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*The*

# BULLETIN

SECOND PRESBYTERIAN  
CHURCH

OXFORD, NEW JERSEY

By

A. G. YOUNT

*Minister*



*Remember the days of old, consider the years of many generations: ask thy father, and he will show thee; thy elders, and they will tell thee.—Deuteronomy, 32:7.*



Pleasant words are as honey-comb, sweet to the soul, and health to the bones.....Proverbs 16:24

"Father, I thank thee for thy mercies which are new every morning.

For the gift of sleep; for health and strength; for the vision of another day with its fresh opportunities of work and service; for all these and more than these, I thank thee. Before looking on the face of man I would look on thee, who art the health of my countenance and my God. Not without thy guidance would I go forth to meet the duties and tasks of the day. Strengthen me so that in all my work I may be faithful; amid trials, courageous; in suffering, patient; under disappointment, full of hope in thee. Amen.

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July 12th, is the time for the Summer Communion Service. We shall be glad to welcome new members by letter or on examination by the Session, and also administer Christian baptism to infants or adults.

Mrs. Ed. T. Green, our Choir leader is trying to enlarge the Choir by the addition of young people. If all who can sing will cooperate she will give a very fine Choir, which add to our worship and give much pleasure to all.

The Children's Day exercises last Sabbath were lovely in all respects. The music by the school, led by our fine orchestra stirred us all. The parts by the children were well rendered, and as always, delightful to see and hear. The decoration of the church was beautiful and original in plan.

The success of it all was due to the Committee, Misses Alice Bell and Alice Seiple, and their helpers, who had full charge of the exercises for the Day. The Supt. Elder Foss conducted the services, and spoke encouragingly of the school.

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The Manse was honored last Wednesday by a call from Mrs. A. M. Weston, Mrs. Mildred Tunison, C. E. Weston and Elmer G. Knorr, of South Orange.

It is our purpose to give brief sketches of the owners of the old Oxford Furnace. During the first hundred years of its history it belonged entirely to two families, the Robesons and the Shippens. The accounts of these owners of the Furnace are so inaccurate and contradictory that a true statement based on documents of that time is sorely needed.

Jonathan Robeson was born in New Jersey, Gloucester County, in 1690.

His father, Andrew Robeson, came from Scotland in 1676, at the age of 22. He came with his uncle, also named Andrew, who had purchased one proprietary share in West Jersey Province, which gave them a claim to about 15,000 acres of land, but probably cost less than \$5,000.

But it gave them prestige in the county and province in which they were chosen to prominent offices.

However they soon moved to Philadelphia, the uncle in 1694 and the nephew in 1702. Jonathan's father being an iron master went up the Schuylkill river and with his son-in-law, Potts, established a large iron works there, near Pottstown.

Here Jonathan learned the iron trade and carried on the business after the death of his father in 1720, having inherited 1000 acres of land on which the iron works were located. Thus he was placed in a strong financial position which enabled him later to purchase many thousands of acres of land in this region.

How he first learned about the iron ore in Oxford is not known, but if the tradition is correct that there was a Catalan Forge here before he came, he would naturally have heard of it.

He however bought the land here which eventually amounted to 5000 acres, and in 1741 began the erection of the furnace. This was then a wild, and practically uninhabited region, workmen were scarce and many things besides the furnace had to be constructed, so that he did not begin to operate the furnace until March 9th, 1743. (See last page)

Judging by the number of letters received from those attending the last reunion in which is described enthusiastically the great pleasure the writers experienced with old time neighbors and friends, and also saying in their opinion the reunion was the best so far held, I believe all of us who were present, as well as the interested ones not present, share equally the joy of its unqualified success.

A large measure of the success is so aptly stated in a letter from Mary Weber Lemmon in which she says, "I felt the atmosphere of friendliness and sympathy which was so marked a characteristic of the whole affair."

And with this predominant feeling of goodwill among the 300 people it is plain that it was the people themselves, the music and the speakers, that made it what it was--a day long to be remembered. Some are even now planning for next year, to bring others and to take part. This is concrete evidence of the unbounded interest that these reunions have developed.

Four seasons must pass by before that event. Summer, with its usual period of rest, motor trips of friends who send cards from distant points with the usual, "Wish you were here" variety. Come the dazzling brilliancy of the sun bringing its tan and sunburn, pestiferous flies and mosquitos, humidity, and yet the waning summer brings its regrets, only to be forgotten in the bright, cool, crisp days of autumn when we prepare for the colder days to come.

Scientists tell us there is no such thing as pain, but I wish someone would elucidate what it is that comes in the back of our necks when the piercing winds and the swirling white crystals blow in from Esquimo land to make us scurry for flannel protection, or better still to migrate to localities of perpetual sunshine and warmth. Then Spring bids cold and snow give way to gentle breezes and the beauties of earth's reawakened verdure. The resurrection of life and the suggestion or promise of life eternal.

Then we hear the clarion call, for Lo and Behold, another reunion is upon us, and Oxford beckons its scattered family to come and rest for a day under its kindly protection and renew the echo of another day which is instilled in our hearts and minds that brings untold pleasure in the remembrance.

Poor Richard's Almanac has this saying: "Under this roof you need no formal introduction. Speak to others as you would have them speak to you, and do it first." Maybe this would be a good motto to fasten to the '37 almanac and then mark off May 16th as the red letter day of the year.

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(From Second page)

The chief product of the furnace was pig iron which he sold to forges and carted to Foul Rift whence it was sent by boats to Philadelphia and other points. We know that he also cast many chimney backs for fire places, and perhaps many other objects used by the pioneers in the region. Later to make the furnace more profitable he erected a large Forge at Changewater in 1750, for forges converted the pig iron into all kinds of implements needed by the early settlers, for which there was a rapidly growing demand.

He bought over a thousand acres around Changewater and at great expenses erected his large forge with water power blast. Probably to obtain money for this undertaking he sold to Joseph and William Shippen a large interest in the Oxford furnace and lands in 1749, and in 1757 he sold it all to them.

This was at the beginning of the French Indian War and Robeson would oppose making war munitions, as he had adopted the religion of his Quaker wife.

However he had before this bought land at Kingwood, in Hunterdon co. and established his home there.

He died in 1766, in Upper Dublin near Philadelphia.

He may never have been a settled resident of Oxford but yet he was one of the first Judges of Sussex County, when it was formed in 1753.



**CHURCH OFFICERS**

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EDWARD T. GREEN

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<i>Organist</i> .....	MISS RUTH SNYDER
<i>Assistant Organist</i> .....	MISS ALICE BELL



*Choir*

*Leader* ..... MRS. E. T. GREEN

