Democrat and Sentinel.

THE BLESSINGS OF GOVERNMENT, LIKE THE DEWS OF HEAVEN, SHOULD BE DISTRIBUTED ALIKE UPON THE HIGH AND THE LOW, THE RICH AND THE POOR.

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Select Poetry.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

A MAID RECLINED BESIDE A STREAM.

A maid reclined beside a stream
At fall of summer day,
And, half awake and half a-dream,
She watched the ripples play.
She marked the waters fall and heave,
The deepening shadows throng,
And heard, as darkened down the eve,
That river's babbling song.
And thus it sung, with tinkling tongue,
That rippling, shadowy river—
"Youth's brightest day will fade away
Forever and forever!"
The twilight past, the moon at last
Rose broadly o'er the night,
Each ripple gleams beneath her beams
As wrought in silver bright.
The heaving waters glide along,
But, mingling with their voice,
The nightingale now pours his song,
And makes the shades rejoice.
And thus he sung with tuneful tongue,
That bird beside the river—
"When youth is gone true love shines on
For ever and for ever."

MY COUNTRY.

I love my country's pine-clad hills,
Her thousand bright and gushing rills,
Her sunshine and her storms;
Her rough and rugged rocks, that rear
Their hoary heads high in the air,
In wild fantastic forms.
I love her rivers deep and wide,
And their bright streams that seaward glide,
To seek the ocean's breast;
Her smiling fields, her fertile vales,
Her shady dells, her pleasant dales,
Her haunts of peaceful rest.
I love the forest dark and lone,
For there the wild bird's merry tone
Is heard from morn till night;
And there are lovlier flowers, I ween,
Than e'er in eastern lands were seen,
In varied colors bright.
Her forests and her valleys fair,
Her flowers that scent the morning air,
Have all their charms for me;
But more I love my country's name,
Those words that echo deathless fame,
And sound from sea to sea.

Select Tale.

NANNIE NEAL.

I am a bachelor! Don't smile or pass judgment rashly upon me—I must tell why I am what I am.

I can scarcely remember when my father removed to the new village of Brookville.

It seems, too, that there is a dim remembrance of an old house by the lake. It is all vague, dim, and uncertain, however. Yet I sometimes find lingering within me a vision of an old brown building, with elms in front, and a sleepy lake down in the vale, and such, I have heard my father say, was our home.—These impressions seem to me as much like dreams as realities, and no wonder, either, for the footsteps of long years have marched over them. But I do remember distinctly a broad river that we crossed on our way to our new home, that is the most distinct of all—it's silvery waves flashing around the flat we crossed over on, are not to be forgotton.

The streets of Brookville were not cleared of stumps when we entered a little cottage on main street. There was a newness and a freshness about everything there. It was not long before it began to assume a busy appearance, as new settlers came in, and new stores and new shops went up. My father was a bricklayer, and I carried some of the brick and mortar that went into what is now called "the old Court House at Brookville," and I I helped to rear its brown walls? Time flies!

Among others who come to Brookville, was a man named Neal. He had been a merchant in one of the seaport cities, but failing by injudicious speculations, he had retired with a little wreck of his fortune to the new village, either to recruit, or to spend the evening of his life in quiet. I never knew which. He had been a hard drinker during the last few years—the demon in the wine glass had been the main rock on which he wrecked his all; and his wife he left in the city, in the graveyard behind the steeple church—sent there by his abuses and cruelty. So said the old shoemaker who came with Neal from the city.

Nannie Neal was a bright star gleaming in the stormnight among the clouds. She was the only child of the new comer, and a lovely being she was! She was just my age, or nearly, not quite—from April to June was the difference, I believe.

Neal managed to get a house a few rods from ours; and he, with his daughter, a sour old dame of a housekeeper, and the old shoemaker, both of whom came with him, constituted his family.

Nannie and I were not long in becoming fast friends; we met, one sunny afternoon, down in the clearing at the brookside, after which the village was named, and there, for a full hour we played "captive's base" among the broad walnut and poplar stumps that stood like watching sentinels in the vale.

The very next day we went out together on the hills, with our baskets, and gathered whortleberries and talked and played among the rocks, and when we grew tired, she sat down and told me of her mother—of how she used to weep while she sat at her feet, and then died in the cold night of consumption and a broken heart, and that the Priest said she went to Heaven to live with the Virgin Angels. I have since thought that perhaps her mother was a Catholic, but of this I am not certain.

Neal put up a tavern in Brookville, and the settlers gathered there and drank. I remember the first night there was a noise and laughing, fiddling and dancing, and singing there, and I thought it must be something very nice, but my mother told me it was a very wicked place, and that I must never go there. I often wished my mother had never told me that, for my Nannie was there, and she was my dearest friend.

Years passed as others had, and Nannie and I grew up; she was one of the loveliest creatures of female beauty I had ever seen. She was as gentle as the whisperings of the white winged zephyrs among the April flowers, and as pure as the lilly that bent beneaath the summer breeze to the kiss of the rippling waves of the meadow rill, and yet she was reared among the wrecks of a father's fortune, and had heard, time after time, the rude, coarse jest, and drunken ribaldry of drunken men, around the little bar her father kept.

Nannie was happily in possession of the virtues which ennoble and beautify woman's character. She was kind and cheerful, neither wild nor melancholy, yet the lovely calm of her countenance was tinged with a shade of sadness—motion, look, tone, deed, were gentle as the spring time sunbeams glimmering among the garden flowers. Nannie Neal was the loved one in Brookville.

I loved her when we were children playing on copse and heath—on rock and dell; and now, that we were grown, I loved her with all the passionate idolatry of my young manhood. Not a whisper of love had ever passed our lips; and yet the secret was written in, and fondly cherished, by each hidden heart. Ah! we were happy in the secret heart worship. We were often together, in the wild nook where we had gathered berries when children; along the brood where the waves danced o'er their pebbly path that led to the river; in the old woods where oak and pine pointed their taper spires up to Heaven, we rambled and dreamed and loved in silence, with none but nature with us. For hours we have sat on the brook brink, watching the frisking fish gliding like golden creatures among the crystal waves, and the clear wavelets hastening away, and the mellow sunlight trembling on the tree tops, and fading away behind the hills, and all the time we felt that our hearts held sweet converse in breathless whispers—thus a holy tie was weaving woof and web into our life and hopes and destinies.

Old Neal became aware of our growing intimacy, and became enraged. One evening, when I had gone to spend a few hours with Nannie, at her home, (at an inn as it was, I could no longer stay away,) the old man came to the little sitting room, where we were, and sternly ordered me away. I arose, and a tear drop hung upon Nannie's eyelid. I took my hat, and, as I went out, the old man sung out after me—"*hod carrier!*"

The old housekeeper flattened her ugly face against the glass door between the two rooms, and echoed the chorus—"hod carrier!"

The old shoemaker stopped hammering his leather, as I went out, and spoke low, and said he would see me that evening.

The rabble in the dram shop, through which I had to pass, caught the notes of the derisive taunt, and shouted it after me—"Hod Carrier!" The infernal taunt yet rings in my ears.

That evening the old shoemaker saw me, and told me Nannie loved me, and that we should see each other clandestinely. I thanked him, and through his interference Nannie and I met almost every day, and talked and loved.

And in this way we spent some of our happiest hours, dreaming of the bliss that was to be ours in a few short months, for when the summer was past we were to be married.—Love with us now was a reality, and in the solitudes about Brookville, we dreamed of its bliss, as together we watched the drifting of the white clouds riding on the blue ocean of the sky.

Our dreams were like the clouds. A cloud was in the sky with a storm in its bosom, too, but we saw it not.

Christmas day we were to be married.—None knew it, however, except the old shoemaker and Rob Lincoln. Rob was to convey her to a neighboring house in his new sleigh, and I was to meet him there with the village parson. Such was the arrangement.

The day before Christmas the hills and houses were white with snow. Brookville was all life for the enjoyments of the season. That morning two strangers appeared in our midst. None knew from whence they came. I met them on the street early in the day. I disliked their looks and turned aside. There was a lurking look of sin lingering about the face of the oldest—a heartless looking wretch. The younger appeared but little better.

All day long the rovel increased in and about Neall's house. Once or twice there came near being a fight. Just after sundown, I met Rob Lincoln running towards his father's house at full speed. I had no time to ask him a single question. There was the wildest terror flashing from the brave young man's eyes.

"Run with me to Neal's--run--dreadful times there!" and he grasped my arm and started to drag me. I tore myself from his grasp and bounded away with him.

Hist! the wind blows now just as it shrieked by my ears as I ran up the snow covered street of Brookville on that fatal evening. Draw your chair closer; I wish to speak in whispers now. Within Neal's house, when we reached it, was this scene.

The old housekeeper stood with her chapped hands folded in her yellow apron, with her face flattened against a dirty pane of glass door looking into the tavern. A few of the villiage sots were staggering around the room, or half dozing on the pine benches at the fire The old shoemaker seemed pledged with Neal, who was nearly drunk, to revoke some decree of his; and my own Nannie was struggling in the arms of one of the two strangers, while the other stood a little way off, grinning with grim satisfaction! My blood boiled in every knotted vein. When I sprang into the arena, old Neal stammered into a drunken slang.

"So, ho! Mister Hod Carrier, I've sold Nan to a city gentleman!" and he held up a roleau of gold coin. A low laugh gurgled up from the throat of the infernal purchaser.

"Nannie sold?"

I grew dizzy—the room with its tragedy seemed to whirl around with me. I heard the familiar voice of the old shoemaker cry out:—Mr. Neal, how can you barter your own pure child away to one whose heart is to-day as black as any purgatory, after promising your poor dead wife to be both father and mother to the dear child?"

A drunken curse came from the hot lungs of the father against the shoemaker and his own child; "better that than the wife of an infamous *hod carrier!*"

I saw the old woman's pitted face grinning against the glass; and then I saw the mild blue eyes of my poor, half distracted Nannie almost starting from their sockets, and her right hand, that was free from the monster's grasp, held out imploringly to me for help. She screamed my name. I rushed to the rescue. Rob Lincoln was before me.

"Draw your chair closer."

Old Neal was enraged that we should dare to rescue his child from the infamy to which he had sold her, and grasping the old shoemaker's hammer from the bench, he hurled it at us. The weapon flew close by Rob's ear and struck the head of my poor Nannie. With a low murmur of "mother, mother!" she sank in my arms to the floor. The two strangers fled forever from Brookville. I called again and again to Nannie to tell me she had not fled from earth to heaven; but she kept her blue eyes fixed upon me, and a changeless smile rested upon her damp face. And all this time, the old housekeeper kept her hideous face pressed against the glass, grinning through the scene. And old Neal stood with his arms folded, clutching in one hand the roleau of gold. I called again and again to Nannie; and, like a child whispered in her ear that I loved her still; but the changeless smile was the only answer. I held her head in my arms and wept. The old shoemaker ran and brought the village surgeon. He came and knelt down by her on the tavern floor, and took her pale hand in his. I loved him more than ever for holding it so softly and tenderly, examining the livid spot half hid by her auburn hair, where the hammer had struck. I could bear it no longer; I whispered, "Doctor, is Nannie gone?" I could not say dead, but worse!

And he laid his slender fingers significantly on his noble brow.

Rob Lincoln, the doctor and the old shoemaker carried Nannie from the tavern to the doctor's house; and I followed.

And the blood of that victim fell, drop by drop, on the pure white snow.

The next day old Neal went to eternity. The Angels of Retribution had watched his steps, and had marked his last going out. The shaft of the Pale Archer had struck him to vex, and then destroy. In the battle strife with the demon of delirium tremens he was overcome, and his spirit shrieking with fears, went to be judged by Him who weighs Immortality in the eternal balance of Truth.

He was buried beneath the snow-web that lay on the yard behind the village church, and no eye in Brookville wept.

Day after day I watched by the bed-side of poor Nannie, and whispered to her, and wet her dry lips with water. She mostly lay with her languid eyes closed, but when she did open them they started out after me with such terror that I shrank from them. And she would point her finger at me, and call me a monster, and command me to carry her back to Brookville, to her own dear———. Oh! how agonizing that was! To hear her call my own name, and link it with the fondest endearments—yet look upon me as the monster who had bartered gold for her loveliness.

Thus, days and nights passed, and the faithful surgeon all the time endeavoring to call back her wandering mind.

It was all in vain!

The cloud that had drifted in our summer sky had burst upon us in a winter storm that knew no spring time in life!

My poor loved and lost Nannie Neal! She sits in the broad flock of sunbeams that fall through her window in one of the little rooms at the D———Asylum, a harmless, dreaming Lunatic!

And there she will sit and chatter to her bird and her straw until the good Angels beckon her way!

I have sat by her side in that neat little cell, looking into the dreamy eyes, many a lonely hour, but she has never known me!

She sometimes calls to her kind hearted matron and bids her "take the stranger away!"

And I have sometimes seen tears in that kind-hearted woman'seyes as I have departed, at the same time urging her to treat poor Nannie kindly.

And now, fair readers, do you wonder that I am a bachelor?

Believe this for me, there never was but one Nannie Neal, and she yet lives, but a MANIAC!"

Rum did all this!

Important and Interesting Reminiscence.

The celebration of the last anniversary of the memorable 8th of January, 1815, at Tallahassee, Florida, was honored by the presence of the veteran General R K. Call, known as an active Whig and as one of the bravest of the gallant men in the battle of New Orleans. In the course of a very eloquent speech on the occasion referred to, he related a most interesting incident, which is quite new to us. That able paper, the *Tallahassee Floridian*, gives it as follows:

"Among the many striking incidents with which the address abounded, we mention particularly one as disclosing how the intelligence of the invasion of New Orleans was communicated to general Jackson. We refer to this because it gives to "Know-Nothingism such a heavy blow. As briefly as we can state, and from our understanding the narrator, he said in substance: A large quantity of cotton had accumulated in New Orleans, presenting a peculiarly inviting object to the speculator in Liverpool The expedition against New Orleans was secretly fitted out in Liverpool. A mercantile house in that city was let into the secret of the expedition.

No doubt was entertained of the success of the British army; the capture of New Orleans, the acquisition of Louisiana, and the possession of its "body and beauty" were considered fixed facts. This mercantile house wrote to a firm of like character in Havana, giving an account of the expedition, assuring them of its success, and inviting them to participate in a great speculation. and one likely to place all concerned in the possession of great wealth. It so happened, in the order of Providence, that one of the members of the Havana firm was an American by birth. He was nursed by a patriotic mother in Massachusetts. Here was a struggle with him. On the one hand, immense wealth in prospect; on the other, his duty to his country: the latter prevailed. And how was he to communicate the intelligence to the defenders of his father's fireside? British crusiers and pirates were then in possession of the Gulf of Mexico, the little fleet of the American navy was captured by the enemy, the safe arrival of a letter would be next to an impossibility.

"At all events he resolved to try it His country—his country—his duty to his beloved country required him to act. He writes *two* letters; and without knowing who the commander of the American army in the Gulf was (for he had not then heard of Gen. Jackson,) sends one without signature, addressed to the commander, whoever he may be, at New Orleans; to the other he affixed his signature, and addressed it to a member of a mercantile house in Mobile. *Both letters* arrived at their destination. The gentleman of the Mobile house was a Scotchman by birth. He had grown up in his own native land under the government which was now at war with the land of his adoption, for he had become *a naturalized citizen of the United States*. He was thus differently situated from the Massachusetts man in Havana; but he had sworn allegiance to the land of his adoption. Its soil was to be invaded, and that, too, by the country of his birth, and by the people with whom he, as a merchant, was most peculiarly allied.

"The prospect of great pecuniary advantage from the information he had was before him; but the land of his adoption was to be ransacked—the government to which he owed allegiance was to be dethroned in Louisiana—his fellow citizens by *adoption* were to be sacrified and plundered. His duty to his adopted country prevailed. With this letter he goes to General Jackson. On his adopted country's altar he laid the communication with the information so serviceable to this happy land. From this the energies of the brave hero in command were aroused, and the sequel is known. Owing to the fact, said the orator, that the disclosure of the name of this individual might prejudice him in his business relations in England, his name has been kept a secret. But now, as he has departed this life, and gone to render an account for his fidelity to his oath and adopted country, he would disclose it. The speaker, then, with an air of satisfaction and pride, announced the individual to be James Innerarity, who recently died at Pensacola, West Florida.

"Here, then, was a disclosure which showed that the country owes its *second* independence, says a living witness of its battles, to the fidelity of an *adopted citizen*. Is it not somewhat striking, that a *Scotchman* and an *Irishman's son* (for such was Jackson) should have been singled out by Providence as instruments for accomplishing such mighty results as flowed from the battle of New Orleans? Let the marrow-minded "Know-Nothings" think of it."

A MENDICANT LENDING FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS.—The Buffalo Republic states that a merchant of that city was "short" $500, a few days ago and found it difficult to raise until a friend took him to the house of a worthy old German, where, on giving good security, it was handed to him, all in specie, with the offer of $500 more if it was wanted. This generous offer was declined, and as the merchant turned to leave, the door opened, and in trooped the three or four ragged children of the money lender, with baskets on their arms, whom the borrower at once recognized as "regular customers at his house, and who had just that moment returned from his larder, with their customary supply of cold victuals.

IDLERS—THEIR VISITS.—The idle levy a very heavy tax upon the industrious, when by frivolous visitations, they rob themselves of their time. Such persons beg their daily happiness from door to door, as beggars their daily bread, and like them sometimes meet with a rebuff. A mere gossip ought not to wonder if we are tired of him, seeing that we are indebted for the honor of his visit simply and solely to the circumstance of his being tired of himself.

The Beginning of Mormonism.

Twenty-eight years ago Joe Smith, the founder of this sect, and Harris, his first convert, applied to the senior editor of the *Journal*, then residing in Rochester, to print his "Book of Mormon," which Joe had found in the cleft of a rock to which he had been guided by a vision.

We attempted to read the first chapter, but it seemed such unintelligible jargon that it was thrown aside. Joe was a tavern idler in the village of Palmyra. Harris, who offered to pay the printing, was a substantial farmer. Disgusted with what we considered a "weak invention" of an imposter, and not caring to strip Harris of his hard earnings, the proposition was declined.

The manuscript was taken to another office across the street, from whence, in due time, the original "Mormon Bible" made its advent.

"Tall trees from little acorns grow."

But who would have anticipated from such a bald, shallow, senseless imposition, such world wide consequencee. To remember and contrast Joe Smith, with his loafer book, pretending to read from a miraculous slate-stone placed in his hat, with the Mormonism of the present day awakens thoughts alike painful and mortifying. There is no limit, even in this most enlightened of all the ages of knowledge, to the influence of imposture and credulity. If knaves, or even fools invent creeds, nothing is too monstrous for belief. Nor does the fact—a fact not denied or disguised—that all the Mormon leaders are rascals as well as imposters, either open the eyes of their dupes or arrest the progress of delusion.

Poor Poland.

It has already been stated that a consequence of the enormous expenses of the present European war, the Emperor of Russia has ordered a heavy impost to be laid upon the Polish provinces, which few of them will be able to pay. The contingent to be paid from the Polish treasury is increased 9,000,000 of silver roubles. What the former contingent was we have no means of knowing. but how great the whole sum must be our readers may judge by the statement that to meet the demand the land tax will be increased sixfold, payable in twenty-four instalments. The local authorities affirm that the proprietors will not be able to meet this demand in twice as many instalments, and hence it is said they are making exertions to induce the government to relieve them of the enormous burthen by finding some other sources of income. In this we may read the causes which impel the Russian government to seek peace by agreeing to the four points laid down by the allies. The cost of military operations of Russia, in the pending war, far exceed the financial capacity of the government. All exterior credit is of course impossible, and the country itself is not able to maintain a war carried on upon so gigantic a scale. It seems likely. therefore, that if the war should be protracted, the excessive burthens of taxation will force the dissented provinces into rebellion.

Jeu D'Esprit.

Founded on certain coincidences noticeable in contemplating the names and lives of the first seven Presidents of the United States:—

WASHINGTON,

J. Adams,	Monroe,
Jefferson,	J. Q. Adams,
Madison,	Jackson,

1st. Four of the seven were from the same State, (Virginia.)

2nd. Two others bearing the same name, (Adams) were from the same State.

3d. All of them except, one, were 66 years of age on retireing from office.

4th. All these at last mentioned served two years.

5th The one who served one term only, had he served two terms, would also have been 66 years of age on retireing.

6th. Three of the seven died on the 4th day of July, and two of them on the same day and year.

7th One only, of the seven, had a son, and that son was one of the seven Presidents

8th. Two of them were of the Sub-Committee of three that drafted the Declaration of Independence, and these two were they that died on the day and year, and on the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, and just a half century from the day of Declaration.

9th. The names of three of the seven end in *son*, yet neither of these transmitted his name to a son.

10. One difference as respects the elder Adams and the younger, (not worth nothing on any other occasion,) was that the latter sported a Q. in his name and the elder the *Cue* on his back, as an appendage to his head dress.

11th. In respect to the names of all, it may be said in conclusion, that the initials of two of the seven were the same—and of two others were the same—and the initials of still two others were the same. The remaining one who stands alone in this particular—stands alone, also, in the admiration and love of his countrymen, and of the civilized world WASHINGTON—*Boston Transcript*.

AN EYE TO BUSINESS.—The following is a verbatim copy of the proclamation with which a deputy sheriff of Colusa county closed a district court a while since:—"*Oyez! Oyez!! Oyez!!!*—The honorable the ninth district court in and for the county of Colusa, is now adjourned until next regular term—the races will commence over the Colusa course on the nineteenth ultimo—and any gentleman in this crowd who flatters himself that he has an animal that can beat my horse for a single dash of a mile, may then and there on the day aforesaid, by trotting out the aforesaid animal, have an opportunity to win silk and singular the several seads in my pocket! *Oyes!!*

☞ Alexander K. M'Clure, of Chambersburg, (the defeated Whig candidate for Auditor General in 1852) is to be Superintendent of Public Printing.

The Young British Officers.

Previous to the war, luxury and indulgence appeared to have reached a point the most extravagant. Young men and elderly men seemed to vie with each other in providing means of inordinate self gratification. The club houses of the metropolis became joint stock places of refined and elaborate luxuriousness. If, on the Derby day, or Oak's day of 1853, one had walked in to St. James street, about 11 o'clock in the morning, there were to be seen the young men of fashion, with their admirable appointed carriages, preparing for the sports of the day, and most of them with blue veils tied around their hats, intended to be used as guards for their complexion, when encountering the sun and dust of the road. If one walked on to the Army and Navy Clubhouse, in Pall-Mall, the most preposterously luxurious of all the places in the neighborhood, there were other similar groups. Among all these young men, though in the dress of civilians, where officers of the regiments generally stationed in London, the very regiments which have been performing such extraordinary feats of valor! These young men, who thought it necessary to guard their faces from the sun of a British summer day, are the same who have lain in their tents upon the heights above Sebastopol, scarcely sheltered from the cold damps of a November night, and have started with alacrity at the first sound of the trumpet or the drum, in the raw mists of the morning, to lead their men into the most terrible conflicts that ever soldiers were engaged in, and to face death in every terrible aspect that death can assume.

EXTRAORDINARY PRESENTIMENT OF THE APPROACH OF DEATH.—A few nights ago, a little boy of rare intelligence, named Fillmore, son of George Fisher, residing in Reistertown, Baltimore County, about the midnight hour, awoke his mother and informed her that he was going to die. He told his father the same thing, and when told that he was dreaming, replied he was awake, and knew he was going to die. The parents thought nothing more about it, and the child slept comfortably until morning. When he awoke in the morning he repeated his presentiments to his parent; and as soon as breakfast was over he insisted on being allowed to go and tell Mrs. Walters, a neighbor that he was going to die. His mother told him that he had better go and see his grandmother if he was going to die. He made a visit to his grandmother, and also to Mrs. Walters, after which he returned to his home. During the afternoon of the same day, his mother was called out of the house for a few minutes and when she returned she found the littly fellow awfully burned by his clothes having taken fire. As soon as the fire was extinguished he said to his mother, "I told you I was going to die." A physician was called in, who dressed his injuries, telling him that he would soon be well. He said, "No; Fillmore is going to die!" and during the night the little boy breathed his last. This was a most extraordinary presentiment, and during the whole day he spoke of dying, though he had enjoyed excellent health.—*Baltimore Republican, Feb. 2.*

DOBBS IN THE LEGISLATURE.—Owing to a new phase in politics, Dobbs was elected to the Legislature. Though gratified, he was also a little intimidated by the honor, and but for the thought that he was not necessarily obliged to speak, would have declined serving. As it was, he accepted.

All things went on smoothly for a time—Mr. Dobbs could vote on other people's motions though he couldn't make any himself.—One unlucky day, however, the proceedings being rather dull, and Mr. Dobbs rather thirsty, he concluded to go over to Congress Hall, and and get a glass of lemonade. As he rose to leave the hall, he caught the Speaker's eye.—The Speaker supposed he intended to address the House, and accordingly announced in a loud voice—

"Mr. Dobbs"

Dobbs started as if he had been shot. The assembled wisdom of the State had their eyes fixed upon him. He pulled out his pocket-handkerchief to wipe away the perspiration, and feeling it necessary to say something, blundered out—

"Second the motion."

"There is no motion before the House," said the Speaker.

"Then I—I—"

The silence was breathless.

"I—I—"

Dobbs couldn't think of anything to say.—But a bright idea came to him, and he finished the sentence—

"I move we adjourn."

The motion didn't go, but Dobbs did, and nothing more was seen of him for that day.—*Albany Knickerbocker.*

NOT SO VERY GREEN.—A young and apparently verdant slip, who gave his hailing place as "old Varmount," found himself surrounded, upon a certain occasion, by a crowd of quizzing upstarts, who seemed bent upon displaying their own smartness, at the expense of the Yankee.

"Hello, Jonathan!" says one, "where are you bound?"

"Deoun to Bostlog, on a little tramp," was the reply.

"What's your business in Boston?" continued the inquisitive gentleman.

"Oh, I'm deoun arter my pension money," responded greeny.

"Pension money!" ejaculated whiskeree—"how much do you get, and what are you drawing pension money for?"

"Oh!" answered greeny, "I get four cents every year—tew to mind my own business and tew to let other folks' business alone!"

The crowd had no more remarks to offer.—The answer was entirely satisfactory.

☞ The surest wheel of fortune in California is a wheel-barrow.