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The
BULLETIN

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CHURCH**

OXFORD, NEW JERSEY

By

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Minister



Oxford Historical Record



Horses in Old Oxford

By Edwin G. Perkins

(Mr. Perkins, in a note to the Editor, says: "It was written in bed with a typewriter on my lap; perhaps I 'wiggled' too much, which accounts for the poorly executed typewriting. I fear if I do not send it now, and wait to revise it when I am able to be about again, it will be overlooked. So here goes.

"I suppose its only value to any one else is in the names of people and horses I have been able to weave in. But to me, each person, horse and wagon is an episode, thrilling to this very day."

This makes a good preface to this unique narrative. Ed.)

Horses-horses-horses. Who of the past generation in Oxford does not recall with interest and pride the familiar horses which used to traverse our streets. They were the animated, colorful, moving pictures of our childhood.

I suppose I knew them all, and at sometime either drove or rode them with saddle or bare-back. What thrills. I am looking them over again in retrospect. Join me as the cavalcade passes.

1. "Dandy." Probably the most beautiful animal in town, and owned by Mr. and Mrs. William Scranton.

A black stallion with gracefully arched neck and body that always travelled at an angle almost as though he were waltzing.

2. "General or Major." Another fiery black stallion owned by John Weber of Jonestown. Very spirited and difficult to handle; and as children we watched from a safe distance.

3. "Jennie." A beautiful black driving horse owned by Chas. B. Weston. We used to see her every day as Bert drove his father to the Nail Factory. A striking looking animal with plenty of speed.

4. "Maud." A handsome bay mare owned by Brown Hill. A very graceful animal and a beautiful traveler.

5. "Bob." A faithful chestnut horse owned by Charles Scranton.

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If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth liberally to all men, and upbraideth not; it shall be given him. But let him ask in faith, nothing wavering. For he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea driven with the wind and tossed.

For let not that man think that he shall receive anything of the Lord. -----James 1:5-7

"Almighty God our Father, who hast appointed our portion of labor that we may serve thee while it is day; and by whose ordinance the weariness of night cometh, that we may seek our rest in thee; We beseech the now, to lead and draw our hearts unto thy dear Son, that, confessing our sin and weakness, we may receive of Him the grace promised unto the heavy-laden; and, being forgiven by his mercy, comforted by his Word, and refreshed by his Spirit we may find in this hour of worship a blessing for our souls: Amen."

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"A meeting of the Hillside Cemetery Association will be held on Sunday afternoon, Jan. 23rd, 1939, at 2 o'clock sharp, in the Col. M. E. Church. Mr. Weston requests the presence of all the Trustees and officers." Bess Henderson, Secretary

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Mrs. Isabel Jepson Writes:-

"Reading about the boys who went to the Centennial, I am reminded of my trip there. A cousin from Mass. came on to visit us, and she and I decided that we would go to the Centennial. So we took a train to Trenton, and stopped over night with my sister, Ella Kean, who was a student at the State Normal.

"We stayed over night and in the morning we three took a train for Philadelphia. We spent the day there, and I remember especially, that we visited the New Jersey house in which we were interested.

"We bought a few things, amongst them was a watch-stand which I have today good as ever. Stayed over at Trenton again and came home nextday

Out of town readers of the Bulletin may be interested in the state of local business. The report is not very encouraging, though somewhat better than in past years.

Only two industries have, during the past year, operated with anything like regularity, the Dye mill and the limestone quarry, and they were active periodically or on short time. The iron mine has not been in operation for months, yet keeps a small force of men. Altogether not more than 200 men have had employment in these three works.

But the outlook is a little more promising for the coming year.

The Silk mill (the Company Store building) has been vacant for a year but has been leased to a company which plans to employ a hundred or more women and men, and the preparation for work has already begun.

Just how it will turn out no one can at this time predict.

The situation at the Iron mine has some encouraging features.

During the past year the search for a better grade of ore has been made that has resulted in the discovery of the old McKinley vein at a depth of 1400 feet. A tunnel was run from the Washington mine at the above level toward the top of Mine Hill Road, where the vein was located.

The ore is said to be of good quality, and sufficient quantity for future needs. But it would take many months of preparation before it could be profitably mined.

But the mine company is continuing to search to locate a still better grade of ore, suitable for open-hearth furnaces. They have found some small veins of the kind, but hope to discover one large enough for profitable mining operations.

These developments have gone far enough to assure the company of very large quantities of ore within the reach of the present mine head, and which will keep the mine in work for many years to come.

As for the present ore in the deep Washington mine, it has too much sulphur for modern steel. But can be used for many purposes when there is demand for it, which may come soon.

I was quite a faithful passenger with the owner in his drives about, and have streaked through town many times with Joe in the saddle and I behind his back holding on for dear life—Joe and pedestrians laughing in great delight.

6. "Nell." A rather large sorrel horse which at one time belonged to Wm. Henry, but later was owned by S. T. Scranton. I was a frequent passenger on his trips to the outlying farms. I must have cooed a love of horses for they let me drive.

7. "Nell." A dandy, dark bay carriage horse owned by Rev. Maxwell which I used to delight in currying and brushing; always thereafter being sent away from the supper table to change my shoes. I remember that all-right. A buggy, two-wheeled gig and saddle were the equipment. I used them all and remember early one morning taking Mr. Lukens in the gig over to Washington to catch an early train to New York. We took one "Thank-you-mam" on the other side of Mine Hill at too fast a clip. I remember that too. Nothing in connection with myself, however, except sympathy for my passenger.

8. "Frank and Kate." A fine team of bay horses owned by George Docker, who sold the whole town his deliciously fresh garden truck and fruit. I have spent many an hour waiting for him to appear, when I would spend the rest of the day driving that team.

9. Three different saddle horses ridden by Edmund T. Lukens in his daily trips to the different departments of the works. Just to ride one of those horses from the Company Store to the Stable, about 500 yards away was a treat worth waiting an hour for.

10. A team of good travelling bays driven by Mrs. E. T. Lukens. It would seem that at some time most every one had been taken somewhere in her carriage. She was most generous in giving people this pleasure; some one almost daily.

11. A team of very pretty small driving mules owned by Joe Scranton. I suspect we were the first modern campers, for with ice box, etc.

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we made a ten days camping trip to Great Meadows and Swartswood Lake, and some "way stations."

12. The really best looking team in town; two dapple grey horses of good size, owned by "Daddy" Faulkner of Dutch Hill. An elderly man and a very safe driver. It was he that always took out the sleighing parties, and also the Sunday School. He accepted the challenge of a party of adults who had been to Hope for dinner and dance. On the way home they sang, "I wish we'd get tipped over."

He performed the feat without injury to horses, sleigh, driver or passengers. My father told the story.

13. A beautiful, well trained saddle horse, sorrel, owned and ridden horse-back by Father O'Farrell of St. Rose Catholic Church. He was a jolly democratic sort, and both horse and rider were much admired.

14. A team driven by Levi Tice, owned by the Company. Attached to the "Old Black Mariah" they used to transport me, as paymaster, every month to the different departments of the works.

This outfit was welcomed by everyone.

15. A rather small, light bay horse owned by O.N. Perry, and driven by his daughters and Mrs. Perry much of the time, was familiar to every body.

16. A sorrel horse owned by Mr. Lanterman, and used to transport his family to church and his daughters to school was seen at least once every day.

17. A fine trim looking black carrying horse used to bring John Bennett and his family from Pequest to all the church services. We used always to look for this.

18. A car load of wild Western Mustangs brought to Buttzville and sold at auction--what excitement! One bought by John Sohner, liveryman, had the reputation of never walking; but trotting like a streak. Not very pleasing to a real horse lover, yet quite a curiosity.

19. A car load of beautiful black Iowa horses, brought by Joe Scranton to Oxford. They were about the finest horses we ever saw. Most of them were sold out of town.

20. The Store Wagon Horses, driven by James O'brien, and always looked for on the daily trips.

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21. Then there were the seven and five mule and horse teams--one as a leader, which used to be driven up on the mountains, as we called them, and bring down huge loads of chestnut logs for the saw-mill, where they were worked up into staves for making nail kegs. These were most picturesque outfits--with an expert teamster seated on a high spring seat, and controlling the animals with six reins and a long lash whip with which he could reach the lead horse. I have witnessed these teamsters, as they rode along, cut a clover blossom or a daisy from its stalk, so accurate was their skill. Then when the team got stuck in the deep mud in the spring of the year, out would come the 'black snake' whips used by drivers to urge the animals into a terrific effort to get them started. I can well remember how, if I were able to get the wheels of my play-wagon, in imitation, to "Cluck, Cluck," by using heavy grease (my mother's lard) what a thrill I got.

Well. I have reminisced, and enjoyed it. Perhaps to "Clin" or "Sammy" or Joe Scranton, or other may come the inspiration to please our readers with some of their colorful memories. I wish some one would supply the missing names of some of these horses, and the names of the teamsters who hauled the logs. They were most picturesque.
