

GREENBACKS.

Green be thy back upon thee!
Thou pledge of happier days,
When bloody-handed treason
No more its hand shall raise!
But still, from Main to Texas,
The Stars and Stripes shall wave
O'er the hearts and homes of freemen,
Nor mock one fettered slave.

Pledge—of the people's credit,
To carry on the war,
By furnishing the sinews
In a currency at par—
With cash enough left over,
When they've canceled every note,
To buy half the thrones of Europe,
With the crowns tossed in to boot.

Pledge—to our buried fathers,
That sons of patriotic sires
On Freedom's sacred altars
Relight their glorious fires—
That fortune, life and honor
To our country's life we give—
Fortune and life may perish,
Yet the Government shall live.

Pledge—to our unborn children,
That, free from blot or stain,
The flag hauled down at Sumter
Shall yet float free again—
And, cleansed from foul dishonor,
And rebaptized in blood,
Wave o'er the land forever,
To Freedom and to God!

LETTER FROM MAJOR BLAIR.

BLAIR'S RANCH, WEBER COUNTY,
Sep. 8, 1864.
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MR. EDITOR:

SIR:—In No. 47 of the News, I was pleased to see that, ever and anon, some good thing drops from the editorial Sanctum. Strange, yet true. For what you have done, your memory and that of your assistants will be held in faithful remembrance by the farmers of Weber county, but do not stop your efforts. My only fault with the article I will presently offer a comment upon, is, your modesty, a marvel in your office, I would add a wonder.

Possibly since President Brigham founded the settlements of Utah, no standpoint view has presented itself so prominently to the citizens of these valleys as the present one, to consider the "Law on Fencing;" and I am pleased that the question is mooted at so early a day through the columns of the News, that the sense of the people may be fully had through their representatives at the sitting of the legislature next winter, on the repeal of the law on fencing. To ever-observing men, and especially to those who annually pay a large percentage of their crops to support the law, I have no doubt its repeal will be hailed as the beacon of future prosperity and happiness to all classes of society. That the law has been and is a nuisance none can consciously demur to. All laws become nugatory or void ab initio when the power to enforce them is beyond the control of the Executive and other officers of the law. That this is the case with this statute, I presume none sincerely doubt, except in a very few localities. Fencing material is not accessible to the masses of the people for the want of means to obtain such as the mountains afford. This being the case neither lawgivers or their officers honor the law and therefore find it hard, and we may add impossible to enforce its provisions. The result of which is as has been demonstrated not only in Weber but other counties, that men owning large herds of cattle have grazed them around the settlements (for protection) at the expense of the agriculturalist, until the range is all eaten out, while the stock of the settler is left to perish or seek their living within the pales of a non-descript called a fence. This is done with impunity the owner of the stock sheltering himself under the Fence Law from damages. This outrage on the political economy of our citizens calls loudly for Legislative protection!

What shall be done with our stock? is the cry throughout the country? "Fence them in," make it unlawful for neat-cattle as well as hogs to run at large from June till November. Improve the law on the duties regulating poundkeepers, authorize the County Courts to levy a district pound tax for the purpose of building a safe corral, which shall belong to the people of the district; make the bond of the poundkeeper payable to the people of the district; hold him accountable for all damages done by stock and delivered to him that he suffers to escape from his custody; allow him good pay for services, etcetera, etcetera.

In conclusion permit me to say that from the best data I have been able to obtain, the damage done by stock to the crops of Weber county, is in excess of the value of the increase, by far, of the stock for the same period of time. And at present prices, it is said by some, the probable damage this year would pay for half the stock in the county. Farther, I must say that our fences are I believe, in Weber, on an average, as good as any county in the Territory. Poor fences and feed eaten out, have demoralized our stock.

CINCINNATUS

P. S. MR. EDITOR:—Do as you please with my scribbling, yet don't let the fencing and stock affair rest until remedied. My fence is 6 feet high, and I fear I shall lose the little grain I have growing. The cattle are mad with hunger; something must be done. I wish the Convention had taken up the subject. Peace to the righteous.

SENDING ROUND THE HAT.

An American describes the course pursued by preachers "on circuits" in making a congregational collection, in the following amusing terms:

We had a visit from the presiding elder of our district at one of our quarterly meetings. We had not paid our circuit preacher "nary dim" as the boys say, and we expected a scolding from the elder.

Well, we were not disappointed. The elder preached us a moving discourse from the text: "Owe no man anything." At the close of the sermon, he came at once to the "subject in hand."

"Brethren," said he, "have you paid Brother — anything this year? Nothing at all I understand. Well, now, your preacher can't live on air, and you must pay up—that's the idea. He needs twenty-five dollars now, and must have it! Steward, we'll take up a collection now."

Here some of the audience near the door began to "slide out."

"Don't run!" exclaimed the elder. "Steward, lock that door, and fetch the key!" he continued, coming down out of the pulpit and taking his seat by the stand table in front.

The Steward locked the door, and then deposited the key on the table by the side of the elder.

"Now, Steward," said he, "go round with the hat. I must have twenty-five dollars out of this crowd before one of you shall leave this house."

Here was a fix! The congregation were taken all aback. The old folks looked astonished; the young folks tittered. The Steward gravely proceeded to the discharge of his official duties. The hat was passed around, and at length deposited on the elder's table. The elder passed out "the funds" on the table, and counted the amount.

"Three dollars and a half! A slow start, brethren! Go round again, Steward. We must pull up a heap stronger than that!"

Around went the Steward with his hat again, and finally pulled up at the elder's stand.

"Nine dollars and three-quarters! Not enough yet. Go round again, Steward!"

Around goes the Steward the third time.

"Twelve dollars and a half! Mighty slow, brethren! 'Fraid your dinners will all get cold before you get home to eat 'em. Go round again, Steward!"

By this time the audience began to be fidgety. They evidently thought the joke was getting to be serious. But the elder was relentless. Again and again circulated the indefatigable hat, and slowly, but surely, the "pile" on the table swelled towards the requisite amount.

"Twenty-four dollars and a half! Only lack a half dollar. Go round again, Steward!"

Just then there was a tap on the window from the outside; a hand was thrust in, holding the half dollar between the thumb and finger, and a young fellow outside exclaimed:

"Here, parson, here's your money! Let my gal out of there; I'm tired of waiting for her!"

It was the last hair that broke the camel's back, and the congregation burst into a roar of laughter.

THE SECRET.

There were two little sisters at the house whom nobody could see without loving, for they were always so happy together; they had the same books and the same playthings, but never a quarrel sprang up between them—no cross words, no pouts, no slap, no running away in a pet. On the green before the door, trundling hoop, playing with Rover, helping mother, they were always the same sweet-tempered little girls.

"You never seem to quarrel," said I to them one day; "how is it you are always so happy together?"

They looked up and the eldest answered: "S'pose 'tis 'cause Addie lets me, and I let Addie."

I thought a moment.

"Ah! that is it," I said; "she lets you and you let her; that's it."

Did you ever think what an apple of discord "not letting" is among children? Just now while I was writing, I heard a great noise under my window. I looked out.

"Gerty, what is the matter?"

"Mary won't let me have her ball," bellows Gerty.

Well, Gerty wouldn't lend me her pencil in school," cried Mary, "and I don't want she should have my ball."

"Fie, fie, is that the way sisters should treat each other?"

"S'e shan't have my pencil," muttered Gerty, "she'll only lose it."

"And you'll only lose my ball," retorted Mary, "and I shan't let you have it."

The "not letting" principle is downright disoblighingness, and a disoblighing spirit begets a great deal of quarreling.

These little girls, Addie and her sister, have got the secret of good manners. Addie lets Rose, and Rose lets Addie. They are yielding, kind, unselfish, and always ready to oblige each other. Neither wishes to have their own way at the expense of the other. And are they happy? Oh! yes. And do you not love them already?

—It is said that the official records of the military authorities show that upward of one hundred and fifty female recruits have been discovered, and made to resume the garments of their sex.

BEECHER'S VISIT TO A KING:

Henry Ward Beecher, in a late number of the N. Y. Independent, relates, in the following characteristic manner, the particulars of a "visit" which he made to the King of Belgium:—

When I was in Ghent, at the request of the American Minister, I consented, in the hope of doing some good to our country, to call on the King of Belgium. It would not do to go without some preparation. As to borrowing a Court suit, I would not; but I did consent to get a white vest; and I did consent to get some white gloves; and I did consent to get a stiff hat. When I had got myself arranged for going to Court, in a manner unlike that to which I had been accustomed, I procured a splendid carriage and started. As I rode through the streets, all the boys looked at me, and I felt very much like a fool going to court. And as I came to the King's residence, I thought that the soldiers knew that I was dressed up for the first time in my life in such things—which was the fact. I did not know what to say to the servitors at the top of the stairs; but I made my way along somehow, and they conducted me through the hall and whisked me at once before the king. He is a venerable personage. He speaks the English language beautifully. He is the mentor, he is the advisor of European monarchs. If you were to see him dressed in ordinary clothes, you would think him a plain American citizen. But he was dressed from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, in all sorts of beautiful things and ornaments. He walked toward me in a very stately manner, with his sword rattling on the floor by his side, and I walked toward him in the best way I could. He bowed, and I bowed. We walked together, and I called him "Sir" all through, and said a good many things that I should not have said. I could not get it out of my head that I was not afraid of the King, and that I was afraid of doing something disreputable. I wanted to observe Court forms, but the very desire to do so rendered the thing impossible. I saw that he knew it, for he smiled benignantly, and seemed to have a fatherly consideration for me. Finally, in leaving the room, I ought to have backed out. I did go backward for two or three steps, but then I turned and whisked through the door face foremost.

COPPERHEAD CATECHISM.

Q. What is a Copperhead?

A. A man who lives in a loyal State, and does his best to help Jeff Davis.

Q. How does he give his help?

A. By justifying the rebels, and misrepresenting all Union men.

Q. How does he justify the rebels?

A. He says the North, by not hanging the abolitionists, tried to rob the South of their property; and that the South was compelled to rebel for self-protection.

Q. How does he misrepresent Union men?

A. He calls them abolitionists, and says they are making war not for the sake of the Union, but for the sake of the negro.

Q. What does he say of the Federal generals?

A. He collects all the malicious rumors current about them and prints them as if they were true.

Q. What does he say of the rebel generals?

A. He speaks of them as admirable men, who have never committed a fault, and every unfavorable rumor about them is carefully excluded from his organs.

Q. What does he say of the President of the United States?

A. He says he is a fool, a gorilla; a low, ugly fellow; an enemy of liberty, a tyrant, and calls him "Old Abe."

Q. What does he say of Jeff Davis?

A. He does not say much, because it is dangerous to let himself out, but he speaks of "President Davis," as if he were one of the best and greatest men of the age.

Q. Was a Copperhead ever known to cheer for a Union victory?

A. Never.

Q. Why do Copperheads dislike Union victories?

A. Because the re-establishment of the Union will be immediately followed by the dissolution of their party, and the permanent disgrace of every public man in it.

Q. Do they declare themselves openly for peace?

A. No; they have not the courage or manliness to speak their purposes, but adopt a platform that faces both ways.

Q. What do they say of restoring the Union?

A. They say it cannot be restored by war.

Q. How would they restore it?

A. By laying down our arms, and then, according to their theory, the Union would be re-established without difficulty.

Q. What do the Copperheads mean when they say they are for "the Union as it was?"

A. They mean that they want slavery to be re-established with the Union.

Q. Which would they rather have—slavery without the Union, or the Union without slavery?

A. Slavery without the Union; for they do all they can against the Union, and everything they can for slavery.

Q. Was there ever a word against slavery in a Copperhead platform?

A. Never.

Q. Is slavery consistent with freedom?

A. According to the Copperhead doctrine, it is.

Q. Which are the better men, according to the Copperhead theory—the rebels or the Emancipationists?

A. The rebels; for the Copperheads never say anything against them, but are always abusing the Emancipationists.

[From the Rochester Democrat (Rep.).]

A DRUNKEN SENATE.

Hale called up a long bill, and there was a lull while he measured monotony of the clerk swung through its formal phrases. There was hope that the Senate would recover itself; but when the bill was passed and Hale endeavored to proceed with another measure, Chandler sprang to his feet and yelled and screamed, "Mr. President! Mr. President!" It was the fierce voice of an excited, half-drunken, quarrelsome man, and might have been heard at the speaker's desk in the other end of the Capitol. "Order!" "Order!" cried several senators. "Order!" "Order!" sharply said the Vice President *pro tem*, Senator Clark, as he brought the little ivory gavel down upon his desk, ringingly. But the fell spirit would not down at such bidding; and Chandler retorted that he was not out of order, but that the Chair was. "The senator will take his seat!" answered the Chair. Chandler coarsely retorted, "You've no right to order me to my seat, and I won't take it!" and, turning to Hale, who sat next him, and was urging him to sit down, he added, "No, I'll be damned if I do! He's snubbed me enough, and I won't stand it any longer!" "Take your seat, sir!" firmly and forcibly said the Chair. Eye met eye just then; there was a nervous motion of chairs in all parts of the chamber, and Chandler sank into his seat. "I deny the right of the Chair to call the Senator from Michigan to order!" cried Wilkinson, scarcely less drunk than Chandler. "The clerk will read the rule," said the Chair. So it was read, and the Chair added, "The senator from Michigan was out of order, and will not be allowed to proceed except by consent of the Senate." Vain and meddlesome Conness, of California, rose to throw the light of his intellect upon the question, but a murmur of disapprobation on all sides hushed him very quickly. Then, on motion of Mr. Foot, the senator was allowed, by a direct vote of the Senate, to proceed in order. It was the most pointed censure of years. Quietly Mr. Conness proceeded, but was decisively beaten in his effort to call up a bill; and Hale's bill was taken up and passed.

Something past 1 o'clock, word came from the House that it had passed the Income Tax bill. Wilson could contain himself no longer but rose and made a fierce attack upon Trumbull, who had led the majority, for his course in trying to force the Senate to vote upon the question of adjournment. It was a pungent, enjoyable, but ill-timed and undeserved criticism. Trumbull is the last man in the Senate with whom any one else is sure to come off worsted. He sat in his chair like an embodiment of vindictive force, and sprang to his feet as Wilson sat down with a "Mr. President!" that would not be refused. "He rebuke me. He, one of a faction of ten or twelve who have kept the majority from work for more than two hours—he rebuke me!" The contemptuous wrath behind these words was biting as a polar wind in dull October.

It was half-past 11 o'clock. Wilkinson had retired to the cloak-room in unsatisfactory condition, and was supposed to be asleep. Chandler was bolt upright in his seat. Three or four members urged action at once upon the tax bill. Trumbull significantly said the majority had been pressing action for nearly three hours on the question of adjournment, and he could not allow the tax bill to be considered until that matter was disposed of. That sneering word of his—"faction"—did not suit certain senators, and Wilson, Harlan, Morrill, Conness, and Doolittle explained themselves—to their own satisfaction. Everybody was noisily clamorous for vigorous action, and the Senate was doing nothing with astonishing success. The galleries looked down in disgust. A far off was a country looking up to Washington for leadership. Below Richmond and in Georgia were two great armies in the death struggle with satan and slavery. Everywhere, everywhere, were desolate hearths and vacant chairs and mourning hearts. Yet, in the Senate chamber, went on a wild revel of wrangling and personality. Senators talked of heroism and patriotism, but in their action was the bitterest fire of mockery and the keenest blade of insult.

SHARP REBUKE.—Here is a little war story from the far West: A lieutenant of the 10th United States Infantry recently met with a sad rebuff at Fort Kearney. The lieutenant was promenading in full uniform one day, and approached a volunteer on sentry, who challenged him with "Halt! who comes there?" The lieutenant, with contempt in every lineament of his face, exclaimed indignantly, "Ass!" The sentry's reply, apt and quick, came, "Advance, ass, and give the counter-sign."—[Banner of Light.]

GINGER BEER.—Take of ginger bruised or sliced, one and a half ounce; loaf sugar one pound; one lemon, sliced, put them into a pan and pour six quarts of boiling water upon them. When nearly cold put in a little yeast, and stir it for a minute. Let it stand till next day, then strain and bottle it. It is fit to drink in three days, but will not keep good longer than a fortnight. The corks should be tied down, and bottles placed upright in a cool place.