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Boetrn. For the Intelligencer ONLY A DREAM.

BY AMANDA MCNEAL. BY AMANDA according to the naure sky Shining afar from our home on high? Shining afar from our home on high? So it a glittering star in heauty given of heaving from of the naure of the na ares, ngle my songs of praise with theirs; cup was full, but das, unseen re the lips that told me "'twas only

Again in dreams I've been wafted o'er By floating strains from the other shore, I'll my soul enraptured sought the skies To be ushered in ore the music dies, Nor thought before reaching the Saviour's of the stream to be crossed so dark and de But the strains were insided as I neared eam, on earth, for 'Iwas only a dream I am willing now to dream and wait Till the Star of Love through the open gate Shall shine, with a brighter beam to allure My wavering slight to where rest is sure; Till, with out stretched arms, the angels cot To bear me along to their heavenly home; Though deep and dark, I'll cross the strea To find that heaven's not only a dream.

The dimpled hand and ringlet of gob Lie low in a marble sleep; stretch my hands for a clasp of old, ant the empty air is strangely cold, And my vigit alone I keep. There's a sinless brow with a radiant crown, And tears no more from those dear eyes flow, So sweet in their innocent trust.

Ah, well! and Summer is come again, Singing her same old some: ging her same old song; on! it sounds like a sob of pain, thoats in the sunshine and the feal r the hearts of the world's great th There's a beautiful region above the skbs, And I long to reach its shore. no roong to reach its shore, r I know I shall find my treasure there, slaughing eyes and amber hair f the loved ones gone before.

Miscellancous. Object and Shadow.

BY PINE BATCHELOR

Silent, dreamy, beautiful lay the valley of Wyoming on this fair day in July, 1778. The inhabitants were calmly about their accustomed toil, reposing in peace, but many of them doubtless thinking of their loved ones far away, who even now might be lying in death in the Mondy connect. And who can in the bloody carnage. And who can tell how many a prayer arose from pure and humble hearts which God made instrumental in finding its way to the heart of many a poor soldier, battling for all that makes life worth having, liberty and right, purifying and inspirvines, the pretty white cottage lay nes-tled in the valley. Upon its portico stood a young girl, of twenty years, and

an elderly woman, gazing on the lofty peaked. Alleghanies before their eyes, tier above tier the forest tree where the above ther the lorest trees; rose in majestic grandeur; but the ex-pression of their eyes showed that their thoughts were absent. The young lady was very fair, but beautiful in her ever-varying, though ever-bovely expression

When she recovered sensibility, she found herself lying on some deerskins in an Indian wigwam. "Where am 1?" she inquired, rising herself up, and glancing around her.
The face of a notorious Tory gleamed The face of a notorious Tory gleamed in fercely upon her

"Poor girl—poor girl!" said the man, in a tone evidently meant to be sympathetic, but in which triumph was ill-tooncealed; and with the countenance of a fiend.

"My mother! O my mother!" murnural Alma to berself in deep agony

mured Alma to herself, in deep agony.
"Your mother," the man went on,
"perished in the flames; your father

loved you. In spite of your rejections your scorn I love you. Consent to be my wife and you shall not be desolate."
The expression of extreme repulsion that flashed across the face of Alma in-

errupted him. She returned:
"It is impossible, Mr. Wilcox. Never sk me that question again."
"Do you reflect—" 'It is perfectly useless. Mr. Wilcox, argue the point."
"It is, ch? Well, I will resort to

And thus speaking, ne left.

Alma remained for a long time speechless, moveless, striving to collect
thoughts which threatened to drive her
mad. She finally arose, and asked numerous questions relative to her position. She found herself a closely quarered prisoner, and was soon borne away from the wigwan to a dreary prison prepared for her by Wilcox in the house of a simple but zealous Briton.

Here she remained for days half-starved as for food, and with nothing to feed her mind upon but her own miser-uble thoughts

But she was a religious maiden, and her soul was comforted by the blessed Word so well treasured in her memory by the inbreathings of the Holy Spirit, there was something real in the opposite

ided to the subject : "Alma consent to be my wife: you shall not repent it.

shall not repent it."

"Would you have me marry you without love ""

"Yes; the love will come afterward. I will make you love me."

"My heart is buried in the grave of Herbert Sinclair. Its resurrection will never come till I meet him in heaven. O Major Wilcox, cease these cruel persecutions! Why do you seek to distress no thur? If you do indeed love me. me thus? If you do indeed love me, show it by speaking my happiness and not my misery."

"I want my own happiness; I can-

face woe that would have thrilled with awe anybody but the man before her.

"Your house is burned; your property is laid waste. Alma Benange, you are homeless, penniless, an orphan, and a prisoner. The Indians would have killed you but for me."

"Why did you not let them? Would to God they had!"

"Why, Alma, sweet Alma, because I loved you. In spite of your rejections pet him size could not terr neterit we cocasionally hear of a man whose will is so powerful as to subdue to its mandate wild, savage, unbroken animals. It was something of this will that throbbed in the soul and strung the nerves of Alma

that had its influence on the horse. She released the insensible, bleeding form, found the man to be an Indian, form, found the man to be an Indian, summoned aid, and nursed him at her father's house until he recovered from his injury. His gratitude to Alma knew no bounds, and after despairing of finding a way to express it, he said:

"Whenever the pale-face can think for the fact force the works let her rank

"Whenever the pale-face can think of a great favor she wants, let her ask Scarlet, and if within his power he will grant it."
Thousands of women in my own rank I might have married before the age of forty, but you are the only one I ever loved. From the first moment I gazed upon you I swore that you should be mine. I will keep the vow. Before one month you will be the wife of Douglas Wilcox."
And thus speaking, he left.
Alma remained for a long time speechless, moveless, striving to collect thoughts which threatened to drive her mad. She finally arose, and asked numerous questions relative to her position. She found herself a closely quarties.

"Scarlet, I will not ask of you anything that isimpossible for you to grant. Will you, therefore, grant me the favor I shall ask you?"

"The word of Scarlet has been pledged—the word of a brave. It cannot be "Yes, you have pledged your word to me. Remember, you have pledged your word to me. I ask then—" "Speak on, pale-face."
"That you give your heart to

ood Spirit." Scarlet was unprepared for this. The which drew the sting of sorrow from her heart.

Almost every day she was persecuted with a visit from Major Wilcox. He was a man af brilliant talents but debased morals. Alma prayed that she might show this man, who believed that open villains only were honest and all the rest of the world hypocrites, that the rest of the world hypocrites, that the composite of the world hypocrites, that the standard of the world hypocrites, that the standard of the world hypocrites, that the standard of the world hypocrites are morally for the world hypocrites. This and much more did she say, old sweat oozed from every poor of his ody. He cried out that she had asked pleading in her simple, earnest language for that heart's allegiance to its God, praying for the aid of the holy one; she

there was something real in the opposite sentiments that she professed. She grew to pity him for the evil passions that enthrailed him just in proportion as she detested him. She thought of the last conversation she had with her mother. "Every object casts its shadow," her mother had said. "Therefore," said she, "though I can searcely perceive that I have any influence, to every act and word and thought there must be a reflected in my words and acts more easily than I can perceive my thoughts reflected in my words and acts more easily than I can perceive the reflection of them."

A month passed. Alma waited in trembling expectation for Mr. Wilcox's attempt to force her into marriage, but fully determined to never say the word that would make her his wife. He altituded to the subject:

By the results of the word word in the contraction of them."

A month passed. Alma waited in trembling expectation for Mr. Wilcox's attempt to force her into marriage, but fully determined to never say the word that would make her his wife. He altituded to the subject:

By the result of the word will be a professed. She great already believed that the Good Spirit had sent a book to men. We can to relate the wonderful change produced in that Indian—how, for the remaining years of his life, he labored and thought there word word in the forcest. His history would fill an interesting volume, but our story is already too word to show in a few incidents from Alma Benange's life, the power of influence; well directed, may accomplish. Alma had no extraordinary gift; she did no more than any one of us may do, Alma had no extraordinary gift; she idid no more than any one of us may do, gentle reader. We may not see such results as she did, but slowly and surely our influence is working its way. How much it does we do not ourselves know. When we reflect that for every idle word we shall give account, we may feel the importance of improving our talents for the best use to which we can but them. the best use to which we can put them I have only to add that the Indian' newly-aroused conscience allowed him to release Herbert and Alma, who found

her way back in safety to the American lines, and were soon after married; and, after the dark and trying days of the re-

of absence. Assuming a disguise, he nequiated that "The most terrible of terrors Is man himself in his wild wrath," Is ma

"Call A Man."

Any one who is disposed to try a laugh, will do well to read on.

John Jackson was a very industrious, hard working man, of twenty-three years. Being the eldest child, and only son, he had always remained at home, assisting his father upon the farm.—John was much respected by every one in the neighborhood and many a bright eyed girl had secretly thought she would like to change her name to Mrs. John Jackson. But John was no "ladies" man." The fact was, John was very "CALL A MAN!" like to change her name to Mrs. John Jackson. But John was no "ladies' man." The fact was, John was very bashful. He would rather hee potatoes all day, then undergo the ceremony of an introduction to a young lady. Not that John disliked the dear creatures—far from it. We believe that he, in common with all bashful well meaning nen, entertained the very highest re pect and admiration for them. And his, no doubt was the And spect and admiration for them. And this, no doubt, was the principal cause of his bashfulness. He felt that they were superior beings, and that he was unworthy to associate with them upon terms of equality. But we cannot stop to moraliza

Nancy Clark was the daughter of a respectable farmer, whose lands adjoined the Jackson farm. Nancy was a pretty, saucy little wench, and she liked John Jackson. When they were children they attended the same school, and he was few years her senior, was usually her companion in the childish disputes that arose and her companion in going and returning. At last, John became so much of a young man as to be kept from school, as she had been in past years. John discovered, too, that he had been growing in stature, and that he had been growing out of shape. His feet and legs appeared very awkward; he didn't know what to with he hadds; his face pained him, and taken all in all, he was inclined to think he was not more than half put together.

Now that truth was, John Jackson was Nancy Clark was the daughter of a

"Call A Man."

eally a fine looking young man, and othing but his admiration for Naney nothing but his admiration for Nancy could have suggested any such foolish thoughts above himself.

As the novelist say, it was a lovely day in August. The heavens were clear, screene and beautiful; the trees were laden with golden fruit, and the least the light britterful thinks traited on the santial light britterful thinks are so of were laden with golden fruit, and the beautiful birds twittered their songs of love in the branches. Earth there, we've slid down to the earth once more such lofty flights, they make our head dizzy.—We were about to say that "earth had yielded her bountiful harvest of a year's grass, and clover, and honeysuckles, which the noble yeomanry of Chesterville had garnered within their storehouse"—but, upon second thought, have concluded to word it thus "The farmers of Chester ville fust done haying."

manry of Chesterville had garnered within their storehouse"—but, upon second thought, have concluded to word it thus "The farmers of Chesterville fust done haying."

John Jackson's sister had a quilting that afternoon. His father had gone to "Keith's Mill" to get some wheat ground, and John was left to repair some tools, to be ready to commence mowing the meadow grass.—Suddenly it occurred to John that if he remained about tho house in the afternoon, he would be called in at tea time and required to do the honors of the table. To avoid this, he quietly shouldered his seythe and stole away to the meadow, half a mile distant, fully resolved that he would not leave the needow until it was so dark that he could not see to mow, and thus avoid seeing the girls.

Away he flew, but his strength was rapidly failing. Nancy Clark was the first to recover her presence of mind and seizing a hoop-pole, she took her station near the corner of the house, and as John re-appeared she brought it down upon the snake with a force that broke his back and his hold upon John's John rushed into the house and to his room, and at ten time appeared in his best Sunday suit, but little the worse for the race, and to all appearance cured of bashfulness. That night he walked home with Naucy Clark. The New Year they were married, and now, whenever John feels inclined to laugh at his wife's hoop, or any other peculiarity, she has only to say, "Call a man," when he instantly sobers down.

Many people read character by the shape of the skull; almost everybody intuitively and instinctively reads it in the countenance; some affect to be able to discover it in the handwriting of persons whom they have never seen; while

ical, or whether he is really glad to interchange courtesies with you, or only pretends to be so.

How did people first get into the habit of shaking hands? The answer is not far to seek. In early and barbarous times when every savage or semi-savage times, when every savage or semi-savage was his own lawgiver, judge, soldier, and policeman, and had to watch over his own safety, in default of all other protection, two friends or acquaintances,

The Machinery of Congress. 18ow Bills are Introduced, Beferred, and Passed in the House of Representatives.

Of the thousands of people through

letter of how bills originate, are referred reported, considered, and passed in the House of Representatives, explaining the usual course of proceeding. It would not be possible in a newspaper letter to describe the method of legislative proceeding under all circumstances, for the rules of the House alone make a volume of respectable size, and the precedents and decisions, which have the force of rules are even more volumin-

force of rules, are even more volumin ous. Three rules have been the growth of centuries of parliamentary experience. They might, in the words which Judge Bingham is so fond of applying to the common law, be styled, "the gathered wisdom of a thousand years," and probably little if any improvement could

and have it sent to the appropriate Committee, or he can offer it, by unanmous consent, before the regular order has been demanded in the morning, or ust before the adjournment, and have

just before the adjournment, and have it referred if he can get the floor for the purpose, but the objection of a single member will prevent its reception. In either case the bill is considered to have been "read a first and second time," but in fact stablished the first and second time," but meadow until it was so dark that he could not see to mow, and thus avoid seeing the girls.

The meadow was surrounded on all sides by a thick forest, which effectually shut out what little breeze there might be stirring. The Sun poured its rays as though the little meadow was the focus point where the heat was concentrated. John mowed and sweat—sweat and mowed, until he was obliged to sit down and cool off. Then it occurred to John that if he took off his pants he might be much more comfortable.—

There could be no impropriety in it for he was entirely concealed from observational of the committee to whom it is referred, and individuality may doubtless be made clear divided to the considered to have been "read a first and scond time," but in fact nothing but the title will have been "read a first and scond time," but in fact nothing but the title will have been "read a first and scond time," but in fact nothing but the title will have been "read a first and scond time," but in fact nothing but the title will have been "read a first and scond time," but in fact nothing but the title will have been "read a first and scond time," but in fact nothing but the title will have been "read a first and scond time," but in fact nothing but the title will have been "read a first and scond time," but in fact nothing but the title will have been "read a first and scond time," but in fact nothing but the title will have been "read a first and scond time," but in fact nothing but the title will have been "read a first and scond time," but in fact nothing but the title will have been "read a first and scond time," but in fact nothing but the title will have been "read a first and scond time," but in fact nothing but the title will have been "read a first and scond time," but in fact nothing but the title will have been "read a first and scond trade. Any member can demand the reading of the billine fact nothing but the title will have been "read a first and scond trade. Any member can demand the reading of the billine fact n

whistle and the repeated pronunciation of double-e.

Before either of the girls had stirred from their tracks, he had performed another from morning to night, if even the silightest excuse or opportunity and one hour after the previous question is ordered, and may yield to others arises. giving a few minutes to one man or al-lowing another to offer an amendment. lowing another to offer an amendment.
He must demand the previous question
as soon as at the end of the hour, or he
looses the floor. When he demands the
previous question, debate ceases, and
the Speakers says, "Is there a second,"
and proceeds to count the House. If a
majority vote by rising, or by tellers, to
second the demand, the Speaker says,
"there is a second: shall the main

out the country who daily read the proceedings of Congress in the newspapers, his back and his hold upon John's nether garment at the same time.

John rushed into the house and to his room, and at tea time appeared in bis best Sunday suit, but little the worse for the race, and to all appearance cured bills are passed, and business transacted. The New Year they were married, and now, whenever John feels inclined to laugh this wife's hoop, or any other peculiarity, she has only to say, "Call a man," when he instantly sobers down.

Many people read character by the hape of the skull; almost everybody itulitely reads it in the countenance; some affect to be able to count the House. If and proceeds to count the House. If and proceed in the House of the Mark the Speaker says, "Use the Speaker says, "Use the Speaker says, there a second; "Bale the main to th

continued. The usual way to defeat a bill is to move to lay it on the table, which it is always in order to do, and if the motion prevails the bill is killed. A motion to strike out the enacting clause has the same effect. A bill is often recommitted to the Committee transfer.

to the Committee reporting it, some-times with instructions to modify it, and often without instructions, which is a way of expressing the disapproval of the House in a milder form than by laying it on the table; and occasionally the friends of the bill will have it recommitted to save it from defeat, hoping that the House will be better disposed. the friends of the bill will have it recommitted to save it from defeat, hoping that the House will be better disposed toward it on some future occasion.

When a bill passes the House, it is engrossed and taken to the Senate. If the Senate lays it on the table, or in any way fails to pass it, the action of the House goes for nothing. If it is amended in the Senate, it goes back to the House with a polite request for the

They might, in the words which Judge Bingham is so fond of applying to the common law, be styled, "the gathered wisdom of a thousand years," and probably little, if any, improvement could be made upon them.

Let us suppose a member, whom we will call Mr. Smith, is desirous of securing the passage of a bill. He must first introduce it, and this he can do in two ways. On every alternate Monday, in the "morring hour," the States are called in order for the introduction of bills for reference, and our member can, when his; State is called, present his bill, and have it sent to the appropriate (committee) are noticed to appropriate (committee) and ratified by both Houses to have any effect. When a bill is finally passed, it comes back to the body in which it originated, where it is enrolled on parchment, signed by the Vice Pres-

which it originated, where it is enrolled on parchment, signed by the Vice President and Speaker, and taken to the President for his approval. It is now an act of Congress, and ends it career in the State Department, where it is filed away to rest undisturbed.— Washington Correspondence of the New York Tribure

Peruvian Ladies at Home. We will visit the family of one of Lima's aristocracy—the father a leading Senator, and formerly Minister of War under Prado; thelovely daughters, patterns of fashion, models of beauty, and of the very clite of Lima society.—

specially or and comes to as, and presenting our early, we are subtread of sense to be the comes of the comes

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The Curate's Engagement, And How it Was Broken off.

He was the shyest-the most painfull modest—man I ever knew; and he of tentimes suffered in consequence mo cruelly. He was the one who we most out of his way to avoid hurting people's feelings, and for the sake of de-licacy; and, as it usually happens, he was treading on people's mental toes continually. When he first came among

this thus." They do not know the meaning of many terms used in legislative proceedings. The "morning hour," which sometimes occurs late in the afternoon, is a mystery to them. The "regular order" appears to be anything but regular. They do not know how businessagets upon the "Speaker's table," or how it gets off, and they are ignorant of the workings of that mighty engine, the "previous question." They would like to know how and why the rules are suspended, what becomes of rules are suspended, what becomes of

an incident of so frightful a character took place as to put the matter entirely

read. We landed on the wooder status in the soft summer evenings, to take our tea in gypsy fashion, and to sketch; but she and I mostly whispered—not about love at all, as I remember, but of the weather and the rubric—only it seemed to give our voices and small.

as the feeling and the wish themselves were born. Our thought—my thought at least, "leapt out with thought to wed, ere thought could wed with speech."

She took a fancy to a huge mastiff dog belonging to a fisherman; and I hought it for her at once, although it was "terribly savage," and except for Lucy's liking it, not either good or beautiful. It's name, also—the only one it would answer to, and sometimes it would not answer to that—was Towser, not a name. nawer to that-was Towser, not a name we open one of the many glass doors and find ourselves in an inner hall, the floor set in mosaic marble; a little Cholo boy, askeep on a mat comes to us, and presenting our card, we are ushered across the hall, through other ground-glass doors, into a drawing-room. Here the floor is the first time) to meet me alone. I was to be there before breakfast, at eight o'clock in the morning, and you may be

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Vauts from the inn, besides my fellow students, and fishermen with drag-nets and a medical man with blankets and and a medical man with biances and the brandy!) As I expected, neither the women's cries nor the men's labor in vain distressed half so much as the patting and caressing of Towser; if she could have only known when she drop-ped those tears upon his cruel nose that there was a considerable quantity of hu-man flesh—my flesh—at that moment lying in his stomach in an undigested state. I could not repress a groun of

state. I could not repress a groun of horror and indignation.

"Hush, hush," said Lucy, and there was a silence through which I could distinctly hear Towsers licking his chops. I was desperate by this time, and hallooed out to friend Sanford:

"Sanford and nobody else," to come into the copper with a blanket. into the copse with a blanket.

I remember nothing more distinctly.
Inmediately peals of laughter, now smothered, now breaking irrepressibly forth; expressions of thankfulness, of affection, of sympathy, beginning—but never finished—burst in upon, as it affection, of sympathy, beginning—our never finished—burst in upon, as it were, by floods of merriment, and the barking, the eternal barking of that ex-

I felt for my poor friend deeply, as nany others did to whom I told this remarking:—
"Why, Flush, how will you ever have the face to propose to the future Mrs. P. F.?"
He rose colored in such a manner at this that I said:—
"The religious book-markers, with Bibles and crosses and crowns worked on them, this that I said:— He rose colored in such a manner at this, that I said:—

' Come, Peony, tell us all about it at once, do," which necordingly, after a little pressing, he did.

I was indeed, he began, once engaged to be married, I believe; how I went so far as that is a marvel to me still, but an incident of so frightful a character; a hope ever," under it, in floss silk, the now received similar encouraging tokens of a more earthly character; a wreath of orange flowers, with "Hope on, hope ever," under it, in floss silk, and a vignette, on perfuned eard board, of Robert Bruce and the spider, with a medieval illumination signifying, 'never despair;" he was also presented by some humorous artist with the mindre of the content of the

ature of a dog conchant upon a heap of something, and "Semper fidelis" under-neath. His misfortune however was in flux of company as then. Our hotel was filled to overflowing; two of our riding donkeys died from exhaustion, a third dition was called for of the guide-book weather and the rubric -only it seemed so sweet to sink our voices and speak low and soft.

Once, in a party over the moors while I was leading her pony over some boggy ground, I caught her hand by mistake, instead of the bridle, and she did not snatch it away. It was the heyday and the prime of my life, my friend, and that youth of the spirit which no power can evermore renew. I knew what she felt, and what would please her, as soon as the feeling and the wish themselves were born. Our thought—my thought the leading heart but this regord fellow's feeling heart but this law of the prime heart her this law of the prime her this law of the prime her this law of the prime heart her this law of the prime heart her this law of the prime her this law of the prime her this and the bathing machines were entirely reserved for the Indies' use. It was not

delicate for him to put his boots outside the door at night, and he gave orders that his linen should be removed—half dry-from the lines in the back garden. It would be a relief to him, he said, if I would be a rener to min, he said, it would reside in the house during the stay of the two visitors; and, at all events, I must dine with him the first evening, which I agreed to do. The curact's dinners were rather neat; his

Wine Druking in Germany.

An American traveler in Germany who the follows to sit there on my personal all properties of the state of the Cooset to sit there on my personal approach to the conductive of the providing liquid. Eleganty young gifter whose gloved hands should be short the best breeding, sit around the tables on which shine the american the since that the concerts along the Elbest on White State on White S