

# Matawan Journal

AND

## MONMOUTH ADVERTISER.

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THE JOURNAL AND ADVERTISER,  
Published Every Alternate Saturday, at  
MATAWAN, NEW JERSEY.  
TERMS, 75 CENTS A YEAR.

Advertisements inserted at reasonable rates,  
and no effort will be spared to make it a  
VALUABLE ADVERTISING MEDIUM.

### JOB PRINTING.

Circulars, Bill Heads, Notes, Checks, Cards, &c.,  
Printed at short notice.  
Address all orders to  
DAVID A. BELL, Matawan, N. J.

### Business Cards.

W. M. D. BAILEY, Manufacturer of  
SHADES, BLINDS, DOORS,  
MOLDINGS, &c.,  
Main Street, Matawan.

W. L. ATKINSON, SIGN, AND  
ORNAMENTAL PAINTER.  
MARBLING, GRAINING, GLAZING, &c.  
No. 102 of Franklin, Mercer & Sons' Store,  
Matawan.  
Warrant to stop Leaky Chimneys.

DOCT. J. G. SHACKELTON,  
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,  
Office at his

DRUG STORE,  
Matawan, where any variety of

TRUSSES  
can be had at less than New York Prices.

MARTIN WEBER,  
Fashionable Tailor & Cutter,  
Next door to the Store of T. L. Bedle, Esq.,  
MATAWAN  
Ready Made Clothing  
ALWAYS ON HAND.

DR. F. K. TRAYERS,  
Late partner with Dr. A. B. Dayton, dec'd.  
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,  
Office next to the late residence of Doct.  
A. B. Dayton, dec'd. Matawan.  
Office hours: 7 to 8 a. m., and 6 to 8, p. m.

J. P. GERAN,  
Dentist, MATAWAN.  
(opposite the Bank.) Thursdays & Fridays,  
at Freehold: office opposite the Freehold National  
Banking Company.  
TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN,  
with the Nitrous Oxide, or Laughing Gas.

PAINTING, GRAINING,  
MARBLING, GLAZING, &c.,  
done in the best manner by

JAMES REID. Orders left at his resi-  
dence, Main St., Matawan, (above the Tannery)

REFORM IN TAILORING !!  
GEORGE W. CLARKE,  
CUTTER & TAILOR,  
At his Old Stand, opposite the Institute,  
and opposite the Presbyterian Church, where he  
will accommodate customers in all branches of  
tailoring, and guarantee satisfaction.  
S. B. Two good tailors wanted. Machines  
for sale and to rent cheap.

DOCTOR BARTLETT  
wishes to inform his friends, and the public  
generally, that, having resumed the practice of  
Medicine, he can be found at his residence, next  
house above the Presbyterian Church,  
Main Street, MATAWAN.

### Poetry.

To MR. AND MRS. O. W. BARTLETT,  
By S. E. P.

On Christmas eve, in forty-four,  
Two loving hearts were wed,  
To share their basket and their store,  
With Wilton as the head.  
For five and twenty years that's past,  
You've journeyed side by side;  
A "Silver Wedding" roached at last;  
With Hymen's knot well tied,  
A "Silver Wedding."—O how kind  
Loved ones have been to you;  
Each shining piece will bring to mind  
Your old friends, warm and true.  
When fifty years have passed away,  
And you are gray and old,  
We'll then prepare a gala day,  
And fill your purse with gold.  
A Diamond Wedding's seldom seen,  
Perhaps you may have one;  
If so, on others you must lean,  
Life's journey almost run.  
We wish you joy and happiness,  
This anniversary night,  
And hope that God will ever bless,  
And lead you in the right.  
May all your anniversaries here  
Remind you of that One,  
Who gives and guides us all the year;  
Till life's great work is done.

To the memory of George H. Farnham, Hospital  
Steward, 23d Reg., Mass. Volunteers,—died on  
Beaumont Island.

### To my Brother.

My dear, good, noble brother  
Has gone to rest above,  
Where all the heavenly angels  
Will guard and guide and love.  
Although his low to us below  
We never can replace,  
We trust that in the realms of bliss  
We shall his form embrace.  
And while we grieve in sadness now,  
The loss of one so dear,  
We'll think of all his pleasant looks,  
And acts of kindness here;  
His kind reproach and gentle words,  
Which in his soul had birth,  
Can never be effaced from hearts  
That knew his noble worth.  
When at his country's call, he left  
His kindred and his home,  
We parted with him, in the hope  
That soon he'd come to roam;  
But in the South, so far away,  
While nursing comrades dear,  
He suffered much, then slept in death,  
No more to greet us here.  
May our dear Mother's heart be soothed,  
In this her trial sore;  
And may she wait to meet above,  
The loved one gone before.  
And while on earth she shall remain  
Our Father guard her well,  
And guide her to His throne above;  
Where saints and angels dwell.

### Select Reading.

#### A Fifty Years' Wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Smith, of Piscataway, Middlesex county, celebrated the 50th anniversary of their marriage on the 24th inst. There was a large company, including the groomsmen and bridesmaid who had officiated as such at the marriage, Oct. 24th, 1820. These were Ambrose F. Randolph, Esq., of New Brunswick, and Miss Meroy Ann Sutton, of Piscataway, who were dressed much as they were on that happy occasion. The bride and groom were in full costume of the early part of this century. The officiating clergyman performed the golden marriage ceremony as follows:  
"After fifty years of married life, if you are satisfied with each other, and willing to continue in this relation to the end, you will join your right hands." Which they did.

To the Bridegroom.—You have found your wife to be loving, faithful and true for half a century, and proffer her now to all and every other." Response: "Yes."

To the Bride.—You say by this act that your husband has been to you, loving and true, so far as you know, and you can trust him to the end." Response: "Yes."

"I confirm the sentence of the ancient court, and re-provocate you Husband and Wife."

There were present at the wedding the brothers and sisters of the bride of the evening, including here (if, eight persons) all the children of Richard Ross, Esq., formerly of Metuchen. None have died out of the family. The aggregate of their ages is 496. The average being 62, the oldest being 71 and the youngest 52 years of age.

### A New Idea.

A gentleman residing on Mound street, Cincinnati, while eating breakfast heard his bell ring, and hastening to open the door, no servant being present, found a near neighbor, who very feelingly inquired what was the matter within. "Nothing. Why do you ask?" responded his friend. "While passing by I noticed craps on the door bell, and fearing that some member of your family was dead, I stopped to inquire," was the rejoinder. Sure enough, there hung a bunch of craps on the door bell, greatly to the astonishment of the gentleman, who, on returning to his room, met his little daughter only seven years old, who informed him that she had placed the craps there in hopes that carriages would come in front of her house as they did before a horse across the street the day before, to take them all out riding, and that she thought that if the craps was tied to their bell she should get a ride too.

### "My Name's Haynes."

The phrase "My name's Haynes," which used to be as popular in older times as "Shoo Fly" is to-day, thus originated:

Many years ago, a Virginia politician riding along a public highway, overtook a red-tailed, common individual, travelling in the same direction. They at once entered into conversation, the subject being politics, the discussion of which was then raging at fever-heat all over the country. Jefferson was President, and the Virginia gentleman, though Jefferson was a native of his own State, pitched into the author of the great declaration right and left. To call him a sheep-thief, midnight robber, a heaven-defying reprobate, were mild terms compared with those poured upon the head of the unfortunate Jefferson. By and by the travelers came to a point where the roads forked and their routes were in different directions. The politician spoke:

"Stranger, we've traveled a good piece together and understood each other pretty well about that old heathen, Tom Jefferson. May I ask, before we part, what your name may be?"

His companion politely raised his hat and replied:

"My name is Tom Jefferson, President of the United States, at your service. What may your name be?"

"Tom—Tom—Jefferson—that red-headed old one! Well! Well! My name's Haynes," and putting spurs to old Dobbin, the way he went down North Park was caution to Virginia gravel.

A Sunday school boy, three years old, at city church, was requested by his teacher sing "Shall we gather 'at the river?" "I don't want to any more," he replied, the milkmen sing it now.

The sparrows in our parks are supposed to be neither useful nor ornamental; but modern ingenuity can make ugly things to be beautiful, and can find a use for an object that is apparently useless. We have been informed, on authority upon which we can rely, that a large proportion of those resplendent stuffed birds of brilliant hue that we see on ladies' hats and bonnets, are not glittering specimens of the ornithology of the tropics, but are veritable sparrows. Their sooty, smoky plumage is dyed with the required colors, and the despised bird is transformed to a jewel-like ornament that sheds a luster on the adornments of beauty. There is a special trade in "birds' eyes," as well as in birds' eyes tobacco; and also in birds' beaks, which are manufactured with whalebone. Then, after its death, a sparrow may not only be useful, but ornamental and "a thing of beauty."

A South American artist has challenged the Archbishop of Bogota to fight a duel. The prelate, it appears, ordered from the artist a life size picture of John the Baptist for his cathedral. When the painting was sent to the church the Archbishop was shocked to observe that John had on a shiny high hat and a red necktie. The artist refused to remove them, for he said it would spoil the whole tone of the picture, and, besides, it was a correct costume. The Archbishop told him he knew no more about John the Baptist's clothes than a death-headed pointer knew of the refraction of light. So there is going to be a fight.

The postmaster of Nashua, N. H., is in a terrible fix. He has received a paper addressed to "the best-looking young lady in the city," and he don't know who to give it to—or if he does, he don't dare to offend all the other beauties in town.

When a man gets up in the night to take a drink of whisky he should be sure he gets the right bottle. A man in Burlington, Mass., who had been on a bender, tried it Saturday night, and instead of pouring whisky down his throat he took a good swig at a bottle of bed-bug-potter. The result was "death by accidental poison."

A Dankey in Louisiana was recently discussing the negro equality question, to which he is bitterly opposed. He said:—"My friends, God a mity made de white man white. He made de black man black. Nobody can't make 'em nuffin' else. You know how de turkey he roost on de fence, and de goose he roost on de ground. You pull de turkey off a fence and he get up a-gain. You crap his wings, but some how or a nigger he's gwine to get back on de fence. Now, you put a goose on de fence and he fall off—he don't belong dar. Now, dat's white man and nigger—white man roosts on de fence, and nigger on de ground."

"Sound on the Goose."—A pious negro woman was once caught by her master stealing a goose, and the next Sunday she partook of the communion, after which, her master accosted her as follows:

"Why, Hannah, I saw you to-day at the communion table!"

"Yes, tank de Lord, massa, I was 'lowed to be dere wid de roat ob his family."

"But, Hannah, I was surprised to see you there!" he said. "How is it about de goose?"

She, looked a little surprised, as if she didn't comprehend the cause of his wonder; but soon catching the meaning, exclaimed:

"Why, sar, do you tink I's a goid to let an old goose stand between me and my Maker?"

