

MANLY OLD AGE.



AN

Obituary Sermon,

IN RELATION TO THE LATE

DE LA FAYETTE SCHANCK:

PREACHED IN

The Reformed Dutch Church of Hempport, N. Y.

SEPT. 21st, 1862,

By

SAMUEL LOCKWOOD,

PASTOR OF THE CHURCH.

*Rev. Susan Du Bois -
With respects of P. L.*

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The following obituary discourse is published to gratify the desire of not a few friends of the lamented dead ; for which purpose, the means necessary have been placed at the author's disposal.

Beyond the above, the writer has no apology to offer. Indeed, he must confess, that, although inadequate it may be, this IN MEMORIAM to the virtues of an affectionate attendant upon his ministry, has been a labor of love.

S. L.

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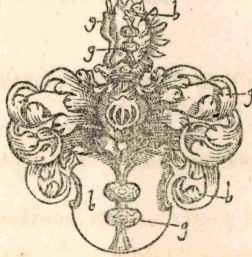
VAULT

THE COAT OF ARMS OF
DIE SCHENKEN,

Imperial Seneschal to Charlemagne,

GRANTED A.D. 798.

DIE .SCHENCKEN



The above Cut has an antiquarian interest, being with its reference letters, a *fac simile* of an old engraving. The lettering refers to the colors, or tinctures, which are laid upon the Shield, and the Figures, with which it is charged. Here *b* stands for *Azure*, or blue, and *g* for *Or*, or gold. In Heraldry, the colors have a mystic significance. Of itself, *Or* denotes Generosity, Splendor, or Solidity: but combined with *Azure*, it means Trust. Here *Azure* of itself intends VIGILANCE; and associated with *Or*, the Blue and Gold signify CHEERFULNESS.

S E R M O N .

JOB v : 26—"Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in, in his season."

How much that is beautiful in sentiment has been said and sung upon the one word DEATH! Have not these become household words :—

“ There is a Reaper whose name is Death,
And with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.”

Some two thousand years ago an heathen moralist attempted an essay of consolation for “ Old Age.” Expanding the thought, memory recalls the following :—“ When I go into the orchard I observe that if I take hold of an unripe fruit, it offers resistance, and will not, without violence, leave the native bough. But that which is mature, of itself falls from the tree. There is a like difference in the deaths of infants, and those of ripe age.” As respects the physiology of death, these words of Cicero impart wisdom ; but as regards the great Future to which Death is but the portal, his sentiments, however beautiful, are chiefly speculative, often vague, hence in general unsatisfying. Should it not then be accounted as an internal evidence, attesting in its own quiet, yet convincing way, the divinity of these Holy Scriptures, that on man’s futurity they give no uncertain sound. Those holy men who wrote as they were moved by the Holy Ghost, were no theorists on the deep inner nature of man. In terms lucid as a sun-beam, with no

peradventure of speculation, but as truths, and facts, solemnly real, and positively incontrovertible, they set forth man's immortal, and accountable nature. They have "the words of eternal life," and their's the declaration, "it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment." And should it be thought less than remarkable that the most ancient works of literature, this book of Job, and these of Moses, which antedate the oldest known writings of uninspired men, should alone contain the only true humanitarian sentiments concerning man's departure from Earth. Wherever Philosophy stands apart from Revelation, it is necessarily pretentious. Aiming at lofty thoughts on life, and death, and God, how lugubrious, dark, and cold its discourse. And even when it flashes up into gleams of seeming beauty, it is not "the true light which shineth." "In the beginning was the WORD," And He who is "the Truth," and who in "the fullness of time became flesh," gave to man ages before His personal appearing, the incarnation of His truth. For what less is "the Word of God" than in the medium of human speech, a blended unity of doctrines human and divine? As in natural light we have the primal colors blending into one, so in this composite nature of "Holy Writ we have "the true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." Although the utterance of the Divine in a vision of the night, how thoroughly human was God's promise to Abraham. It sounds almost like the sweet domesticity of home:—"Thou shalt go to thy fathers in peace; thou shalt be buried in a good old age." Gen. 15:15. And those words of Eliphaz to the afflicted patriarch seem not unlike the gladness of harvest home:—"Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in, in his season." Take the following ancient obituary notices of aged men—how gentle and reverential;

are they not models of terseness and tender simplicity? "Then Abraham gave up the ghost, and died in a good old age, an old man, and full of years; and was gathered to his people." Gen. 25:8. "And Isaac gave up the ghost, and died, and was gathered unto his people, being old, and full of days; and his sons Esau and Jacob buried him." Gen. 35:29.

The text is a consoling assurance offered by Eliphaz to Job, under circumstances of severe bodily disease, and appalling domestic affliction. It doubtless did seem that he must die, and go the way of all flesh. But, he assures him his end is not yet:—"Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in, in his season." Now this promise contains two particulars:

I—DURATION OF DAYS—he should see a full measure of life.

II—COMPLETION OF CHARACTER—as a shock of corn cometh in, in his season.

I—As to the first, DURATION OF DAYS is promised; "thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age." This pledge of old age is very remarkable. Viewed as a special assurance, I know of only one other similar case in the whole word of God, the already quoted instance of Abraham:—"Thou shalt go to thy fathers in peace; thou shalt be buried in a good old age." True, another passage in the Psalms reads thus: "With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation," Ps. 91:16. This, however, is a general, not a special promise. It is addressed to the righteous man of all times. Moreover, it is to be taken in a relative, rather than an absolute sense. It is based on an acknowledged law of morals, that the wicked "shall not live out half

their days," but righteousness tends to prolong life. Thus as a moral truth it stands parallel with the words of the wise man ;—" My son forget not my law ; but let thine heart keep my commandments : for length of days, and long life, and peace, shall they add to thee." Prov. 3:1,2.

This promise then of duration of days is remarkable as a thing belonging only to the long past. For where now is the assurance of individual longevity ? Do you find it in beauty of face, or comeliness of form ? Do we not all fade as a leaf ? At the best how frail is beauty ! Is it then in health ? Does not Death love a shining mark ? Assurance of old age ! Has it ever been secured by any peril or adventure ? No. In the romantic days, spirits of daring ploughed untracked seas, and sought out unknown lands, in eager quest of the "Fountain of Youth." In vain their venture. Nature had no fountain of miraculous waters, for the rejuvenescence of age, or the perpetuance of life. Can Science afford this assurance ? No. She can only assert general truths bearing relation to the race at large. The Scientist points out septennial divisions of the human age, which he asserts are crises in the individual life. Each seventh year is thus set down as a climacteric period, when some critical change takes place. But these are meant as truths for men in the mass. For the individual man Science has no assurance as to his life or death. Her eyes are as darkly veiled in this regard, as are those of the very lowliest of men. No human experience or observation, nor the perfected philosophy of the ages can mete out to man the exact limits of his life career. No oracle can tell him what is the measure of "all the days of his life, which God giveth him." From the first balmy hour of an infants' breath, to that of the shrivelled petulance of second childhood, no one moment stands exempt from the summons of the dark-winged angel. Visit the still homes of the sleeping

dead; read their memorial tablets, and you will find as in the busy cities of the living, so in the quiet cities of the dead, all ages are there.

“Thou hast all ages for thine own, O Death.”

What then? “Is there not an appointed time to man upon earth? There surely is; for as respects His creatures, there are no contingencies with God. He that marks the sparrow’s fall, must surely mark man’s boundaries. To the Law and the Testimony Faith turns, and reads:—“His days are determined, the number of his months are with Thee, Thou hast appointed his bounds that he cannot pass.”

But these promises of old age to Abraham and Job stand as marked exceptions to God’s way with men, just as in the universal law of death, Enoch and Elijah were alone exempted from the passage of the Dark Valley. And in a moral aspect how unsafe would it be were matters otherwise. The certainty of death as an event, and its uncertainty as to time, are as two strong cords of moral restraint. Might not individual assurance of long life act in the way of a general license to sin, under the delusive intention of a sudden reformation at the eleventh hour? How strangely is it forgotten that moral power can be, and is, eliminated by an immoral life. In which event old age might become in its ripened harvest of vice, as an old Upas tree, which envenoms the air with matured poison. Hence, we see the grand moral significance of this promise:—“Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age.” An old age of evil influence is as a fountain of poisoned water; but a virtuous old age is as a well-spring of life.

II.—We have next the second promise—COMPLETION OF CHARACTER. Not only was it promised to Job that he should go to the grave in a *full* age, but also that he should

be gathered to his people with a *ripened* character, "like as a shock of corn cometh in, in his season." How exquisite the imagery of this thought. The idea is, that carried by the Reaper Angels, the good old man should be borne from the great field of life to the garner of God, bowed down with fullness of years, and ripened character, as a sheaf of wheat goeth up into the car on the day of harvest.

Happy possession, this completed character! We fear that time and ability both, are wanting to give its portrait. Amiability, or natural goodness may be inherited, but sterling character can only be acquired. To become the perfect man, in the purely religious reckoning, the apostle's instruction was to add to faith as the foundation principle, virtue, temperance, patience, godliness, brotherly kindness, charity. Such would constitute the accomplished Christian. Man is, however, for a season, a sojourner of earth. He is in the world, and thus has an example to set, a work to do, an influence to exert, a character to build. He has to do with and for both Earth and Heaven. Hence, the apostolic admonition to be "not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." A complete character would then seem to me to comprise three distinct features, thrift—integrity—religion.

1.—*Thrift*, then belongs to the character of the complete man. By the word I understand the successful acquisition, and proper use of this world's goods by the prudent management of one's means and opportunities. Nor is this said in disparagement of God's poor; for there is a sense, in which they are not thriftless. But is not thrift, when sanctified, a very great blessing? Assuredly so. And is it not in the main, the reward of other excellencies—the compliment of success? Moreover, is it not an element of no mean estimate in the reckoning of individual power? When not found, then, if

not a fault, it must be regretted as a misfortune. But to be praiseworthy, thrift must have resulted from laudable means. Hence *industry* marks the thrifty man. Indeed, were it found in attendance upon sloth, that fact would make it at once suspicious. And *frugality* has to do with thrift, for it is sin in any way to waste, or wrongly use the good gifts of God. And *judgment* is the right hand maid of thrift; for ignorance can dissipate in a day the hard earned accumulation of years of applied skill. Judgment is to honestly acquired wealth, what husbandry is to the seed. It makes like bring forth like, with generous and profitable increase.

And all this was Job. Albeit what the world calls misfortune—those terrible dispensations of Providence. At one time suddenly impoverished, yet is he again rich. Suddenly rendered childless, yet “length of days” finds the comely olive branches blooming round the patriarchal tree. Astonishingly thrifty in family and estate: “So the Lord blessed the latter end of Job more than his beginning.”

2.—But what is thrift without *integrity*? What insurance has any one on dishonestly acquired gain? Can he keep it if God make requisition? His integrity gone, a man’s gain is without blessing. “Better is the poor that walketh in his integrity.” There are two ways in which men lose their integrity. The common one is when in haste to be rich. Another is when overcome by misfortune, or unusual temptation. Then too often, instead of bearing with heart and will against a temporary calamity, there is a yielding to the blast, with the result, shipwreck of character. Not so was it with Job; for it was during his trials that God uttered the commendation:—“Still, he holdeth fast his integrity.”

3.—But even this integrity as a moral excellence is but an item with perfected character. Yet one thing is needful. *Religion* alone has the two-fold power to mellow character,

and crown it with imperishable glory. In this respect what a glow of thought gathers round the simple mention of "Mnason of Cyprus, an old disciple. We think of his Christian zeal, his devoutness, and goodness; his great influence as a father in Israel; his reverence among men, and his dearness unto God. And we think of his silvered brow, and those almond blossoms soon to bloom in

"The everlasting gardens,
Where angels walk, and seraphs are the wardens."

This our holy religion, it is, that imparts to declining life, ballast of character, and sweet repose; like the mellow, genial atmosphere of a summer sunset. Such, indeed, are the true fruits of righteousness, whose work and effect are peace, quietness, and assurance for ever. Is. 32:17. It is piety that makes gray hairs lovely, and gives honor and reverence to old age. Yes, there is a real potency in true piety. How strangely beautiful the adornings it imparts to a long life at its close. What an illuming with softened light this "harvest hour of immortality, when the ripened experience shines forth like fields of golden grain ready for the sickle." The hoary head is a crown of glory if it be found in the way of righteousness. Rich reward of a life well spent—blissful completeness of character! O, who would not wish to be thus moulded by the progressive growth of a good life; to be thus ripened by the Sun of Righteousness? "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace." And "so Job died, old and full of days." He came to his grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in, in his season."

To-day we miss, with sadness of heart, from his place in this Sanctuary, the most aged one of its worshippers. The most venerable tree has been removed from the vineyard. A week ago, yesterday, that stately form was borne to "the Narrow

House," and the final ministrations of affection and religion were rendered at the burial. So the discourse of this morning is not in the usual sense a funeral sermon. Neither is it a eulogy, but an

OBITUARY.

Because of the relations he held to us all, has arisen the desire to pass in review our recollections of the departed. This I propose to do in the following method. *First*, to give some facts of an ancestral nature ; and *secondly*, to attempt a character-sketch of our late friend.

I.—Something over a thousand years ago, flourished Charlemagne, or Charles the Great, Emperor of the West. He was in all respects an extraordinary man. In stature a giant, in physical and mental strength a host, an efficient ruler, and terrible as a soldier and general. When very young he daunted the confederated nobles by his military skill, and almost matchless heroism. His mail-clad hands grasped nations, crushing some, moulding others, and erecting new ones. While he thus enlarged, he also consolidated his empire. Though wielding a rod of iron, yet was he a great ruler, a wise legislator, and the very van-guard of civilization to Europe. For companions and instructors, he surrounded himself with the choicest spirits the age afforded in religion, literature, science, and art. For his courtiers he sought out men of wisdom, valor, and force. To those whose merit specially commended them to this august man, was sometimes granted the royal boon of wearing a coat of arms, and thus, in the ancient phrase, of founding a noble family. Among those thus distinguished, was the imperial Chief Butler, or

“Grand Seneschal,” in the emblazonry of whose escutcheon shone the golden goblets, and underneath, the two words,

Die Schencken,

meaning “The Butler,” thus designating his office at Court. It was, then, a branch of an extremely ancient family that reached this land in the “Colonial Days,” a sub-branch of which at length settled in East New Jersey.

Of this last was Captain John Schanck, a brave officer in the American Revolution, and celebrated for his “dash,” perseverance, and endurance. The wilds of East New Jersey were alive with the bold Captain’s exploits. He seemed at one time to lead “a charmed life.” During those seven years of conflict, this devoted man knew but little of the comforts of his home, so eagerly was he sought by the public foe, and his secret agents here. Many a night, he slept concealed in stacks in the field. To wear him out in pursuit seemed impossible; and scarcely less so to find his hiding places; for then, Monmouth County was little else than woods. A sister named Anna, then living on Long Island, overheard some British officers in conversation, and thus learned that a reward of fifty guineas was offered for “the head of Captain Schanck, alive or dead.” She informed her brother of his danger, at the same time presenting him a brace of pistols, which she had purchased, accompanying the gift with these earnest words: “John, never permit yourself to be taken alive!” A certain hay stack at last became known to his enemies, as his nightly covert. This being discovered by a friend, he was promptly put on his guard. The ensuing night, a plot was executed for the surprise, and capture of the bold leader in his hiding place. The stack was surrounded, and then set on fire. But to the chagrin of the parties, the prey had

escaped. Almost at the beginning of the Revolution, the effect of gold was tried upon him personally. He was asked what would secure his services for the royal side. The answer was worthy of the man—"The whole of Europe cannot buy me! Give me liberty!" Bold as a lion he was also true as steel.

On the 27th of May, 1781, while the Revolution was at its height, Captain John Schanck and his wife Maria Denise, found their family increased by the addition of the *seventh son*. When the child was three weeks old, a fight occurred between the local militia, and a detachment of the famous "Fifteen Hundred," that invaded Monmouth County. The skirmishers surrounded the homestead, which received a portion of the balls of the hostile soldiery. With her infant son the mother betook herself to the cellar for concealment, and safety. This very circumstance became afterwards of historical importance, as it helped to determine the date of this memorable foray, in what tradition has called, "the Invasion of the Fifteen Hundred."

In the gloomiest hour of the nation's strife a youth but nineteen years of age left his sunny France, to cast his sword into the scale of the American fortunes. This was Gilbert Mottier Lafayette, or as oftener known, the Marquis De La Fayette. So young, so brave, and generous, the stripling hero became at once the familiar friend of Washington, and the idol of the entire American people. And he had no warmer admirer than Captain Schanck. Hence that son, borne in dark days, and like the Hebrew babe, hid by his mother, was the first American child that bore the name.

DE LA FAYETTE.

II.—We are now called to consider the personal character of the above and especially as seen in the maturity of old age.

Of Mr. Schanck's business career, extending through so long a life, I cannot speak in much detail. I shall be more full as to that period which my acquaintance with him covers, which began but a little over seven years ago. At that time he had considerably overlapped the usual limit of old age, "three score years and ten." He was then enjoying what active men call "private," or "retired life."

Let us pass in review some traits of our late friend.

1.—*He was a thrifty man.* In his business matters, he was simple, plain, and straightforward. In the accumulation of wealth he was remarkably successful. The word "luck," so much a favorite with inefficient, and reckless minds, had no place in his business creed. His caution ever saved him from the snares of those men who ride so rashly the steed, "Speculation." And yet his good judgment made his means continually self-productive. With him industry never ceased. It was a second nature. To the last he was a busy old man. So that from early life to ripe old age his example illustrated the proverb, "the hand of the diligent maketh rich." He was frugal, but not penurious, freely using, but never abusing the bounty God had given him. He prized the blessings by which he was surrounded sufficiently to make him hospitable. Thus his retirement from the burden of business, was a truly genial life.

2.—*Strong sense* was another trait: he was one of your plain solid men. I never knew one with equal merit, and less pretense. His was a sterling judgment. It had the true ring of genuine worth. Unimpassioned and unimpulsive, when his tone was decided, you might conclude his course was safe, as it certainly was fixed. It was the decision of a sound, and purely practical common sense. And I suppose this practical cast of his mind as well as its vigor, had much to do with that enviable fortitude which accompanied him through life. Idle

raillery, silly vituperation, envy, or even slander in high quarters, could not budge him an inch, or turn him a hair's breadth from the course his judgment had laid out. Every one knows that remarkable success exposes a man to the hornet swarms of malevolent utterance. Such things he bore with marked equanimity. And how resplendently this fortitude shone at the last. Such physical suffering as that in his last illness, I never witnessed. It was almost unmitigated agony. And yet his patience was only equaled by his pains. Though in his eighty-second year, he submitted to one of the severest ordeals in modern surgery. True, his constitution was one of a thousand. Not less so was his fortitude. All this was in keeping with the rest—the proper outgrowth of his good strong sense.

3.—*He was a man of public spirit.* As regards the county of Monmouth, Mr. Schanck deserves signal honor as one of the pioneers of local enterprise. Who does not remember the once almost impassable road between this village and the county town? Then it often required five long hours of hard toil to accomplish the distance, though less than fourteen miles! It was truly a mortification of the flesh, to both man and beast. Now, though at a lavish outlay of capital, it is a model road. Formerly how serious a matter was the journey from this place to New York and back. If the winds were propitious, it might be accomplished in two days. But often "the winds were contrary." Indeed, it was no rare event to find a week necessary to make the trip. Now, and for years back, our steamboat communication performs the route each way very easily in less than two hours. While thousands enjoy all this, how few know the anxiety and care, the great outlay, and great loss, ere the enterprise became a success. We might speak of the Keyport Dock, and our neighboring Bank, an institution, which has stood unshaken by any fiscal storm. All these, and other things are so many great agencies of

local prosperity, and as such are inestimable public advantages. They are the labors of our sterling men, and should be regarded as their mementoes. In that sense, the above public works are monuments of the public spirit, and local enterprise of our departed friend.

4.—*His was a national spirit.* He was a true patriot. Most intensely did he love his native land; and sincerely did he cherish her government and laws. Indeed, hostility to the one, or disregard of the other, would arouse his soul like the sting of an adder. The only times that I have seen him manifest anything like bitterness, have been when thus excited. Yes, he loved his countrymen with a fervid zeal. How could he do otherwise? He was not the unworthy son to be uninfluenced by the memory of so worthy a sire. One day when somewhat free from pain, he asked me how the national cause was getting on. To my answer he replied, "I hope I shall live to see the end of this war." It was a few days after, that the Volunteer Committee of the Citizens' Loan Association for Keyport, were about taking to camp the balance of the volunteers of our quota of the 600,000. Almost in despair as to raising the balance needed by the Bounty Fund, they approached me with their difficulty. I well knew where my friend's heart lay in this matter, so at once I called upon him, and as his weak condition demanded, cautiously broached the subject. He had already given liberally to the cause. Saying he did not want to be behind any one in this thing, he then told me to draw up a check for the amount I deemed necessary. This done, I supported the old patriot in his bed, while his tremulous fingers, held for the last time a pen, and attached his signature. It is certainly pleasant to recall the fact in these days of national gloom, that in the few lucid intervals of pain, our friend gave to God of his prayers, and to men of his means, in behalf of his country.

5.—*He was naturally generous.* In regard to this question of generosity, I apprehend, many a man is not correctly estimated. Mr. Schanck was prudent, industrious, cautious and provident. To persons lacking any of these qualities, he felt chary of his charities. In alms-giving he must “see his way,” as he never intrusted his benefactions to the wings of impulse. For the idle and the improvident, he rarely had compassion or alms. Notwithstanding this calculating nature, his was a warm heart. At one time in my pastoral duties, I called upon a poor sick man, surrounded by a number of small motherless children. Whom should I find administering to this almost neglected one, but our aged friend. Although then within but one year of eighty, he nursed the sufferer alone through the tedious night. Then occurred to me the words, “Blessed is he that considereth the poor, the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble.” It is a pleasing thought that the very last business act of the deceased, was purely one of mercy. A creditor had written him respecting his difficulties. To his son, who read the letter, he gave instruction to write one in reply, in which he relieved his debtor by a very generous reduction of the debt.

6—*He was a religiously minded man.* This was noticeable in several ways. In his business pursuits he had to deal with many hired men. One restraint he put upon them—he never tolerated card-playing or swearing on his premises. This commendable opposition to profanity and gambling, direct or indirect, was observable from the outset of his active life. Indeed, it was a trait of his distinguished father, and thus was traceable to a wholesome early influence. Moreover, his respect for the Lord’s Day, and the Sanctuary, was profound. His was a steady attendance within these gates. On very stormy days, with but the smallest audience, despite his great age, that venerable man was sure to be one.

You remember that delightful incident—that commendation

of those devout Jews to Jesus, in behalf of a certain Roman officer. They would have the Saviour do a favor for the military man, and urged their request with the motive, "for he loveth our nation, and hath built us a synagogue." The gist of this praise was, that he had a regard for their religion and gave of his wealth for its support. True, our departed friend did not, so far as I know, help build this pleasant sanctuary. It was erected before he became a resident among us; yet towards its completion, in its becoming adornings, and its cheerful comforts, we find something of his means. And we all remember with pleasure, that our delightful parsonage adjoining, had his munificent gift as the nucleus which favored its erection: for around that contribution clustered the zealous labor, and generous gifts of other loving friends. It surely is not wrong to mention here, that believing it was God who had touched these hearts, often did my prayers ascend for these friends, that the same divine goodness might yet incline them all unto salvation.

To my knowledge, for several years back, our friend was not without religious solicitude. In the winter of that remarkable year 1857, he was deeply exercised by religious thought. But then capitalists with large means at stake, trembled for their securities. It was a time that saw the rich of to-day penniless to-morrow. The very air of the day-time seemed nervous with palpitating anxiety, while carking care made sleepless the night. "The world" then, as he acknowledged, "was too much for him." Alas! for a season the tares crowded out the pure seed of the Word.

Yet God was merciful. He became, as we firmly believe, a true penitent. It was near the beginning of his last illness, after conversation and prayer, that I had with him, that he grasped my hand warmly in his, and choking with emotion said, "I thank you." This I joyfully accepted as an invitation

to plain dealing with his spiritual necessities. At one time, later on in his sickness, I asked, "Father Schanck, do you feel you are about to leave us?" He answered, "Yes." "Then how is it with your spirit? Do you feel that God is reconciled?" His answer was, "Yes." At another time he said, "he felt that his peace was made." To the question, on what grounds, his reply was, "on the merits of Jesus Christ."

I cannot but feel, here, how wonderful are the Divine dealings with men. Doubtless some have questioned the propriety of that severe surgical operation, on one so aged. But it certainly lessened his sufferings, and lengthened his days. Yes, blessed mercy, it gave time again for repentance. "Behold therefore, the goodness, and the severity of God." It was through this strange path, I verily believe, that our friend was brought to find the "saving health" of God. To Him, therefore, be all the praise.

To you my beloved flock, and not less so to myself, is this withdrawal of our friend, occasion of sincere sorrow. We miss that venerable form from his accustomed seat. We miss the bright example of that aged one, devoutly present in sunshine and in storm. We miss his cheery heart with us in the days of our need. Oh, Thou blessed Redeemer of men, grant that we all meet again, in renewed acquaintance on the "shining shore" of the Never-parting Land! My dear friends see to it that you have your

"Title clear
To mansions in the skies."

Live for the coming home. Anticipate the joyous entrance to "our Father's house." Forestall in your holy imaginings that sanctified companionship in the realms of everlasting bliss.

APPENDIX.

The following items, to which I have been assisted by a learned friend, are given here, as containing matter of sufficient historic worth, to entitle them to publicity and preservation. Their interest is both local and general. Moreover, they make plainer certain statements, and allusions in the Discourse.

The Schenck family is said to have derived its name from Edgar De Schencken, Chief Butler to Charlemagne, Emperor of Germany and France, and who about A. D. 798, granted to Edgar a title of nobility, and assigned him a Coat of Arms. Families of this name have been long known in Switzerland, Holland, and some parts of Germany. Of those in Holland, several individuals have been distinguished in that nation's history. The probability is, that the larger part of those bearing the name in North America, are descendants of Colonel, or Sir Martin Schenck, an active partisan in the Revolution in Holland. Sir Martin was drowned while conducting an attack by water on the city of Nymegen in 1589. The accident was due to the great weight of his armor. This disaster was deemed sufficiently serious to the national interest to deserve costly and elaborate illustration by antique engravings in the old Holland histories. In these the drowning hero is represented as clad in plate from head to foot, suggesting to the modern reader, the idea of a sinking "Iron Clad." The Spaniards, who held possession of Nymegen, on obtaining the body of their dreaded foe, in accordance with the barbarous usage of the times, caused it to be "drawn and quartered," and the mutilated parts to be hung in chains on the walls of the city gates. Afterwards Prince Maurice, successor of William, Prince of Orange, ordered the remains to be carefully collected, and honored with a grand military

funeral procession, and then deposited in the tomb of the Duke of Gueldres. One of the gibbet chains is still preserved in Holland, as a memento of the great soldier.

Probably the above act of the Spaniards, arose less from a cruel sentiment, than from a notion of military necessity—a spectacle, *in terrorem*; for when besieging Venlo, so highly was Sir Martin respected, that the Spanish General sent his carriage to remove the heroic Hollander's family out of the city, beyond danger.

This brave man, whom the Holland histories seem to rank as amongst the most efficient of the leaders in the great revolution, commenced life from home as a page, in the family of Lord Isselstyn, the father-in-law of William, Prince of Orange. By this nobleman the youth was instructed in the arts and accomplishments of war. He seems also to have been a statesman, as well as a soldier: for he was at one time sent by the Court as Ambassador to the Diet of Germany, where he made a speech which History has preserved.

Two brothers, John and Roeloff, sons of a Martin Schenck, emigrated from Holland to this country in 1650. They settled at Flatlands, Long Island. In his day, Roeloff was a leading man on the Island. He died in 1705, leaving *three* sons—Martin, John, and Garret. To Martin was bequeathed the homestead farm; so that he and his family remained on Long Island. The other two sons, John and Garret, in 1697, removed to Monmouth county, New Jersey, and settled in Pleasant Valley. Garret was one of the first Deacons of the Reformed Dutch Church of Freehold, organized in 1709. For six years, he represented Monmouth county in the Provincial Assembly of New Jersey, being a member of that honorable body from 1721 to 1727. He accumulated a handsome estate, and died in 1745. The late Captain John Schanck was a grandson of Garret. He was a devoted Patriot in the American Revolution, rendering valuable service to the popular cause, and bearing a leading part in several well contested skirmishes with the enemy. He was born August 28th, 1745, and died on his birth-day 1834, at the good old age of 89

years. His remains sleep beneath a becoming monument in the old family burying ground, at Pleasant Valley.

De La Fayette was the seventh son of the above. He was born May 27th, 1781, and died Sept. 11th, 1862. He was thus well into his 82d year.

In the Discourse mention is made of the active habits of the deceased. The following, furnished by a friend, is here given unabridged, because of its explicitness, and accuracy.

“Mr. De La Fayette Schanck, was one of those who took the lead in the enterprise of getting the public road from Freehold to Middletown Point straightened—an improvement well remembered by the old inhabitants. When that road was extended to Keyport, and was converted to a plank-road, and afterwards, when it became a gravelled-road, in all these improvements he took an active leading part, contributing liberally of his time and means.

“In the instituting of the Farmers’ and Merchants’ Bank, at Middletown Point, he was largely instrumental in obtaining the Charter; he also invested freely of his resources, and was for a few years its first President, and up to the time of his decease, was an influential member of the Board of Directors.

“He entered heartily into the first enterprise of running a steamboat from the shores of Monmouth to the city of New York, partaking of its reverses, and its successes; in which he continued until within two or three years of his death.

“He was the means of rescuing two or three persons from drowning, in the former bathing place, at the mouth of Kearney’s Creek, Brown’s Point, (Keyport.) One of them was a negro man, whom he caught, and when he could save him in no other way, bore him out, by walking under water, on the bottom, an act of humanity performed under very great perilment of his own life.”