BY S. J. ROW.

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THE AMERICAN GIRL.

Our hearts are with our native land, Our hearts are with our native land,
Our song is for her glory;
Her warrior's wreath is in our hand,
Our lips breathe out her story.
Het lofty hills and valleys green,
Are shining bright before us;
And like a rainbow sign is seen Her proud flag waving o'er us.

And there are smiles upon our lips, For those who meet her foemen, For glory's star knows no eclipse When smiled upon by woman For those who brave the mighty deep, And scorn the threat of danger, We've smiles to cheer and tears to weep For every ocean ranger.

Our hearts are with our native land, Our songs are for her freedom; Our prayers are for the gallant band Who strike where honor leads them We love the taintless air we breathe, 'Tis freedom's endless dower; We'll twine for him an endless wreath, Who scorns a tyrant's power.

They tell of France's beauties fair, Of Italy's proud daughters, of Scotland's lasses, England's fair. Of nymph's of Shannon's waters: We need not boast their haughty charms, Though lords around them hover. Our glory lies in freedom's arms-A freeman for a lover.

SETH STARK, THE GREEN MOUNTAIN SHARP-SHOOTER. BY HARRY HAZEL.

"It's no use torking 'beont it, dad, I'm goin to fire into the enemy. The Union is in dan-Officer, and that's wot I tell you. If you wont | uniform free of expense." list me, I'll find out another 'crutin station, darned quick."

This speech of a hard-fisted, young Green | and stand treat agin." Mountain Boy, with a rifle in his hand, was not station in Montpelier, Vt., who interposed strong case of strabismus, that his body was the commander. college-cultivated lieutenant, who had lets; and also because the applicant was in-

"How old are you?" asked the lieutenant. "Twenty last grass."

"What has been your business?" "Cuttin' logs, and shootin' b'ars in winter, and drivin' cattle and mowin' grass in summer."

"Shooting bears, eh?" "Yeas, shootin' b'ars."

"Then I suppose you would take aim at a tree in one direction, and hit the bear in another," said the officer derisively. "I am afraid, in battle you would be much less dangerous in the enemy's ranks than in ours." "I know that I'm a little cock-eyed, Mister Officer, but I've fotched many at bar a more than a hundred rods, and at turkey shoots they allus try to caount me aout." "Count you out; what do you mean by

"Waall, I ain't so profertable to the turkey match-makers as some o' the rest of 'em for when I git this 'ere rifle of dad's on one of the

birds, you can reckon he is mine," "Are you also a good shot with the mus-

"Don't know nothin' beout that kind of shootin' irons" "But ours is an infantry company, and we

use smooth bores," suggested the officer. "Waall, Captin, if yeou don't calkilate to go to kill, I am not your man. If yeou dew, you'd better take me and my bar-killer." "Oh, it's impossible that you should appear

in our ranks with a dark barreled weapon. You must leave that weapon behind." "Can't dew it, Captain. Whar the bar-killer goes, there I goes. Never go nowhere

without it. You see its a sure thing." "I have no evidence of it beyond your word," said the officer, beginning to be interested in the somewhat uncouth individual. "But I'll put your shooting skill to the test, three sharp shooters in my corps, I'll engage | trial decided agin scorers."

to enlist you, bar-killer and all." "Give us your fist for that, Mister Officer." returned the raw recruit, extending his rough, tan-browned, and freckled hand. "If you've got three men in your corps that kin out-shoot Seth Stark, I'll go hum again, and help dad

kerry on the farm." The match was forthwith got up and three privates of the Ethan Allen Rangers were seected for the trial. Each of them was famed as a sharp-shooter, and particularly well skill-

ed in the use of the rifle. A target, representing an Indian chief, was placed at one hundred rods distant; at the appointed time, the three already recruited rangers and Seth Stark took their positions in front of the company of Rangers to witness the apparently unequal contest. The two men were detailed to stand within six rods on either side of the painted Indian, to make a record of each successive shot, and before they left the ranks their comrads made many good-natured but slightly satisfical remarks at the expense of | to his antagonist. the cross-eyed volunteer.

"Bill Barton, be keerfu! where you stand when that fellow blazes away," said a ranger to one of the target markers; the safest place

will be behind it." "Better get under the bank, Bill there's no calculating where his bullets may strike,"

said another. "I think the only sure place is in the rear

of the breech,"said a third.

Almost every one of the corps volunteered Jocose opinion in reference to the crookedged, crooked-formed and otherwise crooked lack-woodsman, some of which reached the ears of Seth who, suddenly facing the com-Many, while they were at ease, and pricking p his ears said : "Perhaps as haow some on se would like to bet a sum on them 'ere three harp-shooter?" and pulled out from his ca-Pacious looking pocket a greasy wallet, which the board.

ering the coarse, hedy gear of the rifleman. "I'll lay ye anything from a sheet of ginger bread to a tew dollar bill that I'll take the consait out o' you or your sharp shooters at a that two tifle-shootin', wraslin', huggin' or a reg'lar fice?"

The s knock-deown and drag cout fight."

"I'll bet you a dollar you don't hit the board | what startling. It was again examined with tail horses in fly-time."

once out of three times," said one of the | keener scrutiny than before; and for the pur-

rangers. "Done-I'll take that bet, and double the stakes," replied Seth, drawing forth a one dollar note and placing it in the hands of the the spot where the bullet had lodged. A carorderly sergeant, while the ranger did like-

"I'll go you five that you will be beaten at every round," said another ranger. "Plank your suet-skin," said Seth.

"I'll lay a five that you don't put a single shot within the outer circle of the bull's eye," offered a third.

"Waall, I don't mind taking that bet tew," said Seth producing the money.
"I'll go fifty cents you don't hit the bull's

eye once,"said a more cautious member of the Ethan Allen corps. "Plank your money, gentleman-I'm good for a dozen or tew more just sich wagershev 'em all down, Mister Sergeant, so there

can't be no mistake." Seth's invitation was responded to by nearly half the members of the company and on figuring up the aggregate of all the stakes, it aof three rounds, and to beat the three antago-

"Naow, gentlemen," said Seth, "I just want to make one more bet. I'll lay ten dollars, that I'll hit the bull's eye three times, pervidin' that the winner shall go over to the tavern and spend the stakes in treatin' the company."

"I'll take that wager," said the captain of the rangers, stepping forward and depositing ger-Varmont is in danger, and Hardscrable | the stakes, "and if you win I shall not only in particular is in danger, and I am bound to disburse in the manner you suggest, but rego.' That is wot I told the old man, Mister | ceive you in the corps, and furnish you with a

> "Good on your head, Captin, said Seth and if I don't win, I'll be raound to-morrow

The three sharp-shooters suggested the idea long since made to an officer of a recruiting of having a rest for their rifles, as the range was long, and the slightest variation of the some objections to the stout lad's enlisting, aim would carry the shot wide of the mark, to-wit: that his visual organs presented a but Seth argued against it, and appealed to

slightly angular, that his style of speech and "You see, captin," said he, "it's all very strain my tears when the old banner, which I wild cherries. This was the Princess Elizamanner rather shocked the eyes of the gentle- well at a turkey shoot, but it won't do in the when the bears and wolves are abcout; thrown down Blackstone, Kent, Coke, and and I kinder guess twouldn't do on the battle, in its place. I cannot restrain them now ted to the court. The mysterious organist other law commentators for a sword and epan- field less every soldier could kerry a nigger as | when I am writing; but the deed is done-a fixed his gaze upon her and went on playing. they do at the South, to use as a rest for their shootin' irons.

This argument prevailed, and he decided that the shots should be made off hand, and that ten seconds should be allowed in taking aim, after the piece was at the shoulder.

The Indian chief was painted in gaudy colors, size of life, and the bull's eye was placed on the left side, in the region of the heart, with three circles drawn around it, and it was understood that from the center of the bull's eye each shot should be measured. The sharpshooters and the backwoodsman drew lots for the first fire, which fell to the former, who took his position, and in a ready and adroit manner opened the contest, and his shot together with the others were as follows, according to the report of the target markers : Ranger No. 1 .- Two inches from the outer

circle, grazing the left arm. Ranger No. 2 .- Ball struck within one inch of the inner circle to the right-a fatal shot. Ranger No. 3 .- Put a half moon in the

bull's eye-fatal. Seth Stark-Shot perforated the center of

the bull's eve. There was considerable huzzaing at the result of the round, especially among the spectators, and those of the rangers who had not risked any of their funds on the result.

On the second round the three rangers were scored as having made better shots than before but no score for the young backwoodsman. It was now the better's turn to huzza, although several of them had lost by Seth's first

The third round resulted even better for the rangers than either of the others and the score was brought in accordingly; but there appearing no score for the would-be-recruit, the shouting was terrible, and many rude jests

were made at Seth's expense. "Mought you not as well wait till the umpires and if you can make three as good shots as jaculated Seth. "I've seen many a turkey

"Why you don't suppose you've hit the target but once?" asked a ranger who had a V staked on the result. "Mebbe I don't suppose so, and mebbe I do," replied Seth. "I'll go you ten to one," said the confident

soldier. "Take my advice and don't you dew it" answered Seth. "Oh, ho! don't dare, eh? Can't go one a-

gainst ten ?" ejaculated the fellow. "Waall, yeou kin put up as many tens as you please, and if I can't kiver 'em, why yeon kin

pick up your change agin." "Try him! try him! he's only coming the brag game ?" said several of the ranger's com-"I'll go my pile on that," said the confident

one, and he forthwith produced sixty dollars, which Seth covered with only six; but then it must be remembered that odds were terribly against him inasmuch as the scorcer's report, if confirmed, would of course give the stakes The umpires, consisting of an officer of the

company, who had no special interest in the result, and two civilians, who were experts in the sports of rifle shooting, forthwith visited the target and examined the several hits, and on comparing them with the record of the scorers it appeared there was no mistake.

"That hit in the bull's eye," remarked one of the civil umpires, "is a magnificent shot, but how so small a slug as that greeny's rifle carries could make so large orifice as that, is quite a mystery to me."

"I agree with you," said the other civillian. "It is a remarkable perforation, certainly," added the officer of the rangers, examining the hole with scrutiny, and then turning the target around they were struck with the fact that the shot of the smallest bored rifle had really pierced much the largest hole through

"See here too," he continued, finding the to see me at our camp. Thank Her corresponding hole in the trunk of the tree a- brought needles and thread with her. My raggainst which the counterfeit semblance' of the lan was nearly played out; my pants had been colored leaves came rushing down from the

pose of solving the least doubt in the matter, it was agreed to cut around the corresponding perforation in the tree, and to the depth of penter was forthwith sent for with instructions to bring the proper tools for the job. In a few

minutes one was produced, and he went to work with a morticing chisel and mallet, under direction of the umpires, and after toiling some ten or fifteen minutes he removed a cube of wood from the tree of about five inches in depth, which on being split open carefully, three slugs pressed firmly against each other, with but little variation from a true line, were taken therefrom, to the wonder and surprise of the umpires. The doubt was solved. Seth Stark's bullets had traversed the same line, and

had lodged together. The huzzas and a laugh were now upon our side, but the contest was so complete and decided-the victory so complete-that even those who lost money in the result, joined with the others in rendering all homage to the eccentric backwoodsman. Seth was forthwith mounted to nearly two hundred dollars, but at enrolled in the ranks of the company, and each successive wager the chances of his win- though he appeared very awkward at the first ning were made much smaller, as the last one | in the ranks he is fast acquiring the positions required him to hit the bull's eye twice out and bearing of a well drilled soldier. The greatest difficulty he has to encounter is his left handedness, while his crooked eye only

troubles his drill officer. "Eyes front" appeared always "eyes left," 'eyes right' always seem to be "eyes front.' The Ethan Allen Guards have been recently mustered into the service of Uncle Sam; and if they ever get into an engagement, woe be to the rebels who become targets of Seth Stark, the Green Mountain Sharp Shooter.

A THRILLING PROPHECY .- In last February Alabama seceded! That brave old man, Senator Clemens, who had, until then breasted all the storms of wild fanaticism, and clung to the flag of our Union, yielded to the popular clamor, and unsheathed his sword in a cause he hated, and one he knew could not succeed. He wrote the following to a friend:

"We are out; we have bid adieu to the Stars and Stripes, and abandoned the high privilege of calling ourselves American citizens. I am not ashamed to confess that I could not re- hair, eyes like the violet in hue, and lips like have followed through so many dangers, was beth, and all eyes turned to her, as she seated new era has dawned, and all that I can promise is that no effort shall be spared on my part to prevent it from becoming an era of disgrace. It we are not involved in war we soon will be. There is no hope of peace; and he is but little better than a madman who dreams of long exemption from invasion. I shall meet it when it comes as a soldier should, and fight through it as long as a hope remains. When everything is lost, as I fear it may be, unless wiser counsels should prevail than those which have heretofore directed us, I shall drag my body to the nearest battle-field, and lay down a life which has lost its value."

How swiftly has his prediction been verified! Ere the echo of his voice, pleading to the fanatics to "stop!" had died away, the cry ran out, to arms! A State then prosperous is now bankrupt; all the horrors of war is upon them, business ruined, and in addition to the restless nights they pass for fear of a servile insurrection, they will wake some morning and hear the roar of Federal cannon at Mobile. The battle field will be near to the home of Senator Clemens, and unless some unseen hand shields him, his prophecy will be fulfilled to the letter!

A Good ONE .- The Cincinnati Press tells the following good 'un, of Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont, whilst on her recent visit to the Capital, to terret out the origin of the hostility which had manifested itself toward her husband. At one of the interviews with the President, Mr. Blair, sr., father of Frank P. Blair, was present. Mr. Blair turned to Mrs. Fremont and said,

"Mrs. Fremont, allow me to say to you, that in my judgment, madam, your proper place is at the head of your husbands household at St. Louis, and this intermeddling with the affairs of State is, to say the least of it, in very bad taste on your part. And in conclusion, I wish have decided, before you larf at a feller ?" e- you to understand that here is where we make men and unmake them."

"Mr. Blair, permit me to say to you, that I have seen some men of your making, and if they are the best you can do, I advise you to quit the business."

FRANCE FOR THE UNION .- Says the Baltimore Patriot: We learn that the son of a distinguished citizen of Baltimore, in the French Army, writes to his father that the French Ministers at a recent meeting voted unanimously not to recognize the independence of the Southern Confederacy. He also stated that he knew of private individuals in France who would lend the United States Government \$50,000,000 if it was needed. The feeling was general in favor of standing by the old Union, and give her funds to its support. France was always true to the United States and always will be.

A PROPHECY FULFILLED .- The Boston Transcript recalls the fact that when the Union Committee from Boston visited Whashington last January, Mr. Mason, in reply to the wish expressed that he might again visit that city, said: "I shall not go to Boston again except as an ambassador." His prophecy is fulfilled in a way he did not expect. He goes as an ambassador shorn of his plames and the butt of ridicule, like the jackdaw that was stripped of the peacock's feathers.

One of the most extraordinary salt wells on record, perhaps, is now in operation at Wellsville, Ohio. The well was sunk in anticipation of finding oil, but when at a depth of 480 feet the borers struck a vein of gas which | go, and God bless you !" burst forth with such violence as to eject all the tools used in boring, together with 200 feet of pipe which had been previously introduced. The boring had developed a very strong vein of salt water, which yields a barrel of salt an hour.

The suggestion was improbable, but some- their new harness. We are as happy as bob- over the rocks along the Rhine.

THE MYSTERIOUS ORGANIST. A LEGEND OF THE RHINE. "Kind hearts are more than coronets.

And simple faith than Norman blood." Years and years ago, at a grand old cathedral overlooking the Rhine, there appeared a mysterious organist. The great composer who had played the organ so long had suddenly died, and everybody from the king to the peasant, was wondering who could be found to fill his place, when one bright Sabbath morn, as the sexton entered the church, he saw a stranger sitting at the crape shrouded organ. He was a tall, graceful man, with a pale but

strikingly handsome face, great black, melancholy eyes, and hair like the raven's wing for gloss and color, sweeping in dark waves over his shoulders. He did not seem to notice the sexton, but went on playing, and such music as he drew from the instrument no words of mine can describe. The astonished listener declared that the organ seemed to have grown human-that it wailed and sighed and clamored, as if a tortured human heart were throbbing through its pipes. When the music at length ceased, the sexton hasted to the stranger

and said-"Pray, who are you, sir ?"

"Do not ask my name," he replied ; "I have heard that you are in want of an organist, and came here on trial."

"You'll be sure to get the place," the sexton exclaimed. "Why, you surpass him that's dead and gone, sir !" "No, no; you overrate me," resumed the

stranger, with a sad smile; and then, as if disinclined to conversation, he turned from old Hans, and began to play again. And now the music changed from a sorrowful strain to a grand pæon, and the mysterious organist-"Looking upward full of grace,

Prayed till from a happy place. God's glory smote him on the face.' and his countenance seemed not unlike that of St. Michael, as portrayed by Guido.

Lost in the harmonies which swelled around him, he sat with his "far-seeing" gaze fixed on the distant sky, a glimpse of which he had caught through an open window, when there was a stir about the church door, and a royal party came sweeping in. Among them might be seen a young girl with a wealth of golden herself in the velvet cushioned pew appropria-No sooner had the music reached her ears, than she started, as if a ghost had crossed her path. The bloom faded from her cheek, her lip quivered, her whole frame grew tremulous. At last her eyes met those of the organist in a long, long, yearning look, and then the melody lost its joyous notes, and the organ once more wailed and sighed and clamored.

"By my faith," whispered the King to his daughter, "this organist has a master-hand. Hark ye, child, he shall play at your wedding !' The pale lips of the Princess parted, but she could not speak-she was duni with grief. Like one in a painful dream, she saw the pale man at the organ, and heard the

melody which filled the vast edifice. Aye, full well she knew who he was, and why the instrument seemed breathing out the agony of

When the service was over, and the royal party had left the cathedral, he stole away as mysteriously as he had come. He was not seen again by the sexton till the vesper hour. and then he appeared in the organ loft and commenced his task. As he played, a veiled figure glided in, and knelt near a side shrine. There she remained till the worshippers had dispersed, when the sexton touched her on the shoulder and said-

"Madam, everybody has gone but you and me, and I wish to close the doors." "I am not ready to go yet," was the reply cleave me-leave me.

The sexton drew back into a shadowy niche, and watched and listened. The mysterious organist still kept his post, but his head was bowed upon the instrument, and he could not see the lone devotee. At length she rose from the aisle, and moving to the organ loft, paused beside the musician.

"Bertram," she murmured. Quick as thought the organist raised his head. There, with the light of a lamp suspended to the arch above falling full upon her, stood the Princess who had graced the royal pew that day. The court dress of velvet, with its soft ermine trimmings, the tiara, the necklace, the bracelets, had been exchanged for a grey serge robe, and a long, thick veil, which was now pushed back from the fair, girlish

"Oh! Elizabeth, Elizabeth!" exclaimed the organist, and he sank at her feet, and gazed wistfully into her troubled eyes. "Why are you here, Bertram?" asked the

"I came to bld you farewell, and as I dared not venture into the palace, I gained access to the cathadral by bribing the bellringer, and having taken the vacant seat of the dead organist, let my music breathe out the adieu I could

A low moan was his only answer, and he continued-"You are to be married on the morrow." "Yes," sobbed the girl. "Oh, Bertram what a trial it will be to stand at yonder altar,

not trust my lips to utter."

and take upon me vows which will doom me to a living death !" "Think of me," rejoined the organist. Your royal father requested me to play at the wedding, and I have promised to be here. If I were your equal I could be the bridegroom instead of the organist, but a poor musician

must give up !" "It is like rending soul and body asunder to part with you," said the girl. "To-night I may tell you this-tell you how fondly I love you, but in a few hours it will be a sin! Go,

She waived him from her, as if she would banish him while she had the strength to do so, and he-how was it with him! He rose to leave her, then came back, held her to his heart in a long embrace, and with a half smothered farewell left her.

The next morning dawned in cloudless teer's recent letter says; "My wife came on was thrown open, and the sexton began to rederacy. colored flowers nodded by the wayside, flame savage chieftain had rested, can it be possible drilled to death; I have been walking in my trees and lay in light heaps upon the ground; that two bullets have passed through this oriwas a shoemaker. The boys will soon have berries drooped in red and purple clusters

At length the palace-gates were unclosed ers, but she never has a large congregation.

and the royal party appeared, escorting the Princess Elizabeth to the cathedral where her marriage was to be solemnized. It was a brave pageant; far brighter than the untwined foliage and blossoms were the tutts of plumes which floated from stately heads, and the festal robes that streamed down over the housing of the superb steeds. But the Princess, mounted on a snow-white velvet, looking pale and sad; and when, on nearing the church, she heard a gush of organ-music, which, tho' inbilant in sound, struck on her ear like a funeral knell, she trembled, and would have fallen to the earth had not a page supported her. A few moments afterwards she entered the cathedral. There, with his retinue, stood the royal bridegroom, whom she had never before seen. But her glance roved from him to the organ-loft, where she had expected to see the mysterious organist. He was gone, and she was obliged to return the graceful bow of the King, to whom she had been betrothed, from motives of policy. Mechanically she nelt at his side on the altar stone—mechanically listened to the service and made the responses. Then her husband drew her to him in a convulsive embrace, and whispered-

"Elizabeth, my Queen, my wife, look up!" Trembling in every limb, she obeyed. Why did those dark eyes thrill her so? Why did that smile bring a glow to her cheek? Ah! though the King wore the royal purple, and many a jeweled order glittering on his breast, he seemed the same humble person who had been employed to teach her organ music, and had taught her the lore of love.

"Elizabeth," murmured the monarch, "Bertram Hoffman, the mysterious organist, and King Oscar are one! Forgive my stratagem, I wished to marry you, but I would not drag to the altar an unwilling bride. Your father was in the secret." While tears of joy rained from her blue

eyes, the new-made Queen returned her hus-

band's tond kiss, and for once two hearts were

made happy by a royal marriage. How the Spinning Jenny Received its NAME.-The following beautiful anecdote is related of Hargreaves, the inventor of the his face toward the floor, an and circles with burnt stick. Then he sat upon a chair and placed his head between his hands, his elbows upon his knees, and gazed intently on the floor; then he sprang to his feet and replied to some feeble questions of his wife-who had not risen since the day she gave birth to a little stranger-by a loud assurance that he had it; and taking her in his sturdy arms in the blankets, the baby in her arms, he lifted her out and held her over the black drawings. These he explained, and she joined a small, hopeful laugh, with his hightoned assurance that she should never again "play" and have his loom standing for want of weft. She asked some questions, which he answered after seating her in the arm chair, by laving her spinning wheel on its back, the horizontal spindle vertically, while he made the wheel revolve, and drew a roving of cotton from the spindle into an attenuated thread. "Our fortune is made," he said speaking of his drawings on the floor. "What will you call it ?" asked his wife. "Call it? What can we call it after but thyself, Jenny? They called thee 'Spinning Jenny' afore I had thee, because thou beat every lass in Stanhil Moor at the wheel. What if we call it Spinning

CURING HAMS .- At a late Fair of the Maryland State Agricultural Society, the first premium was awarded for hams cured thus; To 150 lbs. of ham, take 11 oz saltpetre, four quarts of fine salt, with enough molasses to make a paste; rub well on the fiesh side; let it lie for four weeks; then hang and smoke. Two days before removing from the smokehouse, paint with black pepper and vinegar, after which, bag them.

Some THRESHING .- A farmer having a son in Camp Randall at Madison, Wis., wrote an urgent request to the young man to come home and help him do his threshing. Said young man replied :

DEAR FATHER :- I can't go home at present. I should be very glad to help you, but Uncle Sam has got a d-d sight bigger job of threshing on hand than you have, and I'm bound to see him out of the woods first."

LARGE CONTRACT .- Col. Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts, has a contract for making one million pairs of army shoes. Twenty-five cents a pair, we are told, says the Boston Post, by those who are familiar with the modus operandi of giving out contracts, is a small sum to make on a pair that sells for \$2,25. This leaves the Colonel the snug little sum of two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars!

CAPTURE OF THE PIRATE BEAUREGARD .- A despatch from New York, dated Nov. 26th, says that the steamship George Peabody arrived from Key West, reports that the pirate Beauregard has been captured by the gun boat G. W. Anderson, of Boston, with twenty-seven prisoners and one long pivot gun on the deck. The pirate was laying at Key West

"Facts are stuborn things," said a lawyer to a female witness. "Yes sir and so are women," she replied; "and if you get anything out of me just let me know it." "You'll be committed for contempt," said the lawyer,-Very well," said she, I shall suffer justly, for I feel the utmost contempt for every lawyer present."

On the person of James Brown, who was arrested at Boston recently as a traitor, was found a letter from William L. Yancy, in England, to his son in Alabama, in which he speaks discouragingly of the prospects of a recognition of the rebels by the European

A letter has been received in Baltimore, from an officer in the French army, which states that the French Ministry, at a recent | March on, then; ye noble, starlwart Freemen meeting, voted unanimously not to recognize "Always gay," is a soldier's life. A volun- splendor, and at an early hour the cathedral the independence of the bogus Southern Con-

> The Rebels own the loss, in the Belmont fignt, of 261 killed, 427 wounded, and 278 missing. Gen. Grant reports our loss 85 killed, and 150 wounded, and about 150 missing.

Experience is the most eloquent of preach-

THE JOURNAL.

THE FLAG OF OUR COUNTRY.

An address delivered before the Pennville Lyce-um on the evening of the 23d November, 1861, by John Russell.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :- Having been chosen to address you this evening, I shall en-deavor to respond briefly. The subject, The Flag of our Country, was suggested to me by a friend, and accepted as appropriate, with but one discouraging thought, i. e. that your humble speaker is incapable of doing justice to a theme so dignified and important as this is.

At the present time-the present critical mement-when scores of thousands of our citizens are called forth from their families and friends, to defend that Flag which we are proud to say has protected our institutions so ong, is it any wonder that that Flag holds a place so dear in every loyal American heart, whether native born or adopted.

"The Flag of our Country!" It is the emblem of the liberties and institutions of the American people. The banner which has so proudly fleated over sea and land for nearly a century-which has visited the ports of every civilized nation upon the globe, and has been respected by them-which has soared aloft like the American eagle, the strongest and the boldest of the feathered tribe, which is emblematical of the greatness and power of our government. The banner under which our country has grown up, prospered and spread its benign influence from the Atlantic to the Pacific -over such a vast area of territory, that it seemed as though the whole western hemisphere was destined to be included in its folds. It is the emblem of the asylum for the oppressed from foreign lands. In short, the emblem of the home of the brave and the land of the free; and which, until recently, bid fair to be the honor and pride of the world, and under whose mantle, nations yet unborn might

repose in perfect safety. Is it any wonder then, that when the dark and gloomy clouds of civil strife and internal discord are threatening to rend in twain that glorious ensign of our greatness and powerwhen rebel heads are plotting and rebel hands Spinning Jenny: "The invention had long are working for its annihilation,-I say, is it engaged his attention, when one day he was any wonder, under these circumstances, that observed to drop suddenly upon his knees and every true American and patriot feels a deep roll on the stone floor at full length. He lay anxiety for "the Flag of our Country"-that every person of whatever sex or condition that has arrived at the years of reflection, and in whose veins one drop of loyal blood is coursing, should be arroused to a sense of the condition of our country, concerned for the preservation of its institutions and its laws, and be willing, yes anxious to lend a helping hand to the cause upon which rests all our liberties. To aid in some way or manner in crushing the rebellion which threatens the fives of so many devoted sons of patriotic sires; which dooms the principles, upon which those liberties are based, that lie at the foundation of our government, and guarantees the noble right to tho exercise of the elective franchise to every freeman, without respect to rank or condition, and guards all our rights with a scrupulous regard to justice and honor. Granting to every supposed criminal the sacred privilege of a trial by jury, in order that while the guilty may be brought to condign punishment, the innocent may not suffer from an unjust charge. Ours is a model Government. Sorrowful the thought that it should be overthrown. Surely none but traitors of the deepest and most damning dye would desire the consumation of so deplorable a scene. True, monarchs would rejoice, and despots and tyrants would be jubilant in declaring to the world that our experiment of a Regublican government had failed -that our boast, that the people are capable of self government, was a farce, and that henceforth kings and potentates might rest securely upon their gorgeous thrones, at the expense of a submissive people. But, where is the man or woman who has lived in our favored land, and enjoyed its blessings, who would wish to see such a retrogade movement, as that this great wealthy and prosperous nafior should be thrust back a whole century into the very chains which our fathers fought to break, and that too, to gratify the mad ambition of the leaders of a sectional strife? If such persons still linger upon our soil, it is time they would seek agovernment more congenial to their taste, and not remain where they are a clog to the wheels of the progressive car of universal liberty.

"The Flag of our Country !" The flag that was insulted on the morning of the 12th of April last, by the opening of the bombardment of Fort Sumter, which was hauled down (not surrendered) on the E3th, and saluted by 50 guns on the 14th, and brought triumphantly away. That flag once more floats in the breeze upon the soil of that treason cursed State, South Carolina. "At half past two o'clock p. m., of the 7th inst., the American ensign was hoisted upon the flag-staff of Fort Walker, and at sun-rise on the 8th on that of Fort Beauregard, at Port Royal, S. C." Less than seven months have elapsed to bring about this change. This State, deeper in the guilt than any other, because first to rebel, seems at last about to feel the weight of the responsibility which she so justly deserves to bear, notwithstanding the strategy used to ward off the blow and cause it to fall upon her less guilty sisters. May we not from this circumstance indulge the hope, that this great victory, achieved at so small a cost of life, at least will be the forerunner of a succession of like victories, to be continued, until rebellion ceases and rebels no longer strut defiantly over any portion of our vast domain. Would that this might be the case, and would that it might be soon. May the Union army move steadily onward to certain victory. May it triumph over all opposition and teach the rebels the lesson, that while the government does not desire their subjugation, the army has determined to subdue them at whatever cost, and establish the fact that the Union still lives, that the Constitution exists, that the laws will be enforced, and that it is a dangerous heresy to promulgate a contrary doctrine. In conclusion then, I would say to the soldiers, as if

they were present, Proud to meet your country's direct foes; Fearless as the sturdy, sun-tanned scaman, Who braves the briny ocean's saddest woes

Let nothing check you in your bold career Nor cause you in your righteous course to lag;

In fighting for the rights you hold so dear, You'r fighting for your Country's glorious Flag.

A good man is kinder to his enemy than bad men are to their friends.