

Jan. 29th 1933.
#152.

The Bulletin
OF THE
Oxford Second
Presbyterian Church

OXFORD, NEW JERSEY



Rev. Andrew Gilbert Yount, Ph.D.
Pastor

*Be careful for nothing; but in everything
by prayer and supplication with
thanksgiving let your
requests be made
known to God*

*And the peace of God, which passeth all
understanding, shall keep your
hearts and minds through
Christ Jesus
Philippians IV, 6, 7*

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STATED MEETINGS OF THE CHURCH SUNDAY SERVICES

Sunday School, 9:30 a. m.
Church Worship, 10:30 a. m.
Young People's Meeting, 7 p. m.

The Trustees meet on the first Tuesday of the month.
The Ladies Aid Society meets on the first Wednesday of the month, at 2:30 p. m.
The Lord's Supper is observed at Easter, and on the second Sundays of July, October and January.
The Annual Business Meeting comes in last week of March.

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Morning Worship

Doxology

Invocation and Lord's Prayer

Psalm 66

Hymn 33

Creed and Gloria

Scripture Lesson

Prayer

Anthem

Hymn 312

Sermon

Hymn 125

Benediction

Text

And he spake also a parable unto them; No man putteth a piece of a new garment upon an old; if otherwise, then both the new maketh a rent, and the piece that was taken out of the new agreeth not with the old... Luke 6:36

"Our heavenly Father, Bestow upon our household that grace which shall keep us in the fellowship of the Christian way; and grant unto each one of us that heavenly guidance and control, in all our labors, pleasures, and trials, which shall maintain our hearts in peace with one another and with thee. Graciously help and prosper us in the doing of our various duties, with a willing and cheerful mind, and defend us all from inward evil and from outward harm, through Christ Jesus our Lord. Amen."

The subject for the Young People's meeting tonight will be, "Does God really Care?"— Matthew 6:25-26

Mrs. Yount will lead, and conduct a text-finding contest which in the past has been of so much interest. Many of the young folks have become expert in rapid text hunting. All are invited.

Sunday, two weeks ago, the Church was brightened by a large and beautiful bouquet of flowers sent by Mr. E.H. Ward from his green house in Hackettstown.

The flowers were directed by him also to be sent to the Pastor's wife, who at the time was ill with the Grippe.

Mr. Ward was formerly a prominent officer of our Church, and his remembrance was greatly appreciated.

Mrs. Jennie Lanning Docker is in the hospital for a broken leg. May God keep her

Personal notes

The Editor recently had the pleasure of meeting an old Oxfordite, of whom he had not even heard before, - Mr. Francis Owens who was in the village for the Seiple funeral. He came to Oxford when a lad of nine with his father Abraham Owens, in 1868, and lived on Buckley Ave.

The family came from Wales, and Mr. Owens has the interesting traits of that nationality. He was received into the communion of our church in 1876. He removed from Oxford to Phillipsburg in 1895. He now makes his home with his children at Port Morris.

Mr. Searing sends these personal items:- "George Weber of Lyndhurst is afflicted with a swelling below the knee and ankle. On Sunday (Jan. 1.) he was able to hobble about with something to lean on and members of the family called to learn his condition. Selden Brown Hill and his interesting family were there.

Mr. Hill resembles his father and has that open disposition of the Hills; he is a fine singer like his father. He and his little charming wife are moulding their little boy and girl into a sweet and firm disposition so that when they grow up they will be persons you would be pleased to know."

"Cortland Cook and wife called. I remember this family in Oxford. They always found a place to work in every movement that was in the interest of good things.

Cortland looks good - I judge that he found a helpmate worthy to bear his name, and who will in a short time decorate the interior of that new home so that it will be called the model Bungalow of Hackensack.

"Henry Hartman of Elizabeth, son-in-law of Mrs. Dan Pittenger has recovered from his illness and resumed work today in his responsible position with the Standard Oil Co. Hartman's corner was named from this ambitious family."

Last Thursday we received a note from Mr. Weber containing a check for the postage and expenses of the Bulletin for this year, "to which I look forward from week to week with much interest."

The money is timely and greatly needed to carry on the paper. As he says nothing about his affliction, we gladly infer that he has wholly or mostly recovered from it.

All our readers will be interested in these and other personal notes from present and former members of our Church. Let more be sent.

Old Oxford Legends

by George S. Humphrey

A Jerseyman's Adventure during the American Revolution

(concluded)

I made no doubt that he was honest about it and had to own up that things just now looked pretty dark for us. But I reminded him of what General Washington had done at Trenton and also that good American farmers like ourselves made much better soldiers than the stupid Hessians, whom King George had hired and sent over here to murder us.

As I had had no breakfast he took me to his shack where I made a good meal on bacon and corn bread. As we sat there I gave him a good talking to and reminded him that if Washington beat the British, as I was sure he would, it would go pretty hard with trimmers who would find themselves in rather a bad fix with their neighbors who had done the fighting on our side. I said finally "Whitman, if you sit on the fence till this thing is over, you are likely to have your farm taken away from you; and you'll be mighty lucky if you get off to Canada or somewhere else with a whole skin." At last he agreed not to go to the British camp, though I couldn't get him to say he would re-enlist in the Patriot army.

He looked over my cart, put some spike in one of the planks which had split, and thought it would last till I should get to Morristown. He got on the cart with me and we went along over a new road he had made through the woods, till we came out on the highway nearly at Chester. He was as glum as an owl all the way and I could see that he was doing some hard thinking.

When we got to the turn into the main road he said, "Hold on a minute John," and pulling a pipe out of his pocket, filled it with tobacco from a pouch he carried, and lighted it with a flint and steel.

After smoking a bit he said, "Well, Castner, I've been thinking over what you said, and may be you're right, though I can't just see it. But anyhow I'm not going to leave an old friend like you in the lurch. So come back to the shack and I'll get my old gun and a snack to eat, and go along with you." That sure was good news to me.

So back we went to the shack. He took an old long barreled fowling-piece out of a cupboard, cleaned it well, put in a new flint and saw that the steel and the rest of the lock were in good order.

(over)

I could tell that his old spirit was coming back to him, and as he filled his powder horn and put an extra flint in his pouch with a good supply of buckshot he remarked, "Well, if them pesky Hessians or Tory rascals undertake to make us trouble we'll give 'em a good dose of old English lead." Again I thanked God for his great care and goodness. Then Whitman made some hot tea and we had more corn bread along with it.

By this time the sun was high and I was rather scared to go through Chester at that time of day, when the village would be full farmers and perchance British spies, or at any rate trimmers hanging around.

But Whitman said we'd risk it, as most of the people therabouts knew him, and were used to see him driving through the town with a load of stuff for Mendham, or somewhere down the road. So we put on a bold face and were soon clear of the place.

Nobody bothered us, but I didn't like the look of a pair of yokels who were loafing in front of the tavern. They were dressed like farmers, but they didn't have the right swing nor color. Bill didn't like them either; and said we'd better not go through Mendham, but take a back road he knew, which would get us into Washington's camp without meeting many people. He thought we might be able to get through before dark; but if not, he knew a good place to camp for the night. So we turned off the highway. The road was mighty rough and I was scared about the cart which was squealing badly, and besides that my horse was getting pretty tired. How-be-it, we got along very well and at sundown were not far from the Continental Camp which we thought we would be able to reach while daylight lasted. But just as we came to the top of a long hill, we saw on a wood-road which crossed ours at the bottom of the hill, a British foraging party of ten or fifteen men, all mounted. By good luck they didn't see us and we turned back quickly and went down the other side of the slope.

Things seemed pretty bad, but we were not far from the place Whitman had spoken of. There was what once had been a clearing, and we could get the horse and cart back in the bushes and scrub growth where they couldn't be seen from the road; there was a fine brook and a good place to water the horse. I had plenty of provender for him and there was some corn bread left for us; so we decided to make the night of it. We didn't dare to build a fire, but though the air was middling cold, we took some blankets off the cart and lay

down on the ground. We didn't sleep much and by daylight were ready to start again, thinking it likely that the foraging party would have gone back to their camp before dark the night before.

So we decided to make a dash for Washington's Camp, which we ought to reach in a few hours. We were soon over the rise in the ground, down the hill and past the wood-road where the British raiders had crossed. We were in good spirits at the thought of being so near our journey's end, when suddenly we heard a gun shot behind us, and looking back saw the party of Britishers. They were nearly half-a-mile away and we were well out of the range of their pistols which seemed to be all the fire-arms they had, so I whipped up the horse in the hope could make a dash, and before they could overtake us, get so near the camp that they would give up the chase. We got along well for a little way when snap went the cart's axle and down we went. Neither of us was hurt, but the horse was down and things looked bad. "Well, John," said Bill, "I reckon it's all up with us now, but we'll make the rascals pay a good price for their fun. This cart makes a pretty good fort; we'll get on our knees behind it; by that time you can pick off their boss with your rifle and may be you can load up again before they get in range of this old shot-gun, when I can give one- may be two- of them a mess of good cold beans. Those horse pistols will all flash in the pan, and if they try to cut us up with their swords you and I know how to do a pretty good job of clubbing bears with the butt of our guns! And there's the axe too!"

That sounded good to me, and I was soon on my knees behind the cart with a fine rest for my rifle. I knew what I could do with that old weapon, and it didn't take me long to drop the corporal who commanded the party. They all halted to pick him up and see how bad he was hurt, and so gave me time to make a quick reload. They were soon coming at us again, but I knocked off another with a rifle shot and by that time they were so near that Bill nearly blew the head off of a Hessian with his fowling-piece. But they were really too many for us and while we knew that we could beat down two or three more of them, we also knew that they would get us and the cart in the end. To make matters worse, one of the varmints snapped a pistol at me, and the thing did go off,

(Over)

sending a bullet through my shoulder. I wasn't much hurt, but I shouldn't be able to lay about me with the butt of my rifle as I'd expected to do. Just then we heard shots and yells from the other direction and looking around saw a company of Continental cavalry dashing down the road toward us. They had been out on patrol, had heard the firing and rushed down to see what was going on. They were on the job in a jiffy and made prisoners of what were left of the foraging party.

One of our soldiers tore the shirt off the back of a renegade Jerseyman who was with the raiders, and tied up my shoulder as best he could; anyway it stopped the bleeding. So, once more I thanked God for his great goodness.

My horse was bruised from his fall, so our friends with help from Bill and me took some rails from a nearby fence and rigged up a tongue to the cart, to which they harnessed two of the Britishers' horses. Then with a couple of more rails we made skid for the cart, and started for Washington's camp which we reached without further adventure. I asked for the officer in charge to whom I delivered my load of cannon balls, taking his receipt for it.

I also asked him if he would see that the cart was properly repaired, which he promised to do.

Meanwhile the captain of the company who had rescued us had reported the adventure, and down came an orderly from General Washington, with instructions that Whitman and I should immediately report to him at headquarters. When we arrived there, there stood the General himself, towering above everyone else; and as I beheld him and looked into his noble face and kindly eyes, I felt as though I was standing before God Almighty. And I saw an expression on Bill's face which told me plainer than words that he had no more doubts about our success in the war.

The General asked a few questions about the journey from Oxford, said that he was glad to have the ammunition, and then remarked that we must rest after our hard journey and experience, that we should be taken care of by his own orderlies in their mess. Noticing my wounded shoulder he directed that I be taken at once to the camp hospital, that I should have the best of care and that daily reports of my condition should be made to him personally. We saluted as best we could, which the General returned in the most gracious manner, and we went out with the orderly. (over)

I was in the hospital for some time and not only had the best of food and treatment but also special dishes and delicacies which the great Commander sent me from his own table.

As soon as I was in shape to get about an orderly took me headquarters where one of the General's aides, a fine looking young fellow, not much more than a boy, Col. Alexander Hamilton by name, told me that by the General's orders, I was to be given one of the best horses in the camp, together with harness and saddle with which to make my journey home to Oxford; besides that he told me to make a requisition for the value of my cart which would be paid to me in gold. He also said that as soon as my shoulder was quite well he wanted me to leave my work at the furnace and come to the army to help in the transport of materials and the handling of the teams.

I learned that Bill Whitman had enlisted in the army for the duration of the war and was already a sargent in one of the New Jersey Companies.

And so I got back to Oxford without further adventure and have written this relation, so that those who come after me may understand the troubles and perils their ancestors suffered in order that they might enjoy "life, Liberty and the pursuit of happiness," and that they should thank God who brought me safe and sound through all these dangers.

John Castner.

As nearly as I have been able to discover, no further attempts were made to transport cannon balls from Oxford to Morristown; but there seems to be some evidence that at a later time when the army was encamped at Newburgh, large quantities were sent there over the wild mountain roads; and if so, there can be little doubt that John Castner saw that they got safely through to the army.

And so ends another chapter of the unwritten history of the American struggle for Independence; reminding us that there were many obscure heroes in that great contest whose names are unknown, and whose brave deeds are unrecorded.

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This historical story of Mr. Humphrey is more than an interesting tale—it is a valuable reconstruction of that heroic period of our country and of this region in particular which (over)

no living person treat with such intimate and an accurate details. All our readers will be grateful to him for permitting us to print it in the Bulletin.

Since writing the story Mr. Humphrey has been reading a biography of the Robeson family, from which he sends us this pertinent quotation:

"Tradition says that when the owners (of the furnace) were asked to make cannon balls for the Revolution, the reply was:

"We cannot make cannon balls, but thee can have the furnace," thus combining patriotism with conscience; it is said that the government took charge of the furnace till the close of the war."

This makes plain why the owners could not make cannon balls— they were Quakers who were, and are today, forbidden to take part in war. But there is no question of their patriotism, which is further proven by the fact both the sons of Dr. Shippen Sn. were officers in the hospital department of the Continental army. The furnace and mines belonged at that time wholly to the Shippen family who were only distant relatives of the family of Edward Shippen of Philadelphia, who were neutral, but supposed to be in sympathy with the British.

"The Oxford Loyal Union Furnace."

This interesting title of the old Oxford Furnace is taken from the original deed of land (one acre) for the first Presbyterian church of Washington, N.J., which was located just this side of the Washington cemetery. The deed was made by John Bowlby and his wife Mary, in the year 1765, Oct. 29.

In describing the location of the land this sentence occurs: "Standing on the west side of the road that leads from the Oxford Loyal Union Furnace."

The old name of the Church was the Mansfield-Woodhouse Presbyterian Church.

The furnace at that time belonged to the Shippen family, and one wonders when and how the title originated, and whether it was the official name of the furnace.

We have not heard of it before, and yet there can be no question that at time it was locally known by that title.

As it was ten years before the Revolution the word loyal may refer to the British government. At any rate it is very significant, in view of the above discussion.

The copy of the deed is taken from Snell's History of Sussex and Warren Counties.

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