THE AVALANCHE.

S. C. BROWN, Editor.

WEDNESDAY MAY 14, 1879.

A VOICE OF THE LOYAL NORTH.

The following poem, by Oliver Wendell Holmes, written Jan. 4, 1861, we insert in our columns, as being at this time very appropriate, when the life of our nation is again threatened by the hordes of unrecalled, unrepentant rebels, led on by such men as Lamar, Butler and Hill:

We sing, Our Country's song to-night
With saddened voices and eyes;
Hark! . . . Groups in clouded light
Beneath the sinking sky.
We'll deck her ones in golden wave
Before her stars have set . . . shine,
Though dim one reddening orb may
We have a country yet.

'T were vain to sigh o'er errors past,
The fault of sires or sons;
Our soldier heard the threatening blast
And spiked his useless guns;
He saw the [illegible] sheathed sword fall,
By mad [illegible] hurl'd;
But saw it from the battered wall
That [illegible] to scorn!

What though the [illegible] cry is flung
Across the [illegible] wave—
They stake the sin with idle tongue
The gathering storm who brave;
Enough of speech, the trumpet rings:
[illegible]—
God help them if the tempest swings
[illegible] against the patriot!

Our roll one years [illegible] made us tame;
Our strength has slept unfelt;
The furnace fire is slow to flame
That folds our ploughshares melt;
'T is hard to lose the bread they win
In spite of nature's frowns,—
To drop the iron threads we spin
That weave our web of towns,

To see the rusting turbines stand
Before the emptied flumes,
To hold the arms that flood the land
With rivers from their looms,—
But hardest still for those who learn
The truth forgot so long: . . . burn,
When once their slumbering passions
The peaceful are the strong!

The Lord have mercy on the weak,
And calm their frenzied ire,
And save our brothers ere they shriek
"We played with Northern fire!"
The eagle hold his mountain height,—
The tiger pace his den!
Give all their country, each his right!
God keep us all! Amen!

THE three first Congressional districts of Michigan give greenback majorities as follows: 1st district, 2,111; 2d district, 696; 3d district, 631. Last fall not a district in the State went Greenback.

The above we clip from the Midland County Courier. (Have first is good. Neither did these districts go greenback at the spring election. You are simply mistaken Mr. Courier. You have put in too much time on that democratic arithmetic. Light weights had better not attack such abstruse questions.

THE Midland county Courier says we "took water" when challenged by R. B. Taylor. Mistaken again Mr. McConnell; we never received a challenge from Mr. Taylor; we don't know Mr. Taylor. Something during the campaign last fall, a Mr. Taylor left a challenge, or sent one to some republican of Midland to discuss the political questions of the campaign. We were requested to accept the challenge, and agreed to do so, providing the central committee of Isabella county would give us the time, we being at the time employed by said committee but consent could not be obtained, therefore we could not accept. You are about as much mistaken in this matter Mr. M. as you are in your election figures.

SENATOR BUTLER, of South Carolina, best known as Hamburg Massacre Butler, has introduced a bill to order the Secretary of War to give, at the expense of the United States, the Marion Artillery Company, of South Carolina (a democratic military organization), a battery of four Napoleon guns. This must be a bill to prevent military interference at elections!—*Post & Tribune.*

The Fourth of July is approaching, and the Hamburg Beast is perhaps desirous of having another celebration by murdering a few more upright Union men.

You need not go to the trouble of killing republicans Mr. B. in order to have a democratic majority, because you don't allow them to vote, so why not the expense of shooting them! But then, what's the use of trying to prevent the passage of the bill the democrats will vote solid for it, and unless the president interposes his objection it will become a law, and if it does, we may expect to hear of a general forest rousing in South Carolina, and that republicans will be the targets.

We think the president had better send a squadron of Mules down to South Carolina and let them do a little kicking. One Mule succeeded in kicking the leg off of a fraudulent rebel Governor, and if a dozen of the same kind were sent into the state, the chances are that some one of them might kick a little higher and strike Butcher Butler between the eyes, and rid the world of another murderer.

In the north, if a man murders another, we either hang him or send him to prison, but in South Carolina they send such men to Congress, and that is Southern Democracy.

REBEL CROAKERS.

A terrible wail comes up from the democratic camp because the President has refused his assent to the "Army appropriation bill," and every democrat in the Southern States, and not a few in the north, are going into spasms because there is a bare possibility that a soldier may be seen at the polls on election day. They are loud in the condemnation of the supervisory election law, and we are daily admonished that our liberties are threatened, that men are to be intimidated, and are not allowed to go to the polls and cast their votes unmolested. They tell us that our fathers rebelled against the English government for the same causes that Republicans have forced upon the people. To answer these croakers, let us inquire from whence come these complaints? We find that this law works no inconvenience to honest voters, no objections are made at elections in the north, except in the city of New York; and the objection there is because it has had the effect to put a stop to repeating and fraudulent naturalization; it has had the effect to purify the elections in that city, and that too, to the satisfaction of honest men of both political parties.

It is a fact that the law has had the effect to crush the election rings in the cities of the country, and has given universal satisfaction to all persons who are in favor of an honest and fair election.

In the South it is not received by the democrats, and why? Because democrats south propose to so conduct the elections that no republican can be permitted to vote, and this law is inimical to bull-dozing and fraud.

The law interferes with the rights of none who desire to go to the polls and vote, it does not propose to keep people from voting who have the constitutional right to do so. It has never had such an effect, there has never been an instance where an honest voter has been deprived of his rights as such, under this law no body of troops has ever abridged the elective franchise in a single instance. It has, however, in a few cases prevented the "red shirts," "white leagues" and "ku klux" from driving honest men from the polls, and that is what is the matter with the democrats. It has to some extent put a stop to murdering men for opinion sake, it has in a few instances intimidated murderers and vandals who went from house to house carrying with them the torch, the knife and the shot gun with which they committed the most atrocious and inhuman crimes known in the history of the world, it has effectually crushed the Tammany corruptions of New York city, and placed the city government in the Hands of the honest populace; and for these reasons the Bourbons want the law repealed.

Mr. Lamar's Bill proposes that no troops shall be stationed within two miles of a polling place, for two days previous to election, unless called upon by the Governor of a State, etc. What would be the effect of such a law in South Carolina, where the Governor favors driving republicans from the polls? Why wants the present protective laws repealed? It is a class of politicians who are afraid of an honest expression at the ballot box.

THE MICHIGAN AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

The bill before the Legislature making appropriations for the Agricultural College for the years 1879-80 has called a good deal of discussion, and has been the subject of much criticism, both by members of the Legislature and persons outside of that body. There has been for several years an opinion prevalent among many citizens of the State that this institution should be self-sustaining.

This idea has lived, and has now some ardent and earnest supporters; and in the abstract, perhaps the idea is worthy of some consideration; but viewing it as an institution yet in its infancy, we can scarcely come to the conclusion to let it die for want of State support. The committee on the State Agricultural College have given this bill a great deal of careful study, and have had much to contend with in the prosecution of their labors, and have met with the most determined opposition by a certain class of men who seemed to rather underrate the benefits which the State derives from the institution. This opposition was so strong that the committee was forced to cut down the appropriations very materially, and when the bill did finally pass, it only appropriated a little over fourteen thousand dollars for the two years. It would seem that after Congress had made so munificent a grant for the institution, that the people of the State should by all means keep it alive.

It is claimed by some that the grant ought to support the institution, and with the resources at its command, it ought not to ask the state for appropriations. This claim we think is unreasonable. You might with equal propriety say to a child, you have a head, hands and feet, you have brains; therefore you should at once enter upon the duties incident to, and incumbent on manhood. It is true the institution has a munificent grant, but just now, that grant is not available. In a few years the lands granted by the United States to the College, will afford an endowment fund, the interest of which will make it entirely self-sustaining; but until such fund can be accumulated by the sale of college lands, the state ought to be somewhat liberal in its appropriations. The Agricultural College of Michigan stands to-day in the front rank of the Agricultural Colleges of the United States, and affords instruction at such low rates as to bring its benefits within the reach of all who desire an education.

There is no state in the Union that has done more in proportion to its advantages in the way of providing for the education of the youth than Michigan; and it is hoped that no element will get control of the legislation of the State, which will dishonor her past record, or in any degree tarnish the good name she has achieved in the matter of education.

When states and municipalities look well to the educational of their subjects, they have prepared themselves for usefulness, happiness, prosperity and defense. A powerful fleet, legions of warriors, and a large standing army constitute a poor bulwark of defense to a nation shrouded in ignorance and superstition.

Michigan is stronger to-day in the talent she has sent to our national Congress, than her whole military force.

Our chosen Chandler with his executive talent, and his sterling patriotism has won to himself and his state a name and fame second to no man in the nation, and our country is to-day looking to Michigan's statesmen for aid, in crushing the revolutionary schemes of rebels in Congress. We should be proud to foster institutions that produce such men as Chandler, Conger and Burrows.

How To Be a Gentleman.

We want a few private words with the boys, says the Parish Visitor. The truth is we have a great idea of boys. We used to think men were made of boys. We begin to think now that those were old fashioned notions, that they are all out of date. We look round and see a great many persons grown up, with men's clothes on, who are called men. But they act and believe so that we feel certain they were never made out of boys. If they had been, they would have known how to behave better. Where they came from we do not know. But what we wish to put into the ears of the boys is this—be gentlemen. In this country every boy may grow up to be a gentleman if he will. It is not necessary that he should become rich—and most boys think it is—nor is it necessary that he should become a great scholar, nor that he should become a distinguished man.

But some impatient ones are asking, How can we become gentlemen? How can a boy go about making himself one? Can he work for it? Yes, he can. And the harder he works in the right way, the better. But he must work with his eyes and his ears. Reading [illegible] newspapers is not enough. He [illegible] think and feel, as well as speak and [illegible]. Can he buy it? No, he can not. [illegible] will buy a good many things, but it [illegible] buy what makes a gentleman. [illegible] money, you can go to a [illegible] clothes. But hat, coat, pa[illegible] do not make a gentleman. [illegible] make a fop, and something come near making a fool. Money will buy dogs and horses, but how many [illegible] and horses do you think it will make a [illegible] man? Let no boy, therefore, think [illegible] to be made a gentleman [illegible] years, the horse he rides [illegible] riches, the dog that trots be[illegible] house he lives in, or the rich [illegible]. Not one or all of these do [illegible] that every boy may be a gentleman. He may wear an old hat, cheap clothes, have no horses, live in a poor house and spend but little money, and still be a gentleman. But how? By being true, manly, and honorable. By keeping himself neat and respectable. By being civil and courteous. By respecting himself and respecting others. By doing the best he knows how. And finally, and above all, by loving God and keeping his commandments.

How Old is the World?

Geologists, astronomers, and physicists alike have hitherto been baffled in their attempts to set a any satisfactory kind of chronometer which will approximately measure geological time, and thus give us some clew to the antiquity of our globe, says the London Academy. It is therefore worth noting that Mr. Mellard Reade, of Liverpool, has lately contributed to the Royal Society a very suggestive paper, in which he endeavors to grapple with the question by employing the limestone rocks of the earth's crust as an index of geological time. Limestones have been a source of information from the earliest known geological periods but it would appear that the later formed strata are more calcareous than the earlier, and that there has, in fact, been a gradually progressive increase of calcareous matter. The very extensive deposition of carbonate of lime over wide areas of the ocean bottom at the present day is sufficiently attested by the recent soundings of the Challenger. According to the author's estimate, the sedimentary crust of the earth is at least one mile in average actual thickness, of which probably one-tenth consists of calcareous matter. In seeking the origin of this calcareous matter, it is assumed that the primitive rocks of the original crust were of the nature of granite or basaltic rocks. By the disintegration of these rocks, calcareous and other sedimentary deposits have been formed. The amount of dissolved in waters which drain districts made up of granites and basalts is found, by a comparison of analyses, to be, on an average, about 3.31 parts in 100,000 parts of water. It is further assumed that the exposed areas of igneous rocks, taking an average throughout all geological time, will bear to the exposures of sedimentary rocks a ratio of about one to nine. From these and other data Mr. Reade concludes that the elimination of the calcareous matter now found in all the sedimentary strata must have occupied at least 600,000,000 of years. This, therefore, represents the minimum age of the world. The author infers that the formation of the Laurentian, Cambrian, and Silurian strata must have occupied about 200,000,000 of years; the old red sandstone, the carboniferous, and the permian systems, another 200,000,000; and all the other strata, remaining 200,000,000. Mr. Reade is, therefore, led to believe that geological time has been enormously in excess of the limits urged by certain physicists; and that it has been ample to allow for all the changes which, on the hypothesis of evolution, have occurred in the organic world.

A Bengal physician, appointed to report on the prevalence of color blindness, attributes it, at least in the excessive and general use of tobacco.

A snake a yard long passed through the London Post Office recently, and got loose among the letters.

Gentleman—I say, waiter, I've just cracked this egg. Look at it. Waiter—Don't look very nice at that end, sir, I must say. Try the other.

Mrs. John Jacob Astor, in ten years, has secured homes and the means of a livelihood for 450 homeless children, at a cost of nearly $67,000.

'Tis said that nothing was made in vain, but everybody knows that coal was made in vein. And didn't you ever see a mortal maiden vain?

Josh Billings says: "The owl is a larger bird than a goose or turkey. He has two legs to walk with, and two more to kick with, and wears his wings on the side of his head."

John G. Saxe is said to be suffering from chronic melancholia, caused by his own illness and that of members of his family. This will be sad news for the many admirers of his writings, additions to which have been infrequent of late years, and now promise to stop altogether.

JOHN BARTRAM.

BY JAMES PARTON.

American travelers in England who visit the parks and gardens of that exquisitely cultivated island, are frequently gratified by observing American trees, shrubs, and flowers in great perfection. At Oxford there is a famous avenue of American beeches, and indeed there is scarcely any American plant, suited to the soil and climate of England, which is not cultivated there. An English gentleman informs me that persons of wealth who have large gardens, sometimes set off a portion of them expressly for American plants, calling this portion "the American garden;" and in London there is an annual exhibition of American plants.

John Bartram, the first American botanist, born on the banks of the Delaware in 1699, the son of one of William Penn's own colonists, inherited from an uncle a rough, poor farm near Philadelphia, which he cultivated by his own hands assisted by one or two slaves. The only education which he received in his youth was such as a county school affords. He had a curious, inquisitive mind, and he acquired as a young man, a smattering of Latin and Greek, and such a knowledge of medicine and surgery as enabled him to be of use to his neighbors in times of sickness and accident. But he was a married man, and fully established in life before he had acquired the least interest in botanical science.

One day in spring, about the year 1735, John Bartram, after plowing awhile in one of his fields, passed under the shade of a tree to rest. While sitting upon the grass near his panting beast, he cast his eyes upon a daisy, which he plucked mechanically and began to look at with a certain languid curiosity. The more he looked the more interested he became; observing the various parts, some perpendicular, some horizontal, some white, some yellow; and he fell to wondering what could be the purposes and functions of these several parts of the flower. For the first time he was struck with his ignorance of common things about him.

"What a shame it is," said he to himself, "that I should have employed so many years in tilling the earth and destroying so many flowers and plants, without being acquainted with their structure and their uses."

In relating the events of this day, he would declare his inability to account for such thoughts. He said it was like an inspiration, for he had never had such reflection before in his life. After pulling his daisy to pieces, and musing on the parts a while, he took hold of his plow again and resumed his labor.

But his new thoughts did not abandon him, and a strong desire arose within him, for some knowledge of the plants and flowers around him. When the bell summoned him to dinner, he related these circumstances to his wife, and made her acquainted with the desire for knowledge which had sprung up in his mind. She did not encourage him. He was not rich enough, she said, to spend any of his time in such pursuits, and she advised him to stick to his farm, which, being recently hewed out of the wilderness, demanded all his time and care.

But he could not overcome his new desire. It haunted him continually, whether he was in work or at rest, at table or in bed. He resisted the impulse four or five days, and then, finding his desires unconquerable, he hired a man to plow for him, and went to Philadelphia. Arriving at the city, then a town of ten thousand inhabitants, he went to a book store.

Not knowing what book to ask for, he told the bookseller his story, and said he wanted a book which would give him the botanical knowledge of which he was in search. The bookseller provided him with a book on botany written in Latin, and a Latin grammar as well. This was sorry comfort to a mind so eager, but he was fain to put the books in his saddle-bags and return to his farm with them. There was a schoolmaster in the neighborhood who taught Latin, and under him the enthusiastic student made such progress that in three months he found himself able to translate, slowly and with difficulty, the latin of his botanical work.

Then he began to botanize all over the farm. In a short time he became acquainted with every plant, shrub, tree and flower in his neighborhood. Then, as opportunity favored, and the work of the farm allowed, he made botanical tours in Maryland, Pennsylvania and Delaware, being entertained by the members of the religious body to which he belonged, the Society of Friends. Ere long, his circumstances improving, he extended his journeys into Virginia, the Carolinas and New York, until, in fact, he was acquainted with the nature and habits of every plant that grew between the Alleghany range and the Atlantic Ocean.

He owed the leisure which enabled him to pursue these extensive studies, to his excellent treatment of his servants and his superior management of his farm. At a time when almost any other farmer of any wealth cultivated his land with negro slaves, John Bartram set his negroes free, paid them eighteen pounds a year wages, taught them to read and write, sat with them at table, and took them with him to Quaker meetings.

A foreign gentleman, who visited him in his old age, says, that when the bell announced that dinner was ready, the whole family and all the servants went into the dining-room together. At the head of the table, the father and mother took their seats. The family and the guests sat next to them; then the white hired men, and last of all, the negroes; and they all dined together in harmony. One of the negroes was his steward and trusted business who went to market, sold the produce, and transacted all the business of the farm and family in Philadelphia. Thus, during the last thirty years of his life, John Bartram was able to devote almost his whole time, and a large portion of revenue, to his beloved science. Early in his botanical career, he conceived the project of establishing a botanic garden in which to deposit and cultivate the plants which he collected during his tours. On the banks of the beautiful Schuylkill, three miles from Philadelphia, he bought five acres of ground for the purpose upon which with his own hands, he built a large and comfortable residence of stone. In the course of his long life he gathered such a variety of curious trees, American and foreign, that his garden became one of the chief curiosities of the country, to which foreigners of distinction were taken.

A member of Franklin's celebrated club, called the "Junto," Joseph Breintnall, an enterprising young merchant of Philadelphia, much interested in science, was the means of conveying to Europe the knowledge which John Bartram had collected. One of the noted botanists then living in England was a Quaker gentleman, named Peter Collinson, a rich woolen draper, a great friend all his life of Pennsylvania and Pennsylvanians—a correspondent of Franklin for fifty years. To this excellent man Joseph Breintnall conveyed John Bartram's botanical diaries, which Collinson read with extreme interest, and he opened a correspondence with the American botanist that terminated only with his life.

To encourage Bartram to make more extensive tours, and to compensate him for labors from which they derived so much advantage, Collinson, the Duke of Richmond, and Lord Petre subscribed ten guineas each per annum, the value to be returned to them in American seeds and roots.

Some years later, Bartram was appointed botanist to the king at a salary of fifty pounds a year—one of the wisest expenditures a king ever made, for it introduced into English parks and gardens every vegetable production of North America which could be of value. Nor did he confine his services to Great Britain. He sent American seeds and plants to Linnæus and to botanists in France, and he carried on a botanical correspondence with Queen Ulrica of Sweden, sister of Frederick the Great. Indeed, we may say that through John Bartram the vegetable wealth of North America was communicated to Europe. And not the vegetable wealth only, for he sent to his friend Collinson, American turtles, birds, animals, minerals, as well as minute accounts of such things as could not be transported. And all was done in the most delightfully simple, inexpensive, unpretending manner. Peter Collinson occasionally sent the American botanist a pocket compass or a new suit of clothes, which Bartram received with gratitude, and repaid by a box of live turtles, or a case of stuffed birds. Probably the immense and incalculable service which John Bartram rendered Europe did not cost Europe a thousand pounds sterling.

There never was a kinder, purer, gentler-hearted man than John Bartram of Pennsylvania. He never had an enemy, and his whole life was goodness and benevolence.

To his seventy-ninth year he was a happy, cheerful, active, useful man, and he died after a short illness, surrounded by his large family of respectable and virtuous children. He would probably have lived longer but for his great dread that the British army after the battle of Brandywine would overrun his darling garden, which had been his pride and delight for fifty years. They spared it, however, but the shock of apprehension hastened the departure of the illustrious gardener.

One of his sons, William Bartram, was also a distinguished botanist, and published a work upon one of his botanical tours in North America.

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