

A GOOD STORY.

THE IMPERTURBABLE WITNESS.

Colonel T. B. Thorpe, in an article on "Fox Hunting" in a late number of *Harper's Magazine*, makes one of his characters tell this funny story of an imperturbable witness:

"Some years ago," said our narrator, who had a very twinkling eye and durable red color on the end of his nose, "some legal business caused me to sojourn for a few days in a little neighboring town, which, though now boasting of a numerous population, was at the time of which I speak possessed of but little more than a rude court-house, a tavern and blacksmith shop. The only active life the place ever witnessed was at 'court term,' and our reminiscences even at this moment are vivid that we found our time anything but heavy on our hands. The judge who presided upon the bench was a man of superior character, familiar with the world and with the members of the bar; altogether superior to the rude surroundings with which they were associated; the contrast, therefore, between the members of the profession and the permanent residents in the vicinity was necessarily very striking.

"At the time of which I speak, a man by the name of Parker, one of the local dignitaries, had been sued upon an open account which he denied owing, and it rested upon the plaintiff, Glass, to prove the indebtedness.

"A queer sort of genius named Brimlon, who made a precarious living by hunting and doing odd jobs as occasion required, was subpoenaed by Glass as his witness.

"The proceedings of the court were conducted, as might be supposed, in rather a familiar way; the judge, though a man of great natural firmness, was very little disposed to be exacting in his demand upon the enforcement of mere forms, and so long as no legal principle was invaded and his dinner hour not interfered with by business, everything was as cozy and comfortable as possible.

"After a day of more than usual excitement when there had really been something before the court which called forth legal acumen in the pleadings, having put the judge up to his mettle; in other words, after a hard day's work had been performed, and judge, lawyers, attending jurymen and witnesses had really become fatigued and hungry, as the judge was on the point of ordering an adjournment of the court, the landlord of the tavern having openly announced in court that a dinner off it was on the table, at the particular moment Mr. Sharp, Glass's lawyer, rose and said:

"May it please your Honor, my client, Mr. Glass, wishes to prove an account. The only witness in the case is present, if the Court please to hear the testimony, which will but consume a moment."

"The judge, impatient as he was for the dinner, hesitated for a moment, and consented. The case was called, 'Glass vs. Parker'; the witness Brimlon was put on the stand, the lawyers and spectators stood around hats in hand; the judge in the act of leaving the court had actually put on his hat, and removed it to hear the testimony which would only 'take a moment.'

"Brimlon, meantime, was duly sworn, and asked in a familiar way what he knew about the disputed account; but instead of promptly answering he stood still, looked severely and reprovingly at the spectators who were bustling about, and finally, by staring all present into silence, the judge absolutely settling back in his chair as if suddenly impressed with the idea that he, too, must be profoundly attentive. This having been accomplished, Brimlon commenced as follows:

"It was a beautiful evening—I shall never forget that evening. The sun was setting in the west, where there was a very curious cloud, funnel-shaped, with a large head to it, and then sort of coming down to a little end—it was, in fact, a rail beautiful evening."

"When the witness had proceeded thus far, the counsel for the defence, much to the gratification of all present, pettishly exclaimed:

"Mr. Brimlon, we do not wish to know anything about the 'beautiful evening' or anything of the sort; please tell us what you know about this account"—at the same time rudely shoving Parker's bill into the witness's face. At this gross breach of decorum on the part of the lawyer Brimlon showed no resentment, but after remaining silent a minute or more, with increased impressiveness he began:

"It was a beautiful evening—I shall never forget that evening. The sun was setting in the west, where there was a very curious cloud, funnel-shaped, with a large head to it, and then sort of coming down to a little end—it was, in fact, a rail beautiful evening, and I thought I might as well go a huntin', so says I, 'Boss'—you know Boss; he is a short tailed dog with crop ears, and as good a dog as any in the country—so having called up Boss, and found he was all right, I got down my gun (it's about thirty inches in the barrel), and thought I'd file the locks, though they work like hair-triggers; so I filed the locks and started for the stubble-field, owned by old Squire Todman—

"By this time the symptoms of impatience on the part of the bystanders were openly expressed, and Glass's lawyer, no longer able to restrain himself at the prolixity of his own witness, jumped on his feet and begged the judge to order Brimlon to give a more direct answer to a simple question. The judge thereupon nodded his head to the imperturbable

Brimlon, who, having stopped the moment he was interrupted until perfect silence was obtained, began:

"It was a beautiful evening—I shall never forget that evening. The sun was setting in the west, where there was a very curious cloud, funnel-shaped, with a large head to it, and then sort of coming down to a little end—it was, in fact, a rail beautiful evening, and I thought I might as well go a huntin', so says I, 'Boss'—you know Boss; he is a short tailed dog with crop ears, and as good a dog as any in the country; so, having called up Boss, and found he was all right, I got down my gun (it's about thirty inches in the barrel), and thought I'd file the locks, though they work like hair-triggers; so I filed the locks and started for the stubble-field, owned by old Squire Todman—the one he was going to build the gin-house on, but didn't—well, after walking 'bout a while, with Boss just a little ahead, his ears forward, and his tail (what's left of it) a waggin', what should I do but tumble over by catching my foot in some long grass, which acted like a shin-hobble—but 'twas no use, and I was going to give up the hunt, when I seed ahead a patridge, just beyond a stump, a pluming himself in the dry ravine that takes across the road—whereat says I—

"At this moment the landlord rushed into the court-room and announced that the venison was getting cold (it was a December day), and wanted to know, if the Court wouldn't adjourn soon, if he hadn't better put the saddle down by the fire."

"At this interruption Brimlon again stopped, rolled his large vacant eyes over on the landlord, and, after the restoration of a fearful silence, proceeded:

"It was a beautiful evening—I shall never forget that evening. The sun was setting in the west, where there was a very curious cloud, funnel-shaped, with a large head to it, and then sort of coming down to a little end—it was, in fact, a rail beautiful evening, and I thought I might as well go a huntin', so says I, 'Boss'—you know Boss; he is a short tailed dog with crop ears, and as good a dog as any in the country—so, having called up Boss, and found he was all right, I got down my gun (it's about thirty inches in the barrel), and thought I'd file the locks, though they work like hair-triggers; so I filed the locks and started for the stubble-field, owned by old Squire Todman—the one he was going to build the gin-house on, but didn't—well, after walking 'bout a while, with Boss just a little ahead, his ears forward, and his tail (what's left of it) a waggin', what should I do but tumble over by catching my foot in some long grass, which acted like a shin-hobble—but 'twas no use, and I was going to give up the hunt, when I seed ahead a patridge, just beyond a stump, a pluming himself in the old dry ravine that takes across the road—whereat says I, Boss, says I, do you see that bird? and I'll be hanged if the dog didn't come to a pint. At this I lied down, and crept along, sometimes flat and sometimes on my knees, but along I crept, Boss all the while lying low; by-and-by I cum up to the patridge, and if it wasn't after all a piece of red bark, I'm blowed! Whereupon I brushed the smashed grass and mud off my knees and elbows, and says I, Boss—

"The pressure had now become fearful, and there was a spontaneous movement among the crowd, some members of it going so far as to cough and scrape their feet, when the judge, evidently desirous to facilitate proceedings, very courteously learned forward and begged that the witness would be allowed to tell his story in his own way. Brimlon hereat quietly turned towards the bench, and clearing his voice, said:

"It was a beautiful evening—"

"At the repetition of this statement the judge fell back exhausted, and putting on a severe expression, delivered himself thus:

"Gentlemen, I beg that you will not interrupt the witness; I ask this as a personal favor. The witness will please go on." At this hint Brimlon smiled benignly, as if he were conferring a great favor on the bench, the lawyers and the spectators, and then with a voice sweeter and slower than ever, and amidst a stillness that was to the last degree painful, he proceeded:

"It was a beautiful evening—I shall never forget that evening. The sun was setting in the west, where there was a very curious cloud, funnel-shaped, with a large head to it, and then sort of coming down to a little end—it was, in fact, a rail beautiful evening, and I thought I might as well go a huntin', so says I, 'Boss'—you know Boss; he is a short tailed dog with crop ears, and as good a dog as any in the country—so having called up Boss, and found he was all right, I got down my gun (it's about thirty inches in the barrel), and thought I'd file the locks, and started for the stubble-field, owned by old Squire Todman—the one he was going to build the gin-house on, but didn't—well, after walking 'bout a while, with Boss just a little ahead, his ears forward, and his tail (what's left of it) a waggin', what should I do but tumble over by catching my foot in some long grass, which acted like a shin-hobble—but 'twas no use, and I was going to give up the hunt, when I seed ahead a patridge, just beyond a stump, a pluming himself in the old dry ravine that takes across the road—whereat says I, Boss, says I, do you see that bird? and I'll be hanged if the dog didn't come to a pint. At this I lied down, and crept along, sometimes flat and sometimes on my knees, but along I crept, Boss all the while lying low; by-and-by I cum up to the patridge, and if it wasn't after all a piece of red bark, I'm blowed!

Whereupon I brushed the smashed grass and mud off my knees and elbows, and says I, Boss, if we ain't a passel of darned fools, then your tail's a yard long, if it ain't longer; whereat I got out of the field in double quick time, and clomb over into the road, and met Parker (turning toward the defendant), who said to me, says he, 'What, Brimlon, you out huntin'?' And I said, 'Not much'—so Parker and I walked up the road, and he said he had just seen Glass, who threatened to sue him for his bill of twenty dollars; that while he didn't deny owing the bill, he didn't like to be sued."

"The truth was out at last, and the painfully excited crowd fairly shouted with delight—the lawyers at the same time rubbed their hands, and the judge heaved a deep sigh, as if he were suddenly relieved from a fearful responsibility. In the general confusion that followed, Brimlon was energetically invited down from the stand by a dozen voices; and to this day it is a marvel among all who heard his testimony how he necessarily connected the beautiful evening, the patridge hunt, and the fact that he heard Parker acknowledge that he owed Glass money on an open account."

Relics of the Washington Family.

The visitors to the State House, to-day, will notice that the portion of the marble flagging of the recess in which the statue of Washington stands, has been taken up, and that the two gray tomb-stones bearing the marks of extreme age, are being put in the place. These stones are perfect fac-similes of those which, in the parish church of Brighton, near Althorp, in England, cover the remains of the father and uncle of John Washington, the emigrant to Virginia, who was the grandfather of Washington. Hon. Charles Sumner, during his late visit to Europe, saw these inscriptions in the parish church, and Earl Spencer, the proprietor of Althorp, having been made acquainted with the interesting fact, caused the quarry from which the original tablets were taken more than two centuries ago, to be sought out and copies to be made, which exactly represent the original. These were presented to Mr. Sumner, and by him to the State.

The largest stone was that which had been placed over the remains of John Washington, the great-grandfather of our own Washington. It is a slab of bluish gray sandstone, and measures five feet nine inches long, and two feet seven inches broad. At the head are carved the arms of the Washingtons, with an additional family quartering. The family arms of the Washingtons have a combination of stripes and stars, and are by some supposed to have suggested our national flag. The following is the inscription on this stone:

Here lieth the body of Lawrence Washington sonne and heire of Robert Washington of Solgrave in the countie of Northampton Esquire who married Margaret the eldest daughter of William Butler of Tees in the county of Sussex Esquire, who had issue by her 8 sons and 9 daughters which Lawrence deceased the 13 of December A. Dni 1616.

Thou that by chance or choyce of this bath sight Know life to death resignes as daye to night; But as the sunns retorne revives the day So Christ shall us though turnde to dust & clay.

On the other stone is this inscription, with the Washington arms on the plate of brass:

"Here lies interred ye bodies of Eltzar Washington widdowe who changed this life for immortalitie ye 19th of March 1622. As also ye body of Robert Washington gent. her late husband second sonne of Robert Washington of Solgrave in ye county of North, Esqr, who also deputed this life ye 16th of March, 1662, after they lived lovingly together many years in this parish."

As the stones are laid on the floor of the hall, one is smaller than the other, and the space thus left, it is supposed to fill by an inscription explanatory of the facts we have related. These "Memorial Stones" are of much historic value as connected with the family history of the Father of his Country, and will be objects of interest to all visitors to our State Capitol. Above them stands Chantrey's well known statue of him, through whose virtuous life and noble deeds, all who bear his name have become dear to the American people, and whose fame illuminates the past even to the furthest generation of his ancestors.—[Boston Journal.

A Learned Workingman.

As an instructive example of what it is in the power of workingmen to do to educate themselves, and as furnishing an extraordinary instance of the pursuit and acquisition of knowledge under difficulties, we give the following brief sketch of the life of Mr. J. A. Langford, a workingman of Birmingham, and the author of numerous instructive works.

Mr. Langford, though now holding the position of secretary to the Aston Hall Park Company, in the above-named town, has, within the last two or three years, and up to the time when his talents and acquirements secured for him his present situation, worked as a chair-maker and printer, he, in

addition to all his other knowledge, having learned both trades.

He was born in Birmingham in the year 1823, his father being a chairmaker there in very humble circumstances. At the age of ten, when he had barely learned to read and write, the necessities of his parents compelled them to withdraw him from school, and put him to work to assist in maintaining the family. He was apprenticed to his father's trade—the regular hours of work at it being from 5 a.m. to 7 p.m. But, like many other sons of genius in the same condition, he was even at that early age possessed with an unquenchable thirst for knowledge, and he resolved, since he could not hope for assistance from others, to use his utmost efforts to educate himself.

For this purpose he resolutely denied himself all the little luxuries which are so attractive to the young, and many of the necessities of life as well, that he might gain the wherewithal to purchase the necessary books, and it hardly requires to be told that it was by no means so easy for a poor youth to purchase, or otherwise procure books twenty years ago as it is now. To enable him to do this more effectually it was his practice, during the whole period of his apprenticeship, to work overtime, from seven till eleven at night, after which he engaged in study till two in the morning, leaving himself only two or three hours for sleep. And so he went on for years with unflinching perseverance and determination, making himself thoroughly acquainted with the English language and literature.

As soon as this was accomplished he turned his attention to languages, and after two or three years of the same hard toil and diligent and unremitting study, and still without any assistance but what was derived from books, succeeded in mastering Latin, French and German. He also, shortly after the expiry of his apprenticeship to his father's trade, learned that of a printer, one offering great opportunities of acquiring knowledge, at which he worked for five years, and till he obtained the situation he now holds. Still as ardent as ever in the pursuit of knowledge, he is at present engaged in the study of Spanish and Italian, and has made great progress in acquiring these languages.

ABSTRACT

Of Meteorological observations for the month of November, 1861, at G. S. L. City, Utah, by W. W. Phelps.

MONTHLY MEAN.

Thermometer in open air.

7 a.m.	2 p.m.	9 p.m.
36	50	40

Dry Bulb.

7 a.m.	2 p.m.	9 p.m.
40	48	42

Wet Bulb.

7 a.m.	2 p.m.	9 p.m.
38	45	40

Highest and lowest range of Barometer: Max. 25.—Min. 25.—

Highest and lowest range of thermometer in the open air: Max. 70° Min. 17°.

The amount of Rain and Snow water was 1.76 inch. The Snow that fell during the month measured 4 inches. The weather was temperate and moist.

MONTHLY JOURNAL.

- 1st. Partially cloudy.
- 2d. Clear and cold.
- 3d. Partially clear.
- 4th. do
- 5th. Clear till evening, then cloudy and windy.
- 6th. Hazy and warm.
- 7th. Partially clear.
- 8th. Cloudy.
- 9th. Cloudy; storm near.
- 10th. Raining, and snowing on the mountains.
- 11th. Cloudy; gale from the west.
- 12th. Cloudy and dreary.
- 13th. Cloudy and windy.
- 14th. Mostly clear.
- 15th. Cloudy; rained 6 p.m.
- 16th. Clear at times.
- 17th. Cloudy.
- 18th. Stormy and windy; snowed.
- 19th. Clear at times, and cold.
- 20th. Cloudy; snowed at night.
- 21st. Cloudy; do
- 22d. A.M. clear; p.m. cloudy.
- 23d. Clear.
- 24th. Clear and hazy.
- 25th. Cloudy; rained at night.
- 26th. Cloudy.
- 27th. A.M. rainy; p.m. cloudy and windy.
- 28th. A.M. cloudy; p.m. clear.
- 29th. Cloudy and rainy.
- 30th. Rainy day.

LARGE WORKS.—The Territorial Enterprise says of the great Guld & Curry Mill, in Nevada, that it is the largest in the Territory, is built in the form of a cross, the main building being 250 feet long, and the wings 75 feet long; the engine is fifty horse power, and the steaming apparatus consists of six furnaces and three boilers, twenty-six feet long and forty-two inches in diameter. The battery is 125 feet long and 50 feet wide, containing forty stamps, the whole being capable of crushing forty tons of ore per day. The number of men now employed in the mill is thirty, and as soon as contemplated additions are completed, the force will be doubled.