

The West Jersey Pioneer.

A Family Newspaper: Devoted to Morality, Education, Science, Arts, Amusements, Mechanics, Agriculture, Temperance, Domestic and Foreign News, &c.—Independent of Party or Sect.

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ORIGINAL.

For the West Jersey Pioneer.

The Rev. Mr. CATTELE, of Deerfield, delivered the fifth lecture in course before the Union Literary Society of Shiloh, on Wednesday evening, Feb. 10th. It was our privilege to be present, and rarely have we listened to a lecture which possessed so large a share of valuable and interesting matter. We do not design to give a full report, but only some of the ideas which were able to pass from our memory.

After briefly addressing the members, and congratulating them on account of the existence and prosperity of their society, he announced as his subject, "The early history of Astronomy."

He alluded first to some of the wonderful phenomena of the science, among which was the fact that some of the stars are at such a distance from our globe, that supposing a ray of light to pass at the rate of twelve million of miles per minute, not a sufficient time has elapsed since the creation, for their light to reach the earth.

He drew a most vivid, and natural picture of the supposed feelings of Adam, when, for the first time, he gazed upon the heavenly bodies. Perhaps when he first beheld the sun, it was beaming in all the effulgence of noonday splendor. As he gazed upon it, he observed that it gradually changed its position, until at last it was hid from his view behind the western horizon, the question would naturally suggest itself, will it ever return again? While thus absorbed in thought, the crescent moon makes its appearance in the opposite direction, and in a few moments more, after star shows forth, until the firmament glitters like a crown of diamonds. He observes that these all have a regular motion. From whence they came, or whither they go, he knew not. He falls to sleep. He wakes, and with joy and gratitude he beholds the sun rising in the east, and mounting again upon his throne on high.

The speaker observed that could we be informed in respect to the thoughts and feelings of our early ancestors, as they watched the heavenly bodies, we would be furnished with a history curious and interesting in the extreme. They must have observed that there was a constant change in the seasons; that now and then there was an eclipse of the sun and moon; that some of the stars performed a regular circuit, while others seemed to remain in the same position; but yet how to account for these, must have been a subject of constant inquiry, and must have given rise to many ingenious and curious notions. When the sun, in consequence of an eclipse, suddenly disappeared, at noon-day, and stars here and there were seen twinkling in the sky, must have entirely baffled their reasoning powers, and led them to suppose that it was the harbinger of war and bloodshed.

The lecturer then proceeded to give a brief account of some of the early and most distinguished astronomers. Among the first was Ptolemy, the author of that system so well known among us as the Ptolemaic system. He believed the earth to be stationary, and the sun, moon and stars to revolve around it. This crude and narrow theory continued to exist for about four thousand years, giving rise to all those false notions which were its legitimate offsprings. It was not until Copernicus came upon the stage that correct views of the relation of the heavenly bodies dawned upon the human mind.

He had been educated under the Ptolemaic system, and he was thoroughly versed in all its principles. He at once discovered that under that system, everything was veiled in mystery. He made the sun the centre, and this accounted for many things before unexplained. He next made the moon to revolve about the earth, and the earth and moon to revolve around the sun, and now so far as these were concerned, all was harmony. The movement of Venus and Mercury however, presented an appearance to this great astronomer which he was unable to explain, and which threatened for awhile to overthrow the beautiful theory he had invented. When asked to account for the singular phenomena of these two planets, he acknowledged his inability, but replied that the time would come when all would be explained in harmony with his theory. Copernicus now published to the world his views, but was never permitted to read his work, as it was presented to

him upon his dying bed. The speaker observed that the merit of Copernicus consisted not so much in the many discoveries which he made, as having established Astronomy upon its true basis.

Galileo was next referred to as the first distinguished successor of Copernicus. It was he that constructed and brought in the field of observation, that wonderful instrument—the Telescope. He first turned the telescope towards the moon, and observed that its surface was variegated with lofty mountains and deep valleys. He looked at Jupiter and then discovered four small stars. After making many observations, he came to the conclusion that these were four moons, similar in design to our own. His contemporaries however, rejected and derided this idea, saying that it was absurd that Jupiter should have four moons, while our earth has but one. He next observed the planet Venus, and supposing its orbit to be exterior to that of the earth, found himself at such a loss to explain its phenomena as his illustrious predecessor. Accordingly the whole which Copernicus had established, and which Galileo himself had so nobly reared, was again denounced, and he himself was compelled to confess. Already in the seventieth year of his age, he was summoned before a body of learned men, and there upon his knees he was forced to denounce that great system to which he had consecrated a long life, and his great talent to establish. It is said that arising from his knees, so strong were his convictions of the truth of his theory, that he involuntarily exclaimed: "The earth will still continue to revolve though I have been compelled to deny it!"

Tycho Brahe and Kepler were next referred to as having contributed much that was valuable to the science of Astronomy. But it was reserved for the genius of the immortal Newton, to make the grandest discovery ever recorded in the annals of Astronomical science—that secret and invisible influence which binds all nature together,—the law of universal gravitation. The speaker after alluding to the great labor and perseverance which were required to unfold this law, and also mentioning some of the remarkable facts attendant upon the discovery of the planet Uranus, suddenly closed his interesting lecture.

Taking everything into account, it was one of the most interesting lectures to which we have listened in a long time. It showed its author had carefully prepared himself for the occasion and was well versed in the subject. The only fault which we could possibly find with the lecture, was that it was too short. We were so much interested that we would willingly have listened a hour longer.

A. LISTENER.

For the West Jersey Pioneer.

Mr. Editor:—It always does me good to receive one of your valuable papers, and find therein a communication, the issue of which is intended for a direct benefit to the whole human family; but when it comes from one of my nearest and dearest relations, it has a greater effect upon me, and prompts me to say a few words in relation to old times.

Now, dear father, ("Subscriber") if you please, let us talk together. I heard that voice of yours; it was not loud nor long, but I heard it. It is so mild, so parental in all its tones, that it puts in me a new life, resuscitates those olden times so nearly forgotten. That parental affection of yours, which so long held its sway over every act of mine, is now again in its vigor.

Father, when I heard thy voice, my heart leaped for joy, every pulsation was quicker and quicker; every thought reverted back to that time when you so frequently advised and admonished me relative to Temperance and sobriety; those temptations you warned me of; those snares so cunningly set by vendors of strong drink, you cautioned me against. O! beware of all crime, was your constant advice. Then should not I rejoice? should not this heart of mine tell to the world how good it is to have one whose whole care was to direct me aright? Yes, and I do rejoice, and imagine that I see those careful eyes of thine so intently fixed upon the hereafter life of one so unworthy as myself.

Now, father, you have come out in that bold, plain, and energetic manner, upon "Broad-Neck" and "Yankee Pedler" that you formerly did upon us boys; and if you could implant upon the hereafter life of them, the same temperate habits that you did upon us, you will achieve a greater victory than ever was gained by any of the chieftains recorded upon the annals of history.

Never shall I forget those days when you taught me the necessity of spending my leisure hours at the table, with book in hand, to store up some useful information by which I might in my older days be benefited; and perchance some one of thy little flock should stray away and forget thy injunctions, and mingle with the night rabble, abuse and misuse the females, and disturb the peaceful walk of the old and the young, how suddenly you would check us in our bad career. You would not wait for the second or third complaint—No, thy mandates were firm; thy decision was as immovable as the rock of Justice. Our

lessons were taught us, and thy direction in strict justice given, and those mandates obeyed; no man need make the second complaint, and cause a blush to come upon thy hoary head, and a blush upon thy face, and a stain upon thy government. No, sir, you never bid behind the ramparts, and declared you could do nothing because some part of that same-rabble told you it was none of your business. No, those stern mandates of yours were too manifold in their requirements to be disobeyed, and your principles too pure to attempt to hide thy faults and palm off on the public anything like skulking behind any excuse. You said go, and we went; you said stop, and we knew that it was well for our backs to do it.

In those days you could not have been persuaded to suppose a man innocent, when every day of your life you knew him to be guilty. Neither would you suppose the people of Centreville (knowing them as well as you do) would say to a man in authority that it was not his business, to look well to the morals of the neighborhood; particularly when as many as the third call is made. No, had even the one complaint come against us boys you would have cared for us, thy injunctions would have been obeyed; if all the people in your neighborhood had remonstrated, you would have done your duty. Neither would you suppose a man guilty of selling the stuff by the small, unless you had got your information from some authentic source, and not from some of the enemies of him whom you suppose guilty, or knew it yourself; nor inferring that you or any of your offspring have been there and partook of the critter in that small way, or led to believe it from any act of oversteering of yours; O no, that cannot be; for I do not think that monument placed over that old well is sufficiently high—even if you had placed yourself upon it for the purpose of making observations—to have gathered any information by so doing. O no, father, you have been made to believe it from an outside issue.

Father, your whole family know why it is that a license is not granted; not only this boy of yours who is holding this conversation with you, but all the other boys and girls. Then in this case it is right for you to suppose, because it was not an act of the people of Centreville, if there is any leaning either way by them, it is in its favor—except myself, I am drawn on license. Let us have the victuals, but not the rum. That is my sentiment, and has been ever since you gave me such lessons upon the evil effects of it.

Neither would you suppose that if a man raises the one banner—the banner of Temperance—that he might turn his back upon all other good sets, and suppose himself good enough. You used to tell us to be kind, benevolent and charitable, do good to all, and in all ways, and with care to none. If you would, why was all that care of thine in former days over thy flock of little ones? You raised that same banner, and did not consider it sufficient alone to make you a good citizen. No, that rod of yours which was so often applied to our backs, to fetch us into harness properly, told a different story.

Now, father, that old building you suppose is so dilapidated, and not within the requirements of the law, is much better than the one we used to be so proud of when I was a boy, and we all lived in it so nice and comfortable. Besure we had our fences in a little better trim, and your yard were handsomely decorated with flowers and shrubbery; but that old Peach tree standing in the north-east corner of the yard, must remind you of our old homestead, and cause your mind to go back and imagine that you see that same old tree that was planted by your own hand, holding the same conspicuous position by the side of our old house. We then rejoiced that our lots were thus cast, and that we were so comfortably situated, if it was not within the requirements of the law.

But, father, because you talk so different in your old age, from what you did when I was a boy, when us little ones used to gather around in one general group before that huge fire of yours in the old-fashioned fire place, I do not blame you, it may be that you have discovered some error which caused you to change your mind, or it may be that old age has crept slowly along and crippled that good old mind of thine, be which it may, I shall be ever bound as a dutiful son, to cherish and obey you.

Your Temperance speech at the end of your communication, puts me in mind of those olden times. Hour after hour have I eat and heard you tell to us, all those things, and I am bound to profit thereby.

Yours respectfully,
SUBSCRIBER, Jr.

Quite a joke happened to one of the doctor's craft some little time since. He ordered some very powerful medicine for a sick boy, and the father not liking the appearance of it forced it down the cat's throat. When the doctor called again, and inquired if the powder had cured the boy, the father replied, "No, we did not give it to him."
"Good heaven!" said the doctor, "is the child living?"
"Yes, but the cat ain't—we gave it to her."
The doctor stopped.

AGRICULTURE.

A NEW JERSEY FERTILIZER.

We have recently published an advertisement in *Life Illustrated*, headed *Green Sand* *Mark of New Jersey*. Several inquiries have been made of us as to what we know of our own soil, and on the point, and while pursuing our inquiries in regard to this, we were surprised to find how enormous is the yearly expenditure of cash by our farmers for manufactured and foreign fertilizers. Besides all that is derived from barn-yards, stables, manure-beds, asheries—from lime, plaster, salt, etc.—we pay for Guano alone between eleven and twelve millions of dollars annually! Has it ever come to this—must the United States, whose soil is regarded the world over as fertile itself—must we import our fertilizers as we do our silks, satins, and fine laces? must we continue to pay tribute to other countries in this way, or have we the original elements within our own territory for keeping up the productiveness of our own soil? We readily turn to any thing which promises relief from that tax, and success in this direction. The alluvial deposits along our water-courses—as in the valleys of the Connecticut, the Hudson, the Mohawk, the Great Mississippi, and other rivers, it is known furnishes almost inexhaustible mines of rich fertilizing materials, and consequently farmers here may continue cropping year after year without apparently "using up" the "fat of the land." Not so, however, upon the uplands, where no such deposits are made, and yet many farmers, in their blindness, have literally skinned their land, and now seek to restore it by foreign substances, at an expenditure which is indeed starting!

But we come back to the New Jersey Marl. We are informed that the earlier discoveries of this celebrated fertilizer, like many other discoveries, were made by accident. Among the first was that of a farmer who was digging a well-race, and carting the dark colored earth away to fill a low place in the adjacent field, a load was accidentally dumped on the high ground and left there. In due time the white clover started, forming a bright border around the disregarded heap. After this intimation of its quality, the heap was spread, as a further experiment, and the result quite as satisfactory. The quick, observant eyes that first detected the clover growth, and thenceforth the use of marl as a fertilizer was a part of the established economies of the discoverer.

Professor Rogers, in his Report of the Geological Survey of New Jersey, 1836, says: "By the use of these marls the value of lands have risen from \$2.50 to \$37 per acre.—The most sterile patches of sandy soil by this means sustain very admirable crops of corn by the use of these marls." And it may also be added, that the same lands are now worth from \$80 to \$200 per acre, and value of these marls is becoming more widely known and appreciated.

In a later geological survey, in 1855, Prof. Cook reports: "The value of these marls is best seen in the rich and highly cultivated district which has been improved—almost entirely by their use; but it may be interesting to examine the causes of their great value in agriculture, and to compare them with other fertilizers." "For example, the phosphate alone may be taken, at an average, as five per cent. of the whole weight of the marl; a bushel, when dry, weighs eighty pounds, and, in the proportion mentioned, would contain four pounds of phosphate; this is nearly as much as there is in a bushel of unchoked wood."

"Besides these constituents, the lime, the sulphuric acid, the oxide of iron, the soluble silica, and the magnesia are useful." "It is probable that the great value of the marl is to be found in the fact that it contains nearly all the substances necessary to make up the ash of our common cultivated plants."

"The marl is used in great profusion in some localities where it is easily obtained, but its beneficial effects are to be seen also in cases where only small quantities are used. A small enough to sow it broadcast over the ground like ashes. And it would undoubtedly be found to pay well, even if carried long distances by railroad or by water. Large quantities have been sent to various places on the Camden and Amboy Railroad." "The amount carried over the road the past year was 300,000 bushels."

The following is a statement of the constituents of the pits of the New Jersey Fertilizer Company, Prof. Cook has kindly allowed the publication in advance of his Annual Report:

Soluble Silica	36.89	Sulphate of Lime	4.08
Phosphate of Soda	5.37	Phosphoric Acid	1.51
Protoxide of Iron	17.18	Water	18.80
Alumina	5.72	Quartz	9.65
Magnesia	0.79		
Lime	0.11	Total	100.00

According to the foregoing analysis, the commercial value of the salts contained in one ton of these marls, exclusive of the silica, the protoxide of iron, alumina, magnesia, and lime (all of which are appropriated by and entirely essential to the growth of plants), is as follows:

547 lbs. potash and soda, equal to 7.75 carbonates of potash (the soda existing in minute quantity), which is per ton, 155 lbs., at 74 cents	\$11.63
4.5 sulphate of lime, per ton, 82 lbs., at 1 cent	.40
1.51 phosphoric acid, equal to 2.70 phosphate of lime, which is, per ton, 54 lbs., at 124 cents	1.35
Total	\$13.38

At the Company's present price, this quantity (25 bushels) comes to one dollar and seventy cents. Cheap enough, even if it must be transported by water a thousand miles. The editors of the *Flow, Low, and Avon*, and the *Working Farmer* attest to the value and to the inexhaustible quantities of this home production. We hope all farmers within reach will give it a fair trial before sending their money to South America.—Orders for sample packages have recently been received by the Company from England, and it is believed that it may become an article of export in large quantities to Europe. For further information address either of the undersigned: Charles Sears, President of

the New Jersey Fertilizer Company, Riceville Post-Office, N. J.; George W. Atwood, Secretary, 10 Cedar Street, New York, or Tappan Townsend, Treasurer, 82 Nassau Street, New York.—*Life Illustrated*.

CHINESE SUGAR CANE.

We invite attention of such of our farmers as desire to make a trial of the above plant, which is so highly spoken of in various quarters, as one likely to be of great benefit to them, to the following liberal proposition which we find in the Journal to which it is addressed:

New York, Jan. 2.

To the Editors of the Journal of Commerce: Gentlemen:—In your paper of yesterday, inquiry is made for seed of the Chinese Sugar Cane, &c. I have as much of this seed of source, as will make two hundred to two hundred and fifty parcels of not less than two hundred seeds each. I will supply one parcel to any applicant by mail, if by three postage stamps are sent, to pay extra postage, with the address plainly written, Post Office, County, and State.

L. S. Hoyt, 194 Water street.

MORAL.

AN ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.

There is an angel in the house. No matter how fallen the inmates, how depressed the circumstances, there is an angel there to pity or to cheer. It may be in the person of a little child, or it may be enclosed in a stooping and wrinkled body, treading the downward path to the grave; or, perhaps, in a cheerful spirit, looking upon the hills of life as so many steps toward heaven, if only bravely over- come, and mounted with sinless feet. We know such an angel once, and it was a drunkard's child. On every side wherever she moved, all saw misery and degradation, and yet she did not flinch. Her father was brutal and her mother discouraged, and her home thoroughly comfortless. But she struggled along with angel endurance, bearing with most saintly patience the infirmities of her mother, and her gentle spirit went up from her bittered it. Night after night, at the hours of ten, twelve, and even one, barefoot, ragged, shawls, and bonnetless, she has been to the den of the drunkard, and gone staggering home with her arm around her father. Many a time has her flesh been blue with the mark of his hand, when she has stepped in between her helpless mother and violence. Many a time she has sat upon the cold carburettor of the past, his great eyes, and his voice how bitter it was to cry for hunger, when the money which should have bought bread was spent in gin. And the patience that the angel wrought with made her face shine; so that though never acknowledged in the courts of this world, in the kingdom of heaven she was waited for by the assembled hosts of spirits; and the crown of martyrdom lay ready waiting for her young brow. And she was a martyr. Her gentle spirit went up from her couch of anguish—anguish brought on by ill usage and neglect. An ever till then did the father recognize the angel in the child; never till then did his manhood arise from the dust of his dishonor. From her humble grave he went away to steep his resolve in bitter tears and he will tell you to-day how the memory of her meek enduring life keeps before the bow, how he goes sometimes and stands where her patient hands have led him, while her check crimsoned at the sneers of those who scoff at the drunkard's child.—Search for the angels in your households, and cherish them while they are among you.

THE "MAN OF PLEASURE."

The following portrait of the "Man of Pleasure," is taken from a sermon on "Christianity," delivered on Sunday of last week, in New York, by Rev. Mr. Cuyler.

"I trust that no young man here will need to be warned against that wretchedly false idea of 'manhood' which is so rife in certain circles of this million peopled city. The counterfeit 'manhood' of an oath and a cigar—a bottle of brandy and a pack of cards—a box in the theatre, and a bet on the race-course. Hundreds of young men are contentedly aspiring to such badges of social nobility as these. You may see these ambitious youths ordering, with a consequential swagger, their wine suppers at the fashionable 'hells.' You may detect them at the midnight hour pulling the door bells of haughty 'infamy,' and whispering false names thro' the iron lattice; you may discover an indolent man in their trunks, looked up with an obscene picture, a revolver, a spring cannon, a directory to brothels, a few French novels, and such social serpens as these. They will enter your houses as their 'father' entered Eden, only to seduce and destroy. New York has her full share of these characters; they pass for 'men of gallantry,' 'men of spirit,' 'men of pleasure.'

Every now and then there is a tremendous explosion in our community, which blows off the covering and lets us all look in upon the rotten heart of a certain style of city life.—During the last week we have all been looking in with loathing and with consternation. We have stood in the chamber whose walls were bespattered with blood, and have seen the bitter end of a career which cast off the sweet restraint of domestic purity for the polluting cares of the 'strong woman.' We have seen a remarkable cluster gathered round that corpse, amid hysterical tears and ill time merriment. We have seen the unblushing coquette testifying against the 'man of pleasure' who had flung her aside for other spoils; the officer of justice swearing to the bitter end of a career which cast off the sweet restraint of domestic purity for the polluting cares of the 'strong woman.' We have seen a remarkable cluster gathered round that corpse, amid hysterical tears and ill time merriment. 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