

minds of others, he was under the painful necessity of engaging in those ungrateful and unscholar-like solicitations for the pelf of the world, which are most of all annoying to the retired and studious man. How have I pitied him who is placed in a chair of instruction, where he is and should be ambitious to excel, and yet is forced, by the exigencies of the institution, to visit the abodes of men, not in disinterested friendship, but in solicitations for charity! How does his heart within him revolt, and his finger tremble upon the latch which is to be lifted for a deed, as it will be construed, of almsgiving. True, there is a nobler and more exalted view of this which may be taken. Eleemosynary institutions, which exist by public charity, and especially those devoted to education, are the great civilizers of humanity, and to some it is a pleasure to give and to be asked to give; but, in this selfish world, how few are these! Meanwhile, what becomes of scholarly enthusiasm. How can either the depths of philosophy be fathomed, the researches of science be continued, or accurate classical learning be attained? And what a descent from that poetry which is ever veiling truth with beauty, and that oratory which fills the bursting soul, to continued contriving and efforts to obtain, even for noble purposes, the ‘mighty dollar!’ How often are the high officers of our struggling institutions called upon for a season, or wholly, to offer up their reputation as scholars or men of science, in this way, on the altar of sacrifice!\* That, under his adminis-

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\* These words are the utterance of a heart compelled sometimes to engage in the services above-named, to itself so exceedingly ungrateful.

tration, and soon after its commencement, the College was freed from a crushing debt, and, at the close, other successful means were adopted to obtain a large sum to increase its accommodations and facilities, is honorable to his reputation, energy, and wisdom.

Our memories, fellow Alumni, of the period of his presidency, are grateful recollections of one who was to us a kind father, a faithful monitor, and an able instructor. Some of us can remember him as a wise spiritual adviser, when our souls were in deep sorrow because of sin; can remember the calm, clear tones in which he warned us of our hearts' deception and of spiritual adversaries, and guided us to Him who is a mighty Saviour, under whose shadow we delight still to rest.

As a teacher, we remember him with respect for the ability he displayed, with gratitude for the beneficial influence he exerted over us. There are three distinct periods in which this influence was especially felt by myself; and I may be forgiven, if the narration of these should in any way interrupt the general progress of discourse. At the beginning of the second, the Sophomore year, he met our class. His visit to our place of recitation was the more appreciated, as we had not been brought into near contact with him as a teacher before; and his words certainly stimulated to high, determined, and hopeful effort, certain earnest but faltering

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Men otherwise constituted may be affected less, and minds of greater versatility and vigor not experience the same detriment. The author pays a willing homage to those noble men, who have come forth from the quiet of their studies and engaged in labors like these unharmed.

minds. We were but young and unpracticed students. The little we had seen of mathematical studies, of which arithmetic and algebra were as yet to us the only exponents, had given, to some at least, a distaste for the whole department. "Let no one imagine," said he, in closing, "that he cannot be a mathematician. This is a foregone conclusion, to which none of you should come. That with proper effort, most of you will succeed, I can promise. There is even before many of you high success and high enjoyment in this department. Let me beseech you to make the earnest trial for one fortnight only. If you can understand the five first propositions in Euclid, you can understand the whole. The last of them is the bridge of asses, which only those of you to whom the name metaphorically belongs, will be unable to cross." The effect was electric upon the class; and for one, I can testify that this one familiar lecture furnished precisely the needed stimulus. Thenceforward there was no difficulty with Euclid. The diagrams were ever before the eye—seen in fancy on every smooth and vacant wall—even distracting the attention at the hour of evening and morning prayer, when it should have been absorbed in other thoughts; and the beautiful demonstrations therewith connected, were coursing through the mind, deeply gratified with the perception of truth.

Another similar exhortation on writing, in which there was practical wisdom, vivacity and humor, all combined, was attended with the same effect. He showed us that the idea that we could not write

was a mistake. Writing was indeed an art which could not be acquired without great labor and toil. He described to us the process of invention, by which material for composition was to be found; that, as we read and meditated on our subject, our discursive minds would spring from cover many thoughts, which, if dwelt upon, would suggest others; that figures of speech or thought would unexpectedly arise; but all these things would vanish like the morning mist. We could, in brief memoranda, note them down. At length, we could throw out the irrelevant, reduce to order the available, and clothe with words. The wild and prancing figures we might bring in, neck and shoulders; but it would be well to bind them fast, tame and domesticate them. We were young, and more such captures could be made by us than by others; nor would age itself augur less hopefully of us, if our imagination was now exuberant and full of life.

But it was when we sat beneath his instruction in the Senior year, that we felt the full power of the departments it was his province to teach. It was when we were engaged upon that noblest and most suggestive of all text-books, the Analogy, by Butler; when called upon at each recitation to give an analysis of that which preceded; when the true force of the argument from analogy was pointed out in his own clear and logical way; or when the pages of Locke, Stewart and Reid furnished the theme, or Paley and Vattel brought before us the principles of morals and public law—that our minds were set powerfully at work on these great

questions of human thought. It was then that the analytic force of his mind was felt, as he detected the latent fallacy, or more fully illustrated the topic of discourse, or reasoned out, with logical precision, the doctrine he regarded as true. His object seemed to be, to teach principles more than facts, to discipline rather than crowd the mind. In the labor-loving student he especially delighted; but in that *genius* who never studied, but lived as if he expected to catch learning as one does the small-pox, he had no pleasure. "If there be any thing on earth," says Dr. Arnold, "which is truly admirable, it is to see God's wisdom blessing an inferiority of natural powers, when they have been honestly and zealously cultivated." In this sentiment he agreed; and wherever there was labor, whether in those of moderate or surpassing native powers, it was regarded by him with true satisfaction.

In his philosophy, as you all remember, he was eminently conservative. There were no transcendental dreams, nor German mists, nor pantheistic reveries. And in using this nationally distinctive epithet just uttered, we do not mean to speak otherwise than with profound respect of the untiring and noble scholars and able philosophers of the Germanic nation, the home of learning and science; but only of that in their boundless speculations which is beyond the human ken, and is unpractical, untrue, or unsafe. A large residuum will still be left, worthy the attention of the studious man. Locke and Stewart were his favorite authors, and he tells us that the truth lay midway between the

extremes of the sensuous and spiritualizing philosophy; with which declaration most judicious men would now agree.

Whatever may have been his stores of knowledge on other topics, in those studies which it was his province to teach he was well read, and impressed the minds of his pupils with his ability and soundness. In his familiar lectures on the authors he taught, there was progressive and consecutive thought, arranged in just and logical order. There were not sententious maxims like the book of Proverbs, or pearls lying loose; but there was concatenated discourse, with all those causative and illative words, which, though scorned by some pretended students of language as unmeaning particles, are the true junctures and ligaments of reasoned discourse.

This symmetry of mind to which we have before alluded, marked him as a man of strong common sense. He so understood character, that he possessed a species of divination. The mental process perhaps was this:—He knew who *could* have been guilty, and then from circumstances divined who of these *were* guilty of an act of mischief, and the outward patent proofs were not long wanting. But, never having penetrated into this interior shrine of collegiate discipline—never having been initiated into its hidden mysteries, nor stood before its awe-inspiring tribunals, it behoves me to speak modestly of the manner of its exercise. He regarded, however, the prevalence of true religion in College as eminently favorable to its order and quiet; and

by establishing an influence over those minds which controlled the public opinion of College, he aimed, partly by affection and partly by authority, to control the whole.

He was one of the most punctual of college officers. In the depth of a New England winter, he has often broken the first path in the deep snow from his house to the College, before light in the morning, and roused the laggard bellman from his slumbers.

He still felt it his great work to preach the gospel; and this vocation, amid the duties of his presidency, was not intermitted. Many of his published sermons were written here. His occasional discourses, delivered in different parts of the State, were numerous; and the churches of New Haven, Salisbury, and other places adjacent to this, received much ministerial instruction from his lips. How much, your present speaker is unable to say, nor whether gratuitous or compensated service was rendered; but it is the testimony of one who was a resident of New Haven, that "he has heard more than two hundred sermons from his honored lips." And though the seed sown may not always have shown its blessed fruits, it is not dead in the soil in which it is buried. That heavenly instruction which descends as the rain and distils as the dew, fructifies; and the hidden seed, as in the earth of the primeval forests long cleared and cultivated, will germinate and bear fruit.

At length the period came which he had fixed in his own resolutions for the termination of his pres-

idency. He had resolved that, should he arrive at the age of sixty, he would then retire from the office. "He had observed," he said, "that old men rarely succeed well in the management of literary institutions; and he loved the work of the ministry, and desired to leave in season to settle again in some small and retired parish, yet in usefulness and activity in the cause of Him to whom he had consecrated his strength and talents." In this decision, the same wisdom characterized him as guided his movements through life. But few men, arrived at that period, retain the freshness and warm sympathies of youth. They have become removed too far from the circle of youthful thoughts and experiences, to be altogether interesting to such; and because of their increasing age, there is attributed to them a decadence in the powers of the understanding, which does not always exist. In our own country, too, and in this so-called *progressive age*, the movements of the old man are too slow for the ardor and impatience of the young; and, by a backward civilization, the aged man, though replete with wisdom, and though it be both the voice of nature and revelation that "days should speak, and a multitude of years should teach wisdom," is treated with neglect by society, the majority of whom are not old; for Young America has come to the conclusion that "great men are not always wise, neither do the aged understand judgment;" and therefore say, with the youthful Elihu, in the book of Job, "Hearken unto me; I also will show *mine* opinion."

To the mortification of being little valued, and, to the institution he loved, less useful than in the full vigor of manhood, Dr. Bates had resolved not to expose himself. But, though an inviting door of usefulness was elsewhere open, the well-being of the institution required that he should delay the execution of his purpose for three years longer, when he retired from the office, after the Commencement in 1839.

Visiting Washington immediately after his resignation, on a journey to South Carolina, where three of his daughters resided, by the good offices of Hon. Messrs. Prentiss and Slade of Vermont, Silas Wright of New York, Saltonstall of Massachusetts, and John C. Calhoun of South Carolina, and others, he was elected to the Chaplaincy of the House of Representatives—an office which seems to have opened sources of enjoyment to himself, and to have been filled, during the long session of the Twenty-Sixth Congress, satisfactorily to others. Declining a call to Northborough, in Massachusetts, where he had preached, he finally settled in the retired town of Dudley, March 22, 1843, at the age of sixty-seven, and forty years after his ordination at Dedham. “Such an instance of late settlement in the ministry is not to be found, I believe,” says he, “in the ecclesiastical history of New England.”

Admirable old man! When he had almost reached three score and ten, at a time when other men seek ease, and quiet, and release from toil, instead of suspending his armor as a votive offering and proud memorial of conflicts past, he girds this armor

on, and, taking to himself the shield of faith, the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, having his loins girt about with truth, having on the breast-plate of righteousness and his feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace, he goes forth with almost the enthusiasm of a fresh recruit, not with the imbecile arm of the aged Priam, nor in any vulgar war, but with the staid valor of a veteran, to do battle for the Lord of Hosts. Twice on the Sabbath and sometimes thrice, and statedly during the week, and from house to house, with an easy skill turning social conversation ever to great and eternal realities, did he sound still the trumpet of the gospel among a people who honored and valued him; did he restore to union, efficiency, and strength, an enfeebled church; add to the Lord many of whom there was hope that they would be saved; and after eleven years of renewed labor, die with the harness of the spiritual warfare on. The aged Moses, having reached one hundred and twenty years, and done signal service as the leader of Israel, died on the mountains of Nebo, and summit of Pisgah, over against Bethpeor, and his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated; and so, Fellow Alumni, Alumni from 1818 to 1839, did our venerated friend, our literary father, at the age of seventy-seven, an age attained by scarcely one in five hundred of our race, and after a ministry extended through more than half a century, lay down his honored head in death. To those around him, the members of his family, the laws of nature had seemed partially suspended. Old age refused to leave deeply its impress upon him.

His eye was not dimmed, his hearing was not impaired, his majestic form was yet erect, his step elastic, his power of enjoyment undiminished, his heart warm and sympathizing, and his mind, as they fondly thought, even invigorated by age. And though this may be the partial declaration of affection, it is still true that his last sermons seem as vigorous as his first.

Old age indeed sat gracefully upon him. "If this is old age," says he, "it is not the dreadful thing which some account it. To me it is not the least happy period of my life. There has never been enough said of the joy and peace of old age. In middle life I had many anxieties, but I can truly say I have no anxiety now, either for this world, or for another. My domestic relations are fruitful in peace and quietness, social enjoyment, and steady satisfaction. With the exception of a single phrase, I can adopt the language of the aged Apostle and say, 'I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have finished my course, I have kept the faith, henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord the righteous Judge shall give me in that day, and not to me only, but unto them also that love his appearing.'" "If any should ask again," says he, "in the language of Pharaoh to Jacob, 'How old art thou?' I should not say with that patriarch, 'Few and evil have been the days of the years of my pilgrimage,' but many and happy have they been."

Happy old man! favored disciple! Happy in a useful and honorable life, happy in domestic felicity

and the cherished companions of his bosom, happy in the wise exercise, and happy in the objects too of his parental affection, amid whose tender ministries his spirit was breathed back to Him who gave it, and who now unite to do him reverence ; and happy above all, in that religious peace which is the legacy of the Saviour to his own disciples !

Universal testimony speaks of the lustre of the Christian graces which now adorned him, and of the loving, happy spirit of his closing life, which put the best construction upon every body and every thing, and lost no part of his interest in passing events, his country, his friends, and the race of man. "Earth," says one, "was never to him a barren spot, for he made it rich and beautiful by his genial spirit and his active benevolence, and heaven, how glorious to one whose life was spent in God's service, and whose heart, even on earth, was attuned to heavenly harmonies." And how must his children cling around the memory of him whose last act, before he yielded to the disease which terminated his life, was a letter to one of them, penned, probably in the midst of suffering, yet with the beauty and vigor of his most favored days, to stimulate her mind to new effort by his happy suggestions, revealing thus the agency he has been exerting upon them through his long and laborious life.

And now he enters at last the 'chamber where the good man meets his fate, and which is privileged beyond the common walks of life.' He had exchanged pulpits on the Sabbath but one before his fatal sickness, with his son. Morning, afternoon,

and at night, he preached without the restraint of a written discourse, as he had never been heard to do before. "So solemnly, so instructively, so tenderly that many felt he was then doing his last work." Again, on the following Sabbath, which was Christmas day, he preached to his own people; and as there was unusual religious interest among them, the labors of the Sabbath were followed by frequent meetings in the evenings of the week. On his way to one of these appointments, through exposure incurred by the breaking of his vehicle, he took the cold which brought on the fatal disease that, with much physical suffering, terminated his life. But he was visited by no terrors in view of death. As he himself said, in reference to a previous sickness from which he recovered, 'The dark valley began to appear bright, and he felt ready to enter it, leaning upon the rod and the staff which he held in his right hand.' His exercises and his words on his dying bed, from day to day, were treasured up in the heart and were a comfort to his survivors. When it was suggested that his symptoms were more favorable, he seemed to feel that his recovery was not desirable, that he would never be able to perform active service for the Master more. When asked by his daughter if she should read the one hundred and third Psalm, "No," he said, "for my diseases are not healed;" read that portion of the one hundred and nineteenth, containing the words, "Trouble and anguish have taken hold on me, yet thy commandments are my delight." Then he led in prayer, sitting like the aged Jacob in his bed. "It was one

of the most delightful services," says the relator, "I ever heard. It seemed as if some celestial breeze had wafted to the earth the incense of heaven." When his son repeated, "There remaineth therefore a rest for the people of God," he would respond, "In thy presence is fullness of joy, at thy right hand are pleasures forevermore," "In my father's house are many mansions." During some of the last days he lay in a partly unconscious state, but would be aroused by a passage repeated from the Scriptures. "When I said," says his son, "Father, are you happy?" he immediately replied, "Happy in death, happy, happy, happy! Blessed, blessed, blessed!" And when the same son repeated, "There is a land of pure delight," the dying father, with a clear voice and a strong emphasis on the word *immortal*, repeated the following line, "Where saints—*immortal* reign." They were his last articulate words. The lingering spirit was conscious a little longer of the external world and surrounding friends, after the power of speech had departed, and till within a brief period of the termination of life; his breathing then became more faint and gentle, till he fell asleep; and the moment could hardly be determined when the silver cord was loosed, the golden bowl broken, the pitcher broken at the fountain, and the wheel broken at the cistern.

And so has passed away from the society of earth, our instructor, our father, and friend. He has joined the general assembly of God's first-born sons, the innumerable company of the angels, the spirits of

just men made perfect, and Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant. How much more triumphantly can we speak of him, and how much more clear and luminous is his pathway to immortality, than that which Xenophon or Plato could trace for their loved and revered Socrates. And how, after all our wanderings over the fields of Pagan literature, rich as they are in instruction and alluring in beauty, do we gather around the dying couch of such a man, to behold the noblest exhibitions of our humanity in its hour of weakness, when it succumbs to death, and to note the contrast of a Pagan's with a Christian's death-bed. When the powers of failing nature, which has wrestled with the storms and sustained the toils of three-fourths of a century, at length gave way, there was no sacrificing to Esculapius; how unworthy this of the Athenian sage! No sporting of Charon and the Stygian stream; how despicable this in Hume the philosopher! No conviction, with Ovid, that his nobler part should be borne above the skies, not there to dwell, but to escape merely the power of death, that it might descend and inhabit new bodies of man or brute; no expectation of absorption and the loss of conscious existence in the essence of Deity. No; there were no puerilities like these, for life and immortality had been brought to light in the gospel he preached; and he knew he did but release the hand of loved ones here, to be united to loved ones there; to be aggregated to the company of apostles, martyrs, and prophets, and to be joined in ineffable communion with Christ his Head.

How noble and touching was his last farewell, uttered four years since in this sacred place! "I have done," says he, "I have spoken my last speech; I have finished my last work in Middlebury—in Vermont." "I go, probably to return no more. I go home to my native State; I was about to say—to die and be buried with my fathers; but I should rather say, to finish the work given me to do on earth; to labor, with what of strength remains, in the vineyard of the Lord; to work while the day lasts, and wait patiently till my change come. Yes, friends, to *labor*; for I hold that labor is the mission of man on earth; and especially of those called to the work of the ministry; while they are able to speak a word in the Master's cause, even if it is only to say, with the aged Apostle, 'Little children, love one another.'

"I go. Farewell, thou beloved College, to thee I again say, farewell! Farewell, thou pleasant stream so often crossed at early dawn and eventide; farewell, till thy waters cease to flow! Farewell, ye mountains green, so often viewed as the work of an Almighty hand; farewell, till your base of primitive rock shall melt in the heat of the last day! Farewell, ye monuments of the pious dead; farewell, till the trumpet shall sound, and they 'who sleep in Jesus shall rise to glory, honor, and immortality!' Farewell, alumni of the College; former beloved pupils, farewell! Neighbors and friends, all, farewell; till we meet at the judgment seat of Christ, farewell!"

Prophetic words! His venerable, majestic form

you will see no more. His sunny smile shall no more shed its radiance upon you ; his kind and courteous greeting and the friendly pressure of the hand no more be heard nor felt ; his wise counsels no longer guide, nor his well-reasoned discourse enlighten you, nor his clear voice, sounding out God's word, admonish. He is gone from us ; gathered with the saints ; housed with the ripened grain in the garner of the Lord ! His memory, his labors, belong to us, but he himself to a purer and nobler society, which pain, decay, and death do not disturb, whom cloud and night do not cover, whose light is the Lamb in the midst of the throne, and whose dwelling is amid fullness of joy and pleasures forevermore.

## APPENDIX.

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THE author acknowledges himself indebted for no small part of the materials of the preceding Discourse, to those friends of Dr. Bates who have kindly communicated their own impressions of his character and services. Among these he would mention the names of Chief Justice Shaw and Rev. Charles Lowell, D. D., of Massachusetts, who were his class-mates; Ebenezer Burgess, D. D., Lyman Gilbert, D. D., also of Massachusetts; Samuel Swift, Esq., Philip Bartell, Esq., Rev. L. Matthews, of Vermont; Mrs. J. C. Carr, and different members of Dr. Bates's family, from whom the particulars of his early history and his last illness were obtained. The following letter from A. H. WASHBURN, who had charge of the Academy in Dudley, and which relates to the last four years of his life, was not received till the preceding Discourse was pronounced.

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*Leicester, Mass., July 31, 1854.*

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—

I have been told that you are preparing a Funeral Oration on the Rev. Dr. Bates, late of Dudley, Mass., and would be glad to receive any account of his later labors. I had the great pleasure of Dr. Bates's familiar acquaintance, during the last four years of his life, being in charge of the Academy in Dudley; and at the request of friends, I venture to write to you.

Dr. Bates was settled in Dudley at a time in which the Church and Society and the whole community needed the guidance of a powerful hand. The Church was small, and decreasing in numbers; yielding ground before powerful adversaries. The Society was embarrassed and despondent. The Academy was deprived of its funds, and had lost very much of its reputation. The people of the town had settled down in inaction, not hoping or striving for improvement. Of these facts you are undoubtedly apprised; and undoubtedly you know with what energy he put his hand, strong beyond the usual lot of age, and his intellect, not chilled by the snows upon his temples, to the task of reformation. You have been told how he succeeded in breathing a new soul into the dry bones around him, and giving form to that which was without form. The means by which he accomplished this, were his untiring energy, his knowledge of men, and his practical wisdom and decision.

He labored almost without rest. I have been told by a clergyman, his neighbor, that he, without doubt, preached more sermons than any

other divine in Worcester county; and such sermons! This to be said of a man of seventy-five years, in a county containing sixty towns, and nearly three hundred clergymen, is truly remarkable. But his preaching was only a part of his official labors. There were many others, known only to his more intimate friends. He attended meetings, often more than once a week, in the families in distant parts of his parish. He visited more than ministers, doing but one-third as much preaching as he, found time to do. He was always at the prayer-meetings twice a week. He labored much with his hands. He seemed to be always at leisure to receive and entertain his visitors and friends. I have often admired, when seeing him at early dawn cultivating his garden, in the heat of the day laboring in his study, at all seasons and all hours discharging weighty duties—I have often admired the physical as well as the intellectual energy of the man.

Of his almost intuitive knowledge of mankind, I need not tell you. From your own observation and the testimony of others, you can speak of that better than I.

But there is another element in the means of his success that I never could enough admire. It seems to be appropriate that we should look to aged and experienced men for instruction; for with years should come wisdom. This natural expectation Dr. Bates amply fulfilled. He was not the cautious old man, fearing to give an opinion on any subject, lest he should commit himself, or give offence. He was not the weak old man, forgetting the experience of former activity. Of his practical wisdom—unfailing alike, whether he advised concerning matters of the greatest or the least importance—I had many proofs. His interest in the Academy led him always to be ready to labor or counsel for its good; and to the knowledge he possessed of educational institutions, and the fertility of resource of his mind, I attribute it, in a very great degree, that the Institution regained so much of its former reputation, and became the means of so much usefulness in its vicinity.

In the exercise of these admirable qualities—a Nestor, as well as an intellectual Achilles—he spent the decline of his life. I know only by report the acts of his full manhood. Those of his age were familiar to my eyes; and I cannot but reverence what I am sure must have been the meridian splendor of the sun which, in its setting, shone with so mild, so cheering, so powerful an effulgence.

I have written thus much, Sir, in hope that I may confirm the report which you have undoubtedly received of the last labors of our revered friend. If it shall be of no use to you, I am sure you will pardon the liberty I take.

I am, with sentiments of respect,  
Sir, your very obedient servant,

A. H. WASHBURN.

Prof. GEORGE HOWE, D. D.