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A TIME FOR ALL THINGS.

True, and now is emphatically the time for all the DESERET NEWS agents and subscribers to pay up their indebtedness to the News Office. The products of the season are mostly gathered, and for them there is a ready and good market.

And aside from the market, the employes in the office need and can use to advantage everything our readers need and use, namely:—money, store-pay, wheat, flour, shorts, bran, corn, meal, molasses, hay, straw, wood, coal, beef, pork, potatoes, butter, eggs, chickens, cheese, etc., etc., to the end of a list long enough and varied enough to suit the circumstances of all who desire to pay.

Promises are very good in their place and way, but just now we want performance instead of promises, by all who are concerned, whether in this city or throughout the Territory; mark it, we want all to quit promising and pay up.

If you do not wish to let us have your produce, etc., at the current, money price on East Temple street, dispose of it for money at your own pleasure, and at once pay us in money the amount you owe.

The mines north and west, together with a short crop, are so affecting the market that our debtors are paying neither products nor the money they receive therefor. One or the other must be at once forthcoming, at the market rates current in this city at the time of payment.

SHARP PRACTICE.

It has been repeatedly said in the Tabernacle and Bowery that there could be found among the inhabitants of Utah persons who could favorably compare with others elsewhere, whether it might be in pure and holy lives, or in the meanest rascality—and we most assuredly believe it. In the pre-eminence of the latter, we make no allusion to outsiders; we are simply looking coolly at that class who “don the livery of the Lord to serve the devil in.” No humiliation and degradation seem too low to stoop to—once that such characters get their eyes fastened on a golden dollar. Let them but catch a glimpse of the idol and they are after it with all the earnestness of which their magnanimous souls are capable.

We have seen this community, as a mass, struggling for years to raise itself above the abject obligation of dependence upon those whose sole business has been to profit by the necessities of the people, and we have encouraged, and prided ourselves in, the hope that the day of deliverance from such grinding bondage was dawning upon us—and we shall not abandon that hope, for we see men and women growing in wisdom. “Whoever would be free must themselves strike the blow,” is a truism as applicable to moral and social life as to political and national existence, and we fancy that we can discover a gradual bursting of the chains that have bound us, and therefore are contented with our progress.

In the midst of all this, we keep an eye upon our friends, and shut not the other upon the operations of that distinguished class of gentry for whose special edification we dipped our pen this morning. We are glad to see them both at work—it is pleasant to read men unmistakably.

We have occasionally felt sore when we have witnessed the operations of strangers among us—who made business and speculation the profession of their lives—drawing from the people their hard earned property for worthless gew gaws, at prices ranging from a hundred to a thousand per cent above cost; but we had then the consolation that the relationship between the grain producer and the calico man was much a matter of

choice, and, if the former choose to be simple enough to squander his labor for nothing we certainly could content ourselves with humming the old adage—“a fool and his money are soon parted:” but we own that we have not felt quite so amiable when relationship and circumstances have been different. Of strangers, we had but little reason to expect more than they have done—they came here for gold, and that only, and blinded by it they have sought it and clung to it with the tenacity of desperation to its idol, and in their haste to be too rich have lost the prize within their grasp. Of those who have claimed to be our brethren, we had reason to expect other operations; but with most of them we think the people have been disappointed; in short, we hardly see where the difference has been: it looks terribly like “six of the one and half a dozen of the ’t’other.”

It really takes some courage to look around and see what some men are doing. We would rather that our eyes fell not upon their works: it is painful to witness the dodging and “whipping the devil round the stump,” that some men engage in daily in Main Street.—We are doubtful if ever many men go into it “to trade,” and leave it again with perfect satisfaction to themselves—they are either dissatisfied with their own, or with the deception of others: it matters little what the business is, what the transaction, it seems to corrode and eat like a canker.—How few there are among the many who now drive into Main Street who could have possibly thought, in a past portion of their lives, that they were capable of that which is now a daily practice. It is still far from being a pleasant business to some; but they need not hesitate—the end of the matter is the same. The fluttering of their conscience is but the golden opportunity of worse men to buy and sell them. We pity the man there who has a conscience to trouble him—he needs pity; but the misery that it causes him may yet be his salvation. The cormorant that becomes the stepping stone between such persons and utter abandonment, and a whole community’s wants and sense of self preservation, simply for a few cents, is unworthy of a second’s thought. He has played himself out, and is as worthless in his own estimation as in that of others. He is salt without savor and knows it. He has got there and draws delight from the misery of like society, and seeks for it. He has shipwrecked his hope in his God, and can well afford to lose his faith in his brethren and in humanity—there is nothing left for him but to feast on the perishable, and he knows the end thereof. Other men, of another category, who would shudder to hear a word of unfaithfulness whispered against them, amuse us by their hide and seek operations, that kind of “O God, O Devil” business; but we leave them alone for a season—they are only injurious to themselves. It is with different feelings, however, that we view the sharp practice of some among us who unblushingly gouge the needy and dependent.

For illustration; when Camp Floyd was broken up and bacon that had cost the government a scandalously high figure, was sold by the ton at three-fourths of a cent per pound, some merchants purchased extensively, and when one among them, seeking to give the people the advantage of that very easy purchase, retailed that same bacon again at \$5 per 100 lbs., in this city, he was pounced upon and beset by others of the profession, as if he had committed an unpardonable sin that wounded and grieved their emaculate souls. Finally, one firm succeeded and bought up all the bacon at \$10 per hundred, and retailed it to their brethren and sisters at 35 cents a pound. Mark ye, readers, the first merchant who sold the bacon to the poor at five cents a pound is to day, and was then, an unbeliever. The thirty-five cent merchants, we expect would have no objection to preach in the Tabernacle, and snivel and pray on the corners of the streets. Shame on them. To-day, we see a merchant unloading his trains and fixing his goods at prices, rational to what they have been for some time back, and the same class of vultures are around him ready to pick up what they can grab, at the prices he has fixed for retail to the public. These men are our brethren: O Lord deliver us from friends! Some dribbling merchants—how many we know not—aware that the efforts of the people have been to live within their own resources

and to wear their own “home-spun”—have been engaging persons here and there to purchase, as if for their own use, cotton yarn at \$6 per bunch, and bring it to them while their remorseless paws pass it out again at every price from \$7 to \$10 per bunch. It is none of our business, at the present time, at what prices men sell to each other and we care very little about it; but this gouging and nibbling deserves exposure, and foolish will be the people who do not let these miseries severely alone, and leave them to the obscurity their littleness deserves.

Enough said.

INTERESTING TRIAL IN SAN FRANCISCO FOR TREASON, AND FOR RENDERING AID AND COMFORT TO THE ENEMY.

The citizens of San Francisco, and Californians generally, have been considerably exercised in the sensational order of things, for the last few weeks, over the trial of a few Southern sympathizers who had entertained the notion of serving the Confederate cause by the destruction of Federal commerce and vessels on the Pacific Ocean and along the coast—after the fashion of the famous Sumter and Alabama.

The San Francisco papers give voluminous reports of the trial of the parties and publish in their broad daily sheets what is no doubt very interesting to their readers generally, as the one portion rejoices considerably in glorification, and the other portion has to be fed on humble pie. It is difficult to say at the outstart of an insignificant movement what influence even its success might have in alluring on others in the same path; but that reflection aside, the case in question fails to impress us with the conviction of the importance of the intended movement on the high seas. We know nothing of the status of the men now under trial, but their language and proceedings so far as we have traced them in the Pacific type, would hardly lead us to regard them as men of the calibre of Semmes and Moffitt. They doubtless meant mischief, and they doubtless felt audacious enough to swallow “Old Abe” and consign to oblivion the entire “Yankee nation;” but beyond a few of them possessing a large dose of southern fire, and an insatiable thirst for easy made fortunes, we see nothing in them: sufficient, however, California is taking great care of the situation of the gentlemen, and if the Union press be any representative of the jurors by whom the accused are tried there is no doubt of their sudden elevation to fame and pure air. We would like to give the summary of the case in a few words but it cannot be done; we give it, therefore, as briefly as we can.

The principals before the public are, in the order of sailing relationship, Greathouse, Law, Harpending, Rubury and Libby: in the division of the spoils, Harpending was to come in before Law for second share. Greathouse appears to have been the financial man of the Pacific Secessionists who probably furnished the gold; Harpending was the heavy worker in the service, and claimed second rank for procuring from the Richmond government the letter of marque and other papers to constitute the expedition a part of the Confederate privateer fleet; Law was a seaman, third in rank, and to supply the professional brains for the company; Rubury does not appear to have been more than an adventurer in the affair and Libby was to be Law’s right hand man in the management of the vessel and crew.

Away in February last, the subject was talked of and arranged among the parties named. Greathouse paid 6,000 for the schooner Chapman—a vessel 90 tons burden—was to provide men from the mines, and to advance \$15,000 for arms and equipment.—The crew was to consist of 40 men, and a Spaniard from up country was to purchase the arms and ostensibly ship them on the Chapman to Mexico, and Greathouse furnished Law with money to make all the necessary provisions. Everything working about as quiet as such affairs generally, Sunday morning the 15th of March was appointed for the sailing of the Chapman and everything and every body was to be on board the preceding evening. The plan of the voyage was to land guns, lumber, etc., at Guadalupe, go to Manzanillo and put off freight, return to Guadalupe and fit up the vessel, capture a treasure-steamer, Panama bound, then go to the Golden Gate’s wreck, and take the treasure from

there, overpowering the schooner in charge, which was only armed with a 6-pounder, then go to the Chincha Islands and bond or destroy all the American shipping there; cruise for California ships until the coast got too hot for them, and then make for the Straits of Jasper and Sunda, putting in to the East Indies. There was lumber on board, spikes, nails, etc., to make a lower deck for the schooner, bunks for the men, and a prison-room for such prisoners as they were obliged to take.

By the evening of the 4th of March, the Chapman was ready for sea, but Law was in the city drinking whiskey, and before he got on board on Sunday morning, Federal representatives were in possession of the schooner and made him prisoner on his getting on deck. Soon after his apprehension, Law turned State’s evidence and made a clean breast of it; which fearfully disturbs the rest of some prominent citizens, and caused some to suddenly vacate the domains of Uncle Samuel.

The counsel for the defense darken the character of Law, and labor to invalidate his testimony; but black as he might have been, there is little in that to whitewash those who engaged him. Libby appears to have stayed a short time in this city, on his passage from the East last September.

In the Chapman there were found 29 packages marked “machinery,” “coal oil,” and some of them “reapers,” cases containing the cannon—two 12-pound boat howitzers; one case of muskets; a number of pistols and Bowie knives; which were considered ample for the introductory business; after that the “stealing all round” was to be left to fortune. “Documentary evidence” found connected with the expedition savors highly of the Red Rover, and the oath of fellowship is perfectly grandiloquent in oaths of enmity against the North. The following is a proclamation found in the hold of the Chapman that does its own interpretation:

“Californians! Southerners! Brothers! Friends! Where are your hearts, feelings, pride, souls? Has the lust for gold closed up every portal of the only god-like portion of your beings, and thrust out the sound of the booming cannon that are this moment sweeping your fathers and brothers from the land of the living? Has the wail of your widowed mothers and brothers’ orphaned children failed to reach a humane spot of your callous hearts? Is it possible that ye who have drawn milk from the breasts of Southern mothers can remain cold and inactive, while the hirelings of an accursed tyrant in your native land are making bonfires of your fathers’ houses and bids for a second massacre of San Domingo? Will the blood of your mothers, sisters and daughters have to flow as that of your fathers and brothers has already, before you will arcuse and retaliate on these would-be assassins?”

No, it cannot be. Cold blood cannot run in the generous Southerner’s veins. The tyrant has gone one step too far. His acts have at last kindled the fire of thirty-thousand Southern hearts in California, whose united voice will sound across the continent, saying to our fathers, brothers, sisters and mothers, “for you, God and our native land, we come.” And in time, when our bodies shall have been gathered home to our fathers, our children’s children will celebrate the 1st of January, 1863, as the day the tyrant, Abraham Lincoln, wrote, signed and caused to be published our death-warrant. No! In God’s name it cannot, must not be. The pure blood of old heroes does not course through your veins, filling your hearts and beings with all the attributes of the deity and angels, excepting only the spirit of immortality, for no purpose. God has not created in you that nobleness of soul that cannot be hid even to the eye of the stranger, in whatever condition in life he may find you. Your chivalrous, generous and brave feelings, have not been given you to waste in the soul-debasing chase for gold. Ye are not Yankees, and therefore will not sacrifice such precious lives to the god, mammon. Arise, then, countrymen, and strike for freedom, principle and justice, and the honor of your names, and show to the world that you are not degenerated by association with the vile herd that now surrounds you. The hidden fangs of our snake-like enemy have been uncovered by their tyrannical ruler, in his proclamation of the 1st of January. You cannot be deceived longer in regard to his fiendish intentions. The tyrant has taken one step too far.”

From the foregoing, and correspondence discovered therewith, the Pacific community entertain but little doubt of the issue of the trial.

THE FIRST SNOW.—Some days since the weather was exceedingly variable between heat, cold and wind. Between Sunday night and Monday morning there was a smart shower of hail in the valley, and at daylight the mountains east and west wore a good sprinkling of snow. Winter looked set in; but a milder sky is again over us.