

UCS LAF 1804 Livingston - J.
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from

104 FAIR STREET
KINGSTON, N.Y.

14
I should return by
Philip Van Norden
at the same time as John
Chapman

Am Oration -
by
Philip Van Norden -
Schenectady August 20th 1803 -



impressed on your Memory - Such a death was
this thy victim; such was he who now moulders in
the dust. Whence is now the sweet expression of contentment
that lighted up his countenance? gone! forever gone!
Where his fond hopes of happiness? Raped away like the
baseless fabric of a vision. The promising harvest, that
was to reward his labours, is withered in the ripening; it
was blasted before he could reap its fruits. Idle were
the anxious wishes of parents for his future advantage,
vain their careful attention to his improvement.
The sweet anticipation of his future honours, which
allured all their cares and toils, which rendered
him indifferent to the slow corroding power of time,
which smoothed the pillow of declining life, here alas!
enveloped in the bitterest disappointment. Death has
spread his sad pall over the joys of futurity, and
darkened with sorrow each view of time. With few
tears, now the agony of affection at the dissolution of its
dearest ties could arrest the inevitable doom of
fate; but even youth and youth could soften the
rage of their manly adversary. The Virgin of the
marble is unstrung; the grave exalts even the ruins
of strength, wounds unmoisted never on the
sweat of health. That heart which beat in wis-
dom with the calls of duty, that bosom which was
the seat of every virtuous emotion, are cold in-
sensible as the clod, with which they are covered.

Spring shall again repair the ravages of winter, the seasons
shall return in alternate succession, the flowers shall
gain new ~~new~~ their lost beauty and fragrance, (recoiling
nature shall once more be reanimated), the sun shall
again rise from the darkness of midnight, but living
in lost forever; he shall never more partake of their glories,
he shall never revisit the scenes of his pleasures, he shall
never again rise in the activity of life. Gloom is the
place of his abode; deserted and solitary is his habi-
tation. He cannot escape the barriers of his prison, for
its doors shall not be unbarred; impenetrable are
its walls, durable his fetters. No more shall his pre-
sence enliven the dwelling of his fathers, no more
shall the sound of his voice cheer the bosom of love,
no more diffuse life and spirit in the circle of inno-
cent mirth. Each object of his fondness, each well
known haunt will only serve to recall and em-
bellish the remembrance of his loss.

Whilst meditating on his fate, we imagine our-
selves transported into the presence of death. The ruth-
less tyrant there dimly appears in the obscurity, with
which it is surrounded. There he sits arrayed in the
black insignia of his power; Haggard disease, ghast-
ly famine, baleful pestilence, and the crimson taint
attend, his faithful ministers. View yonder tombs,
the trophies of his triumphs. These contain all that
now remains of what once was man. In these are bu-
ried the fond expectations of the parents, the pleasing

hopes of sixteen, the curves of thirty and the wrinkles
of sixty. In there are enfolded the ruins of beauty, know-
ledge, wisdom and virtue. See! affection pauses to
drop a tear to some dear name; its sorrows flow a-
fresh; the wounds which time had almost healed
are again torn open. The last, the parting moment
when the soul just loosened from its earthly hold,
first wings its lofty flight again recurs; again it
wings each fibre of the heart. I mean this scene let us
turn. There I see the inscience of pride, the vision
any schemes of ambition and the insatiable desire
of avarice. There nests intemperate gaiety, inat-
tentive thoughtfulness and heedless profligacy.
~~But~~ ^{ayful scene} This strikingly evinces the vanity and uncer-
tainty of all human acquisitions, all human
enjoyments; it fills the mind with the most gloomy
suggestions. Perhaps whilst I am now speaking,
thousands are gasping in the last agonies of na-
ture, thousands are hurrying from the stage of
life. Perhaps the fruit has already passed the al-
mighty, which will shortly summon some of us
to attend at his awful bar.

Oh, how these thoughts sink man in our
estimation. Man where is thy glory, thy
dignity? View death - they perish, they are lost, a
hall, a coffin, a corpse, a ghastly sheeted corpse,
all that remain of thy pride and thy boasting glory.

the world. Where ^{the pomp, the splendour} are the trophies of Alexander
and Caesar? The prey of the meanest of insects. Where
are those haughty conquerors, whose mad was
the career of nations? Lost in the general havoc of
death. Where have you be proud? the dust is thy
father, the worm thy brother. Man of what
are you proud? Thy life at furthest is but three-
score years and tens a single breath of air, a
bubble, or cold can lay the low. Thy riches, thy pow-
er, thy honours are but as the dream of yester-
day, then present, now gone. Dust thou art, and
unto dust shalt thou return.

The mind swells with inextinguishable horror
in the contemplation ^{of death}. It is accompanied by some-
thing terrific and awful, that we involuntarily shud-
der at the thought of it, we shrink from its approach.
We turn from all the pleasures of life, to have all
the ties of affection dissolved, is dreadful; it is more
than nature can bear. But when we consider in
addition to these, the convulsed agony that writhes
the dying frame, the stiffened limbs and the flesh-
less skeleton, a thought rises into threefold horror.
The veil of mystery that hangs even a future state,
so impenetrable to the eye of reason, the uncertain-
ty of what will be our situation after death,
strengthen still more our reluctance to leaving
leaving life. Who would sacrifice the world with

its enticements, to ^{8th} Sheep forever the Sheep of death,
perhaps to live through eternity in darkness, pain,
and woe.

But death, tho' he appears to be the
king of terrors, ^{heightens the pleasures of life and as to span} is in reality the ~~dispenser of peace~~
and happiness to mankind. ~~The constant con- dition~~
~~of man is death, death absolutely necessary.~~
The consciousness that we are moving on rap-
idly to eternity leads to the careful improvement
of each passing moment; it refines our sense of free-
dom and gives an inestimable value to each
transitory pleasure. This kindles and nourishes
the pure flame of ancient friendships, this cement
and strengthens the sacred bonds of carnal and
affection. This warms the heart with ardour in
the union of father, son, brother. ~~The fear of dy-~~
~~ing, by which all men are governed is the pledge of~~
~~our security. It enforces and inspires to the pre-~~
~~cepts of virtue and the obligations of morality; it~~
~~removes the arms of the assassin and arrests the min-~~
~~doners dagger.~~ Death carries with it hope to
allviate the calamities of life; it enables us to sur-
vive those evils, which would otherwise be in-
tolerable. It then presents for consolation the
above who toil at the oar, the wretch who pines
in a dungeon. When men persecute, friends per-
ish and sickness and poverty oppress, this is our

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story and our comfort. But the ~~strongest~~ ^{our} ~~power~~ of death ~~seems to~~ ^{is} ~~our~~ ^{our} ~~constitution~~ ^{constitution}.
The powers of the body and the faculties of the mind
decay as old age advances. The blood almost ceases
to flow, the knees tremble under ^{their} weight, the
arms fail, the senses become dead, memory forgets its office,
judgement rocks on its rotten seat, imagination ceases to act,
reason shakes in its crazy habitation, man returns to an embryo -
Where life then never to have an end, how deplorable
would be our condition. The world would
be filled with beings in a state of infant helplessness;
subject to all the miseries of life, without
a capacity for any of its enjoyments. ~~The reflection~~
~~that we are incapable of doing good or evil, would increase~~
~~the horrors of their situation. They would feel the~~
~~torments of the damned.~~ Such the suggestions of
reason, such the strong declarations of truth. None
is doubt our portion, this the ~~only~~ ^{only} ~~relief~~ ^{relief} ~~that~~ ^{that} ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~bestowed upon us.~~ In the the ~~wisdom~~ ^{wisdom} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~mercy~~ ^{mercy} ~~of God~~ ^{of God} ~~partial only~~ ^{partial only} ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~it~~ ^{it} ~~exhibits~~ ^{exhibits} ~~death~~ ^{death} ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~most~~ ^{most} ~~severe~~ ^{severe} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~all~~ ^{all} ~~things~~ ^{things} ~~that~~ ^{that} ~~can~~ ^{can} ~~be~~ ^{be} ~~fall~~ ^{fall} ~~upon~~ ^{upon} ~~us.~~ Yet then who mourn for the deprivation
of relatives or friends, ~~remember~~ ^{remember} ~~this~~ ^{this} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~hush~~ ^{hush} ~~your~~ ^{your} ~~complaints.~~ No longer view death as the ven-
geance of your creator, but ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~manifestation~~ ^{manifestation} ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~manifestation~~ ^{manifestation} ~~of his love~~ ^{of his love} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~let~~ ^{let} ~~your~~ ^{your} ~~concern~~ ^{concern}

10th
The best in the grateful adoration his goodness. But
impotent are the struggles of reason against the
burning torrent of nature; Her voice cannot
calm the agitation of the feelings, nor allay
the storm that disturbs the heart. The tear of
bitter regret still rolls down the cheek - Hark!
Religion comes, the messenger divine; even now
time now shall yield - Man attend! give ear!
You are freed from the bondage of sin, you are
emancipated from the shackles of corruption.
The price of your redemption is paid. You are
again the heirs of a blessed immortality beyond
the duration of time; you have again become the
blest, the eternal son of God. Behold! ~~the~~
flashes from the tomb; a full stream of dazzling
effulgence issues from the portals of the sky to illu-
minate its dreary caverns. Death now can no
longer pain. The soul armed with virtue and
fertilized by faith can soar to the regions of per-
fect day, amidst the joyous acclamations of
millions of angels and the beatified spirits of
the just, triumphantly exclaiming "Oh! Death
where is now thy sting? Oh! grave where is thy
victory -

Thine Orestienis -

11th
An Address to the relations of Livingston -
Washing relatives of Livingston be comforted.
Religion tells you that the glorious anticipa-
tions, which irradiated his dying countenance
with the placid smile of resignation, which strewn
ed his path to the grave with roses are fully real-
ized. His youth, which was the secret of his inno-
cence and the support of his hopes, his pious pray-
ers have ensured him acceptance at the throne
of his God. If the Christian's belief is well founded,
and that is none but an action from heaven
dare deny, he is now an angel in the ~~arms~~ ^{company} of his
savior. Yes! he lives! and shall live forever. He
~~is now bending from his celestial mansions to~~
~~draw you gently away~~ (He bids you sorrow
cease, for your separation is only temporary;
when you sink into the sleep of death, you will
awake to a renewed reciprocation of affection
through endless brighter regions.)
An Address to the Faculty of Union College -

The ~~visions~~ ^{visions} of delights which arise from the
memory of former days, call upon me once more
to indulge in grief in adverting you on this occasion
my honored instructors. Recollections again return
to recurrences, which time in its progress has long
paped and they are now in imagination and
more actual ever. Since has the destroying angel

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defined Union College of a father, twice of a friend
twice of a son. Her genius has often hung his
drooping head, Her walls have often been clothed
in the black habitments of death, the voice of mourning
has often been heard through her halls.
Our present meeting recalls ^{to our minds} the names of Smith,
Tanderhewal, Edwards and Jaylen and renews
each affecting circumstance of their life. In you
who are their superiors, the glories of our institution
have revived and she once more begins to
hope, but her prosperity will never bring in ob-
lition her former benefactors - let me not have
even by indulging these thoughts, forget the cause
of our assembling. Do you as well as to his re-
lutions, the death of Livingston is a source of
sorrow. You were his literary parents; his im-
provement was the object of your wishes, the so-
lace of your cares. By his death your labors have
been frustrated, your intentions disappointed.
Why need I expatiate? You know him -
long as he exists in your remembrance a sigh
shall rise to his name.
An address to the Senior Class -
at length my brothers, I must turn to you -
The scenes of our happiness with our deceased friend
recur feverishly to our imaginations, but recur
only to afflict. With us he roomed the fields of sci-

ence, with us he ran the career of improvement;
but he is now taken from us. With us he expected
to have finished his course and to have made his
entrance on the busy world - His expectations
have ended in the grave. Whilst engaged in
our collegiate pursuits, his friendship allied
at our tasks, his thoughtful quietude gave a zest
to our pleasures. Our hearts thrilled with trans-
port at the sound of his well known voice, delight
thrilled through our hearts at the animated
expression of his features. There joys we shall now
no longer know. When we take our accustomed
rambles he is not with us. When we meet
in the social circle our eyes search in vain
his presence, we wait in vain for his voice
by others. When we assemble at the place of in-
struction, his deserted seat reminds us of his
absence - When we look over him his cheek flushed
with the glow of health, fervor was warmed
with the anticipation of fresh pleasures. When
we took our last holiday leave of him, little
did we imagine that we bade him an e-
ternal adieu. We believed that he would
return to renew part scenes, to continue his ad-
vances in usefulness and with us to obtain
the reward of his exertions. Oh! how much, how
severely have we been disappointed. We were

94th
He suffered to reach the prize; we may be per-
mitted to remain till age has wrecked our con-
stitutions and rendered death desirable, yet let us
always treasure him in our memories; long as
our hearts continue to beat let them not lose the
impression of his image and his worth. But I must
not by calling up these melancholy ideas add to
your pain. The mind is of itself sufficiently active
in hunting for reflections to encrease grief without
assistance. I would rather by changing the bent
of its attention endeavor to soothe its anguish.
If then by instead of brooding over the objects with
which retrospection presents us, we take as view of fu-
turity we will find much to soften our affliction.
Behold! our friend rising from darkness into
light, from corruption into true corruption, from
imperfection to perfection, from mortality
to immortality:

See! truth here and mercy in triumph descending
and nature all glowing in its first bloom
on the cold cheeks of death smiles and no more mending
and beauty immortal awakes from the tomb!

F. J. N. J. S. —

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 McPhaedris 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 McPhreades 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.

John McP. Livingston 1804

John Mc Phaedris Livingston 1804