

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.
THE TRIBUNE
JOB PRINTING
ENTAILMENT
Tiffin, Ohio.

FINE PRINTING OF EVERY VARIETY EXECUTED
WITH DISPATCH AND AT THE MOST
REASONABLE RATES, SUCH AS

GOLD, SILVER, & COLORED
WORK BEAUTIFULLY EXECUTED.

ALSO
BANKERS' CHECKS, RECEIPTS, NOTES,
LETTERS, CARRIAGE CARDS, BUSINESS CARDS,
BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS,
ORIGINS, BLANK LETTERS, PAMPHLETS, BLANK BOOKS,
AND EVERY VARIETY OF PRINTING.

For the attention of the Tiffin Tribune office has
IN 1851 AND 1852 PREMIUM FOR BEST JOB WORK
IN ALL CITIES IN OHIO.

LOW AS AT ANY CITY IN OHIO.
H. L. McKee, Proprietor.

J. K. HORD,
Attorney at Law, Tiffin, Ohio.
OFFICE in Shaw's New Block, over the New Bank-
ing Room.

SPINDLER & HOLLAND,
NEW PAINT SHOP,
Main Street, Tiffin, Ohio.

HOURS: Signs and Carriage Painting, Graining and Pa-
per Hanging. Orders promptly attended to. 1857.

A. & M. A. HUSBAND,
Flour Sack Manufacturers,
Main Street, Tiffin, Ohio. All orders will be promptly
filled at the lowest rates.

J. C. PERLES, C. I. THOMSON,
FUGITIVE & THOMPSON Colored Agents. Will
attend promptly and faithfully to any business which may
be entrusted to them. Offices—W. P. & R. Noble's and J.
K. McKee's Law Offices. References—W. P. & R. Noble
and J. K. McKee.

DENTISTRY
DR. FRANKLIN.

For a full description of the Tiffin Tribune office has
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LIVERY STABLE.
N. KENT & SON.

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PETER VANNETT,
BUGGY AND CARRIAGE MAN-
UFACTURER, east of the Court House, on
Market Street.

J. M. PATTERSON
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office in Shaw's New Block,
immediately over the New Bank. May 17.

W. P. & R. NOBLE,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law.
Office in Shaw's New Block, opposite the Court House.

STERN & JOHNSON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
OFFICE in Commercial Block, over Gallip's
Jewelry Store, opposite the Court House.

WILLIAM GALLUP
CLOCK AND WATCHMAKER.
All kinds of watches kept constantly on hands
Store in Commercial Row.

G. W. & E. J. CUNNINGHAM,
PROPRIETORS OF
ROCKLAND MILLS.

And dealers in Wheat, Corn, Rye, Oats, Clover,
Timothy and Flax seeds, Flour, Corn Meal and
Mill Feed of all kinds.

OFFICE on Main Street, opposite the Post Office,
Tiffin, Ohio.

H. S. Wenner and Co.,
MANUFACTURERS OF
CARRIAGES, BUGGIES,
SULKIES, ETC.

Jefferson St., near German Catholic
Church, Tiffin, Ohio.

A FINE stock of the latest styles of Buggies, etc., finished
in the best manner and of the most durable material,
constantly on hand, and promptly made to order.

H. S. Wenner & Co.,
Tiffin & Ft. Wayne Rail Road
Office of the T. & F. W. R. Co.,
Mar. 12, 1857.

THE Office of a business company is permanently located in
Tiffin, and the various concerns are in the Commer-
cial Row, Washington St.

R. G. PENNINGTON,
Geo. G. GARR,
Dec. 7.

L. L. GRIFFITH,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Tiffin, Ohio—
Office in Commercial Row.

DR. J. McADOO,
WILL promptly attend to all calls, either in Tiffin or
country, in administering to the afflicted. Particular
attention paid to Female diseases, Scurvy and Tetter, both
connected with the throat, mediated when deemed necessary
for himself. Office west of the Western Bridge, 2d Ward,
Tiffin, Ohio.

B. F. OGLE,
Attorney at Law.
Singer's Block, opposite Court House,
Up stairs. Oct. 5, 1857.

J. C. LEE
Attorney at Law and Solicitor in
Chancery.

Office in Shaw's New Block, opposite the Court House,
Tiffin, November 12th, 1857.

T. C. TUNISON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
OFFICE in Shaw's Block, Up Stairs.
Tiffin, May 1858.

G. C. BEILHARZ,
DENTAL SURGEON,
OFFICE in Shaw's Block, above Singer's Carriage
Shop.

M. WAGNER,
MERCHANT TAILOR.
No. 102 in Tiffin, Made Clothing, Cloth, Cap-
s, etc., Tiffin, Ohio.
Office on Main Street, opposite the Farmers County Bank.

THE Tiffin TRIBUNE.

HOSTILE ALIKE TO THE DESPOT AND DEMAGOGUE. FEARLESS FOR TRUTH, FOR GOD, AND HUMANITY.

VOL. X,

TIFFIN, OHIO, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1858.

NO. 21.

Selected Poetry. A Sensible Story.

THE RED PETTICOAT.
Oh, the red, the flaming petticoat,
That curls the eye of day,
That lures to love and is admired,
And blinks from far away;
It may delight the roving sight,
And charm the fancy free;
But, if its wearer's half as bold,
I'll pass and let her be;
With her red, her flaming petticoat,
She's not the girl for me!

But the white, the modest petticoat,
As pure as drifted snow,
That shuns the gaze in crowded ways
Where follies come and go;
It sits the primrose on its path,
Or daisies on the lawn;
And if the wearer's like the path,
How beautiful is she!
With her white, her modest petticoat,
Oh, she's the girl for me!

THE QUESTION.
The moon is white and full,
Like a lily overblown;
Come down into the garden,
And walk with me alone.

The garden-walks are dark,
And none are near to see;
They are too busy dancing
To think of you and me!

I've something now to say
That I never said before;
It will not do to-morrow—
To-night, or nevermore!

Slip on your mask and come,
You need not fear the light;
For when your face is hidden
It will be doubly bright!

She comes! I feel her near;
He still, my beating heart!
What I shall say will part us,
Or we shall never part!

We are indebted to Mrs. Caudle for the
following:

My brandy drink, and never think,
That girls at all can tell it,
They don't suppose that woman's nose
Was ever made to smell it.

The tear that's shed when friends do sever,
To memory oft is dear—in sweet
And so such hearts that bleed together,
It binds in love, when next they meet.

The tear that's shed when sorrows press,
When hope still lingers—slow to give—
It comes, and in bright visions dressed,
A soul is born—in Heaven to live.

The tear that's shed around the grave
Of all the cherished life now given,
A lovely tear, a Savior gave,
And points to that sweet home in Heaven.

The tear that's shed, oh! how divine,
My heart will give thee high for sight;
I'll sing of joys, that Savior's mine,
And on his bosom faint would die.

F. D. B.

WILLIAMSON'S DISCLOSURES.—FORGOTTEN
GOLD AND THE TALENT OF '40.—In the
present excitement over other matters,
we should not lose sight of the remarkable
disclosures of Mr. Williamson, of
New York, in regard to the use made of
Foreign gold at Washington, some years
since. He asserts as of his positive
knowledge, that the great Democratic
tariff of 1845 "was carried by bribing
Congressmen." Seven million dollars of
British money, and eighty thousand
francs from France, he definitely states,
were used for this purpose.

These statements are made by one who
had full opportunity in knowing their
truth. This same Mr. Williamson was a
secret commercial agent, sent out from
England, to this country first in 1841,
and continued to act in that capacity for
the next ten years. This fact gives cred-
ibility to his testimony, and unless satis-
factorily refuted, his statements will be
generally believed.—Cin. Gaz.

Exploration of the Colorado.
WASHINGTON, Feb. 15.—The War
Department has received dispatches from
Lieut. Ives, in command of the expedition
for the exploration of the Colorado
River of the West. The party arrived
at the mouth of the Colorado, after an
unusually long passage from San Fran-
cisco. A small steamer brought from
Philadelphia after great labor, was put
together and launched on the 13th Dec.,
and answered admirably the purposes for
which it was intended.

Lieut. Ives found the charts of the
river defective, but material for their cor-
rection had been gathered from the mouth
of the river to Fort Yuma. The river
is very crooked and full of snags, shoals,
sand-bars, &c.

The New Haven Shooting Case.
New Haven, Feb. 11.—Mr. Wm.
Miles, the young fireman who was shot
by a student on Tuesday night, expired
at half past two this morning. A legal
investigation is going on but the testimony
is suppressed for the present. The whole
affair creates much feeling, yet no general
outbreak is apprehended.

—The Kansas Legislature has passed a
law, fixing the capital of the State at
Minneapolis, a small town about 25 miles
south of Leocompton.

Old Husbands and Young Wives.

"I was an old fool Yes—I was an old
fool; that's all there is about it. I ought
to have known better; she was not to
blame, poor thing! she is a child yet;
and these babbles pleased her ambitious
mother's eye. It was not the old man,
but his money—his money—I might have
known it. May and December—may
and December—how could I ever have
believed that Mary Terry could love
an old fellow like me?" and Mark Ware
surveyed himself in the large parlor
mirror.

Soil! reflects a poorly old man of
sixty, with ruddy face, snow-white hair,
and eyes from which the light of youth
has long since departed. And yet there
is fire in the old man's veins too; see how
he strides across the carpet, ejaculating,
with fresh emphasis, "Yes, I was an old
fool—an old fool! But I will be kind to
her! I'm not the man to tyrannize over a
young girl because her mother took her
out of the nursery to make her my wife."

I see now it is not in reason for a young
girl like her to stay contentedly at home
with my frosty head and gouty feet.—
Poor little Mary! No—I'll not punish
her because she cannot love me; she shall
have what she wants, and go where she
likes; her mother is only too proud to let
her out, as the wife of the rich Mark
Ware. If that will make them both
happy, let them do it; maybe—maybe—
Mark Ware paused—"maybe" after she has
seen what Dead Sea apples the world—
is made of, she will come back and love
the old man a little—maybe—who knows?

No woman who is believed in, and well
treated ever makes a bad wife; there never
was a bad husband first, that's gospel—Mark's
gospel, anyhow, and Mark Ware is going
to act upon it.

Mary shall go to the ball to-night with
her mother, and I will stay at home and
nurse my patience and my gouty leg.—
There's no evil in her; she's as pure as
a lily, and if she wants to see the world,
why—she shall see it; and though I can't
go dancing round with her, I never will
dim her bright eyes—no—no!

"That will do, Tiffy; another pin in
this lace; now move that rose in my hair
a little to the left; so—that will do."

"That will do," Tame praise for that
small Grecian head, with its crown of
braided tresses; for the full, round throat,
and snowy, sloping shoulders; for the
round, ivory arms, and tapering, rosy
tipped fingers; for the lovely bosom and
slender waist. Well might such beauty
dazzle Mark Ware's eyes. Oh he failed to
dim the distance between May and
December.

Mark Ware had rightly read Mary.
She was guileless and pure, as he had said;
and, child as she was, there was that in
her manner before which the most audacious
eye would have shrunk abashed.

When the young bride first realized the
import of these words she had been made
to utter, "ill death do us part," she looked
forward with shuddering horror at the
long, weary, monotonous years before her.
Her home seemed a prison and Mark Ware
the keeper. And she shrank and fretted
in gilded fetters, while her restless head
cried out—"Anywhere but home." Must
she sit there in her prison house, day after
day, listening only to the repinings of
her own troubled heart? Must the bee
and the butterfly also be free to revel in
the sunshine? Had God made her beauty
to fade in the stifling atmosphere of
darkened parlors, listening to the com-
plaints of querulous old age? Every pulse
of her heart rebelled.

How could her mother have thus sold
her!—How could Mark Ware so unmag-
nanimously have accepted the compulso-
ry sacrifice? Why not have shown her the
world, and let her choose for herself? Oh,
anywhere, anywhere, from such a home!

There was no lack of invitations abroad,
for Mary had flashed across the fashion-
able horizon like some bright comet, eclips-
ing all the reigning beauties. No ball,
no party, no dinner, was thought to be a
success without her.—Night after night
found her enroute to some gay assem-
blage. To her own astonishment and her
foolish mother's great delight, her husband
never remonstrated—on the contrary,
she often found upon her dressing table
some choice little ornament which he
had provided for the occasion; and Mary,
as she fastened it in her hair or bosom,
would say bitterly, "He is anxious that
I, like the other appendages of his establish-
ment, should reflect credit upon her
fatherless taste!"

Mistaken Mary. Mark Ware was im-
patient, as he promised himself to be. His
evenings were not so lonely now, for his
babe kept him company; the reprieved
wage was only too glad to escape to her
pink ribbons and a "chat with John at the
back gate." It was a pretty sight—Mark
and the babe. Old age and infancy are
always a touching sight together. Not a
smile or a cloud passed over that little
face that did not wake up all the father
in Mark Ware's heart; and he paced the
room with it, as if it could understand
the strong, deep love of which it was the
unconscious object.

"I am weary of all this," said Mark's
young wife, as she stepped into her car-
riage, at the close of a brilliant ball. "I
am weary of seeing the same faces and
hearing the same nonsense night after
night. I wonder if I shall ever be happy!
I wonder if I shall ever love anything or
anybody! Mamma is proud of me because
I am beautiful and rich, but she does not
love me. Mark is proud of me"—and
Mary's lip curled scornfully. "Life is so
weary, and I am only eighteen!" and
Mary sighed heavily.

On whirled the carriage through the

deserted streets—deserted, save by some
invidious pleasure-seeker like herself,
from whom pleasure forever flies. Occa-
sionally a lamp twinkled from some
upper window, where a half-starved seam-
stress sat stitching her life away, or a
heart-broken mother bent over the dead
form of a babe, which her mother's heart
could ill spare, altho' she knew not where
to find bread for the remaining babes who
wept beside her. Mow and then a woman
lost to all that makes woman lovely, flaunt-
ed under the flickering street lamps, while
her mocking laugh rang out on the night
air. Mary shuddered and drew back—
there was that in its hollows which
might make even devils tremble. Over-
head the sentinel stars kept their tireless
watch, and Mary's heart grew soft under
their gentle influence, and tears stole
from beneath her lashes, and lay pearls
upon her bosom.

"You need not wait to undress me,"
said Mary to the weary-looking waiting
maid, as she averted her swollen eyes
from her gaze; and taking her lamp from
her hand, Mary passed up to her chamber.
So noiseless was the fall of her light foot
upon the carpet that Mark did not know
she had entered. He sat with his back
to the door, bending over the cradle of
his child, till white snow looks touched
his cheeks; talking to it as though to
beguile his loneliness.

"Mary's forehead—Mary's eyes—Mary's
mouth; no more like your old father
than a rosebud is like a chestnut-burr.
You will love the lovely old man, little
Mary; and perhaps she will, by-and-by;
who knows?" and Mark's voice trembled.

"She will—she does!" said Mary, drop-
ping on her knees at the cradle of her
child, and burying her face in Mark's
hands, "my noble patient husband!"

"You don't mean that!" said Mark,
holding her off at arm's length, and look-
ing at her through a mist of tears; "you
don't mean that you will love an old
fellow like me? God bless you, Mary—God
bless you! I have been very—
very lonely," and Mark wept for sheer
happiness.

The gaping world, the far-sighted
world, the charitable world, shook its wise
head, when the star of fashion became a
fixed star. Some said "her health must
be failing;" others, that "her husband
had become jealous at last;" while old
stagers maliciously insinuated that it was
time to retire on fresh laurels. But no
one said—what she said—that a true wo-
man's heart may always be won—aye, and
kept, too—by any husband who does not
consider it beneath him to step off the pe-
destals of his "divinity" to barn-horn.

The effect would be that, for 31 years,
the Bonds would draw but 34 cent. per
annum; but this would be paid promptly,
as otherwise the Company would forfeit
the benefit thus provided. By this con-
cession it seems almost certain that the
floating debt will be extinguished, and the
credit of the Company be re-established.

JOHN P. YLVESTRÖM, President.

THE PLIOTHERA OF GOLD.
The accumulation of gold in the banks
throughout the country since the panic is
the most remarkable financial event of the
time. The aggregate is now, as made up
from returns near to January 1st, and
since that time, full eighty-five millions of
dollars, or twenty-seven millions more
than at the 1st of January, 1857; the
total in all the banks in the United
States, as made up at the Treasury De-
partment, was \$58,350,000; now, exclu-
sive of States reporting eight millions of
dollars in January, 1857, the footings are
\$76,500,000, all from recently published
returns. The returns not here are not
accessible at the moment, but we may be
safe in supposing that increase, rather
than deficiency in the specie totals, has
been realized there also. The whole
probably exceeds \$88,000,000 now held
by the banks, exclusive of California; an
increase of \$28,000,000 on the high sum
reached a year since during a period of
full prosperity in every department of
business.

The result nearest in the future is a
rapid decline in the price of money.—
Gold is so far in excess of present wants
that it rapidly and constantly accumu-
lates. Every city has a rising figure for
the specie item, and there is no immedi-
ate prospect of a drain setting in abroad,
for a like accumulation is taking place in
England and France. At London, the
use of money has already fallen to 4 and
4 1/2 per cent. with little or no custom at
the bank, which is not yet reduced so
low, and it is anticipated that a decline to
2 1/2 per cent. will soon follow, as has al-
ready been the case at that singular the-
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of gold to be put? Business must either
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much as to become a drag in the market.
Strange as this prospect would appear to
people fresh from the insane struggle for
gold, which marked the late panic, it is
the next and certain phase of financial
development.—Philadelphia North Amer-
ican.

From Washington.
WASHINGTON, Feb. 15.—Senator Seward
has given notice of his intention to
introduce a bill into the Senate to re-
organize the U. S. Supreme Court and
Circuit Courts so that the several States
shall be represented by Judges in their
Federal population, while the administra-
tion of justice shall be made more surely
efficient. It is understood that Mr. Seward
thinks the Supreme Court is the
slavery citadel to be stormed.

A classic editor says, if the Nialda
were constantly bathing, he presumes,
from their name, Dryads were the ones
who brought the towels.

He is unworthy to live, who lives only
for himself.

Miscellany.

Mad River & Lake Erie R. R.
The Mad River and Lake Erie Rail-
road Company has issued the annexed
circular to its bondholders:

Office Main River & Lake Erie R. R. Co.,
RANDOLPH, O., Jan. 1, 1858.

The bondholders of this Company
must be aware that its embarrassments
have been materially increased by the loss
of traffic during the present stagnation of
business, and that, therefore, the expe-
dient of meeting promised payments and
current interest have been greatly but in-
evitably disappointed.

Mortgage bonds, over \$1,000,000.
Mortgage bonds due in 1858, 1,000,000.00
Mortgage bonds due in 1872, 1,000,000.00
Dividend bonds due in 1858 and
1872, 225,000.00—\$2,225,000.00

With payable, 225,000.00
Interest account, 25,000.00
Miscellaneous, 15,000.00
Total, \$2,565,000.00

Deficit 1872 bonds in full payment to bills pay-
able, 200,000.00
Total, \$2,365,000.00

The \$18,000 Bonds due May 1, 1858,
should be paid at once; of the \$300,000
due July 1, 1858, \$250,000 must, by
agreement with the holders, be paid on
July 1, 1858. Of the floating debt, a
large portion is secured by the \$302,000
Mortgage Bonds; it becomes important
to pay a part at least of this debt with-
out delay, to prevent the sacrifice of the
collateral, and consequent great loss to
the Company. The balance of this debt
is due, or maturing rapidly, and the
holders pressing for payment.

Under these circumstances, parties
largely interested in the Bonds have sug-
gested that a small present sacrifice, that
would enable the Company to pay off the
past due bonds and the floating debt,
which, by a recent decision of Judge
Lean of Ohio, is put on the same footing
as that secured by mortgage, will give
vitality and increased value to the securi-
ties that have not yet matured.

The plan proposed is simply that the
holders of the bonds, except of those
past due, shall agree to surrender coupons
to the amount of \$310,000 in the follow-
ing manner: The Company to pass one
interest, but to pay the next promptly.—
On their doing this, the two coupons to
be given up. This course to be contin-
ued until the above amount shall have
been attained.

The effect would be that, for 31 years,
the Bonds would draw but 34 cent. per
annum; but this would be paid promptly,
as otherwise the Company would forfeit
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Hon. G. A. Grow.

The following sketch of the political
career of Hon. G. A. Grow is taken from
the Boston Bee. Just at this time it will
be read with interest:

Mr. Grow was born in Widdow county,
Connecticut. His parents emigrated to
Northern Pennsylvania while he was
yet a child. His father died when this
son was but three years of age, leaving
his family in reduced circumstances.—
An elder brother aided the subject of
this sketch in obtaining an education, and
he was graduated at Amherst College,
Mass., at the age of twenty-one, in the
year 1841. In the fall of 1853 he was
first elected to Congress by a singular
accident in politics. The Democrats of
the district were divided, and had two
candidates in the field, each claiming to
be the regular nominee. Eight days be-
fore the election, both agreed to resign if
Mr. Grow would be the candidate.—
He had left his office the fall before for
reason of ill health, and was spending
the summer, working on a farm, plowing,
peeling bark, and surveying. He was
waited upon in his retirement by a friend
of each candidate, as a committee to as-
certain his feelings. They found him
with a set of hands on the public high-
way, rebuilding a bridge that had been
washed away by a freshet. He acceded
to their proposition to be a candidate for
Congress, and both the other candidates
resigned, and a Convention was called,
which placed Mr. Grow in nomination
just one week before his election. He was
elected by 1,250 majority, and in
1851 took his seat in the House of Rep-
resentatives, the youngest member of the
Thirty-second Congress, and, with one
or two exceptions, of the Thirty-third
Congress also. He is now serving his
fourth term in Congress. The second
time he was elected by 7,500 majority;
the third time by an unanimous vote of
the district, he having received the unani-
mous nomination of all parties for his
able and manly resistance to the passage
of the Kansas-Nebraska bill; the fourth
time he was elected by a larger vote than
he received when he had no opposition.
His district, previous to the repeal of the
Missouri Compromise, gave uniformly
about 2,500 Democratic majority, but in
consequence of the noble stand taken by
Mr. Grow on the floor of Congress, and
upon the stump, before the people, his
district gave Col. Fremont almost 10,000
majority. When Gov. Banks was run-
ning for Speaker of the House, he was
urged to allow his name to be used as a
candidate, but he declined the honor for
himself, and urged his friends to "stick
to Banks," which advice they followed,
and by which the first decisive battle
against the slave power was achieved.

RATHER TOWN.—"When I lived up in
Maine," said Uncle Eph, "I helped to
break up a new piece of ground; and we
got the wood off in the winter, and early
in the spring we began ploughing on it.
It was so conserved rocky that we had to
get forty yoke of oxen to one plough, we
did, faith, and I held the plough more'n
a week—I thought I should die. It en-
amored kilt me I s'wore. Why, one day I
went holdin' and the plough hit a stump
which measured just nine feet and a half
through—hard and sound white oak.—
The plough split it, and I was going
straight through the stump, when I hap-
pened to think it might snap together;
so I threw my foot out, and had no sooner
done so than it snapped together taking a
smart hold of the seat of my pantaloons.
Of course I was tight, but I held on to
the plough handles, and though the team-
sters did all they could, the team of eight-
ty oxen couldn't tear my pantaloons, nor
cause me to let go my grip. At last,
though, after letting the cattle breathe,
they gave another strong pull altogether,
and the old stump came out about the
quickest. It had monstrous long roots,
too, let me tell you. My wife made the
cloth for them pantaloons, and I hain't
worn any other kind since."

The only reply made to this was—"I
should have thought it would have come
hard upon your suspenders—powerful
hard!"

BURNING CLAY SOIL.—The practice of
burning the surface of stiff clays, obtains
to some extent in England. The opera-
tion is usually