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# Independent Republican.

"FREEDOM AND RIGHT AGAINST SLAVERY AND WRONG."  
VOL. 5. } MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1859. } NO. 42.

From the Illustrated News of the World.  
Memoir of Lord Macaulay.  
The distinguished statesman, orator, poet, essayist, and historian, Thomas Babington Lord Macaulay, was born at Rothley Temple, in the county of Leicestershire, on the 25th of October, 1800. His grandfather was the Rev. John Macaulay, A. B. Protestant minister of Inverary, and one of the celebrated philanthropists, Zachary Macaulay, whose great exertions to ameliorate the condition of the African race, and to suppress the slave trade, won for him an enduring fame and a monument in Westminster Abbey. One of the daughters of the eminent man just named married Mr. Thomas Babington, a rich English merchant, and the name of "Thomas Babington" was bestowed upon the nephew—the subject of our present memoir. Early in life he was sent to Trinity College, Cambridge, where his career was one of high distinction. Before he had reached his nineteenth year, he won the Chancellor's medal for a poem entitled "Pompeii." Two years afterwards he gained the same Chancellor's medal for another poem entitled "Erasmus." These poems were both published, and they served to bring the subject prominently into notice. Soon after the issue of "Erasmus" he was elected to the Great Chamberlainship, and in 1822 he graduated Bachelor of Arts, and was elected Fellow of Trinity College. In 1824 he obtained his Master of Arts degree, and, adopting the law as his profession, he underwent the usual course of study, and was called to the bar, at Lincoln's Inn, in February, 1826.

**BUSINESS CARDS.**  
P. Reynolds,  
MASONRY TAILOR, Also a Tailor of Sewing Machine Work, and a Sewing Machine Repairer.  
No. 101, Hawley & Lathrop's Building, Montrose, Pa.  
Dr. W. C. Hall,  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Office in the building of the Independent Republican.  
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MILINERY,  
NEW YORK CITY DISTRICT NEWSPAPERS, MANTON & BULLARD,  
NEW YORK, Jan. 1, 1859.

**Our New-Drug.**  
We call her a dewdrop, her skin little face,  
When our hearts all hither and thither will stray,  
With features so pure, and so blended with love,  
We think, like a dewdrop, she came from above.

**The Mother's Grief.**  
Dear Mother, who's who's been like me,  
Oh, you alone I love and feel,  
How do you get so weary,  
I know the grief too great for tears,  
The nights that bring no rest,  
You have missed the little hand,  
That once held me so dear.

**A Story of a Carter.**  
At four o'clock one morning in the month of August, two young persons, of opposite genders, were suddenly possessed of a slight, muffled tremor together in a manner intended to confer as far as possible the double advantage of confidence and engaging appearance, and, after judiciously examining their looks and the other hand, and hat and hair, and the light clouds which, in the sky, and not at all chilling, was the atmosphere. The sun shed all its splendor from a cloudless sky, and the spool, earth radiantly reflected its glittering beams. The two sisters with whom we have to do, agreed, without debate, that no other day so favorable to their excursion could have been selected, and in turn went into spasms of rhetorical exaltation over the glories of winter—

Not one of Miss Lucy's devotees ever thought it worth while to look upon Harry Langford with eyes of green indignation. He was in no degree reprehensible about her; she often smiled him. An infatuated quarrel between them had once been detected. He was not a resident, only a visitor whose opportunities were thus limited.

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Miss Brandon now assumed an air of resignation, as if expecting an apology for the explanation of the recent rudeness. She was disappointed, and when she sought to turn about, she was surprised to find the woman in question looking at her with a smile that was better than a dozen orations.

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Long before the prominent vowel was exhausted, Harry Langford was a lost man.  
"There it is," he said, "and what shall I have in return?" (all this very softly.)  
"Everything!"—more softly still, but with a smile that was better than a dozen orations.

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**The Husband Who was to Mind the House.**  
Once on a time there was a man so sorry and cross he never thought his wife did anything right in the house. So one evening, in lay-making time, he came home, scolding and scolding, and showing his teeth, and making a dust.

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In the meantime the poet's student began to develop a taste for literary pursuits. He commenced by contributing essays and ballads to a periodical of limited circulation, called *Knights Quarterly Magazine*; his papers, always looked up with much interest, especially became the attraction of the magazine. Principally from the tone and weight of Macaulay's contributions, this review was looked upon as a work of considerable literary importance. The review which he published in the *Edinburgh Review* in 1828, on the subject of the late Mr. Macaulay's *History of England*, is a specimen of his style, which, during twenty years subsequently, he enriched the pages of the *Edinburgh Review* with many more.

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**Forensic Anecdote.**  
The following anecdote was received many years ago, from a venerable Kentonian, whose locks were then whitened with the frost of many winters. He was a personal acquaintance of the famous lawyer, and was in some of the stirring scenes of the early days of the struggle for reform.

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