

# Independent Republican.

"FREEDOM AND RIGHT AGAINST SLAVERY AND WRONG."

C. F. READ & H. H. FRAZIER, EDITORS.

From the Home Journal.  
SONG OF THE SEWING-MACHINE.

Ix the Iron Needle-Woman!  
Wrought of steel sterner than clay;  
And, unlike you, divides herself;  
Never sleeps at night nor day;  
Never shedding tears of sorrow,  
Never mourning friends untrue,  
Never caring for the morrow,  
Never begging work to do.  
Poverty brings no disaster!  
Merrily I glide along,  
For no thought of want afflicts me;  
No taxers, takers oppress me;  
No insulting words I dread—  
I've no children to distract me,  
With unceasing pride for bread.  
I'm of hardy form and feature,  
For endurance framed bright;  
I don't pant, nor tire, nor waste my strength,  
To light Mine's a song of cheerful thoughts,  
And a song under-currents flow.  
To destroy the throb of pleasure,  
Which the poor so seldom know.  
In the hall I hold my station,  
With the wealthy ones of earth,  
Who command me to the nation,  
For some great work to do.  
I help up the dead labor,  
In the antic-chamber lone,  
Where the smile of friend or neighbor  
Never for a moment shone.  
My creation is a blessing  
To the judgment secured,  
Banishing the cares distressing;  
Which so many have endured:  
Mine are the hands that weave  
Rings of oak, and sources of steel;  
I'm the Iron Needle-Woman.  
Born to toil and not to feel.

HON. GALUSHA A. GROW,  
of  
PENNSYLVANIA.

In preparing biographical sketches of prominent statesmen in the thirty-fifth Congress, we are constantly reminded of the advantages which a Republic confers upon energetic and gifted men, who, born in comparative obscurity, might, under other forms of government, never rise above the daily strife for daily bread, and accomplishing no grander purpose than wresting by fierce struggle a bare subsistence for themselves and families would pine on the silence of nameless obscurity "unwept, unbonded, and unsung." If Congress may be taken as a criterion, the Republic has not so greatly degenerated after all; for many of the most prominent legislators in both branches are men whose rare genius, intense application, indomitable will, and unwavering rectitude have enabled them to rise from the shop bench, the factory, the forge, and the farm, to the solid dignity which, after all, crowning still appertains to American Senators and Representatives.

Among those who in elevating themselves have illustrated the true worth of our institutions, we must award a very high place to the Hon. Galusha A. Grow. Mr. Grow was born in Ashtabula, Windham County, Connecticut, on the 31st of August, 1823. His father, Joseph Grow, died when the subject of this memoir was only three years of age—leaving the mother to provide for a family of six children, of whom four were sons. The youngest child was only three months old at the time of this sad bereavement, and on settling up the affairs of the family it was found there was barely enough of property to pay up all indebtedness. Fortunately Mr. Grow was a woman of remarkable energy and decision of character; instead, therefore, of losing all courage and bemoaning her lot, she gathered her little flock about her and removed to the residence of her father, Captain Samuel Robbins, who lived in Voluntown, in the same county. Here she engaged in trade and farming; and, to her honor be it said, succeeded not only in providing for her young family, but also accumulated a surplus, which afterward laid the foundation for the present prosperous circumstances of her children. The best answer to the inquiry "What can woman do?" might be given in the history of what this brave and good woman did. Unfortunately we are not writing her history, and must therefore content ourselves with this meagre outline of the accomplishments of one woman, who are happy to believe, is but a representative of a great many others, that in the lowly cares, and patient endurance, and early sacrifices of maternal love are quite content to have inscribed upon their tombstones, "She hath done what she could," but of whom history and God will say, "Well done, good and faithful servant!"

When Mr. Grow was eleven years of age, his mother found that her industry and enterprise had enabled her to save a sufficient sum to defray the expense of removal to the West, and for the sake of her children she determined to make that great sacrifice. Twenty-five years ago the tide of emigration was setting westward; the Northwestern States had commenced to push its advance parties of settlers, who, knowing nothing of what they should encounter, struck boldly into the forests and laid the foundation of our Western prosperity. There were no railroads then to carry the emigrants in from the valley of the Connecticut to the valley of the Mississippi, but painfully and slowly the caravans moved like snails toward the setting sun; and when the fast good-by was said to relatives, and the last view had been taken of the old homestead, the emigrant felt that years must pass before he saw either again, and had faint hope of returning at all.

Despite these serious drawbacks, the Grow family started for the West, and finally took up their abode in a wild and mountainous part of Susquehanna County, Pennsylvania, which from its romantic beauty they named "Glenwood," and there is still the residence of the subject of this sketch. For the next few years Galusha led the ordinary life of farmers' boys, attending school when there was opportunity, and undergoing the noble discipline which is afforded by wild mountain scenery to a quick perceptive nature which has also something of cultivation. It is told of him in those early years that he was often in the woods for a week or ten days, sleeping on hemlock boughs, and trusting to his own skill to provide his food—living in a region of country in which lumber was abundant and good, the winter occupation of all the settlers was the cutting of timber, to be floated in the spring down the stream on which they lived to the Susquehanna (of which it was a tributary) and on which a market at Baltimore, and other

towns lying along Chesapeake Bay, in common with the other boys, looked forward, was to be permitted to accompany the lumbering parties down the river. When he was about fourteen years of age the desired opportunity came, and he accompanied his brother Frederick to Port Deposit, in Maryland. While here an accident occurred which furnishes very decided testimony to the confidence which his neighbors felt in Mr. Grow's integrity, and the high estimation in which the innate shrewdness of the natives of the well-abused State of Connecticut was held twenty years ago. A friend of the Grows was anxious to send a cargo of lumber to Annapolis to be sold, and intrusted our hero with the business. On arriving at his port he sought out a Mr. Claud, who wished to buy the lumber, but almost feared to trade with such a young merchant. After asking his age, residence, parents, family connections, and a variety of test questions, it occurred to him to ask, "Were you born in Pennsylvania?"

Grow. "No, Sir, I was born in Connecticut."

Clad. "Oh yes, I understand it all now; yes, I do want to buy some lumber."

It is needless to add, the cargo was sold to good advantage.

The astronomer, with his telescope, begins at the going down of the sun, and examines, in zones, with the utmost care and vigilance, the starry vault, and continues till the "circling hours" bring the sun to the eastern horizon, when star and comet fade from his view. It requires several nights to complete a thorough survey of the heavens; and often these nights do not follow in succession, being interrupted by the full moon, by clouds, auroras, and by various other meteorological phenomena. He is frequently vexed by passing clouds, fleeting through the midnight sky, and strong and chilly breezes of the night. His labors are continued throughout the year, and his unweary exertions do not slacken during the long winter nights, when the frozen particles of snow and ice are driven before the northern blast, cause the stars to sparkle with unusual lustre, and his breath to congeal on the eye-lids of the telescope. It frequently happens that his labors are not crowned with a discovery until after several years' search.

In the summer of 1850 the Denmark convention of his count, nominated him unanimously for the Legislature, but he declined it, and the next year he was first elected to Congress.

At seventeen years of age, Mr. Grow, being generously helped by his brothers, entered the Freshman class of Amherst College, graduating in 1844. As soon as his collegiate course was completed, he commenced his political life by "stumping" for Polk and Dallas. When the election was over he entered the law office of F. R. Street, Esq., late Solicitor to the Treasury, and was admitted to the bar in the autumn of 1847.

In the spring of 1850 it was found that his close application to study while in College, and his subsequent confinement to his studies, was impairing his originally fine constitution, and he was forced to retire temporarily from his profession to seek a recuperation of his physical power in out-door exercise. He accordingly returned to his mother's field, and resumed his place in the field. In the winter of 1850 he surveyed six thousand acres of land into small lots. Nothing can exceed the skill and spectacle presented to the astronomer under a clear midnight sky, as he sweeps abwart the gorgeous constellations in their starry dance around the celestial center. Occulting fields, the planet-sphere, filled with the dazzling radiance of innumerable suns or a variety of rich and beautiful colors. The field of the telescope is often illumined by the sudden transit of a fat meteor, invisible to the naked eye. Sometimes a large one falls from the zenith, and silently exploding, fills the midnight sky with a startling spectral light. The solitude and silence of the night are broken, in spring, summer, and autumn, by the low murmuring voices of migrating birds, and the half-suppressed rustling of their weary wings which darken for a moment the field of the telescope in their flight. These are the only living companions of the astronomer afoot in the sky at midnight.

He was successful, having a majority of twelve hundred and fifty votes; and in 1851 took his seat, the youngest member of the thirty-second Congress. The second time he was elected by a majority of seven thousand five hundred; the third time he was elected unanimously, on account of the satisfaction with which men of all parties in his district regarded his strenuous opposition to the Kansas-Nebraska Bill. The last occasion upon which he asked for the votes of his constituency was elected by a larger vote than he received when there was no opposition.

During the Speakership of Mr. Banks, Mr. Grow was Chairman of the Committee on Territories, one of the most important positions in the gift of the Speaker. Upon Mr. Banks's retirement from Congress, Mr. Grow became virtually the leader of the Opposition—an arduous post which he has always filled so as not only to win the applause of his friends but to gain the respect of his political opponents. He received the Republican vote for Speaker at the commencement of this session.

In the summer of 1853 he visited Europe in company with Hon. E. B. Morgan, and H. B. Pringle, of New York, Hon. E. B. Washburn, of Illinois, and others. They intended to visit the Crimea, but were prevented by the prevalence of cholera. While in Paris, our Representatives were treated with great consideration by the Emperor of the French, being invited to the ball given in honor of Queen Victoria, who was then visiting Napoleon.

With the probability of a long life before him, having thus early distinguished himself, it would be an idle speculation to set limits to his future. He has already attained a high position as a leader in debate and parliamentary tactics. We may reasonably anticipate more honors and distinction for him; but the pleasure of them for himself, and the worth of them, for others, will be found, in the fact of his strict personal uprightness and private integrity.—*Harper's Weekly.*

A HARTY LAUGH.—After all, what a capital, kindly, honest, glorious thing a good laugh is! What a tonic! What a digestor! What a febrifuge! What an exerciser of vital spirits! Better than a walk before breakfast, or a nap after dinner. How it softens the mouth of malice and opens the brow of kindness! Whether it discards the gums of age, the grinders of folly, or the pearls of beauty; whether it rakes the sides and defines the countenance of vulgarity, or dimples the visage or moistens the eye of refinement—in all its phases, and on all faces, controlling, relaxing, overwhelming, convulsing, throwing the human form into the happy, shaking and quaking of idiocy, and turning the human countenance into something appropriate to Billy Burton's transformation—Our celebrated countryman and neighbor Dr. Bowditch, computed the elements of the great comet of 1807, and the still greater one of 1811, the latter yet remembered by all our aged citizens, as a summer appearing in the months of that year, which

"Burned."

In the antiseptic, and from its horrid hair.

In 1849, the learned world in America and Europe was astonished at the production of the elliptic elements of the first comet of that year, by the wonderful Safford, then only fourteen years of age. No mathematical genius in the history of our race has ever achieved such an honor at so early an age.

The late King of Denmark, a great patron of astronomy, in the last years of his life, decreed that a gold medal should be awarded to the first discoverer of a comet. Miss Maria Mitchell, of Nantucket, discovered a comet in October, 1847, and received therefore a cometary medal, and was further honored by being

an Eastern paper says "there is a bank in the West with a capital stock of

cocon skins."

There is a bank at the East with a capital stock of codfish. It is the Bank of Newfoundland.

An Eastern paper says "there is a

bank in the West with a capital stock of

cocon skins."

Why is the heart of a tree like a dog's tail? Because it is the farthest from the bark.

What is the heart of a tree like a

dog's tail?

Because it is the farthest from the

bark.

Why is coffee like a dull edge?

Because it requires to be ground.

Why is coffee like a dull edge?

Because it requires to be ground.

Why is coffee like a dull edge?

Because it requires to be ground.

Why is coffee like a dull edge?

Because it requires to be ground.

Why is coffee like a dull edge?

Because it requires to be ground.

Why is coffee like a dull edge?

Because it requires to be ground.

Why is coffee like a dull edge?

Because it requires to be ground.

Why is coffee like a dull edge?

Because it requires to be ground.

Why is coffee like a dull edge?

Because it requires to be ground.

Why is coffee like a dull edge?

Because it requires to be ground.

Why is coffee like a dull edge?

Because it requires to be ground.

Why is coffee like a dull edge?

Because it requires to be ground.

Why is coffee like a dull edge?

Because it requires to be ground.

Why is coffee like a dull edge?

Because it requires to be ground.

Why is coffee like a dull edge?

Because it requires to be ground.

Why is coffee like a dull edge?

Because it requires to be ground.

Why is coffee like a dull edge?

Because it requires to be ground.

Why is coffee like a dull edge?

Because it requires to be ground.

Why is coffee like a dull edge?

Because it requires to be ground.

Why is coffee like a dull edge?

Because it requires to be ground.

Why is coffee like a dull edge?

Because it requires to be ground.

Why is coffee like a dull edge?

Because it requires to be ground.

Why is coffee like a dull edge?

Because it requires to be ground.

Why is coffee like a dull edge?

Because it requires to be ground.

Why is coffee like a dull edge?

Because it requires to be ground.

Why is coffee like a dull edge?

Because it requires to be ground.

Why is coffee like a dull edge?

Because it requires to be ground.

Why is coffee like a dull edge?

Because it requires to be ground.

Why is coffee like a dull edge?

Because it requires to be ground.

Why is coffee like a dull edge?

Because it requires to be ground.

Why is coffee like a dull edge?

Because it requires to be ground.

Why is coffee like a dull edge?

Because it requires to be ground.

Why is coffee like a dull edge?

Because it requires to be ground.

Why is coffee like a dull edge?

Because it requires to be ground.

Why is coffee like a dull edge?

Because it requires to be ground.

Why is coffee like a dull edge?

Because it requires to be ground.

Why is coffee like a dull edge?

Because it requires to be ground.

Why is coffee like a dull edge?

Because it requires to be ground.

Why is coffee like a dull edge?

Because it requires to be ground.

Why is coffee like