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Albany, June 10, 71-40v3

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which they offer on the most reasonable terms.

Also, on hand the celebrated

**Mitchel Wagon,**

Light and heavy.

**Advances made on Grain, Wool,**

and other approved merchandise consigned for sale here, or for shipment to Portland or San Francisco.

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**Pen Portraits of the Arbitrators.**

The Geneva correspondent of the London *Times* writes as follows:

"I have already told you that the contending parties have been generally congratulated on their happy choice of umpires. The Italian Government deserves the highest credit for the appointment of their representative. They could not have found in the whole peninsula a gentleman better qualified for the task imposed upon him than Count Sclopis di Salerano. He is a gentleman highly distinguished both for his proficiency in all legislative studies, and for the part he played in the great events which lately changed the destinies of his country. He was one of the statesmen chosen by Charles Albert to draw up a constitution for Piedmont in 1847-8, and was a member of that king's cabinet—I believe, as Minister of Justice—on the first installation of a liberal government. In later days he sat on the right of the Chamber, and subsequently of the Senate, during the administration of Count Cavour, and was, with Count Revel, one of the leaders of the Conservative opposition. Had it depended on Count Sclopis, Piedmont would never have made common cause with the western allies in the Crimean war of 1814. Italy perhaps would never have been united, and she would certainly never have found her way to Rome. As a member of the aristocratic and clerical party, Count Sclopis was looked upon as a codino or reactionist, in Turin. But he was universally respected for his high character, even by his most determined adversaries; and, although his influence on public affairs considerably declined, he was relied upon for earnest and enlightened patriotism. Like Massino d'Azeglio, he had no faith in the possibility of an annexation and fusion of the north with the south of Italy; and, like Count Balbo, he was too strong a Catholic to think that the aspirations of Italy should be allowed to interfere with the imprescriptible rights of the Holy See. He has been and is one of the most distinguished members of the Turin Academy, and has contributed to its essay a valuable work on the 'Diplomatic Relations between the House of Savoy and the English Government from the Earliest Times to the Peace of 1815.' His literary fame, however, chiefly rests on his 'History of Legislation in Piedmont,' a work of unwearied research, and recommendable for mature criticism. I believe that hardly any man in Italy has made the science of international law the object of more assiduous pursuit than Count Sclopis. The Swiss arbitrator, M. Staempfli, has been repeatedly at the head of the Federal Government, and his influence is considered paramount, whether he is the actual president, or whether he fills subordinate offices. The Brazilian arbitrator is the representative of the Emperor of Brazil in Paris, and is conspicuous among the diplomatists of his country. The impression among the persons I have here conversed with is that the whole controversy before the tribunals will be carried on by writing, and all the arbitrators are sufficiently conversant with the English language to understand thoroughly what they read. Were the occasion for oral discussion to arise, it is possible that some of the arbitrators might be unable to follow the orators if they spoke English, but both the English and American commissioners would be able to use French as freely as their own native idiom. The Lord Chief Justice, as you are aware, is fully as eloquent in one language as in the other; and the same, I believe, may be asserted of his American colleague."

A Georgia paper tells a good story of one of the candidates for county sheriff in that State. The candidate, a physician, lately stopped to talk with a man who, with his two daughters, was pulling fodder, and the doctor, in order to keep alongside of him, commenced pulling the fodder in the row he was walking in. When he had fairly got settled down to it, the farmer says: "Excuse me a minute while I step over to the house—you just knock along with the girls here," and he left. At this the girls made the fodder fly, going down the rows in double-quick time. The doctor manfully went in, hand over hand, shucked his coat and did his level best. He panted, he sweated, and yet he shoved along under the broiling sun, while the farmer was in his piazza with his pipe lit, taking it cool and laughing in his sleeve. In about an hour he went out to the field and released the doctor. They say the doctor never hinted "sheriff" to him, but jerked up his coat and left; and now he don't go in fodder fields for votes—he dodges 'em.

The women vote in Kansas at school meetings, and it is reported that "the men vote just as their wives do."

**The Pettifogger's Appeal.**

Judge Chase—not Salmon P., but another.—Jotham T., of New Hampshire—tells a good story of his own experience in the Western wilds. It was years ago, and the judge was at the time a member of Congress, and during a vacation he went West to visit friends and relatives who had removed thither. Upon his arrival he found an old-time acquaintance engaged as plaintiff in an important lawsuit, and seeing the justice of his friend's case, he volunteered to take his part in court. It was in a frontier town, and the surroundings were primitive in the extreme. To an intelligent jury the case could really have had but one side. The defendant was a bush-whacking Hoosier, and had not only violated a solemn and legal contract to the great injury of the plaintiff, but he had embezzled funds which had been intrusted to his care, and he had also disposed of property not his own, and appropriated the proceeds.

Judge Chase entered upon the case with assurance. The jury were rough-bred Hoosiers, but they looked like honest men, and he would enlighten them. He explained to them how plain and just was the claim of his client, and in the course of his remarks he referred several times to the Common Law. When he had concluded he felt that his client was safe and sure. How could it be otherwise?

He did not know the temper of the Hoosier jury; but the pettifogger did; and the judge's strong fabric of legal lore and common-sense was to be demolished off-hand. The frontier lawyer, uncombed and unkempt, arose with a flourish and a whoop.

"Gentle*men* of the Jury," he cried, sweeping his long, bony arm toward the sprucely dressed Congressional dignitary, "who is this man that comes here to cram the Common Law of England down our throats. What do we want of English law, any way,—and if we *do* have it, why does he give us the common kind. The *Common* Law of England! Why don't he give us the *best?* But we don't want English law at all—not a bit of it. An't we got law enough of our own here in Injeany? Why didn't the gentleman give us a touch o' that? I'll tell ye why he didn't do it. He know'd very well that our Injeany law would be death to his case. And so he thinks to fool you with English law. Good Heavens! what did our forefathers of the Revolution fight for? Didn't they fight—didn't they spend their last dollar, and spill their last drop of blood—just to cut clear of the mean, contemptible, aristocratic law of old John Bull?—and now the gentleman thinks that he can shove the rotten old stuff down our throats whether we will or no. Gentlemen of the jury, be it yours to show him how far he can play his sawder and nonsense on the intelligent and patriotic twelve loyal Injeany citizens what have the interests of my client at stake! *English Law!* BAH! *We don't see it!*"

The jury remembered the story of the fathers of the Revolution, and they gave the defendant his case with unhesitating unanimity. C.

A SMART DOG.—A few days ago a gentleman named Needham went to the River Lea to bathe, taking with him a favorite retriever dog, and having undressed himself, deposited his clothes, containing a valuable gold watch and a considerable sum in money, on the bank, leaving them in charge of the dog, with injunctions to mind them. This he did too faithfully to be pleasant, for Mr. Needham, having had his bath, emerged from the water, and advanced toward his clothes with the intention of dressing himself, which the dog, which was a young one, and did not recognize his master without clothes, would by no means permit, and resisted all his attempts to possess himself of them. In this dilemma Mr. Needham returned to the water, and by dint of repeated whistling and calling to the dog, at length coaxed him to leave his charge and go to him, but no sooner had the dog left the clothes than some men, who must have been lurking near, and witnessed what has been described between the dog and his master, pounced upon the clothes and ran off with them. Mr. Needham shouted to them to come back, but of course without avail, and situated as he was he could not pursue them; so there was nothing for him but to remain where he was, which he did till some boating men came by, to whom he related what had occurred, and they, taking compassion upon his unfortunate predicament, kindly lent him a pair of boating trousers and coat, with which he was enabled to reach home; but up to the present time he has not been able to discover anything of his missing property.—*London Telegraph.*

SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND.—The *Herald* says: "All persons who have blind children, and all those who may know of blind persons living in Oregon, are requested to report the same to Miss Nellie Simpson, Salem, Oregon, giving name, Postoffice address, age, sex, whether parents are living, whether educated or not, and any other information in regard to such blind persons. It is desired that this information be collected as soon as possible.

**HUMOROUS.**

An old lady bathing at Long Branch with her spectacles on, but not her wig, was taken for Mr. Greeley, and drew a great crowd.

A Scotch gentleman says: "There are few people like Burns." We should think not, indeed, nor scalds, either!

The sweetest toned bell is the church-going belle. Her voice leadeth many an unregenerate young man to the sanctuary instead of the saloon.

Said a nice old lady the other day to a morning caller: "Pray make yourself at home; I'm at home myself, and wish you were, too."

Canandaigua is the place where a gentle red-haired youth stepped into a grocery and inquired the price of "them bananies." On being told that they were sugar-cured hams he went on his way whistling "Carry the news to Mary."

Not bad is this remark of a pastor: "Two-thirds of the members of my church are honorary members. They don't come to prayer meeting; they don't add to the life of the church; they are passengers on the gospel ship; they bear no burden, add no strength; their names are on our books; they are honorary members." Dishonorary, rather.

A New Hampshire paper says: "A man from London Centre started last Friday with a load of hay for Concord, and his wife advised him not to smoke a pipe on the way, but he only laughed at her. Pretty soon he came back with most of his clothes gone, his hair and eyebrows singed, and the ironwork of his cart in a bag on his shoulder. Then his wife laughed."

A good story is told of a College President, who, meeting on the cars a student whose character for sobriety was not good, and whose then appearance evinced a recent debauche, approached him and solemnly and regretfully said: 'Been on a drunk?' 'So have I,' was the immediate reply.

A Scotchman, observing that the once white linen of one of his employees had, through long absence of soap and water, become a hazy black, inquired, as a prelude to a homily on cleanliness, how often he had his shirt washed. "Once a month," was the reply. "Why, I require two shirts a week." "Twa sarks in a week!" ejaculated Robbie; "ye maun be a dirty deevil!"

During the Clay and Polk campaign, the love which Hon. Walter Brooke, of Mississippi, bore for the great Kentuckian led him to bet a pair of matched horses, all the stock he had, on the result; and this though a strict member of the Presbyterian church. Of course he lost, and of course he was "churched" for gaming. "All we ask of you, Mr. Brooke," said the minister, during the trial, "is to ackcowledge that you are sorry, and promise to sin no more." "Sorry?" asked Mr. Brooke, rising from his seat with an air of injured innocence: "sorry? My dear brother, when I think of those beautiful bays, gone from my gaze forever, I can truly say, with my hand upon my heart, that no transaction of my life gives me more genuine sorrow than this."

A curate complained to old Dr. Ruth that he received only five pounds for preaching a certain sermon at Oxford. "Five pounds!" said the doctor; "why I wouldn't have preached that sermon for fifty!"

When Handel once undertook, in a crowded church, to play the dismissal on a very fine organ there, the whole congregation became so entranced with delight that not an individual could stir, till at length the usual organist came impatiently forward and took his seat saying, in a tone of acknowledged superiority: "You cannot dismiss a congregation. See how I can disperse them."

"Sur," said an Irish philologist to an anxious inquirer, "there is no slang in the collokial expression of my countrymen. Ivery word, sur, deservedly has an honorable pedigree, bedad! But corruption is aiting into language, and contraction playin' the divil wid the words of it. Luck, if you plaze, is that bastely 'alms;' that was once a a word of five syllables, and is now a beggar wid wan. Thin luck at 'charity,' properly 'shed handy;' and again at 'shindy,' that some whelp, too cowardly to fight and too lazy to spake classical English, has abbreviated from 'shindigladation'—a most beautiful and expressive term, bedad! significant of the manly sport that lint so much glory and renown to the sons of ould Ireland. It's a sorrow and a shame!—it is—and the world is sufferin' from it the day, bedad!"

A complacent landlord of a mountain hotel, at breakfast the other morning, planted his thumbs in his waistcoat armholes, leaned significantly back in his chair, and said: "Gentlemen, where do you think that beefsteak comes from?"

"Near the horn," was the quiet reply of one of the boarders. It is singular that the landlord hasn't put any more conundrums to his boarders since.

Why is the figure 9 like a peacock? It is nothing without the tail.