

TERMS.—ONE DOLLAR a year in advance. One Dollar Fifty Cents if not paid within three months, and if delayed until after the expiration of the year two dollars will be exacted.

Poetry.

A Gem from Fanny Forester.

We extract, says the Boston Atlas, from the proof sheets of "The Book" now in press, by Ticknor & Co., the following touching stanzas, written by her mother by Mrs. Johnson, previous to her voyage from this port, a few weeks ago.

Miscellany.

THE LAST DAYS OF MARSHAL NEY.

FROM HEADLEY'S "NAPOLEON AND HIS MARSHALS." At length a dark object was seen to emerge from the distant wood, and soon an army of three hundred thousand men was deployed in the field of Waterloo, and began to march straight for the scene of conflict.

THE PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

"EVERY DIFFERENCE OF OPINION IS NOT A DIFFERENCE OF PRINCIPLE."—JEFFERSON.

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heart when the curtain lifted over a fugitive army, and the despairing shriek rang on every side, "la Garde recule," "la Garde recule!" makes us forget all the carnage in sympathy with his distress.

lighted from the coach, he advanced toward the file of soldiers drawn up as executioners, with the same calm mien he was wont to exhibit on the field of battle.

instructions, and find out, if possible, this mystery of a dream, or the secret of the buried box.

for the girl, but to my surprise I discovered she had fainted and was lying perfectly insensible on the ground.

Ney felt the pressure of immense responsibility on his brave heart, and resolved not to prove unworthy the great trust committed to his care.

He stepped him with a proud interrogation, "are you ignorant that for more than twenty years I have been accustomed to face both ball and bullets?"

CHAPTER II. Black Joe. But one course remained, and that was to dig for the buried box, and, if discovered, obey the instructions of my mysterious visitor.

"I am so weak, so terrified, sir, that I can scarcely stand—the shock has been too much for me!" As she spoke she started back—her eyes were fixed on my face, and her delicately formed hand was raised and pointing out, as it were, some new discovery.

With regard to the cause of dreams, one of the most able and most rational of philosophers (the late Mr. Baxter), whom the present age or any nation has produced, demonstrates, that dreams—even all dreams whatever—proceed only from the agency of embodied spirits of the human mind.

THE BURIED BOX. A Legend of Philadelphia. BY JAMES REES. CHAPTER I. Dreams. What is it to dream? It is to know the talisman of motion, and soar on to the high places of the upper air.

CHAPTER III. An Adventure. It was night when I quitted Joe's residence, and as it was early, I concluded to walk an hour or so before I retired to rest.

CHAPTER IV. Pick-Ax, Shovel and the Treasure. The night appointed for our visit to the old Swedes burying ground was a cloudy one. Dark clouds rolled in thick columns across the sky, and the occasional view of the moon rendered it still more unpleasant.

He then left them to Ney, who ordered the charge. Buonaparte has been blamed for not heading this charge himself, but he knew he could not carry the guard so far off hold them on long before the artillery, as Ney.

CHAPTER V. I am not given to dreaming—visions seldom trouble me or disturb the quiet of my slumbers; yet are there some things in dreams which are beyond our philosophy to define or reason to explain.

CHAPTER VI. I had just turned the corner of Walnut and Sixth streets, when a loud scream rent at hand caused me to start. I gazed around and my attention was attracted to the spot from whence the sound proceeded.

CHAPTER VII. I say, Massa, "pose dar be ghosts here, eh? Massa, nigger won't work if dar be spirits about."

The whole Continental struggle exhibited no sublimer spectacle than this last effort of Napoleon to save his sinking empire.

CHAPTER VIII. I found myself about ten o'clock, in the neighborhood of Washington Square then very different, indeed, was the appearance of that section of our city to what it now is.

CHAPTER IX. I speak of three nights in succession that an old sailor came to my bed-side and bade me rise up and go to the Swedes burying ground, and dig under the old Button-wood tree, three steps from its roots due east.

CHAPTER X. I say, Massa, "pose dar be ghosts here, eh? Massa, nigger won't work if dar be spirits about."

argue with me upon the impropriety of our conduct. "You are committing a sin, Massa, a deadly sin, for disturbing that which has been lying here for years. Now you a case—pose a man bury a box when he live, and he die, if it not be business?"

CHAPTER XI. I say, Massa, "pose dar be ghosts here, eh? Massa, nigger won't work if dar be spirits about."

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