

The Chicken's Mistake.
A little downy chicken one day
Asked leave to go on the water.
Where she saw a duck with her brood at play,
Swimming and dashing about her.
Indeed, she began to peep and cry,
"Then her mother wouldn't let her;
"If the ducks can swim there, why can't I;
Are they any bigger or better?"
Then the old hen answered, "Listen to me,
And hush your foolish talking;
Just look at your feet, and you will see
They were only made for walking."
But chivalry mistily eyed the brood,
And didn't half believe her;
For she seemed to say, by a knowing look,
"Such stories couldn't describe her."
And as her mother was scratching the ground,
She unuttered lower and lower,
"I know I can go there and not be drowned,
And so I think I'll show her."
Then she made a plunge, where the stream was
Deep,
And came too late her blunder;
For she hadn't hardly time to peep
Till her foolish head went under.
And now I hope her fate will show
The child, my story reading,
That those who are older sometimes know
What you will do well in heading—
That each content in his place should dwell,
And envy not his brother;
And any part that is acted well
Is just as good as another.

BRIGHAM YOUNG.
A correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial, writing from Salt Lake City, gives a very interesting account of an interview with the Prophet President of Utah, Brigham Young. We make some extracts from his letter:

THE ABODE OF THE PROPHET.
At ten minutes before the musical town clock struck ten, we were on the way from the hotel, walking along the stream and shade-tree bordered avenues, under a sky exquisitely blue, and flanked by an atmosphere that seemed just to have unwrapped from the original package. Brigham's famous presidential mansion of the Lion and the Behemoth houses, stand in the centre of a square about ten feet from the pavement, and are surrounded by beautifully embellished grounds of twenty acres, the whole block being enclosed by a high wall of boulders. The Lion House and the Behemoth House stand side by side, and look like ambitious country villas, three stories high, adorned by a wilderness of portals of one, and a beehive that of the other. In front and along the entire square the pavements is margined with a row of vividly green ficus half grown. To the left of the mansion a large branch of the network of small streams, that line the streets and irrigate the gardens of the city, tumbles out into the street in a rocky channel excavated under the wall of boulders and neatly arched over.

On the opposite side of the way the square is occupied by the smaller but still beautiful residences of leading fleece Mormons, each house peering through an exterior of jolly trees and shrubbery. Brigham's houses are painted in light and cheerful colors, and have the aspect of being most sedulously "kept up." Their privacy is rendered absolute by meagre-ness of windows, profusion of shade trees, opacity of blinds and curtains, thickness and height of the exterior wall and bristling strength of the entrance gates. Of the extensive grounds adjacent we were permitted to catch no glimpse, on account, doubtless, of the extreme largeness of the Prophet's family and their custom of promulgating there after partaking of the grand breakfast, which is the one Democratic meal to which the whole household assemble en masse.

THE INTERIOR.
Passing through the iron gate of the Behemoth House we found ourself in a waiting to introduce us to the modern Brigham office, a large apartment handsomely furnished, and found ourselves shaking hands with a strongly built man of sixty-eight, who seems ten years younger. His manner was gravely cordial, and he motioned us to chairs with the routine air of one whose station demands that he take a daily "prubic bath" of visitors of all degrees.

The auditors took seats in a semi-circle, while the Prophet deposited himself with due deliberation in a cushioned arm-chair. While the conversation ran on empty generalities, a few moments were afforded to take a glance around the apartment which serves the double purpose of private office and audience-room. On one side of the wall near the ceiling is a row of bust portraits in oil, representing Brigham, his counselors and apostles, in all the propriety of neatly dressed hair, commanding, or at least staid facial expression, in all the plenitude of fine linen and full dress broadcloth. Brigham's picture would seem to make him out a vigorous handsome man of forty, and justly bestows on him a presence to impress a feminine admirer no less than his own sex. The array of pictures has just the same shade of gloss and peculiarities of color and treatment; so they are probably the recent work of the same hand. Maps of Salt Lake City, Utah, and that part of the United States west of the one hundredth degree of longitude, hang elsewhere on the walls. The room contains several large desks, highly varnished, and two large tables of beautiful green and mottled marbles, piled high with books and documents. The floor is richly carpeted, the chairs large and luxurious. Three or four carved bookcases, all closely filled, are disposed in different spots near the wall.

THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.
"I understand, President Young," said another, "that you have taken a contract for grading the ninety miles of the Union Pacific Railroad west of your city."
"Yes," answered the Prophet; "not precisely miles north of it, but east of a point twenty miles north of it."
"We have heard," pursued the first speaker, "that you would greatly prefer not to be disturbed by railroads—that is, your people have sought to be isolated and would not object to remaining aloof from Gentiles and their enterprises."
"Oh, yes," replied Brigham, with a well-feigned flurry of impatience at the thought, "that is the way with people generally. They would discredit the word of a reliable man and believe the first drunkard that sallies out of a grog-shop. Why should we grade ninety miles of a road we are supposed to be afraid of?"
Nobody answered the question.
"Would you rather the railroad would pass twenty miles north of instead of through your city?"
"Why, of course not," growled Brigham. "We have exhausted our influence in attempting to bring it right into Salt Lake City. Years ago I set apart depot grounds for railroad purposes. I have offered a part of them to the Union Pacific if they will come here; but they choose to pass twenty miles to the north, building across the lake and committing their route to that latitude without a detour of forty miles."
"Will you build a branch, then, to connect with the railroad?"
"Certainly, in good time. The valley is perfectly level, and the branch can be easily and cheaply constructed."
"What is the Mormon population of Utah, Mr. President?"
"I don't know, sir."
"This city, we hear, has about sixteen thousand inhabitants."
"It has about twenty thousand," said Brigham.
"When, Mr. President, do you expect the Union Pacific Railroad to reach the latitude of this city?"
"Another season will suffice, I think. The ninety miles I have contracted to grade will be finished by next September, as stipulated. I have a large force at work already, as you doubtless saw when you came here through. Ebb's Canyon and the same contracts have nearly all been given out."

THE CHICKEN'S MISTAKE.
Now for a glance at Brigham himself as he sits gravely upright in his chair, with his large, broad feet making a decent right angle on the soft carpet. He is in a suit of greenish cassimere—coat, vests and pantaloons all of the same piece—all more roomy and comfortable with no pretensions whatever to stylish build. The vest is cut as usual to reveal a broad expanse of white linen shirt and turndown collar. The only jewelry visible is a heavy but tasteful watch chain, leading from a vest button-hole to the left front pocket. A crisp clean parti-colored silk pocketkerchief is tied around his neck, and fastened in a come-up-as-it-fits-adjusted there by the left hand. The occasion of this interview is the funeral discourse of Heber Kimball, and following his remains to

the grave. If you chance to get near enough, you will occasionally notice that he has a little after speaking. His hair is still thick, and retains much of its original golden color. It is neatly combed back, and its tendency to turn in under the ends increases a little. The blonde face is a good looking one in whole and in detail, but far from easy to construe. The forehead is broad, moderately high and well marked in the perspective region over the brows; the eyes are keen in their glance, though light in hue and not naturally lustrous; the nose is a good, strong, straight sort of nose, and has been a handsome aquiline, with sensual nostrils. The mouth can hardly retain much of its original form and expression. Authority has remodeled and compressed it until it is more like a seam than a mouth. When he speaks, the words seemed to be calmly weighed by the brain, clipped by the teeth, and finally squeezed through the left half of the almost locked-up lips. The jaw is the one undesignedly animal portion of the face. It is heavy, purplish in its fulness of blood, and inclines to take on the double chin. The throat is thick, the chest deep, the shoulders broad, the arms rather short, the legs yomanlike in stoutness, and the whole figure that of a well-proportioned large man nearly six feet in height, who has passed his prime and commenced to descend a little. The predominant expression of his face is a broad sort of amiability, a profound knowledge of human nature, combined with quick, solid intuitions, and a rare capacity—a capacity of intelligently dispatching important work with rapidity and no little—have placed Brigham Young where he is, and made his little empire in the desert one of the wonders of the world. For a man of sixty-eight he is well preserved. Hardly a gray hair is perceptible in his head. But when he walks across the floor there is a suggestion of old age, with its coming flabbiness and want of supple sinews. His step lacks elasticity, and his complexion the freshness of vigor and ripe robustitude. The Prophet is going, down hill. He is no longer young, nor middle aged. Though he has taken two new wives within the last six months, he has not increased the number of his offspring for three years and better. Heber Kimball, who died at the age of sixty-eight, leaves a platoon of infants en echelon, all the way from three months old upwards, but Brigham's youngest is an urchin already in pantaloons and wise enough to know its own mother, which, for a Mormon baby, argues no small endowment of precocious reasoning powers. Three years ago Brigham married "Amelia," the vivacious, willful, pale, and rather homely daughter of a Salt Lake carpenter. From the altar she has exerted a strange influence over her august lord; and, though she has borne him no child, she is still his favorite, and is most frequently seen with him in public, and is the object of attentions from him which few of his harem have ever known. Two new wives have succeeded her—one of them a widow—but neither of them has supplanted her as the Prophet's dearest.

CLAIMING HIS SISTER.
A French paper says that Lucille Rome, a pretty little girl, with blue eyes and fair hair, poorly but neatly clad, was brought before the Sixth Court of Correction, under the charge of vagrancy.

"Does any one claim you?" asked the magistrate.
"Ah! my good sir," said she "I have no longer friends; my father and mother are dead—I have only my brother James, but he is as young as I am. Oh, sir! what can he do for me?"
"The Court must send you to the House of Correction."
"Here I am, sister—here I am! do not fear!" cried a childish voice from the other end of the court, and at the same instant a little boy with a lovely countenance started forth from amid the crowd, and stood before the judge.
"Who are you?" said he.
"James Rome, the brother of this little girl."
"Your age?"
"Thirteen."
"And what do you want?"
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"But have you the means of providing for her?"
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"While other folks have to go to bed early, the editor can sit up late every night, and see all that's going on. The boys think it is a big thing to hang on till 10 o'clock. When I am a man I mean to be an editor, so that I can stay out nights. Then that will be bully. The editor don't have to saw wood or do any chopping, except with his scissors. Railroads are an excuse for him; knowing if they didn't he'd make 'em get up and run. In politics he don't care much who he goes for, if they are on his side. If they ain't, he goes for 'em any way; so it amounts to nearly the same thing. There is a great many people trying to be editors who can't, and some of them have been in the profession five years. They can't see it, though. If I was asked if I had rather have an education or be a circus-rider, I would say, let me go and be an editor."

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THE NEW TEMPLE.
"Our party, Mr. Young, have been looking at the foundation of the new temple. I propose to build near the new tabernacle. Is the beautiful mottled granite, of which it is to be constructed, quarried near here?"
"Yes, the quarry is about thirty miles distant. Specimens of the granite were sent to the Paris Exposition. It is a stone that has a beautiful appearance in the rough, but will not take on a polish."
"How soon will the work be resumed on the temple?"
"Well, it is not a matter for hurry, and must depend on the pressure from other and more urgent State demands. Several hundred blocks of granite were laid in the temple grounds this spring. An order for teams was sent out, and within a fortnight the blocks of granite were all delivered here."
"What will the temple probably cost?"
"We don't indulge in estimates. When work is to be done the community comes forward and does it. All labor is performed by ourselves, and the cost is not counted."
In conversation Brigham Young is frank, ready, apt and concise, with no peculiarity of accent and no eccentricities of grammar. It may interest those who hunger for minute details to know that he pronounces route as if spelled root, and that he says neither, nor neither. The telegraphic negotiation resulted in nothing definite. We arose. The Prophet followed us to the door, shaking hands with each one.

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Cheap Pleasures.
Did you ever study the cheapness of some pleasures? Do you know how little it takes to make a multitude happy? Such trifles as a penny, a word, or a smile do the work. There are two or three boys passing along—give them each a chestnut, and how smiling they look! they will not be cross for some time. A poor widow lives in a neighborhood who is the mother of half a dozen children, send them half a peck of sweet apples, and they will all be happy. A child has lost his arrow—the world to him—and he mourns sadly; help him to find it, or make him another, and how quickly will the sunshine play upon his sober face. A boy has as much as he can do to pile up a load of wood; assist him a few moments, or speak a pleasant word to him, and he forgets his toil and works away without minding it. Your apprentice has broken a mug, or out the vest too large or slightly injured a piece of work, say, "You scoundrel," and he feels miserable; but remark, "I am sorry," and he will try to do better. You see a man—pay him cheerfully, and speak a pleasant word to him, and he leaves your house with a contented heart to light up his own hearth with smiles and gladness. As you pass along the street, you meet a familiar face—say, "Good morning," as though you felt happy, and it will work admirably in the heart of your neighbor.

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"The Editor.—The editor is one of the happiest animals in the world. He can go to the circus, afternoon and evening, without paying a cent; also to inequities and hangings. He has free tickets to picnics and strawberry festivals, gets wedding cake sent him, and sometimes gets a licking, but not often, for he can take things back in the next issue, which he generally does. I never knew only one editor to get licked. His paper busts that day, and he couldn't take anything back."
"While other folks have to go to bed early, the editor can sit up late every night, and see all that's going on. The boys think it is a big thing to hang on till 10 o'clock. When I am a man I mean to be an editor, so that I can stay out nights. Then that will be bully. The editor don't have to saw wood or do any chopping, except with his scissors. Railroads are an excuse for him; knowing if they didn't he'd make 'em get up and run. In politics he don't care much who he goes for, if they are on his side. If they ain't, he goes for 'em any way; so it amounts to nearly the same thing. There is a great many people trying to be editors who can't, and some of them have been in the profession five years. They can't see it, though. If I was asked if I had rather have an education or be a circus-rider, I would say, let me go and be an editor."

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NEW, LARGE,
AND
ELEGANT ADDITIONAL SUPPLIES

JAMES A. GRAY & CO.,
228 Broad St.,
Augusta, Georgia,

Beg to inform the public of their new, large and elegant additional supplies of
FRENCH, SWISS, BELGIAN AND ENGLISH
DRESS GOODS,

JUST RECEIVED,
WHICH THEY ARE OFFERING AT
EXTREMELY LOW PRICES,
JAS. A. GRAY & CO.
228 BROAD STREET, AUGUSTA, GA.
Augusta, Aug 18

Summer Clothing.
ALL NEW GOODS!
NOW ON HAND A SPLENDID STOCK OF GOODS, consisting of
Black and Colored CLOTHS,
Fancy CASSIMERES,
Black Doe Skin CASSIMERES,
Black Alpaca VESTS,
Col. and White Marseilles VESTINGS,
Which will be manufactured to order in the very latest styles.
SUMMER CLOTHING.
A FIRST RATE STOCK OF SEASONABLE CLOTHING, comprising
Black Cloth Frock COATS,
Black Cassimere PANTS,
Black Silk VESTS,
Black Dress of the Frock COATS,
Black Dress of the SACKS,
Black Alpaca of the PANTS,
Black Alpaca SACKS,
Black Alpaca VESTS,
Black Satin VESTS,
White Marseilles VESTS,
Colored Marseilles VESTS,
Brown Linen SUITS,
Colored Cassimere SUITS,
White Linen PANTS,
Colored Marseilles PANTS,
--ALSO--
A FIRST RATE ASSORTMENT OF
Furnishing Goods,
Consisting of SHIRTS, COLLARS, TIES, SUSPENDERS, GLOVES, UNDERSHIRTS and DRAWERS, Linen and Silk Pocket HANDKERCHIEFS, ALCO, COMBS and BRUSHES of the best quality.
All Goods SOLD AT ONE PRICE, and at the VERY LOWEST PRICES.
J. A. VAN WINKLE,
228 Broad Street, Augusta, Ga.
June 3

Hail!
At The
FREDERICKSBURG STORE.
The Subscriber begs leave to remind his friends throughout Edgefield District, that he is still at the famous FREDERICKSBURG STORE Augusta, Ga., on the Corner below the Planters Hotel, where he is ever ready to welcome them, and exhibit to them ALL KINDS AND QUALITIES OF SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS, and to offer them the MOST ADVANTAGEOUS BARGAINS.
He will consider it a privilege at all times to see and serve his Edgefield friends at the Fredericksburg Store.
GEORGE TONEY.
Augusta, Apr 13 3m 16

Ye Old Customers!
I TAKE THIS METHOD of announcing to you that I am still at my old stand, where I am conducting the same old line of business, which comprises the usual assortment of
SHELF AND HEAVY
HARDWARE & CUTLERY.
ALSO,
Tin Ware,
Which I manufacture in all its Styles and Patterns.
WOOD WARE,
A large assortment, such as Buckets, Tubs and Pails.
COOKING AND HEATING
Stoves,
Among which are the justly famous Cook Stoves "DIXIE," "SUMMIT," "GOOD SAMARITAN," "SOUTHERN STATES," and "FIRE SIDER." These Stoves are adapted to Southern Housekeepers, and there should be one in every family in order to facilitate and make Cooking easy.
Call and make a close inspection of the Goods and Prices before you go farther.
I am not paying \$2000 a year for rent of Store as many others are. Bear this in mind, as these expenses are not to be added to prices paid by you.
WM. HILL,
HARRISBURG, S. C.
Oct 6

JUST RECEIVED,
ONE BARREL FINE SYRUP,
SUGAR, COFFEE, SALT,
BACON AND LARD,
SOAP, STARCH, SOJA, CANDLES,
TANNING, CRACKERS, SARDINES,
Smoking and Chewing TOBACCO, &c.
S. H. MANGET,
July 21
Come all that suffer with
Tooth Ache!
JUST received and for sale DR. HALL'S ANODYNE—a sure cure for Tooth Ache.
THOS. W. CARWILE,
At Sign Golden Mortar,
April 1

New Drug Store.
THE Undersigned takes pleasure in informing his friends that he has just received an EXTENSIVE NEW AND FRESH STOCK OF
Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, &c.,
At the Old Stand under Masonic Hall, where he will constantly on hand full stocks of everything in the Drug line.
Persons wishing to purchase will find it to their advantage to call at the Old Stand.
Terms reasonable.
T. J. TEAGUE, Agt.
May 12

ESTABLISHED IN 1850
THE Subscriber would respectfully inform the citizens of Edgefield and the surrounding counties, that he has received a FULL ASSORTMENT for the REPAIR of WATCHES and JEWELRY. All work entrusted to his care will be executed promptly, neatly, and warranted for one year.
At his Store will be found one of the largest Stocks of
Gold and Silver Watches,
Of the best European and American manufacture in the Southern States, with a select assortment of
RICH AND NEW STYLES EUROPEAN GOLD JEWELRY,
Set with Diamonds, Pearls, Rubies, Oriental Gemstones, Coral, &c. Also,
Solid Silver Ware,
Consisting of
FULL TEA SETS, WAITERS, ICE AND WAFFLE PITCHERS, CANNERS, COFFERS, CUPS, PORKS, SPOONS,
And everything in the SILVER LINE.
FINE SILVER AND DOUBLE BARRELED GUNS,
Colt's, Smith & Weston's, Cooper's, Remington's, Sharps, Deringer's,
PISTOLS,
And many others of the latest invention.
FINE CUTLERY, SPECTACLES, WALKING CANES, PERFUMERY, PORTMONAIES, AND FANCY GOODS
Of every variety to be found in a first class Jewelry Establishment.
A. PRONAUT,
One Door below Augusta Hotel,
165 Broad Street, Augusta, Ga.
Oct 11

IMPORTANT TO OWNERS OF STOCK
THE AMERICAN STOCK JOURNAL
AND
Farmers and Stock Breeders' ADVERTISER.
ONLY \$1 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE
A First-class Monthly Journal, devoted to Farming and Stock Breeding. Each number contains a large double-column page, illustrated with numerous engravings. Specimen Copies free, for stamp, with list of splendid Premiums to Agents.
ROBERT AND CASTLE DOUGLAS, PRINTERS.
The Publishers of the "AMERICAN STOCK JOURNAL" have established a Veterinary Department in the columns of the JOURNAL, by appointing a Veterinary Surgeon, who will be pleased to answer questions, both oral and in writing