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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.*

But thou, O man of God, flee these things; and follow after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience, meekness.

Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life, whereunto thou art called, and hast professed a good confession before many witnesses. ----- I Tim. 6:11

"O God thou art the sun of righteousness that risest upon our souls with healing wings. Scatter the mists of darkness which so often envelopes us, and expel our doubts and fears. Teach us to trust our better moments, for in them thou dost speak to us. We rejoice that thou hast created us in thine image. Thy love has stirred us into being and endowed us with spiritual life. In the intellect, whose thoughts wander through eternity; in conscience that bears witness to thy eternal righteousness; in the affections that make life sweet, and reach forth to thee, O Lover of mankind—in these, we are made heirs to the riches of thy grace. Amen."

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An important improvement has been made lately in our church that will add much to the comfort and convenience of our services.

The platform in the south east corner has been extended to the walls as in the opposite corner where the piano stands. This gives a large and pleasant place for the primary class in Sunday school and improves the general appearance of the place.

A large radiator and has been placed there against the east wall that will help to heat that end of the church. We have to thank Elder E. B. Foss for the carpenter work, and donating the radiator, and Trustee Charles Renner for connecting it with the furnace steam pipes. The expense will be small, mostly for the lumber.

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The Mistress of the Manse has been in the Allentown, Pa. City hospital this week for a minor operation.

Old Oxford Days  
By Clinton E. Weston

In Bulletin No. 392 Mr. Yount states that the Bulletin is now in its ninth year. In the eight years that it has been published I venture the opinion that it would be impossible to estimate within the least part of a fraction the pleasure it has brought to the homes of its large family of readers. In no other way could the scenes and events of those former days in Oxford have been brought to light. The scenes unfold with the telling of the variety of incidents that happened, and each narrative usually brings to light a correlative that gives an added interest.

For instance: The contribution of that remarkable letter written by William H. Scranton in the year 1878 to George Humphrey adds so much to my biographical sketch of the said William H. Scranton in Bulletin No. 389; and it is interesting to note, that while these records have been lying dormant for so many years, how fortunate for the surviving ones of those days that we have a Clearing House, as it were, to record those incidents where otherwise they would pass into oblivion.

Our esteemed and genial friend, George Weber, mentions one Max Weber who was night-watchman at the nail factory; and here again I cannot resist putting in writing some memories of Max. He was something of an amateur artist, and was not lacking in a certain amount of artistic touch. His house on Buckley Avenue was painted a variety of colors which made it something of a curiosity. For the life of me I could never make out the mural on the side of the house; whether it was meant to portray a scene from the Crusades, or whether it was supposed to represent Washington crossing the Delaware. It was Max, I believe that started the vogue of painting scenes on window screens. The picture of the M. E. Church that he painted on our front window screen was particularly well done and was greatly admired.

At that time we lived opposite the nail factory and of evenings I went to the factory for Max to teach me German. He would give me a problem to work out while he went his rounds in the factory. To get more familiar with the language I attended the German Sunday School.

Elizabeth Hummer's first husband, Jay Hoffman, was organist.

And now comes the story that has caused me to smile many, many times.

One bright, clear, spring morning of a Sunday, while I stood in the yard, Max came running for dear life towards me, and when within ear-shot he yelled, "Vere is der Captain?"

I replied he had gone over to Mechanic Street to see my uncle Edward Sparrow. Max said, "Run quick und tell him der factory is on fire yet"

Leaping over the back fence and running through my uncle's yard I found my father and two uncles, C. B. Weston and Edward Sparrow, sitting on the back porch, tilted back on their chairs and in earnest conversation. Those were the days when children were supposed to be seen and not heard. As I tried to speak the men raised their hands in a threatening manner which rather frightened me; but after a few seconds I tried again to utter a sound and again they shushed me. Then straining myself to the utmost I yelled at the top of my voice,

"The factory is on FIRE!"

Oh-Oh! Talk about bursting bombs!

Father had been among them on many battle fields of the Civil War but in my childish fancy I doubt if any had more of an effect than I threw into the three men. In up-to-date jargon it was a honey.

C. B. Weston went over backwards in his chair, and as they scrambled and started on the run towards the factory, they called back to me, "Why didn't you tell us before?"

Incidentally, the fire didn't amount to much, and Max had it extinguished before they arrived.

The only satisfaction I derived from it was similar to what a man said after he had read, "A message to Garcia," as he closed the book he opined, "Well, he seen his duty and he done it."

The Old Post Office  
By George Weber

I read the interesting article by Miss Amelia Zapp in a recent issue of the Bulletin, which is a very good description of the building.

Who remembers when the old Post office building was occupied as a general store? It was there where my father bought my first sled, a jumper. This was before the larger brick Store Building or rolling-mill nail factory or the new blast furnace were built. It is well over 75 years ago; for I can just remember, and could not have been more than 6 or 7 years old. I presume it was operated by the owners of the mines and the old blast furnace. Of this I am not sure.

Mrs. Weber and her husband then, Selden Brown Hill were living in the Fowler house when the old P.O. building burned, so had a good view of what was then quite a conflagration for Oxford."

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This is the first hint as to the date of the erection of the brick store building. From what Mr. Weber says we may date it about 1860.

It also settles the question where the Company store was located from the time of William Henry onward.

We have documents to prove they operated a store as early 1837, and many of the "Scranton papers" deal with store business. Mr. Selden Scranton was for years the post master until he moved to Scranton in 1844, as many of the papers are addressed to him as such.

It was also used by him as the business office, and many of the promisory notes involving thousands of dollars for the promotion of the new furnace and mills at Scranton were executed there.

There is a notice of the store in a history of New Jersey in 1844, saying, "Oxford Furnace has an iron furnace, grist-mill, store, and half a dozen houses."

But this building was not formerly used as a store building. In 1830 the heirs of Morris Robeson advertised the properties for sale, saying, that there was "a frame store, which until lately has been occupied as a store." More of this later.

