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The
BULLETIN

SECOND PRESBYTERIAN
CHURCH

OXFORD, NEW JERSEY

By

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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.

Thus saith the Lord, Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might, let not the rich man glory in his riches:

But let him that glorieth, glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord which exercise lovingkindness, judgment, and righteousness, in the earth: for in these things I delight, saith the Lord. -----Jeremiah 9:23-24

"O God, Father of our spirits and Giver of all good; Grant that we may live in such fellowship with thee that we shall grow into thy likeness, and share thy life. Free us from fretting and pride, and beget within us a meek and modest spirit. Deliver us from the bondage and bitterness of a worldly life, and lead us into the large and joyous liberty of Christ. Amen"

The attention of our members is called regarding the offerings to our Benevolent Boards--Missions, National and Foreign, Education etc.

The year ends March 31st, and our reports have to be made by that time. The offerings in envelopes during the year have been very small though better than last year. Let all make a special effort to bring up this great work of the Church.

Mrs Mary Weber Lemmon sends this pertinent note about the Date of the Reunion:---

"It **did** not seem possible that we could ever come again, but the urge this special time is very strong, and we may be able to if it comes on the 16th. Of course I would not want it set for that day on our account, or because of our hope, but I can not resist a word in favor of the 16th if it should fit in with all the other plans. It would be wonderful to see Mr. Maxwell again and hear him preach."

The reunion folks will regard this a very cogent plea, for she added greatly to last year's joy.

Old Ferry at Foul Rift

We have seen something in our reading about this ferry, but had ~~no~~ definite facts until we found the following action taken by the Colonial Council, March, 3rd, 1755, which sat in Elizabeth Town:-

"A petition from William Shippen of Phila. for a patent for a ferry at foul Reef on the Delaware and two miles above and below the same, was read, and the granting of the patent, as usual in such cases, assented to." (N.J. Archives, Vol. III.)

Now if this were all we had to show the time of building the ferry we could say it was after the above action. But we have another sure record to take into account, and that is in the Journal of a party of ten persons of N.Y. City, who in the year 1751, traveled through Oxford (and were entertained overnight by Mr. Robeson) on their way to visit the Moravian settlement at Bethlehem, Pa. We have read a reprint of this Journal, and it has this statement: "About 2 o'clock we crossed the north branch of the Delaware River, at a new ferry at Mr. Robinson's landing, a little below the largest fall in the river, called foul reef." This record states that the ferry was then new and we may state that it was built in 1750-1751; that is four or five years before the patent was issued.

In the year 1762 Mr. Robeson deeded all his Oxford Furnace and lands to Dr. Wm. Shippen, and states that he had on May 3rd, 1744, bought* an acre of land on the Delaware at Foul Rift, for boats, piers, etc. So when the ferry was built Robeson owned the landing place. But Dr. Shippen, had in 1749 bought $\frac{1}{4}$ interest in the Furnace and lands, and his brother Joseph owned $\frac{1}{2}$ of the furnace tract of land, it is quite probable that the Ferry was built by him, or in partnership with the others, because all three lived in Phila. and it would help them across the river when above fording stage.

How long the ferry remained in use we have no information, but it is safe to say more than fifty years.

(* from Johannes Vanetta)

Old Oxford Days Special to the Bulletin By Clinton E. Weston

I have been asked—even urged—in fact, threatened to amplify my reference in a recent Bulletin to a young Ladies' Society, called "S.S.S." that flourished in Oxford in the 1880s. The details I have concerning this most worthy organization are meagre, and even the meaning of the three letters is as much a mystery now as they were in that day long past, and so, to make a long story longer, I will say that the aforesaid society was composed of some of the most lovely debutantes of which the town could afford to boast.

The intervening years have dulled my memory somewhat as to the roster but I call to mind the names of Lizzie Ward, Maggie Cook, Maggie Lukens, Kate Ward, Nellie Henry, Millie Weston, Martha Shafer, Etta Estler, Euphemia Lanterman, Sarah Sweeney; and of course there were others. Maybe some of those mentioned did not know they were members of the society, but a document that was found showed that they, at least, were honorary members.

The young men tried every method known to science to pry loose the meaning of S.S.S. and were decidedly successful in never finding out.

Those girls kept the boys running around in circles, and what a merry-go-round it was! There never was a merry just like it. And as for keeping a secret, those chickadees were as tight, figuratively speaking, as a corpulent man squeezed in a revolving door.

Failing in their effort the boys at last, being driven to desperation, formed an opposition society and called it the "S.T.S." They proceeded to go into a huddle, but sad to relate, there was but one consecutive meeting, the reason thereof being explained later.

We find Sammy Cooper in the chair about to start his stock prelude to all his addresses: "Friends, Romans, and Countrymen, lend me your ears."

Now as a matter of fact Sam had borrowed our ears so often the real ownership of same was actually in doubt. (over)

Before he had a chance to proceed however, George Dearborn arose and asked permission to have the floor. to which Sammy assented, provided George didn't take the carpets also; cautioning George not to skid and to look out for splinters.

George's face turned to a most becoming crimson and then opined that the only way for one to get splinters was to scratch Sammy's head. Then the crimson changed faces.

After Dan Thomas had finished a symphony on the mouth harmonica, and order restored, George said he thought that S.S.S. stood for "Stop, Sipping, Sodas," but this suggestion was shelved for the reason there were no sodas in town at that time to be sipped.

Ernest Brigham suggested we sing "The Star Spangled Banner" which we tried but none of the fellows could reach the high notes. It was really pathetic the way those fellows whose voices were changing tried to pick off the high ones; and so it ended by every one whistling.

Bert Weston arose and said he had done some scouting on his own hook, and Dan Thomas, in that roguish smile of his, asked Bert what kind of bait he used on the Hook.

After they separated, Bert said he happened to be passing Lizzie's house when the society was in session. All the fellows arose at this startling information and became greatly excited. I can see us now, gasping for breath and hanging on every word, fearing if one was missed would leave us dangling in mid air. Behold! A cloud of dust appears on the horizon which resolves itself in the form of a modern Paul Revere and none other than the redoubtable Edwin, the hero of many of our stories, who informed us that we had a traitor in our midst, for the name of our society had been divulged to the girls' society. Then came the dawn, The S.T.S. was abandoned forthwith, but not before swearing vengeance on the culprit "who done us dirt!"

The net result in the way of solving the S.S.S. was that the nearest we ever got to it was about twenty feet--the distance between Lizzie's house and the front gate.

