

*Mrs. Devere*  
187

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# The Bulletin

OF THE

## Oxford Second Presbyterian Church

OXFORD, NEW JERSEY



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Rev. Andrew Gilbert Yount, Ph.D.  
*Pastor*

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*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  
Philippiana 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.

## CHURCH OFFICERS

Elders—Abram Pittenger, Elisha B. Foss, Edward T. Green, Lewis Bergenback.

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Bulletin No. 187 October 29th, 1933

## Morning Worship

Doxology  
Invocation and Lord's Prayer  
Psalm 15. sel. 3  
Hymn 317  
Creed and Gloria  
Scripture Reading  
Prayer  
Anthem  
Offering  
Hymn 85  
Sermon  
Hymn 113  
Benediction

## Prayer

"O God, our fathers in their Pilgrimage walked by thy guidance, and rested on thy compassion; still to their children be thou the cloud by day, the fire by night.

In our manifold trials thou alone knowest and art ever nigh; in sorrow, thy pity revives the fainting soul; in our prosperity and ease, it is thy Spirit only that can wean us from our pride and keep us low. Thou source of peace and righteousness, take now the veil from every heart and join us in one communion with thy Prophets and Saints who have trusted thee, and were not ashamed. Not of our worthiness, but of thy tender mercy, hear thou our prayer. Amen."

Mrs. Hunt will lead the young people's meeting tonight. The topic is "My Besetting Sin."

The Ladies Aid will meet next Wed. 2:30 P.M. in the upper room of the Chapel, which can be warmed. This is the regular monthly meeting of the Society.

The congregation owes a little on current store bills, but is behind with the Janitor over \$100, and the Pastor has received but little more than half his salary for the past two years.

All the members of the church are under equal obligation to contribute regularly for the support of the work, and if all would meet this responsibility there would be no difficulty in raising the current expenses. At present the regular givers are relatively few in number. Let every one do the best he can, at least give something.

Mrs. Mary E. Haycock

Another of Oxford's oldest citizens passed away on Saturday 22nd, inst. She was found dead in her bed at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Samuel Snyder.

Mrs. Haycock was the daughter of John and Eliza Robbins, and born in 1856.

Nearly her entire life was spent in Oxford and for the last three years she was blind.

She took a great interest in the historical articles in the Bulletin which was read to her every week. She went to school in the old stone Chapel, and remembered when the great bell was hoisted to the tower in our Church.

In 1875 she was married to Lewis Haycock who died in 1923. She was greatly beloved by her relatives and all who knew her, being of a kind and cheerful disposition, and ever thoughtful of every one.

Her surviving children are- Mrs. Samuel Snyder; William Haycock and Peter Haycock, all of Oxford; also Mrs. Nelly Luton of Union City and Frank Haycock of Easton. She was a member of the Methodist Church, and the funeral was conducted by her Pastor, Rev. W. C. Brewer, assisted by Rev. C. S. Shafer and the writer, last Tuesday, with burial at Buttzville Cemetery.

Mr. John Miller, father of our Harry Miller died last Wednesday morning at his daughter's in Bangor, Pa., while there on a visit. His home was at Mt. Bethel where he had a farm, but since his wife's death in 1930, he had spent much of his time here in Oxford with his son, Harry Miller. He was a familiar figure to many of this community. The funeral was Saturday at Bangor.

In a note acknowledging copies of the Bulletin of last issue, Mrs. James E. Loder of Phila. Pa., says; "Many times Dr. Loder wished to write to you telling you how much he enjoyed your Bulletin, but ill-health always prevented his doing so. Mr. Humphrey had urged that he write an article for your paper, and I only wish that he had been able to do so."

In this issue we print the complete story of Mr. Humphrey, which is very appropriate to this season. Though a pure fiction it has an historical background which is graphically pictured.

It is of great interest of itself but specially for Oxford citizens, old and new.

Hallowe'en at the Old Furnace  
By. George S. Humphrey

It was late October Anno Domini 1758.

The year's business at the Old Oxford Furnace had been prosperous and the people at the Manor House were in high spirits and ready to share their good nature, if not their profits, with the workmen whose labors at the mine, in charcoal pits, and furnace had contributed so largely to the season's success. So, on this particular evening the "Old Man" had invited the mine manager, the furnace founder, and as many workmen as could be spared from their duties, to dine with him in the big hall and later to indulge in various festivities appropriate to the occasion. The air was crisp, with just enough frost to make one's blood tingle, and create an appreciation of the burning of the logs in the great stone fire place, the company, not more than twenty in all, for these were the days of small things, (though in them were the seeds of the tremendous industrial development which culminated more than a century later) came singly and in groups and were soon seated about a long table, at the head of which sat the "Old Man" who had given a cheerful heartfelt welcome to each one as he came, and whose kindly face beamed with good fellowship and satisfaction. Liza, the jolly black cook, presided in the kitchen and Sam and the other negro boys were kept busy obeying her various and incessant commands.

And what a feast she had prepared! Wild turkey and partridge from the near-by woods, a saddle of venison cut from a deer which Bill Hummer had shot in Sykes Gap a few days before, big red cranberries from the swamp, vegetables from the house garden and pumpkin pie, a new dish in the mystery of which a cousin of the "Old Man" from Connecticut, had lately initiated "Liza".

Along the center of the table were piles of fine ruddy apples, the fruit of young slips which had been planted at about the time the furnace was built and which a Delaware Indian had brought from the Iroquois villages in the Lake country, beyond the Jusquehannock. There were pans of hickory nuts, and pitchers of cider which was old enough to show a bead when poured into mugs set at each guest's place.

To add to the conviviality of the occasion a jug of old Jamaica Rum was frequently circulated. Wax candles were placed at intervals and shed a soft, warm light upon the table and its bounteous load. (over)

It was a motley group, for many of its members had emigrated from the iron making regions of Europe, Sweden, parts of Germany, England and Wales, Catalonia in Spain, and even one from historic Island of Elba from whose ancient mines the old Romans obtained a great part of their supply of this all important metal.

They seldom met together without sooner or later becoming reminiscent and relating adventures of their own or legends which they had learned in their native lands over the ocean. Some of these had taken new life in the American wilds and having become as it were grafted on the stems of the Indian folk-lore, and affected by the local surroundings, had developed a character quite their own. The "Old Man" appreciated these stories and was glad to see that as the dinner proceeded, several of his guests began to unfold their tales to their immediate neighbors; and at last when the pumpkin pies and nuts were finished, the table was pushed against the wall and the chairs were arranged in a semi-circle in front of the fire; pipes and tobacco were distributed, and the story telling commenced in earnest. Each of the party still kept his mug and the negro boys saw to it that they were kept filled with cider and a dash of rum. Iron rods were from time to time heated in the fire and plunged into the liquid which steamed and foamed in a most seductive manner. The candles on the table were burning low, the fire on the hearth had ceased to give out great flames, but had settled down into a mass of rich, glowing coals; the fumes from the steaming mugs mingling with the smoke from the pipes created a sort of dreamy atmosphere and the whole scene suggested weird tales of adventure or mystery; and many were told; some having originated among the hills and water falls of Sweden, and others in the dark forests of Germany; the little half-French, half-Italian miner from Elba had a bright sunny love-story which had been turned into a song in which all the company joined with great gusto; the charcoal burners told of strange spectral Indians who had appeared to them at their camps at Sykes Gap and other wild spots; and the furnace men related many queer things which had happened in the cast house and in the shadow of the stone stack, during their long night watches while others slept.

All the company were in high spirits except the one Englishman, a native of Lancaster, where he had learned the "mystery", as it was then called, of making iron in the

blast furnace. He disposed of his grog like the rest, smoked his pipe and appeared to listen while the others talked; but he was silent and morose, and after awhile the attention of his companions became become centered upon him. "Come, come, Lanky" at last cried some one, "give us a story of Merrie England! We know you had strange doings at times on the moors and among the hills where you came from!"

And so in his broad dialect which no one can imitate, he made his contribution to the lore of the evening.

"Yes!" he said, "we did have strange doings down in our country and about the iron pits and furnaces. An ancient ancestor of mine built one of the first stacks in Lancastershire and was becoming a great and wealthy iron master: but he cut down great forests of oak to burn charcoal for the furnace as did also some of his neighbors; so that a great cry went up to Queen Bess, that the country was being ruined, and there would soon be no place where the Lords and gentry could carry on the ancient sport of hunting.

Some did say that one night when she lay awake, and her waiting maids were fast asleep about her, and old man with a long beard and clothed in a white robe came straight through the closed window of her bed chamber and threatened dire calamities to her realm, if she allowed the destruction of the old forests to continue, where he and his kind had held sway long, long ago.

Be that as it may, the good queen ordered that the iron making should cease, and it was not till after many years, when Dud Dudley learned how to make coke, of which you people know nothing, that the furnaces were again started.

The iron masters of Queen Elizabeth's time were dead and their property ruined, so that when the Lancaster stacks were again lighted others owned them, and in the course of time I became an apprentice at the one which had once belonged to my family. It was at this very time, at the hour when the last day of October is ending, that we sat in front of the hearth and one of the keepers who had been at school told us stories of the strange heathen whom he called Druids, who, he said, once inhabited the country and set up big stones and worshipped oak trees. They also taught the people how to make fires and were very wroth when too much wood was burned. He said it was the wraith of one of these who had so frightened Queen Elizabeth that

she stopped the iron making. And he said that even yet on Hallowe'en these old fellows often come back to earth, bringing vitches and devils with them, and for one hour have power again over the fires in the country where they once lived.

And sure enough, while he was yet speaking there was a sound like a thunder clap and we all saw right in the east house door a tall old man leaning on a staff, his white beard reaching nearly to the ground.

He stepped inside and at once many others like himself followed him. All my companions fled, running behind the stack and so out of doors; but I was at first so scared that I could not move, and when I recovered my strength, those queer old men had surrounded me so that I was unable to escape.

The first one, who seemed to be their chief, began to talk to me in a strange voice and in an out-landish tongue but as I listened more carefully it seemed to be like the language of the Welshmen who worked about the furnace and I could make out part of what he was trying to say. He cursed me by his gods for having built the furnace stack with sacred stones which had once formed his altar, and for keeping up a fire without his consent.

He said it was his right to put out the fire at the end of every October, and to light it again afresh, and that he and his companions had come to put out our furnace and scatter the stones of which it was made. By this time I had regained my courage and when I saw him and his troupe (they were all feeble old men) make as though they would carry out his threat I seized an iron tapping bar and laid about me lustily. I battered their white heads and mayhap would have broken all their bones, had they not turned and made for the east house door, as frightened as my own companions had been a few minutes before.

But outside there was a horrid sight, witches with long poles, black devils with red eyes like balls of fire and goblins of all sorts, so I did not venture out of the door, but watched the old men as they stood in a group and the same chief began talking to me again in his queer Welsh.

"Young man," he said, "tonight you have overcome us because you are young and strong; but you, like us, will grow old.

"In twenty years we will visit you again when you will not be able to resist us, and we will avenge the blows you have given us this night."

With that the witches mounted their long poles and sailed off in the air, the devils and goblins after them. The old men seemed to sink into the earth and I saw them no more; but they must have put a spell on me; for without seeming to walk back into the east house I found myself sitting against the warm cinder run, and noticed that my companions were about their regular work. They never said anything about the strange adventure, but I suppose that they were so ashamed of having run away that they would not speak of it.

"For many days I thought of the threat of the old man, and it so worried me that at last I decided to cross the ocean and come to this land where I had heard there were furnaces being put up, burning charcoal like the ones in England long ago; for here I was sure those old long-beards could never find me. But it is just twenty years this night since the old man sank into the earth and I've been wondering if they may not have had time to go through and come out on this side of it."

At this everyone laughed and the good-hearted host rose to his feet, saying, "all up, boys! in just two minutes it will be midnight. Fill your mugs and we will drink in honor of the end of Hallowe'en, long life and prosperity to our good friend from Lancashire, and confusion to the ancient Druids whose memory has so worried him!" The mugs were lifted, and the big clock in the hall began to strike out the last hour of the day; but before the mugs were drained, or the clock had struck the half of twelve, there was a terrific crash out side and for an instant a brilliant light shown through the windows.

"The furnace! the furnace!" cried the revelers, and made a dash for the door.

As soon as it was opened, a tremendous wind swept into the room, blowing out the flickering candles and scattering the coals on the hearth in front of the fire place.

But no one passed out; for there in the doorway stood an old, old man, with a long white beard reaching nearly to his feet, and having a sturdy staff in his hand.

"The chief of the Druids!" shouted the Englishman, "He has come through the earth to take me!" At that the ancient man strode into the hall which was dark save for the remaining coals in the fire place, and a great struggle ensued. The old Druid was seen to seize the Englishman and to make for the fire place, (over)

and some said that they fought there in the coals and then both disappeared up the wide chimney; but the confusion was so great that no one could give a clear account of what had happened. However, the men who had been left to watch the furnace, and two had been aroused by the great crash which had occurred at the Manor House, did say that they saw strange objects like witches on broom sticks flying from the house top.

The Moon was full, so that they could not have been mistaken. At any rate, the Englishman never appeared at the furnace again, neither was he ever heard of.

The End

#### Our Advertisers

The Bulletin now completes four years of its existence, and apart from the summer vacation period, it has been issued every week without fail.

Our advertisers made it possible to start with and have supplied most of the cost of production ever since. For it has not cost our Church a cent, and has been distributed freely to all who have desired it, not only of our own congregation but to many fellow citizens of Oxford as well.

Every week it goes into 125 or more homes of this community, and besides 100 copies are mailed weekly to former residents of Oxford, living in ten different states.

The average weekly issue for the coming year will be at least 250 copies, and even more if the past years experience be guide.

Surely, our advertisers deserve the hearty thanks of all our readers for their support in the past, and are now being solicited to renew them for another year. It is a distinct help to the church, which is made up of people of small means, mostly laboring folks, who are unable at the present time to meet all the current expenses of the congregation.

And through the medium of the paper a considerable sum of money comes to us from former members whose love for the old church has never languished.

This is the charitable side of the question; apart from this the paper is a good form of advertisement for local and neighboring business houses. For these reasons a renewal of their cards are being sought.

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