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The
BULLETIN

SECOND PRESBYTERIAN
CHURCH

OXFORD, NEW JERSEY

By

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Minister



Oxford Historical Record

He maketh wars to cease unto the
end of the earth; he breaketh the
bow and cutteth the spear in sunder
he burneth the chariot in the fire.

Be still, and know that I am God;
I will be exalted among the nations,
I will be exalted in the earth.
-----Psalm 46:9,10

Peace hath her victories
No less renown'd than War.
-----Milton

Almighty God, Ruler of the
universe, who holdeth the nations
in the hollow of thy hand; We
praise thee for the mercies shown
to the nations who call upon thee
in time of fear and distress. We
thank thee **for thy great** favor on
thy people in Europe and all the
world in staying the fearful curse
of war. Create, O Lord, in the
minds of all peoples, the will to
Peace and good-will toward men;
that the Prince of Peace may be
enthroned in the heart of **all** the
people of the earth. This we ask
for His name's sake. Amen.

Next Sabbath morning the Lord's
Supper will be observed in our
Church. At this time there is
special reason to show our grati-
tude to God for his great deliver-
ance from a world war. May all our
people take advantage of this oc-
casion to praise his name.

At the church supper in the
chapel last Thursday we were glad
to meet many visitors from far and
near. Those from afar were Mr.
and Mrs. Edwin Bigelow, and Miss
Fannie Bigelow, from Niagara Falls.

Mr. Bigelow and his sister were
formerly Oxford citizens, and are
now visiting with Mrs. Dr. Hoarland.
Also Mr. Ben. R. Pittenger, of Wash-
ington D. C. son of Abram Pittenger
on a visit to his father.

All who attended the supper
expressed gratification with the
meal. The Ladies deserve all praise

Oaquoaxon -- Mt.No-More

The most conspicuous natural feature of Oxford scenery is Mt.No-More.

Though its elevation above sea-level (1140 feet) is less than near by Mt.Scott, yet because of its isolation from other peaks, it stands out in great prominence above the surrounding landscape. Perhaps too its conical shape enhances the impression of great height.

That it attracted the attention of the first white settlers and the travelers of this region, will be seen in a quotation to be made from an old document.

In 1751 a company of citizens of New York made a trip to Bethlehem Pa. to examine the new Moravian settlement there--began in 1741-- which had attracted wide attention because it was begun as communistic community.

The party traveled doubtlessly by horse-back through the wilderness and spent their first night in Oxford, as guests of Mr. Robeson. The next day they took the furnace road to Foul Rift ferry and thence to Bethlehem. There was no Easton at that date.

They spent about a week with the Moravians, and returned by Foul Rift, and the party ascended Mt.No-More.

They probably stopped in Oxford again, on their way to New York.

They kept a Journal of their trip in which the above facts are noted.

The writer has read an old copy of the Journal which is in Bethlehem, but where the original manuscript remains, if it still exists, we have not learned. We now give the passage to which reference is made:--

"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 the foul reef. It being rainy we passed on about seven miles to a tavern kept by Mr. Lefeaver, a Dutchman, where we baited our horses and refreshed ourselves."

The party proceeded to Nazareth and Bethlehem, and on their way back

they stopped at Foul Rift to view the "above mentioned fall in the Delaware, at foul reef, and some very high mountains, one in particular, which the Indians call

Oaquoaxon

"Now it goes by the name of Mount No-More. This name was given to it by a particular gentleman who ascended it, but he made a promise never to do it again. It is about two miles from Mr. Robinson's furnace and all the way ascending ground to the very top, and steep. Its top is round and prodigious high so that on a clear day you may distinguish objects at the distance of 50 or 60 miles very easily. We ascended, but when we came to the top the wind blew so violently we had hard work to breathe, yet we got up into a chestnut tree and engraved our names and the year in its bark."

The Indian name of the mount is of french origin and the English of it would be Wahquaxon. It is probably a descriptive word, and it would be interesting to know the meaning of it. Mr. Ben. R. Pittenger of Wash. D. C. has promised to present the matter to the Indian Department of the Government.

In all probability the origin of the name Mt No-more as given in the above narrative is nearly the correct explanation. It is simple and natural, and dates from the first generation of white settlers.

But fanciful legends have grown up in the past, of which two have been printed in former issues of the Bulletin.

One tradition was told to the writer by Elisha B. Foss, who lives on the south slope of the hill on the farm bought by his grandfather Elisha Beers, in 1839; from whom the legend was derived. According to it the Indians once used Mt. No-More as a signal station. But when the white men came they left the region. But one old squaw made a pilgrimage to the Mountain each year; and the last time she bid it good bye saying she would "mount it no more."

(over)

Another legend concerns the death of an Indian Chief at the foot of the mountain. It was beautifully told for the Bulletin five years ago by Samuel J. Cooper who once lived on the lower slope of it.

"It was in the moon of falling leaves when a great chief of the Delaware Indians lay in his tent near the close of day. The chief had seen the snows of many winters, the spark of life was low within him.

His tent had been set up with the opening toward the rising sun so that in the morning the sun's first life-giving rays might fall upon him.

He lay as in a trance, as though communing with the spirit world.

The day was fast drawing to a close the shadows were long upon the land and creeping up the mountain side.

Of a sudden the chief roused himself from his reveries and looking up beheld the top of the mountain bathed in sunshine and crowned with all the glorious colors of the forest at this season. With the speed of lightning his mind appeared to go back over all the years this mountain had had a place in his life.

Then as though some message from the spirit world had reached him and a glimpse of the beyond had been granted, he uttered these words:

'I'll mount you no more.'

Again he lapsed into his reveries. The pall of night covered all the land, and the night lights took their places in the sky.

The Great Spirit ruled over all.

Morning came, the sun's first beams lighted up the interior of the tent and fell upon the still form that had held the spirit of the mighty chief.

Because the chief had ruled his people wisely through all his years; having always sought the guidance of the Great Spirit, and because his last words were of the mountain,-- it was ever after known as

Mount-No-More."

Perhaps there are other legends on the subject, but we are thankful for these.



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