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## COTTON.

It was all very well to send abroad a portion of last year's cotton crop, for there were but few facilities for manufacturing it, nor was it then known how soon there would be, and some of the producers of that staple needed its value in other articles. But this year's crop has been gathered under far more favorable circumstances. There is a greatly increased home demand; and, in addition to the few hand cards and Mr. Hanks' small spinning establishment of last year, Prest. B. Young and Mr. H. S. Eldredge are hurrying the completion of their cotton factory at the earliest practicable date; Messrs. Houltz & Bringhurst are hastening the time when their cotton machinery will be in operation; Mayor Smoot is taking steps to have his machinery at work early next Spring; Mr. Croft brought in this season six or seven hand spinning jennies, each capable of ginning, carding and spinning from five pounds upwards a day; and Mr. Hanks is enlarging and improving his factory at Parowan.

The machinery we have enumerated, aside from more there may be unknown to us, can manufacture all the cotton we have, before another picking. Such being the case, how happens it that some are unwise enough to think of again sending their cotton abroad, when both the machinery and a good market are at home? They may imagine that by so doing they can get a greater price and receive their pay in needed commodities at a much lower rate than at present rule in the home market. A few tried the experiment last season, when cotton was selling here at fifty cents; they hauled it to Florence, N. T., sold it for forty-five cents, and took their pay in articles at a pretty high rate there, to which rate must be added from 15 to 20 cents a pound for transportation.

As already stated, experimenting in markets, both at home and abroad, was proper enough last year, but is it wise now? By very carefully watching the markets East and West and nicely timing operations, one may, perhaps, make a fraction of a cent, or even a few cents, more on the pound than by selling in Utah. But be this as it may, does that very small, if any, difference to an individual or two in the least compensate for the corresponding loss through divided action, when our interests should be one, and the check given to the use of the present and importation of more machinery? We are decidedly of the opinion that it does not, and that, at least for the present, our cotton should be sold and manufactured at home, where even a much larger quantity is needed to supply the wants of the people.

Some producers may think that, if they retain their cotton for the home supply, the machinery will take an undue advantage of their so doing. But it is better to risk the consciences of factory owners till competition shall regulate their prices, than it is to work against the interests of the great whole, of which each of us and our individual interests are but a small part. In all cases where suitable machinery has been introduced and properly managed and encouraged, competition has, sooner or later, so rated the raw material and the articles manufactured therefrom as to drive hand labor into other channels of remunerative work or necessary idleness.

Where there is a lack of competition in capital, there is ever the temptation to so grade prices as to keep the smallest successful figure below hand labor. We deem this equally unwise with selling staples abroad when they are needed at home, for it equally creates dissatisfaction and a divided interest, and, for the benefit of a few, militates against the welfare of two great classes—the producers of the raw materials and the consumers of manufactures.

In Utah particularly, for reasons most potent, we should have conscience to advance far ahead of the tardy step of competition, and, without waiting its slow and worldly progress, conscientiously at once place all business upon the basis of mutual and, far as possible, equal benefit. In this would we be understood as ignoring capital? By no means, for this also would be unequal. Capital usefully invested should draw its fair per cent, and that with the expenses incident to carrying on the investment, with a margin for superintending, should be the basis for calculating the fair cost and value of the articles produced for sale. This rule is just and fair in every department, from that of the day laborer to that of the wealthiest operator or company. And when it is understood and observed, our temporal progress will greatly astonish all who are striving to become wealthy in six months, with an old jackknife for a start, and those who are anxious to annually double, treble, &c., their invested capital.

## THE THEATRE.

To please everybody would be a terrible task to undertake. We have long ago arrived at the comfortable conclusion that nobody is ever thanked for trying it, and, therefore, we have chalked out for ourselves and for all other persons, a large margin for the free scope of personal judgment and taste; and in nothing, probably, of minor interest is a liberality of sentiment more requisite than in theatrical matters—and more particularly in that which is noticeable about "Our Theatre."

We have here ladies and gentlemen of exquisite taste, who have mingled in the first circles of fashionable life, and who, did they not remember at early morning that they were in the Great Desert, of North America, would expect, after a slight *déjeuner* to step out on to paved streets, in o cabs and carriages, roll on springs from "shopping" to shopping, lunch on nuts and mock turtle, dine at six and drive to the Academy or Niblo's at eight; and we have another class and other classes with as varied experience in life, and as varied tastes and habits, as they vary in traits of countenance and disposition, and who would, without the same reflection, find themselves in the same embarrassment in a different way. Some have seen and heard nobody but the Formes, the Forrests, the Booths, the Wheatleys, the Keans, the Phelps, the Macreadys, and their lady peers in "holding the mirror up to nature," and nothing is so exquisitely entertaining to others as the Eldys, the Christies, the Foxs and all the classical associations of Dick Turpin and the "peanut" aristocracy. No theatrical troupe in the world could ever gratify such a promiscuous assembly, no manager can ever dare to dream of every thing going "as sweetly as a marriage bell;" but while we are as we are, and are where we are, it would seem sensible to expect variety—but of an elevating character, on the stage, and as many small comforts as a judicious manager can with facility contribute, and these we have not looked for in vain.

In populous cities, with every class of entertainment, we could all get suited, to even pedantic nicely, and as sure as the world revolves, some of us would as certainly be found in certain stalls, as surely as certain worshippers are found in certain pews from "New Year's" to Christmas; but while we are here in the mountains, mingling together we are glad to see things taking an upward tendency, for the other must not prevail. Nothing could be more satisfactory and agreeable than the good order of both Wednesday and Saturday evenings of last week, and we trust the management will in future be as well recompensed in its efforts to protect the reputation of the house.

The introduction of Mr. and Mrs. Irwin last Wednesday "for one night only," has terminated with "an engagement" which will doubtless be very gratifying to the patrons of the Drama. Mrs. Irwin is an accession to the Association of a particular line of character that cannot fail to be appreciated, and Mr. Irwin will add variety to a cast that was, with other responsibilities, sadly overtaken. The play of the Lady of Lyons was well received on both evenings, and the strangers had every evidence of a kindly greeting. They appear again to-night in Ingomar. Mrs. Irwin will, doubtless gain laurels as Parthenia, and many will take interest in seeing another Ingomar, in Mr. Snow's favorite character.

## AN ENGLISH OFFICER'S ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

The reports of the battles between the North and South are so frequently loaded down with topographical details, and with military minutia, as to suggest that correspondents have large assistance rendered them from official hands, which make, correspondence, no doubt, very interesting to expectants; but to general readers the effect is the exact reverse—the reports become dull and heavy. We have before us an exceedingly interesting narrative of the Confederate raid into Pennsylvania in *Blackwood's Magazine*, from the pen of an English officer who writes in such a jaunty style that even the horrors of war will be read with renewed interest—besides it gives, an easy, seemingly reliable, picture of the Southern side of the affair, as seen by a neutral, that we have not before met with; it is not, however, without a kindly feeling to the South.

The writer left Richmond, on the 20th of June, for Culpepper, in the cars, where he came up with the Confederate army on the march. At Berryville, on the 22d, he got up to Gen. Lee, and from that time was principally with the corps of Gen. Longstreet till he left for the North. He wandered about in every direction during the fight at Gettysburg to get a good view and tells his story very easily. Its length precludes entire publication in our columns. We, therefore, give some very readable extract:—

## THE CONFEDERATE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

JUNE 30 (TUESDAY).—This morning, before marching from Chambersburg, General Longstreet introduced me to the Commander-in-Chief. Gen. Lee is, almost without exception, the handsomest man of his age I ever saw. He is fifty-six years old, tall, broad-shouldered, very well made, well set up—a thorough soldier in appearance; and his manners are most courteous and full of dignity. He is a perfect gentleman in every respect. I imagine no man has so few enemies, or is so universally esteemed. Throughout the South, all agree in pronouncing him to be as near perfection as any man can be. He has none of the small vices, such as smoking, drinking, chewing, or swearing, and his bitterest enemy never accused him of any of the greater ones. He generally wears a well-worn long grey jacket, a high black felt hat, and blue trousers tucked into his Wellington boots. I never saw him carry arms; and the only mark of his military rank are the three stars on his collar. He rides a handsome horse, which is extremely well groomed. He himself is very neat in his dress and person, and in the most arduous marches he always looks smart and clean.

In the old army he was always considered one of its best officers; and at the outbreak of these troubles, he was Lieutenant-Colonel of the 2d cavalry. He was a rich man, but his fine estate was one of the first to fall into the enemy's hands. I believe he has never slept in a house since he commanded the Virginia army, and he invariably declines all offers of hospitality, for fear the person offering it may afterwards get into trouble for having sheltered the rebel General. The relations between him and Longstreet are quite touching—they are almost always together. Longstreet's corps complain of this sometimes, as they say that they seldom get a chance of detached service, which falls to the lot of Ewell. It is impossible to please Longstreet more than by praising Lee. I believe these two Generals to be as little ambitious and as thoroughly unselfish as any men in the world. Both long for a successful termination of the war, in order that they may retire into obscurity. Stonewall Jackson (until his death the third in command of their army) was just such another simpleminded servant of his country. It is understood that Gen. Lee is a religious man, though not so demonstrative in that respect as Jackson; and, unlike his late brother in arms, he is a member of the Church of England. His only faults, so far as I can learn, arise from his excessive amiability.

## THE CONTENTING ARMIES GATHERING.

In the evening Gen. Longstreet told me that he had just received intelligence that Hooker had been disrated, and that Meade was appointed in his place. Of course he knew both of them in the old army, and he says that Meade is an honorable and respectable man, though not, perhaps, so bold as Hooker.

I had a long talk with many officers about the approaching battle, which evidently cannot now be delayed long, and will take place on this road instead of in the direction of Harrisburg, as we had supposed. Ewell, who has laid York as well as Carlisle under contribution, has been ordered to reunite. Everyone, of course, speaks with confidence.

JULY 1 (WEDNESDAY).—We did not leave our camp till noon as nearly all Gen. Hill's corps had to pass our quarters on its march towards Gettysburg. One division of Ewell's also had to join in a little beyond Greenwood, and Longstreet's corps had to bring up the rear.

The first troops, alongside of whom we rode, belonged to Johnson's division of Ewell's corps. Among them I saw, for the first time, the celebrated "Stonewall Brigade," formerly commanded by Jackson. In appear-

ance the men differ little from other Confederate soldiers, except, perhaps, that the brigade contains more elderly men and fewer boys. All (except, I think, one regiment) are Virginians. As they have nearly always been on detached duty, few of them knew General Longstreet except by reputation. Numbers of them asked me whether the General in front was Longstreet, and when I answered in the affirmative, many would run on a hundred yards in order to take a good look at him. This I take to be an immense compliment from any soldier on a long march.

After passing Johnson's division, we came to a Florida brigade, which is now in Hill's corps, but as it had formerly served under Longstreet, the men knew him well. Some of them (after the General had passed) called out to their comrades, "Look out for work now, boys, for here's the old bull dog again."

At 3 p.m. we began to meet wounded men coming to the rear, and the number of these soon increased most rapidly, some hobbling alone, others on stretchers carried by the ambulance corps; and others in the ambulance wagons; many of the latter were stripped nearly naked, and displayed very bad wounds. This spectacle, so revolting to a person unaccustomed to such sights, produced no impression whatever upon the advancing troops, who certainly go under fire with the most perfect nonchalance; they show no enthusiasm or excitement, but the most complete indifference. This is the effect of two years' almost uninterrupted fighting.

## GETTYSBURG—A BRAVE COLOR-BEARER.

At 4.30 p.m. we came in sight of Gettysburg and joined General Lee and General Hill, who were on the top of one of the ridges which form the peculiar feature of the country round Gettysburg. We could see the enemy retreating up one of the opposite ridges, pursued by the Confederates with loud yells.

The position into which the enemy had been driven was evidently a strong one. His right appeared to rest on a cemetery, on the top of a high ridge on the right of Gettysburg, as we looked at it.

General Hill now came up and told me he had been very unwell all day, and in fact looks very delicate. He said he had two of his divisions engaged, and had driven the enemy four miles into his present position, capturing a great many prisoners, some cannon and some colors; he said, however, that the Yankees had fought with a determination unusual to them. He pointed out a railway cutting in which they had made a good stand; also a field in the centre of which he had seen a man plant the regimental color, round which the regiment had fought for some time with much obstinacy, and when at last it was obliged to retreat, the color-bearer retired last of all, turning round every now and then to shake his fist at the advancing rebels. General Hill said he felt quite sorry when he saw this gallant Yankee meet his doom.

General Ewell had come up at 3.30, on the enemy's right (with part of his corps,) and completed his discomfiture.

General Reynolds, one of the best Yankee generals, was reported killed. Whilst we were talking, a message arrived from General Ewell, requesting Hill to press the enemy in front, whilst he performed the same operation on his right. The pressure was accordingly applied in a mild degree, but the enemy were too strongly posted, and it was too late in the evening for a regular attack.

The town of Gettysburg was now occupied by Ewell and was full of Yankee dead and wounded.

The firing ceased about dark, at which time I rode back with General Longstreet and his Staff to his headquarters at Cashtown, a little village eight miles from Gettysburg. At that time troops were pouring along the road, and were being marched toward the position they are to occupy to-morrow.

In the fight to-day nearly 6,000 prisoners had been taken, and 10 guns. About 20,000 men must have been on the field on the Confederate side. The enemy had two corps & armies engaged. All the prisoners belong, I think, to the 1st and 11th corps. This day's work is called a "brisk little scurry," and all anticipate a "big battle" to-morrow.

The staff officers spoke of the battle as a certainty, and the universal feeling in the army was one of profound contempt for an enemy whom they have beaten so constantly and under so many disadvantages.

JULY 2 (THURSDAY).—We got up at 3.30 a.m., and breakfasted a little before daylight.

Colonel Sorrell, the Austrian, and I arrived at 5 a.m. at the same commanding position we were on yesterday, and I climbed up a tree in company with Captain Schreiber of the Prussian army.

Just below us were seated Generals Lee, Hill, Longstreet and Hood in consultation—the two latter assisting their deliberations by the truly American custom of *whittling sticks*. General Hill was also present; he was wounded in the head yesterday, and although not allowed to command his brigade, he insists upon coming to the field.

At 7 a.m. I rode over part of the ground with Gen. Longstreet, and saw him dismissing M'Law's division for to-day's fight.

The enemy was evidently intrenched, but the Southerners had not broken ground at all. A dead silence reigned till 4.45 p.m., and no one would have imagined that such masses of men and such a powerful artillery were about to commence the work of destruction at that hour.

## THE BIG BATTLE.

At 2 p.m. General Longstreet advised me