Wit and Humor.

From the Gem. Courant.

HARRY.

There are some names I love to hear,
Is Edwin, Claude, and Harry;
But would you know my favorite?
I'll tell you—it is Harry.

In "Mother Goose" I always loved
The song that told of Harry,
And thought me, as that early age,
None could with it compare's.

And when arrived at "girl's estate,"
And lovers GA not tarry—
Who brought me flowers, and wrote me songs?
Who—but my "comely Harry?"

I'm sure there would ort to clips
In castle building airy,
And always called my phantom lord
By the loved name of Harry.

I quarrelled with my darling friend,
The gentle, blue-eyed Carry,
Because she dared to take a drive,
And fail in love with Harry.

And still my taste remains unchanged—
I love the name of Harry:
'Tis soft and sweet, and then you know
It rhymes so well with marry.

I've many friends I dearly prize—
There's Carry, Tom and Garry,
But only one I fondly love
And think of—it is Harry. BEL.

CALIFORNIA CORRESPONDENCE.

San Francisco, July 11th, 1850.

SIR:—I send you a speech delivered a short time ago by an eccentric genius, now in this place, who is know in your city (N. Y.) under the cognomen of Gov. Dorr, otherwise Henry N. Watson. The Gov. was an independent candidate for Street Commissioner, and every evening would get on the stage erected on the plaza for public speaking, and harangue the assembled multitude whom he managed to keep in a continual roar of laughter. The Gov. did not run for the office, having sold out as he informed me to two or three candidates running for the same office. The Gov. is one of the bo-boys: he started from New York with but six shillings and without a ticket; but says that he can now always gingle a hundred yellow boys in his pocket.

GREAT SPEECH OF GOV. DORR DELIVERED IN THE MAIN PLAZA, SAN FRANCISCO IN PRESENCE OF 10,000 PEOPLE.

Fellow Republicans and Fellow Sufferers:—

We have assembled here, as Daniel Webster would say if he were present, under the bright effulgence of an April sun, to consider our condition as subjects of the United States, and as inhabitants of the greatest, richest, and sublimest country in the world. In the language of Demosthenes 'our sufferings are intolerable', and we have met together like the tribes of Egypt to consider on the mode of our deliverance. I am a plain and modest man, born at an early period of my existence, which great event occurred at home one night while my mother was out. I have struggled from the obscurity in which an unlucky star had doomed me till I have risen like a bright exhalation in the evening, to the very summit of human greatness and grandeur. Gentlemen, I profess no principles, unfortunately I have none. On the unhappy occasion of my birth a dismal and melancholy man clothed in the sombre hues of mourning, swapped me away for another baby, and subsequently lost me at a raffle. Sad event! but who can control his fate? We are the creatures of destiny; 'there is a divinity that shapes our ends rough hew them as we will." I was intended by nature for a great statesman. Had I lived in the days of Hannibal I should have beaten that great chieftain in crossing the Alps; and it is a sound certainty that I could have distanced Cortes in crossing the Isthmus. He never performed the feats I did; he never came up the Chagres river in a canoe with a deaf and dumb 'boinbre,' without a cent or a change of summer apparel; but a light heart and a thin pair of breeches goes merrily through the world. From the snow-capp'd hills of the Sierra Nevada, whose melting waters flow mellifluously in concert with the howl of the grisly bear and the dismal shriek of the Coyota, "starting pale midnight from her starry throne," into the bright valleys whose golden streams pour our eternal wealth on an astonished world; and even to the southern hills where the cling of Italian richness ripens the luscious grape and the prolific fig tree—a multitude of bold and daring enterprises is gathering in its mighty strength to reap the rich benefits of the El Dorado of the western world. What brings this multitude hither? It is the spirit that actuated Columbus when first he ventured forth to discover this happy land, and the women were as loving and where the latter were particularly short petticoats." Sir, every man who has come here is a Columbus, he comes to discover new diggins. I am a Columbus! I was dead broke at home. Columbus was, and I have come out here to strike a new vein. But I am not going to the mines. Oh, no; you don't catch me up to my waist in ice-water, with a juvenile pick-axe, and an incipient rum-bar laboring under a sun of a hundred degrees, digging out the filthy lucre. No sir, I am not on the fly—I hate labor—it was an invention to vex mankind—I prefer an office, one that is lucrative and not laborious—what you call a sinecure, and if I cannot get one myself, I will go in for any man who will divide on the dead level and no splits. On the floor of the American Congress, the most brilliant and enlightened minds of the age are excited upon the question of our admission, and the western members and the horse dealers, and the slave traders, abandon the interesting game of Bluff at a quarter ante to listen to the burning sarcasm and the magnificent eloquence of those patriots whose efforts are devoted to their country without regard to pillage. The wisest patriarchs of the present day, Clay, Webster, Calhoun, and Freeman Smith, have all opened on this subject and played the game plumb up to the handle. Dissolution has threatened us—but what care we for dissolution? If they want to leave us, they can go. The great and patriotic people of California, emulated by the intensest desire of personal aggradisement, are willing to go it alone. Why should the Representatives of our awfully magnificent State, thunder in vain at the doors of the capitol? A country like this, bounded on the East by the Rocky Mountains and the rising sun, on the North by the Aurora Borealis and the Arctic Region, on the West, by the roseate hues that bathe in living light the peaceful billows of the Pacific Ocean, whose eternal roar sounds a requiem over the grief of the poor suckers at home who can't get here,—and on the South, by Howland and Aspinwall's steamers and the Potawatamy Indians, whose restless and predatory disposition renders the boundary line of that section, very desirable to be kept out of the Union. But can we be kept out? No! I do believe that if all creation were to burst out of the paraphernalia of natural economy, and if the States should start from their spheres, and rush down the grease plank of ancestral delinquency, co-slumper through this broad land of rich fertility and unwashed gold, nothing would stop the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds; but the biggest bloodiest fight ever seen since the day that Spartan valor poured out its life in the pass of Thermophylæ. They know us not, those pusillanimous Senators who drink their patriotism from Johnny Fay's bottle, know no more about the people of California than does an unbranded cougar of the ultra and generous principles that govern the etiquette of a star bull fight. What do they know about the wants of Californians? We are a free country—here democracy reigns triumphant. The humblest celestial with his long tail, wanders in peaceful security around the plaza, and here too the pure and virtuous minded Sandwich Islander roams unassailed by the insiduous wiles of the missionary or the dangerous refinement of modern civilization. At early dawn, notes from a thousand mellifluous instruments breathe in soft harmony on the stilly air the soul-stirring songs of sentiment and patriotism, interrupted only by the startling cries of "pungiee down," make your bet jack in the pot and get