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Jos Paristras Such as Hand-bills, Posting-bills,
amplief to Hanks, Labols, &c. &c., executed with
courses and & the shortest notice.

Poetical.

A LOST LOVE. fair, and yet so desolate; So wan; and yet so young;
Oh, there is grief too deep for tears,
Too seal'd for tell-tale tongue!
Wilh a faded floweret in her hand,

Poor little hand, so white! And dim blue eye, from her casement high Ble looks upon the night. little rosebud-a simple flower— blooms no more as it scom'd to bloom ough many a lone lone hour, If float from her fover'd touch away,

tietals wither'd and brown, dependent deem'd too bright to be dream'd frombling and fluttering down, t needs no hugh of the Present To call back the sweet calm Past The lightest kne sweet chim Page;
The lightest summer murmuring
May be heard through the wintry blast;
the lightest upon gable and tree,
This he hare dims wail like spectres pale,
And the pines like a passionate sea.

But she thinks of a dreamy twilight
Of the laurels whispering in their sleep,
And the white rose in full blow
Larly moon had sunk away
This some pale queen, to die
In this costly shroud of an opal cloud
To the June air's tremulous sigh,

All; all too freshly real;
The soft subdued eclipse,
Hand in hand, and heart in heart And the thrill of the wedded lips;
Those tender memories, how they flush
Pale cheek and brow again,
Though heart be changed, and lip estranged
That swore such loving then! Tis but the old, old story

Surg so often in vain;
Surg so often in vain;
Forman all the freedom of passion,
For man all the freedom of passion,
For yourner the calm and the pain,
For yourner the first ombruce. well for the careless spirit maye the web of rhyme, if fon the idle memories it float on the breath of time, This float on the breath of time;
But he for many an aching heart;
The see it might be so,
To forget, to forget the light that has set,
And the dreams of long ago.

Migrelloneong.

[From the Dollar Newspaper.] WINTER EVENING MEMORY,

BY ARDEEL CHARIDEN.

The air is clear and keen to-night; the

Baden: At last weary of wandering, I came abrupt, business like way. "Did you know day was reckoned the fourteenth. This mode that Nellie was dead?"

day was reckoned the fourteenth. This mode of reckoning is called the New Style.

ly and quietly, but she was too unas-I loved to follow her grace-

clutching me in its fiery embrace, I turned silently away. The housemaid met me in the porch—I inquired, carelessly, if Nellie had gone away?

won hearts only to trample them under her feet. With this hell raging in my bosom, I strode homeward. On the table, in my room, I found several letters awaiting my perusal. One was from an old college chum, containing fact that the solar year does not correspond fact that the solar year does not correspond fact that the solar year does not correspond for the solar year does not correspond for the solar year does not correspond to the solar year. me to go, he wrote that his cousin Bell was still with them, and unmarried. And furthermore, that she had taken a great fancy to my humble self, my foreign whiskers, my foreign manners; and, if I choose, I could be the depth of winter.

The true year consists of the time it takes

form, magnificent eyes, smiles that were la-vished on all. True, I had been disgusted and in four years they make up a whole day, disappointment and anger and sorrow in pleasure and excitement. In five minutes I came to this conclusion. I packed up my trunk and despatched several business letters, then threw myself on the bed to brood over my ruined hopes, and wait anxiously for the mor-

ow, The old lady who kept my dreary house asked me where I was going; when would I come back, I was going away, I could not tell where, I did not know when I should return; perhaps in a week, perhaps never,— Breakfast finished and my trunk despatched to the station, walked down the street by her house. I did not intend to look up, but something in me stronger than my resolution compelled me to do so. She was standing by the window of the breakfast room, her hand resting on his shoulder as he sat by her side.— She disappeared in a moment when she saw me. Another time I should have known that she was coming to meet me, but now I thought she was afraid to see me, ashamed to look in the face of one she had so foully wronged. I strode on faster than ever. In ten minutes more I was whirling along towards the city.

In one month I grew tired of the city, wealing of its pleasures and excitement; weary of its pleasures and excitement; weary of Bell, who was a belle indeed. Not for a mine

Bell, who was a folio indeed. Not for a mine of gold would I have taken her to my arms and called her wife. My love for Nellie grew stronger than ever; all my confidence and trust revived. I hated myself for ever having doubted her. I would go back to Lorain, she would, she mist forgive me she would give me her love and confidence, and then, that Mohammedans begin their year the day when arther workers and confidence, and then, that stronger than ever; all my confidence and trust revived. I hated myself for ever having doubted her. I would go back to Lorain, she would, she mist forgive me she would give me her love and confidence, and then, that nothing might ever come between our hearts again, I would claim her at the holy altar my own forever.

morning I bade my friends adieu. I reached Lorain in the evening, two years ago to-night. The streets were almost deserted, the lights out in many houses;—once in a while a sleigh with prancing steeds dashed along the white I did not ride up in the carriage; I walked home that I might pass her house.— There was a light in the little parlor. Perhaps she was there by the gloomy fire. Was she thinking of me—was she wandering why I did not return—why I had gone away without a word of farewell? Late as it was, I deways, either 1748-8 or 1748-9. By the actalshe thinking of me—was she wandering why ground covered with a mantle of species and covered with a mantle of species and the strong wind that sweeps the land out a word of farewell? Late as it was, I determined to go in. I had often done so as the sleigh-riders glide over the white road, It was such a night as this, two years ago, when the bells were jingling and glad hearts when I was not Nellie's graceful form. No, I casar, in which every fourth year consists of the well night described streets towards my face poler now it was and almost cheest wandering why I did not return—why I had gone away withers was usually expressed in both these terms was usually expressed in both terms was usually expressed in both terms was usually expre up the well nigh deserted streets towards my face, paler now it was, and almost ghastly in

the men night deserted streets towards my tace, paler now it was, and almost gnassiy in Junan arrangement of time makes, as we home, after a month's absence, A year between light, as he came across the law seen, eleven minutes and some seconds force I had opened an office for the practice of porch and leaned against one of the columns in a year too much. Pope Gregory VIII rewith our quiet country town, I was thirty with folded arms. The greeneyed serpent formed the calendar by retrenching ten days then but I had been admitted to the bar stung me again; I pulled the gate to and hur- in October, 1582, in order to bring back the

bome is Lorant. The village had not altered that Nellie was dead?"

Nellie dead! Good God!" A cold shudder ran through me. I leaned upon the pailings of the smallest, duietest, dullest place on the face of the smallest, duietest, dullest place on the face of the smallest, but among my friends and it companious there had been many changes.

Some shad pitched in Heaven's smile their of camp of teath; young men and women of eight years go yere married and settled in life, and schooling's and girls were grown up to fill their places. The black-eyed Rose who was a fine the more from Italy, is almost distracted with grief. She took cold three weeks ago brought on a fever. If there had been only the fever she might have recovered; but there was something else; some anxiety or trouble, Rose in a passing dream, and it had fadd long go. But I had not been many was all long the min and lived only one year in Lorain. She had long on you and fond, He took my like in the sweetest, dearest girl in the world-yet. Nelly was not beneath and the world-yet. Nelly was not a beauty and seen the hall and up stairs to the door of her little was recipied in the recovering and proper that flood our land.

The doctor was looking hard at me; ho could have said nothing half so bitter as my conscience was already saying. I felt the brand of Cain hurning on my brow, We was the face of the prochamble of the

taly. The exectest, dearest girl in the world—yet Nelly was not a beauty, and containty not a belle. In our simple village garding and the morning on a table, and the moon beauty and containty not a belle. In our simple village garding she took her share of the morning on a table, and the moon beams lay in a broad with the moon b beams lay in a broad unbroken sheet upon rand quietly, but she was too unastation of the floor I staggered across the room and the floor though I had had other sweetly lever truly loved before, and I God, life will never bring me another sorrow like that. There was nothing of death in the deep feet avenue it we had a specific to the deep feet avenue it we had a specific and the smiles I coveted lavished too.

that dear face, except its whiteness and still-

The year 1860 is "Leap Year," and consists of three hundred and sixty-six days, one

LEAP YEAR.

an urgent invitation for me to visit him in exactly with the civil year, in consequence of his city home. As an extra inducement for its not ending exactly with a given day, but

come possessor of her hand, together with the for the earth to make one revolution around handsome fortune that would dower it. andsome fortune that would dower it. the sun, which is determined by its coming Good. I remembered Bell. I had seen her back to the same point in the zodiec from cousin's, where I visited him on my which it started, and this is accomplished in return from abroad. She was a splendid creature—gay, witty and accomplished—superb six hours; but as the calender must consist with her heartless coquetry; even her wit and gayety had wearied me. Perhaps I had missingled a leap year. This, however, is not judged her, as I had another. I had wooed a strictly correct, for it is ascertained, by accucoquette, in the guise of an angel. Might I rate calculations, that a solar year is exactly not win an angel in the guise of a coquette? 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes and 67.7 sec-I would go to the city then, and drown my onds; consequently, in putting on the six onds; consequently, in putting on the six hours, we add 24 minutes 12.4 seconds in four years. This, in the course of 158½ years, would amount to twenty-four hours, or plete day. Every year, the number of which is divisible by four without a remainder is a leap year, except the last year of the century, which is a leap year only when divisible by 400 without a remainder. Thus the year 1900

will not be a leap year. The Roman year originally had but ten months, as may be seen in the meaning of the name December, which is "tenth month." March was the first month of the year in the time of Romulus, and December was the last; but Numa Pompilius, who knew astronomy better, added January and February.

While Rome's great founder made the times h care,
Ten months he chose to constitute the year;
But Numa, better skilled in astral lore,
To Romulus' months adjoined two more.

days. Afterwards they added five days, as

own forever.

I came to this conclusion one evening when a headache kept me at home; they—Bell and headache kept me at home; they—Bell and verdure in that country begins to appear. all, had gone and left me, and I sat in the verdure in that country begins to appear. great gloomy parlor, chewing the end of william the Conqueror having been erowned on the first day of January, gave occasion to begin their year on that day, in order to make it correspond with the most remarkable date

in their history. Though the historical years begin in England on the festival of the Circumcision, or the first day of January, on which day the German and Italian years begins, yet the civil or legal year did not commence till the day of the Annunciation of the Virgin, the 25th day Cessar, in which every fourth year consists of 366 days, and the other years of 365, This Julian arrangement of time makes, as we been spent in Europe. I had floated upon the Rhine, and dimbed Mont Blane; danced away half a dozen white in Faris and London, and lounged through is many summers at Baden.

Baden: Mat last weary of wandering. I came of the sum of

We are in the midst of a plague not less loathsome and insinuating in its encroachnents, than the plague of Egyptian locusts it is the plague of papers, poisoned and puffed, and pressed upon the people!

"Papers, hooks; it makes me sick, To think how ye are multiplied; Like Egypt's frogs, ye poke up thick, Your ugly heads on every side."

We are not an enemy to books and papers,

novels and infidel books in his youth, and as sently out came my beautiful husband, all

gone away? No. Mr. Willis is just care and watk name day being added to the shortest month, Fobome. They are in the parlor, I think,"

Mr. Willis, Mr. Willis. I ground the name over between my set teeth. So she was false, false and heartless all along. Her shy ways, her quietness, her childish frankness, were but the arts of a practiced coquette, who were but the arts of a practiced coquette, who a discharge of our duty in this matter. It is also this latter day Satanism. Call it what you since. But then he had no need to ea phry the same of a practiced coquette, who a discharge of our duty in this matter. It is also this latter day Satanism. Call it what you since. But then he had no need to ea phry the same of a practiced coquette, who a discharge of our duty in this matter. It is a high time for us to oppose the tendency of this latter day Satanism. Call it what you may; mingle as much sugar with the poison day in more than noon in snort order and waits name to a discharge of our duty in this matter. It is high time for us to oppose the tendency of this latter day Satanism. Call it what you may; mingle as much sugar with the poison day in more that night in anger and mortification, and I have not seen a procure and waits name to a discharge of our duty in this matter. It is high time for us to oppose the tendency of this latter day Satanism. Call it what you since. But then he had no need to be a given and noon in snort order and waits name to a discharge of our duty in this matter. It is high time for us to oppose the tendency of this latter day Satanism. Call it what you since. But then he had no need to be a given and mortification, and I have not seen and mortification.

I this latter day Satanism. Call it what you should be a set of th less fatal from being sweetened with a hundred times its bulk in honey. The mind must have pure wholesome, nutricious diet, or it will languish and die the second death!

ON THE LOSS OF A CHILD. Let us, as Educators and Christians, strive

humbly, earnestly, and devotedly, prayerfully, to counteract this growing evil. May our hostility to it be mingled with our teachings, nenceforth, while life shall last!—Educator

A Printer's Story.

Once (last Friday,) item greedy, sat this writer sad and seedy, pondering o'er a memo-randum book of items used before—(book of scribblings rather; items, taking days to gather them in chilly, freezing weather—great expense of limb and leather!) pondered we those items o'er. While we conned them, slowly rocking (through our mid strange fan that's knocking at our door! Jinks the perse-

vering bore!' Ah, how well do we remind us, in the walls that then confined us, the "exchanges" lay behind us and around us on the floor. Thot we "Jinks has called to borrow some newspapers 'till to-morrow,' and 'twill be relief from open him the door." Still the visitor kept knocking knocking louder than before,

Bracing up our patience firmer, then without another murmur, "Mr, Jinks," said we, your pardon and forgiveness we implore. the fact is we were reading of that Pembina proceeding, where they voted the Dakotas and Ojihways by the score, and were lost in the reflection that the Ottertail election might with cart-loads sent for Becker tip our calculations o'er. Here we opened wide the door. But phansy our phelinks—for it wasn't Jinks the bore.

But the form that stood before us caused a But the form that stood before us caused a trembling to come o'er us, and memory quickly bore us back to days of yore; days when items were so plenty, and where'er this writer went he picked up interesting pencilings at a lamost every door. "Twas our horned understrapper—'twas this young infernal rapper—is trapper—'twas this young infernal rapper—in by a hacking cough, sleep is sometimes hand outstretched like Captain Tapper, with the foreman's out of copy, sir;" and it kinder riz our dander, that like grasping Alexander, he had set up all the copy, and talready wanted "more"—wanted copy—evernors!

Now this local had already walked about till nearly dead—he had sauntered through

till nearly dead he had sauntered through the city till his feet were very sore walked through Pine and Spruce and Cedar, through the streets, and gentla spedar? it to was you never thought of, both public and offer and some and celler and celler and "Now it's time you were departing you

ken sure will get your noddle broken," (and we seized a cudgel, oaken, that was lying on the floor, still he stood and never stirred from his position in the door-budged the devil,

never more!
"Inky demon!—child of evil! dost in persecution revel? Thinkest thou to hunt and haunt me like an everlasting bore? Leave or—(pause till I have said it) this sheet that art doomed to edit, and to live, like, me, on credit, live on credit evermore!" Then the devi

But our devil, never sitting, still is flitting flitting back and forth upon the landing jus outside the sanctum door; tears a-down his cheeks are streaming, strange light from his eyes is gleaming, and his voice is heard a screaming, "Sir, the foreman wants some more!" Shocked and startled by that warn ing we've awakened every morning, and we hear the dismal hornings of the imp outside the door; and a fancy will come o'er us, that each reader's face before us bears the signet give us classic draughts and antiquated "Copy," still-forevermore!

A Woman joining the Sons of Malta.

The disappearance of the man named Cur tis from Zanesville, Ohio, supposed to have been spirited away and disposed of by the Sons of Malta, for exposing their secrets, is explained. His wife publishes a statement in which she says that her husband left town because he was angry and mortified at her having imposed herself upon the Sons of Mal-ta, dressed in man's clothes and been partially initiated, Mrs. Curtis gives an amusing account of her experiences among the Sons. She and a neighbor, Mrs. Smith, having a womanly curiosity to explore the secrets which their husbands would not tell them, bribed one of the Sons to introduce them as men, for initiation. They put on their husbands' clothes and went to the lodge-room. They did not go through all the ceremonies. Curtis got only as far as being tossed in a blanket. She describes the conclusion of her

coat, that scared me, because I had on a loose sack on purpose, for reason you will see yourself. However, I thought a moment the district strough the crowd, to each the design as the dark hand green to each green to each

a natural consequence, dwarfed and dwindled muffled up. I just whispered a work or two down into a traitor's grave! For the immortal soul's sake, let us awake to a discharge of our duty in this matter. It with me. He left me that night in anger is high time for us to oppose the tendency of and mortification, and I have not seen him

ON THE LOSS OF A CHILD.

Not dead, but sleeping with shut eyes, On which no more the sun shall rise; Though he shall wake anon, and see The splender of eternity.

Yet, oh! how still and deep his rest! His hands are folded on his breast; Composed his limbs, and calm his face— A statue both in mien and grace.

Ah! he was fairer than a mourn

Of summer, when the rose is born; And now, as fleeting as the rose, Pale, pale he sleeps, like winter snows, How long the day will seem—how long Without his sweet and pleasant song; The music of our home is fied, Because our little bird is dead.

He sleeps where, when the years have flown, His solemn bed shall be our own; And there, where he has gone before, Our souls shall meet to part no more.

Bules for Going to Sleep.

1. Fix the thoughts, on getting into bed, on some one thing, vast and simple; such as cloudless sky or the boundless ocean, or the ceaseless goodness of the Father of us all.

2. It has been said that sleep has been promoted by lying with the head toward the North, and not by any means toward the West, because of certain electric currents. 3. A writer recommends to commence roll

ing the eye-balls round the circuit of the eye in the same direction, until sleep comes. 4. Another avers that the best plan is to

chest, the upper edge of cloth ranging with the collar hone, let it remain five minutes, then put on the other alternating thus (by the nurse,) with as little motion or noise as possible, the patient being composed for

by the lever intuging of, both public and specifications, and examined shop and cellar, and had questioned every "feller," but they all trefused to tell or hint at any "shocking accident," not published heretofore. Having met as large as a hazlenut, in the mouth, averring with no success, he would rather sorter guess that before they are melted the desired effect he might have felt a triffe wicked at that ngly will be produced. This may avail in case of little bore, with the message from the foreman, that he wanted "something more." special disease. We would not advise such young scamp," cried we, upstarting; "get lose life by going to sleep with something in you back into the office office where you the mouth. If it is attempted at all, the were before; or the words that you have spo- candy should be placed between the cheeks

A List of Unpublished Inventions, 1. A powder-proof female. 2. A wedlock which cannot be picked by

3. A peck measure which holds but a half 4. An electrical machine which gets up an affinity between uncongenial spirits.
5. An electro-magnetic alarm, which warns isceptible young women against designing

6. A machine which cleans and threshes 7. A machine which goes through the

whole process of courtship and marriage— This is the invention of a tailor and hair-8. A machine which cuts poor old acquaintances and makes rich now ones. It is the invention of a retired millionaire,

 A disagreeable easy chair for unwelcome visitors. It is upholstered with currycombs, hair pins and fish hooks. No editorial sanctum should be without one.

10. A machine for polishing a tarnished character. The polishing is conducted in a fashionable church, by mans of a hank-note

and sand-paper,
11. An instantaneous hair-dye (die.) This s a composition into which Carlisle whisky argely enters. It operates on the body first, and then on the hair. 12. A composition to make fat men lean

It is almost wholly composed of alcohol. We saw a fine-looking, portly gentleman, who had just taken a dose, leun against a lamp-post the

Exhaustion of Talk.

How long the lamp of conversation holds out to burn between two persons only is curiously set down in the following passage from Count Gonfallionier's account of his impris-

teen feet of water? I said 'Yes! the deeper the better!' 'Well, take off your coat and try yourself.' Now when he said take off your coat, that scared me, because I had on a loose sack on purpose, for reason you will see yourself. However, the property of the property o by sogether; we related our pass lives, our joys forever gone, over and over again. The next year we communicated to each other our thoughts and ideas on all subjects. The third the highest temperature are equally distributed as any maiden's shoe," and they never was large as any maiden's shoe," and they occurry in the former made and southern hemistages.

The Jewels of the Months.

In Poland, according to a superstitious b lief, each month of the year is under the influence of some precious stone, which influence ence is attached to the destiny of persons born during the course of the month. It is, be realized according to the wishes expressed

on the occasion. January-The stone of January is the Jacinth or Garnet, which denotes constancy and

idelity in any sort of engagemnt. seace of mind and sincerity.

March—The Bloodstone is the stone of cou rage and wisdom in perilous undertakings, April—The Sapphire, or diamond, is the stone of repentance, innocence, and kindliness

of disposition.

May—The Emerald. This stone signifies happiness in love, and domestic felicity.

June—The Agate is the stone of long life

health and prosperity.

July The Ruby, or Cornelian, denotes forgetfulness of, and exemption from the yaxations caused by friendship and love. August—The Sardonyx. This stone denote conjugal felicity.

September—The Chrysolite is the ston

which preserves and cures madness and de-October—The Aqua-Marine, or Opal signi fies distress and hope.

November—The Topaz signifies fidelity and

friendship, December - The Turquoise is the stone which expresses great sureness and prosperity in love, and in all the circumstances of life.

THE WORLD.

The following was one of the late Major Noah's stories: "Sir, bring me a good, plain dinner," said melancholy looking individual to a waiter at one of our principal hotels.

'Yes, sir.' The dinner was brought and devoured, and the eater called the landlord aside, and thus ddressed him:

"Are you the landlord?" "You do a good business?" "Yes." (in astonishment.) "You make, probably, ten dollars a day,

"Yes." "Then I am safe. I have been out of employment about seven months; but I engaged to work to-morrow. I had been without food twenty-four hours when I entered your establishment, I will pay you in a week."

"I cannot pay my bills with such promises," blustered the landlord; "and I do not keep a poor house. You should address the proper

uthorities. Leave me something for secu-"I have nothing."

"I will take your coat." "If I go into the street without that, I will get my death such weather as this." "You should have thought of that before "Are you serious? Well, I solemnly aver that one week from now I will pay you."

"I will take the coat." The coat was left, and a week after was re-

Seven years after that, a wealthy man entered the political arena and was presented to a caucus as an applicant for congressional nomination. The principal man of the caucus held his peace—he heard the history of the applicant, who was a member of the church, and one of the most respectable citizens. He was the chairman. The vote was a tie, and he cast a negative, thereby defeating the wealthy applicant, and whom he met an hour afterwards, and to him he said:

"You don't remember me?" "I once ate dinner at your hotel, and alhough I told you I was famishing, and pledged my word of honor to pay you in a you took my coat, and saw nie go out into the clement air, at the risk of my life, without

"Not much. You call yourself a Christian To-night you were a candidate for nomination and but for me you would have been elected

to Congress." Three years after the Christian hotel keeper became bankrupt. The poor, dinnerless wretch that was, is now a high functionary in Albany. I know him well. The ways of Providence are indeed wonderful, and the mutations almost beyond conception or belief.

From Galignani's Messenger, Dec. 25.

Danger of Another Deluge---The Norhern Hemisphere to be Submerged, and a New World from the South.

by Lieut. Julien, a distinguished officer in the French navy. The greater part of the book is devoted to a general description of Lieutenant Maury's splendid theory of currents and winds, by which he explains the recurrence of storms and other meteorological phenomena: but what has chiefly attracted our atten tention is a new theory on the invitable peri-"Fifteen years I existed in a dungeon ten odical return of a cataelysm similar to that et gouare ! During six years I had a com-

tity of chaloric lost at the South pole in the course of a year, is equal to the surplus absorbed at the North pole. Now let us, with the author, mentally represent to ourselves the earth at the moment of its creation, when its whole surface was covered with water, and its centre of gravity coincided with its geoin consequence, customary among friends, and metrical centre. From that moment its revolution around the sun commenced, and all birthdays, reciprocal presents, consisting of some jewal ornamented with the tutelar stone. It is generally believed that this prediction of happiness, or rather of the future destiny will turies the ice at the South pole became in consequence heavier than that accumulated at the North pole, and the centre of gravity was displaced southwards; mathematicians, in fact, state the distance between the latter and fidelity in any sort of engagemnt.

February—The Amethyst, a preservative against violent passions, and an assurance of mind and sincerity.

the geometrical centre to be about 1,700 metres. Under the circumstances, what could the liquid surface of the globe do but flow southward, leaving all the continent we are so familiar with uncovered. Here M. Julien observes that all the regions of the Southern hemisphere bear unmistakable marks of submersion; that America, Africa and India end in points, all turned towards the South pole; hat the islands of the Southern regions have the appearance of the summits of mountain ranges, and that Lieut. Manry's soundings show that the coast on that side all descended abruptly into the sea. He further states the curious fact that going from the North to the South pole at every parallel the ratio of the extent of land to that of the sea diminishes

regularly and progressively.

Let us now take into consideration the phenomenon called the Procession of the Equi-noxes, in virtue of which the first point of Aries recedes upon the ecliptic by about 59 seconds in a year. This gradually causes a complete change in the seasons; and counting from any given time, there must clapse at least 21,000 before the seasons can return at precisely the same period of the year. It has been ascertained that up to the year. 1248 of the Christian era, a year in which the first day of winter precisely coincided with the earth's passage through its perihelion, the temperature of the Southern hemisphere had been in constant course of diminution. It is moreover clear that after the lapse of 10,500 years, the seasons on our globe must be exactly reversed. Hence, about 10,500 years before the year 1248, or 11,00 years before our present time, it was the north pole, and not its opposite one, which was in its maximum of refrigeration; our present continents were then submerged, according to Mosaic tradition of the Paluge, and there were continents unknown to us in the southern hemisphere. And, again, by the same astronomical and natural laws, 10,500 years after the last catacityism, a new one will oc-cur, which will again submerge the northern hemisphere, and allow a new world to emerge from the ocean in the Southern one.

A Beautiful Story.

The Green Bay (Wisconsin) Advocate, has a talented and accomplished lady correspondent, who signs herself "Long a coming." If she is as beautiful as some of her brilliant productions, we think she can bear the palm. Here is one of her last effusions, done up in rhyme, and a pretty little thing it is. It is

THE NOCCASIN FLOWER.

'Twas just one hundred years ago, down on sands, was tearing, with her pretty hands, her long and glossy raven heir. It was a civilized despair; for though she knew not. "Ovid's Art of Love," she had a human heart that loved with more than art; 'twas life-all that defines that one word wife; was gone and blotted from the world; the stars and moon to darkness hurled. Life ran, an ever wid'ning river, to seas where darkness hung forever.—
Flow on, thou careless Suamico, by golden sands forever flow; the honeysuckle blooming wild leans down—the little Indian child kneels down to kiss thy wave, beside the Indian warriors grave, and there the bride walks with over, under the summer's leafy cover, under boughs of yerdant trees that murmur in the evening breeze, nor flowers of one hundred years can equal now that maiden's tears.

that fell a century ago, and sanctified the "By why should maidens thus despair?" she said, and smoothed hor raven hair. follow in the pathless wind, and this dark river leave behind. Better die in love's en-deavor, than sink in hopelessness forever." The red stars gleam, the Whip-poor-will answers the owl, under the hill. The snakes are coiled in tangled swales; the woods seem full of human wails, and fiends fit for a mai-den's head, and ghostly forms, from which she

fled; and, on the lake, the lonely loon floats by the lillies, where the moon casts shadows, from the tall dark trees, while, softer-footed than the breeze, she steals on in the hunter's track. The moon is gone—the night is black; she, when the east the morn turns gray, sinks on the hillside, far away. And there, beside on the hillside, iar away. And shere, bestude the bubbling spring, where overhanging grape-yines swing, she sees the young birds, in the nest, hide their heads in their mother's breast. Ah, birds have mates, each has a home, but love-lorn maids are doomed to room. But, when many pages the golden fleed she finds when morn pours its golden flood, she finds a trace of fresh-shed blood—a broken arrow from his quiver, for whom she wept beside the rivthrough non-day heat till eyening dew, and all the night, till morn again. Alas, for stony-hearted men! Love follows them, with bleeding feet, through pathless woods, and in the street-forgives what cannot be forgiven,

Her moccasins are gone; the maid sinks down where sun and shadow braid a carpet in