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DEALER IN Foreign and Domestic Fruit, Vegetables, in their
Season, and all kinds of Groceries, at Wholesale and Retail,
No. 101 North Second Street, Montrose, Pa.

William H. Cooper & Co.,
BANKERS, Successors to First National Bank, at Montrose,
Montrose, Pa., 1857.

S. S. Robertson,
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Season, and all kinds of Groceries, at Wholesale and Retail,
No. 101 North Second Street, Montrose, Pa.

H. G. Garratt,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN FLOUR, GRAIN,
AND ALL KINDS OF PROVISIONS, at Wholesale and Retail,
No. 101 North Second Street, Montrose, Pa.

G. P. Fordham,
MANUFACTURER OF SHEDS, BARNES, & TRUCKS,
No. 101 North Second Street, Montrose, Pa.

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MANUFACTURER OF SHEDS, BARNES, & TRUCKS,
No. 101 North Second Street, Montrose, Pa.

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN FLOUR, GRAIN,
AND ALL KINDS OF PROVISIONS, at Wholesale and Retail,
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Wm. W. Smith & Co.,
DEALER in Foreign and Domestic Fruit, Vegetables, in their
Season, and all kinds of Groceries, at Wholesale and Retail,
No. 101 North Second Street, Montrose, Pa.

Hayden Brothers,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN FLOUR, GRAIN,
AND ALL KINDS OF PROVISIONS, at Wholesale and Retail,
No. 101 North Second Street, Montrose, Pa.

William & William H. Jessup,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, at Montrose, Pa.

Wm. H. Jessup,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, at Montrose, Pa.

Bentley & Fitch,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, at Montrose, Pa.

Albert Chamberlain,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, at Montrose, Pa.

A. Bushnell,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, at Montrose, Pa.

William N. Grover,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, at Montrose, Pa.

Wm. H. Smith & Co.,
DEALER in Foreign and Domestic Fruit, Vegetables, in their
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Dr. H. Smith,
DEALER in Foreign and Domestic Fruit, Vegetables, in their
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No. 101 North Second Street, Montrose, Pa.

C. D. Virgil,
DEALER in Foreign and Domestic Fruit, Vegetables, in their
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E. Thayer,
DEALER in Foreign and Domestic Fruit, Vegetables, in their
Season, and all kinds of Groceries, at Wholesale and Retail,
No. 101 North Second Street, Montrose, Pa.

Keeler & Stoddard,
DEALER in Foreign and Domestic Fruit, Vegetables, in their
Season, and all kinds of Groceries, at Wholesale and Retail,
No. 101 North Second Street, Montrose, Pa.

Abel Turrell,
DEALER in Foreign and Domestic Fruit, Vegetables, in their
Season, and all kinds of Groceries, at Wholesale and Retail,
No. 101 North Second Street, Montrose, Pa.

Chandler & Jessup,
DEALER in Foreign and Domestic Fruit, Vegetables, in their
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Independent Republican

"FREEDOM AND RIGHT AGAINST SLAVERY AND WRONG."
VOL. 5. MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY, JULY 7, 1859. NO. 27.

When Banners are Waving.

When banners are waving,
And lances are pushing,
When captains are shouting,
And horses are rushing,
When cannon are roaring,
And hot bullets flying,
He that would honor his
Must not fear dying.

Though shafts fly so thick
That it seems to be snowing;
Though streams of blood
More than water are flowing;
Though with abuse and bullets
The breast are being trying,
We speak of revenge, but
We never speak of dying.

Come, stand to it, heroes!
The heathen are coming,
Foremen are round the walls,
Riding and running;
Maidens and matrons all
Are fast in their clinging,
From fetters the wildfowl
The trumpet and flying.

The fugitives from turrets high,
Loudly are bragging;
The steeds for the onset
Are being harnessing;
As waves in the ocean,
The dark plumes are dancing;
As stars in the blue sky,
The helms are flashing;
Their helmets are pluming,
Their sabres are sweeping;
Now swords from our sheaths
By the thousands are leaping;
Like the flash of the lightning,
Ere men hearken thunder,
Swords gleam, and the steel caps
Are clashing and ringing.

The shouting has ceased,
And the flashing of cannon!
I looked for the turret
For a moment or two;
As I felt in the river,
They were smote, they were fallen,
And had melted forever.

My Runaway Match.

That I was in love was a fact that did not admit of a doubt. I had been in love with a girl for some time, and I had been in love with her for some time. I had been in love with her for some time, and I had been in love with her for some time. I had been in love with her for some time, and I had been in love with her for some time.

My Child's Grave.

There is one spot, the dearest
Of all the world to me;
'Tis beside a noble tree,
And beneath a forest tree.

For there beneath the green sward,
In a narrow bed and low,
Where the winds are sighing gently,
And the summer flowers grow;

There lie the mouldering ashes
Of my darling little boy,
The sunlight of the household,
My pride, my hope, my joy.

His life is ended,
His childhood sorrowed;
His eyes have closed forever,
To Heaven's happy shore.

When my short life is over,
When my Father calls me home,
May I lie there beside him,
In the dark and silent tomb.

Beside the noble tree—
Where the songsters of the forest
Sing a requiem over his grave.

The Mysterious Deaths.

I had some renown as a successful roguish
catcher; and I had some experience, too, in
the field of operations, as a usual thing, lay with
in the confines of the Department of the
Lower Alps; and though I served under the
Prefect of the Third Arrondissement, yet
I was not in the habit of coming to the
Prefect of the Department called upon
me when he was in the habit of coming to
the latter part of May. One morning it was
Digne, and see him with all possible dis-
patch. The man came through the office
of our Sub-Prefect, so I had nothing to do
but get ready and start. I took an early
dressing, and I had my gun and my
reloaded Digne just at nightfall, and as soon
as it was dark I waited upon the Prefect,
and he seemed to be relieved when he saw me,
and at once took me to his private closet.

For the Independent Republican.

again; but I had found nothing new. I was
perfectly satisfied that the murderer had laid
his plans so deeply, that no circumstantial
clue could be found. If I would find him, I
must catch him with the proof upon him.
I had given an assumed name at the inn,
and stated that I belonged to Toulong. On
the next morning I called for my bill, and in-
formed him that I was off for home. Then I
him the same, stating that I was off for home.
My partner before I could muster with
and saw the business agent. His name was Louis
Cazabon, and he had come to Castellane
about a year before. He seemed to be a
straightforward, business man, and yet he
wished to suspect. When I told him that I
murderers, he had been a little troubled upon the
handed, treating the subject more coolly than
a man with a heart would be apt to do. But
still I had, thus far, been able to find nothing
against him. On the present occasion I told
him, as I had told the others, that I must re-
turn to Toulong.

News Office!

NEW YORK CITY ILLUSTRATED NEWS-
PAPER, MAGAZINE, &c., for sale at the Montrose
Store by
A. N. BULLARD,
Montrose, Pa., 1859.

Blind Spy.

A TALE OF THE SPASMODIC AGE.
BY STANLEY ALAN COLEMAN, JR.

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