

CLIPPINGS.

—A Southern editor, some years ago, in attempting to compliment Gen. Pillow as a "battle-scarred veteran," was made by the types to call him a "battle-scarred veteran." In the next issue the mistake was so far corrected as to style him a "battle-scarred veteran."

—A pine, 70 feet high, was struck by lightning, at Battleboro', on election day. A democrat, who saw the tree soon after it was shivered, declared with much emphasis: "Well, it's all up with us now! Old Abe will get it; for he is round here splitting rails!"

—Mrs. Mary Haller died in Wyth county, Va., recently. She was in her 84th year—had been married 67 years—had 12 children, 62 grand-children, 124 great-grand children, and 3 great-great grandchildren.

—Geological Phenomenon occurred lately at Savoy. At Order, in the mountain chain above Thonou, a part of the ground sank, and in its place a lake formed. The high chestnut trees disappeared entirely, with the piece of ground on which they stood, and in their stead rose trunks of trees to the surface, which had evidently been long under water, and which must have belonged to a species of tree not known about the country. At the same time a little brook had formed, which carries away the superfluous water of the lake.

—Capt. J. S. West, a friend and companion-in-arms of Gen. Walker, the filibuster, has gone to Nashville to obtain his remains for burial at Nashville, Tenn., the home of his father.

—The largest paper mill in the United States is that of Messrs. Persee & Brooks, at Windsor Locks, Connecticut, producing daily seven and a half tons of paper, worth \$1,800, or at the rate of \$500,060 a year.

—A curious relic has been discovered at Moorecourt, England, a neck ornament of pure gold, supposed to be of the time of the ancient Britons.

—In Portland, Me., recently, Mr. Robert Horton, a venerable and respected citizen of that city, was run over by a train of cars, and both legs were severed from the body. The deceased was the oldest citizen of Portland, being ninety-five years of age.

—Mr. Thomas Wallace, of North Norwich, is said to have a cow which gave birth, about fifteen months ago, to four calves; and one month ago she surprised her owner with five more, making a total of nine calves in fourteen months.

—A Montreal Schoolmaster, somewhat of an enthusiast in the science of geology, has recently made a good hit, by which he pockets the sum of \$200,000. He took a lease on a tract of land near Acton, on the Grand Trunk railroad, upon which a little copper ore had been picked up by the farmer who owned it. Setting to work, he soon developed a magnificent copper mine which has just been sold for \$500,009, of which he realized \$200,000.

—A Settlement of Louisiana, at St. Mare, in Hayti, is represented as progressing finely, and attracting large numbers of blacks from New Orleans to the place. President Jeffard is doing all he can to promote the emigration of colored persons from the United State.

—There are four swords belonging to the City of London.—The "Pearl" sword, presented by Queen Elizabeth in 1571, and named from being richly set with pearls—this is carried before the Lord Mayor on all occasions of rejoicings and festivity; the "Sword of State," borne before the Lord Mayor as an emblem of his authority; the "Black" sword used on fast days, and at the death of any of the royal family; and the fourth is that placed above the Lord Mayor's chair at the Central Criminal Court.

—Maralborough House, London, is being converted into a residence for the Prince of Wales. The whole of the interior of the building is being remodeled, and will be decorated in the most costly manner.

—Some idea of the commerce of London may be formed from the fact that two hundred and forty-eight vessels (a total of more than 52,000 tons) arrived there on Monday, November 5th.

—A lady who lives near Lockport, Ill., lost her husband, two sons and a brother by the Lady Elgin disaster. Five years ago she lost three children by the cholera. Fifteen months ago she lost a daughter. Out of seven children she has one, and only one little child left. In penury and poverty and pinching want, she lives, destitute of clothing, almost, with a cheerless shelter and a heart full of grief.

—From a recent survey, it is estimated that the coal region of Spain covers 120 square leagues, containing 2,300,000 tons of coals, of quality little inferior to our own. In France the consumption of coal amounts to sixty millions of tons annually.

—Baron Alphonse von Rothschild has recently been named Prussian Consul General at Paris. This is the first time that the Prussian government has ever appointed a Jew to a similar office.

—The income to the French Government from tobacco—nearly one half of which is from the United States and Cuba—last year was about \$36,000,000.

—It is reported that Sylvester Potter suspended business at Beaver Ponds, Ct., recently. Liabilities 75 cents; assets a horse and wheelbarrow.

—The number of lighthouse stations on the Atlantic, Gulf of Mexico and Pacific coasts, is 223, exhibiting 369 lights. The number of light vessel stations on the same coasts is 42, and the number of lights exhibited 55, making a total of 365 light stations, and 424 lights. On the lake coasts there are 91 light stations, exhibiting 115 lights, making a grand total of 466 light stations, and the lights exhibited 539.

—The Providence (R. I.) Journal says that if one State may secede, another may; and another and another. Suppose they should all secede but Rhode Island or Delaware, who will be responsible for the national debt?

—A one-dollar bill on a Decatur, Illinois, bank, has lately come up, bearing this inscription: "This one-dollar bill is all I received for marrying Mary Sommers and John Bradford, after riding five miles in the snow and storm, and \$3 for a horse. Samuel R. Jones, Clergyman." An exchange says, perhaps, after all, Jones had the best of the bargain.

—A couple of fishing vessels have reached the rich fishing ground on the eastern coast of Spitzbergen, sailing through a narrow sound, which hitherto has been supposed to afford no outlet.

HIS LAST COMMAND.—Wyherly, the comedian, married a girl of eighteen when he was verging on eighty. Shortly after, Providence was pleased in its mercy to the young woman, to call the old man to another and a better world. But ere he took his final departure from this world, he summoned his young wife to his bedside and announced to her that he was dying whereupon she wept bitterly. Wyherly lifted himself up in bed and gazing with tender emotion on his weeping wife, said: "My dearest love, I have a solemn promise to exact from you before I quit your side forever here below. Will you assure me my wishes will be attended to by you, however great the sacrifice you will be called to make?"

Horrid ideas of suttees, of poor Indian widows being called on to expire on funeral pyres with the bodies of their deceased lords and masters, flashed across the brain of the poor woman. With a convulsive effort and desperate resolution, she gasped out an assurance that his commands, however dreadful they might be, should be obeyed. Then Wyherly, with a ghastly smile, said in a low and solemn voice: "My beloved wife, the parting request I have to make of you is—that when I am gone (here his wife sobbed and cried most vehemently)—when I am in my cold grave—(Mrs. Wyherly tore her hair)—when I am laid low—(the disconsolate wife roared with grief)—when I am no longer a heavy burden and tie on you—('O! for Heaven's sake!') howled Mrs. W., "what am I to do?"—I command you, my dear wife—("Yes, yes, love," sobbed Mrs. W.)—on pain of incurring my malediction—("Yes, dear," groaned the horror-stricken wife)—never marry an old man again!"

Mrs. Wyherly dried her eyes and in the most fervent manner promised that she never would—and that faithful woman kept her word for life.

NOT LEGAL EVIDENCE.—The Montgomery (Ala.) Mail seems to have a fund of humor on hand, and gives occasionally a Southwestern sketch by a few touches that are telling as Hogarth's. It would seem that at a certain "court time," in Pike county, there was a trial for a general row, and a witness testified that one Stantonstall "jest kept sloshin' about." As this remark regarding the chivalrous Stantonstall was frequently repeated, said the lawyer for the defence, "Come, witness, say over again what it was that Mr. Stantonstall had to do with the affair." "Stantonstall? Why, I've told you several times: the rest on 'em clinched and paired off, but Stantonstall, he jest kept sloshin' about."—"Ah, my good fellow," was exclaimed, quite testily, "we want to know what this is. It isn't exactly legal evidence in the shape you put it. Tell us what you mean by 'sloshin' about.'" "Well," answered the witness, very deliberately, "I'll try. You see, John Brewer and Sykes, they clinched and fout. That's in a legal form, ain't it?" "Ob, yes," said he, "go on." "Abney and Blackman then pitched into one another, and Blackman bit off a piece of Abney's lip; that's legal, too, ain't it?" "Proceed!"—"Simpson and Bill Stokes and Murray was altogether on the ground, a bitin' and kickin' one another—that's legal, too, isn't it?" "Yes; but what about Stantonstall?"—"And Stantonstall made it his business to walk backward and forward through the crowd with a big stick in his hand, and knock down every loose man in the crowd as fast as he come to 'em. That's what I call sloshin' about!"

ALL THAT WE KNOW ABOUT SHAKSPEARE.—He was born in April, 1565, at Stratford-on-Avon, was the son of John Shakspeare, tradesman, and at the age of eighteen was married to Ann Hathaway, then twenty-six years old. In 1586 he went to London, and there became a player; in 1589 he was one of the proprietors of the Blackfriars Theatre, and in 1595 was a prominent sharer in a large theatre called the Globe. He seems to have altered, mended, and added to the dramas of others before he wrote any himself. Between 1591 and 1631, he wrote over thirty plays, but the precise date of the composition it is impossible to fix. About the year 1610, he retired permanently to Stratford. He died on the 23d of April, 1616. Such are the meagre results of a century of research into the external life of Shakspeare.

The Grammatical Duelist.

Two Englishmen once stepped into a coffee-house in Paris, where they observed a tall, odd-looking man, who appeared not to be a native, sitting at one of the tables, and looking around him with the utmost stone-like gravity of countenance upon every object. Soon after the Englishmen entered, one of them told the other that a celebrated dwarf had arrived at Paris. At this the grave-looking personage above mentioned opened his mouth and spoke.

"I arrive," said he, "thou arrivest, he arrives, we arrive, you arrive, they arrive."

The Englishman whose remark seemed to have suggested this mysterious speech, stepped up to the stranger, and asked, "Did you speak to me, sir?"

"I speak," replied the stranger, "thou speakest, he speaks, we speak, you speak, they speak."

"How is this?" said the Englishman. "Do you mean to insult me?"

The stranger replied, "I insult, thou insultest, he insults, we insult, you insult, they insult."

"This is too much," said the Englishman; "I will have satisfaction. If you have any spirit with your rudeness, come along with me."

To this defiance the imperturbable stranger replied, "I come, thou comest, he comes, we come, you come, they come."

And thereupon he rose, with great coolness, and followed his challenger.

In those days, when every gentleman wore his sword like a man, open and free, and not like cowardly, skulking fellows of this age, who have assassin-knives and hidden revolvers within their shirt-bosoms and vest pockets, duels were speedily dispatched. They went to a neighboring alley, and the Englishman, unsheathing his weapon, said to his antagonist, "Now, sir, you must fight me."

"I fight," replied the other, "we fight,"—here he made a trust—"you fight, they fight,"—and here he disarmed his adversary.

"Well," said the Englishman, "you have the best of it, and I hope you are satisfied."

"I am satisfied," said the original, sheathing his sword. "thou art satisfied, he is satisfied, we are satisfied, you are satisfied, they are satisfied."

"I am glad every one is satisfied," said the Englishman; "but pray leave off this quizzing and tell me what is your object, if you have any, in doing so."

The grave gentleman now, for the first time, became intelligible.

"I am a Dutchman," said he, "and am learning your language. I find it very difficult to remember the peculiarities of the verbs, and my tutor has advised me, in order to fix them in my mind, to conjugate every English verb that I hear spoken. This I have made it a rule to do; I don't like to have my plans broken in upon while they are in operation, or I would have told you this before."

The Englishmen laughed heartily at this explanation, and inviting the conjugating Dutchman to dine with them.

"I will dine," said he, "thou wilt dine, he will dine; you will dine, they will dine, we will all dine together." This they did, and it was difficult to determine whether the Dutchman ate or conjugated with most perseverance.

Judicial Logic.

During the trial of a case in the Superior Court, before Judge Goodrich, the other day, one witness swore that he knew a certain thing because he saw it. Three other witnesses swore that they did not know because they did not see it.

One counsel argues that because the three witnesses, who were present at the same time did not see it, therefore, the one witness did not see it. That the one witness was in error, because if the thing had happened it would have been visible to the three others, who were with him, as well as to himself.

The opposite counsel said that was bad logic. He would convince the jury that it was bad. It did not follow that because one juror sees a thing in the court room, the other eleven jurors must see it likewise. "To illustrate the truth of my position," said the learned counsel, "I will mention an instance. This morning, a jurymen came to me and told me I had a straw in my hair. Now I presume no other juror in the room saw it; I presume even the court did not see that straw."

"Yes I did," said the court.

"Well, now, your honor, that remark proves the truth of my position, because it was not a straw, it was a sliver."

"It makes no difference," said the court, "whether it was a straw or a sliver; I saw it, and it proves nothing, except that you didn't comb your hair!"

There was a loud smile in the court room, in which the learned counsel did not join.—[Chicago Times.]

DEATH OF A TENNESSEE HERMIT.—The McMinnville New Era announces the death on the 2nd of October, of Daniel West, the well known Hermit of the Mountains, at the age of seventy-eight. He lived for a number of years in the hollow of a large American poplar tree, in the opening of which he had fitted a rude door. In the centre of his hollow he would build his fire in winter, and for cooking his plain meals. The hollow also served as a sleeping apartment, and it is said he slept in a sitting posture, reclining against the wall of his house. Adjoining or near to this tree he had a rude shed which he used as a workshop where he manufactured chains, boxes, cider-mills, &c.

ABSTRACT

Containing a summary of Meteorological observations for the month of December, 1860, at G. S. L. City, Utah, by W. W. Phelps.

MONTHLY MEAN.		BAROMETER.
7 a.m.	2 p.m.	9 p.m.
26	25	25
Monthly mean		Thermometer attached.
7 a.m.	2 p.m.	9 p.m.
28	30	32
Monthly mean		Thermometer open air.
7 a.m.	2 p.m.	9 p.m.
18	36	21
Monthly mean		Thermometer Dry bulb.
7 a.m.	2 p.m.	9 p.m.
28	31	30
Monthly mean		Wet bulb.
7 a.m.	2 p.m.	9 a.m.
37	38	36

Highest and lowest range of Barometer during the month.

Max. ——— Min. ———

Highest and lowest range of thermometer in the open air during the month.

Max. 45° Min. 2° below zero.

Amount of snow that fell during the month measured 17 1/2 inches; amount of snow and rain water was 2.780, which is 2 3/4 inches—30. The prospects of irrigation for 1861 are as fair as the clouds of secession in the Southern States.

MONTHLY JOURNAL.

1. Hazy till noon; thence clear and warm.
2. Clear and pleasant.
3. do do
4. do do
5. do do
6. Cloudy; rained moderately from 9 a.m., all day. Snowed upon the mountains.
7. A. M. cloudy; p.m. partially clear.
8. Cloudy; snowing at 9 p.m.
9. Snow 3 inches; cloudy and cool; evening clear.
10. A. M. cloudy; after clear and cold.
11. Cloudy and cold; evening clear.
12. Cloudy; snowing all day.
13. Cloudy and wintry; thawing at 2 p.m.
14. Partially clear and thawing.
15. Cloudy and dull; do
16. do do
17. do do; began to rain.
18. Raining and warm all day.
19. Cloudy and warm; snowed all night.
20. Cloudy and disagreeable, but warm.
21. Cloudy and dreary.
22. Clear at intervals.
23. Cloudy and cold.
24. do do
25. Christmas, cloudy with a strong south wind.
26. Cloudy; continued strong wind south; snowing.
27. Cloudy and cold with plenty of sleighing.
28. Clear and cold.
29. do do
30. Thin haze and very cold; Thermometer 2 degrees below zero.
31. A. M. foggy; after clear; cold; hoar frost. Old Father Time introduced 1861 at midnight, and said 365 days, to unfold the secrets, secession, sorrow, success and sin of this year, allotted to the nations. Speed the car.

The Professor Bothered.

A professor of Latin in the University of Edinburgh, having desired the students to give a list of their names in Latin, was greatly surprised at seeing written on a slip of paper the name "Johannes Ovum-Novum."

After in vain seeking for a translation of this, he at last became convinced that it was either one of those dark Latin passages which even the skill of Bentley would have failed in solving, or it was a hoax.

He therefore next day, in the class, read out the three dark words, and desired the writer of them to stand up.

"One of the pupils immediately rose

"What are you?" said the professor.

"A poor scholar, sir," was the answer.

"A very poor scholar indeed, sir, or you would never have written such stuff as 'Johannes Ovum-Novum.' That can't be your name, sir."

"I don't see," said the student, "where you can find better Latin. My name is John Eggnew. 'Ovum' for egg—'Novum' for new: 'Ovum-Novum'—Eggnew."

The professor, seeing that he had rather the worst of it, immediately laid his finger on his forehead, and looking at his hopeful pupil, who was standing somewhat in the attitude of a drill sergeant, exclaimed in a pitiful voice:—"Alas! alas! something is wrong here, no doubt."

"Maybe so," shouted Ovum-Novum, "something may be wrong there, but—" striking his hand upon his forehead, "there is nothing wrong here."

—There are employed at the Philadelphia Post office, 83 clerks, whose salaries amount to \$65,000 per annum, 20 collectors, at \$8,000, and 48 carriers, whose net earnings for the year ending 30th of June last, were \$45,000.

The total receipts of the office of the same period, were \$287,736.75, of which amount \$229,172.02 were for the sale of stamps and stamped envelopes; the total number of letters sent from this office, was 5,894,958.

The editor of the Oregon Democrat has been shown an apple of the Gloria Mundi species, measuring one foot and a half in circumference.