An Oration
by
Philip Van Rensselaer
Schenectady August 20th 1803
A funeral oration delivered in the Presbyterian Church in the city of Philadelphia on Monday 23rd of August, occasioned by the death of J. M. M. Livingston, President of the Dartmouth College in Univerity College.

Whence this solemn address? This mournful poem? What woe is it that brings the every countenance? (Why does each bosom with affliction swell?) Whence comes the smile of placid ease? (Why are the tears of joy?) Where is that pious anxiety of the aged? (Oh what become the visage of despondency?) Where is the zeal that once animated the greater Thankfulness? Why does the gloomy cloud hang over the anticipations of my youth? Why bleeds in the heart of affection? Why are the tracks of distressed? The half-stifled sighs that burst beneath the stream of tears. This internal gush of grief, that rushes into my bosom, and which we have reached the portals of death. When the melancholy event has summoned us here? and what object around me resists another if the fealty? In this solemn way we are assembled to lament innocence and virtue. To pay tribute in the afflictions of sorrowing relations, to receive an awful, though instructive lesson. We are assembled to bring the just tribute of feeling regret to the memory of John M. M. Livingston. The circumstances of his death, his age and character must affect the sensibility of the feeling, and excite emotions of pity in the bosom of the hearer.
Within their who were examined the reason and in,

harmony, pen enjoyment, who remain, not in the spiritual

state of mortahty in reason and by any, when time has

consumed the innumerable moments of life that mortahty the

heart and all the object it, when the edge of feeling

is, however, what the true nature of man, perceiving our

world. Not big to trim in this range of

eternity, it stands in its exact branch, meeting the words

that must directly accept it into wordly thoughts, no more.

But indeed those who have just come in the

attain to life, whose minds begin to reach to the beau-

ties of creations, who for the taste of the secrets of

wore sufficient to shanghai them, who

morning grew
can be any one, the commonwealth from the

stage at its center, this exhaust mine which

his perishing of all creation. Surely was the destruction

sage in the mg and prime of life

by a minute in his eyes and gradually communicated through

the intestines, youthful venerate in her gay captivation

lives decked life in its most alluring time and

hope merged with ammiut pulmonary the

glimpse of immorality's life. On this basis of

living the foundation from fortune, through the

was firming in the body of College, the unhallowed

world. He had almost reached the prime at which was

earned to executions. He had already in imagi-

nation obtained the. The prospect of a new model in

Stage to his time, which proceeded, every in due

fact could influence him to launch from its

dem. De word his burdens directly, the word had

tend to be changed to a machine, and every object

come a source of a new and unhappy delight.

There morning was to be seen in perpetual summer,

clown to be chyped of the poem, and all nature was

alined with the mediate an and end of the

beam of never existing happiness. Ambition had

already marked the launch beneath of peace, and

acreeably enjoyed the winter's snowstraps of French

wreath was to him beautiful of her presence

in the lack of propinquity, to skin clouds of his discric

and the mourning of the days. Contemplating a healthy

least constitution, he might smile in a moment of

the attacks, (where?) Hts taints were such ways.

oearly distinctly would have enuniated his respect.

he was often cool and sincere; his countenance

reflected the image of his heart, that seem was

wield and lingering; his sighs, which filled with

the unspeakable drama, not, and inundated. He had his

emotions upon her new master, but, these never called forth the tears of the presses

defenseless, never caused the rise of infatuation and

remembered the burst of friendship. At them, then

he forgotten, but let his virtues remain, however,
impressive on young Minerva—such was the death. The mind was then overcome by the thought of his countenance, and it was filled with a sense of his presence, filling the heart with a feeling of awe. The mind was then turned to the future, to the hopes and the aspirations of life. The mind was then turned to the future, to the hopes and the aspirations of life.

Having shed again upon the mind the presence of Minerva, the soul was filled with the sense of his presence, and it was filled with a sense of his presence, filling the heart with a feeling of awe. The mind was then turned to the future, to the hopes and the aspirations of life.
higher of sixteen, the name of thirty and the mean age of sixty. In these, one sensed the ruins of beauty. The wise, rich, and virtuous, too! Affecting houses to their seats, to some clear name, it seemed, for a while. The words which time has almost healed are again ironed down. The last, the fleeting moment when the soul is lost from its earthly habitation. Somewhere, somewhere, again the place; again it vanishes. There is a sense of innocence, the sense of experience. There is no intellectual poverty, no intellectual aridity.

This is truths by constant and unchangeable enjoyment; the enjoyment of all human attainments, the enjoyment of all human acquisitions. Perhaps whilst my name is breathing, whilst my name is breathing in the last age of my life, perhaps the feet of death will hardly have the strength which will shortly summon me to attend at the awful task.

Oh, how there thoughts sound mean in true estimation. Men whose in them they glory, their dignity? Their death—these, they are lost. In their being, as converse, as sightly, shacked companions, all that remain of the friends and the happy shoulders to the world. Whence are, once, the dark, the clear, the precious? The joy of the movement of society. Whence are the thoughts of love, the joy of the life of another? Whence are the thoughts of man, his soul, his mind? The love of nature, the joy of the general bane of death. Men in one you are found, the earth with them, the women, the brother, the friend. Men of what are you proud? Your life of earth in unit three score and ten, not to a single beneath of being a bread, or a cold, can lay the laws they richer, they have on. Any human are lost as the dream of yester day. Then present, then gone. Trust them, and trust the dust shall be their return. The mind regains with instinctive homes in the continued time, it is accompanied by my terror and horror. What have I been? What have I done? I have sorrowed, I have wept. I have looked with a sense of life, I have learned from the stage of life, I have learned from the stage of life. Perhaps the feet of death will hardly have the strength which will shortly summon me to attend at the awful task.
It is ruminations, to dwell on theimages of death, perhaps to live through eternity in sobs and sighs. But death and contemplation lead to the seizure of the imagination and to the momentary production of an apotheosis. The poem of the Vision of Death and the Passion of the Soul is the beginning of death and the beginning of contemplation. The poem of the Vision of Death and the Passion of the Soul begins with the momentary production of an apotheosis. The poem of the Vision of Death and the Passion of the Soul begins with the momentary production of an apotheosis.

And the consciousness that we are moving on nobly to eternity leads to the careful improvement of each fleeting moment; it evolves a sense of its transitory nature and gives an inestimable value to each transitory moment. This sensitiveness and sensitivity are more intense in the memory of ancient affections than in the memory of forms of parti-tions, or in the memory of forms of parti-tions. This sensitiveness and sensitivity are more intense in the memory of ancient affections than in the memory of forms of parti-tions, or in the memory of forms of parti-tions. This sensitiveness and sensitivity are more intense in the memory of ancient affections than in the memory of forms of parti-tions, or in the memory of forms of parti-tions. This sensitiveness and sensitivity are more intense in the memory of ancient affections than in the memory of forms of parti-tions, or in the memory of forms of parti-tions.
lie lost in the grateful acknowledgements his goodness. But impatient are the struggles of man against the stormy torrent of nature. Man voices cannot the soul of the feeling, now alloy

the bitterness of its happiness. The tear of the

desperation, the maps of the despair, even nature

must yield. Man and woman can be freed from the bondages of sin, can

emancipate from the shackles of corruption.

The pride of your redemption is publish. You are

again the King of an elevated immortality. Beyond

the duration of time; you have again been the

most eternal son of God. The holy angels, that

flies from the tomb, a full stream of glorious

effulgence, issued from the portals of the sky to

manifest its visionary presence. Earth man can so

penetrate by faith, come down to the regions of

the departed, triumphant by exclaiming, "Oh! death,

whither is now thy sting? Oh! grave, where is thy

victory?"

Triniis Gratias ines...
deceived. Unit in college or a patron, twice of a present
tribute of a son. Their genius was often broken by
shouting hearts. Their walls have often been broken
in the black hallucinations of death. The voice of mon-
ing has often been received through their halls.

The present meeting with the memory of a nation,
the denunciation of demands and struggle and misery
and affecting circumstances of the days of your
and those of your forefathers, the glories of their institu-
tions have vanished and she once more begins to
begin her prosperity will mean living in ob-

It is not an indulging these thoughts, forget the cause
of our aspirations. Do you as well as to have re-
visions the death of Livingston in a sense of
meant you were his literary friends; his in-

Procurement was the object of your visits here. The
beauties of your work. By his death your works are

We need no estimate at the power of

you know him-

came as the contents your new endurance as high
shall nine to his massive

And to the sermon of chap-

ate length our brethren Immanuel to your

size, possibly to our imagination most genuine

The arc of our hardships with our desolate great

and to his affable. With us we resumed the fields of his

the name of this

but he in many times from us. With in the experts
to have finished. His own work to have made his

their entrance in the dusty realm. His expectation
hunts indeed in the grave. Not that engaged in

are all in the paramount, his friendship abutted
not our thoughts. Our love not, therefore with the

point at the sound of his well known voice, delight

through our heart at the unmitigated
expression of his features. Those joys are shall now
no longer know. When we take our concentra-

his nebulae he is not with us. When we meet
in the second circle our eyes search in vain
in his presence, we search in vain to be in his love
by others. When we assemble at the March of

memories, his entire and at memories most in

absece. When we lost over him in each finds

with the glory of the old, vanity was wrenched
with the contemplation of fresh, miserable who
we took our last holiday because of him, little

did we imagine that the inside him was a

terrestrial coexistence. We believed that he would

return to men in that scene, recurrence knew

women in one fell swoop and swiftly to the destruction
the renewal of his existence. Oh how much he

sincerely known have been disheartened.
we suffered to reach the Bride; we may be permitted to remain till age has wrecked our constitutions and rendered death desirable, yet let us always the assume him in our memories, long as our hearts continue to beat let them not loose the impression of his image and his innocent. But I must not by calling up there melancholy recollections to your pain. The mind is of itself sufficiently active in hunting from reflection to reflection, in its fruitless apportion. I would not then by changing the bent of its attention endeavor to soothe its anguish. If then by inattention of bowing even the objects with which reflection pines into us, are to be as curse of its torpor we will find much to soften our affliction. Behold! our friends rising from darkness into light, from confusion into true acme, from imperfections to perfection, from servility to immortality.

"See! truth, love and marriage triumphant, ascending and victorious, all glancing in a clear, first beams on the cold cheeks of death, smiles and permanence and beauty immortal arise from the tomb."
October 4, 1939

104 Fair Street,
Kingston,
New York.

Gentlemen:

We recently received a valuable and much appreciated manuscript address of a sermon by Philip Van Vechten delivered at Schenectady August 20, 1803 in memory of John McPhraedie Livingston, who died here in his senior year. This is of great value to us, as we had no biographical material whatever for this student. We have, therefore, made a folder for him in our files and put the manuscript in the fireproof cabinets that we maintain for the alumni records.

Unfortunately, we could discover no name indicating the donor. There was simply the envelope marked 104 Fair Street. I hope this note of acknowledgment falls into the right hands. Certainly the College values such material very highly, and it is likely to be useful here when we aid inquirers who are after biographical or historical information.

Thanking you again, I am,

Cordially yours,

Dixon Ryan Fox.

1804  John McPhraedie Livingston
Son of Gilbert R. and Martha (Kane) Livingston.
Died Aug. 8, 1803.

JOHN M. LIVINGSTON, non-graduate of 1804, a resident of Redhook, was a member of the Philomathean Society. He died prior to 1830.

Philomathean Catalogue 1830.