

THE DELUGE.

"Ah! what a sign it is of evil life,
When Death's approach is seen so terrible."

SHAKESPEARE.

The judgment was at hand. Before the sun
Gathered tempestuous clouds, which blackening, spread,
Unto their blended masses overwhelmed
The hemisphere of day; and, adding gloom
To night's dark empire, swift from zone to zone
Swept the vast shadow, swallowing up all light,
And covering the encircling firmament
As with a mighty pall! Low in the dust
Bowed the affrighted nations, worshipping.
Anon the o'ercharged garners of the storm
Burst with their growing burden, fierce and fast
Shot down the ponderous rain, a sheeted flood,
That slanted not before the baffled winds,
But, with an arrowy and unwavering rush,
Dashed hissing earthward. Soon the rivers rose,
And roaring fled their channels; and calm lakes
Awoke exulting from their lethargy,
And poured destruction on their peaceful shores.

The lightning flickered in the deluged air,
And feebly through the shout of gathering waves
Muttered the stifled thunder. Day nor night
Ceased the descending streams; and if the gloom
A little brightened, when the lurid morn
Rose on the starless midnight, 'twas to show
The lifting up of waters. Bird and beast
Forsook the flooded plains, and wearily
The shivering multitudes of human doomed
Toiled up before the insatiate element.

Oceans were blent, and the leviathan
Was borne aloft on the ascending seas
To where the eagle nestled. Mountains now
Were the sole landmarks, and their sides were clothed
With clustering myriads, from the weltering waste
Whose surges clasped them, to their topmost peaks,
Swathed in the stooping cloud. The hand of Death
Smote millions as they climbed; yet denser grew
The crowded nations, as the encroaching waves
Narrowed their little world.

And in that hour
Did no man aid his fellow. Love of life
Was the sole instinct; and the strong-limbed son
With imprecations smote the palsied sire
That clung to him for succor. Woman trod
With wavering step the precipice's brow,
And found no arm to grasp on the dread verge
O'er which she leaned and trembled. Selfishness
Sat like an incubus on every heart,
Smothering the voice of love. The giant's foot
Was on the stripling's neck; and oft Despair
Grappled the ready steel, and kindred blood
Polluted the last remnant of that earth
Which God was deluging to purify.
Huge monsters from the plains, whose skeletons
The mildew of succeeding centuries
Has failed to crumble, with unwieldy strength
Crushed through the solid crowds; and fiercest birds
Beat downward by the ever rushing rain,
With blinded eyes, drenched plumes, and trailing wings,
Staggered unconscious o'er the trampled prey.

The mountains were submerged; the barrier chains
That mapped out nations sank; until at length
On a Titan peak alone o'ertopped the waves,
Beaconing a sunken world. And of the tribes
That blackened every alp, one man survived;
And he stood shivering, hopeless, shelterless,
Upon that fragment of the universe!
The surges of the universal sea
Broke on his naked feet. On his gray head,
Which fear, not time, had silvered, the black cloud
Poured its un pitying torrents; while around
In the green twilight dimly visible,
Rolled the grim legions of the ghostly drowned,
And seemed to beckon with their tossing arms
Their brother to his doom.

He smote his brow,
And maddened, would have leapt to their embrace,
When lo! before him, riding on the deep,

Loomed a vast fabric and familiar sounds
Proclaimed that it was peopled. Hope once more
Cheered that wan outcast, and imploringly
He stretched his arms forth toward the floating walls,
And cried aloud for mercy. But his prayer
Man might not answer, whom his God condemned.
The ark swept onward, and the billows rose
And buried their last victim.

Then the gloom
Broke from the face of heaven, and sunlight streamed
Under the shoreless sea, and on the roof
That rose for shelter o'er the living germ
Whose increase should repopulate a world.

New York.

J. BARBER.

VOLTAIRE possessed a young eagle to which he was
extremely attached. The petted bird one day fell ill,
which gave its master the greatest anxiety on its account:
every morning and evening he asked the servant, to
whom the care of it had been entrusted, how it was, and
gave her the necessary directions for its nursing. Made-
line, however, came one morning, and, with a smile on
her mouth, said, "Sir, your eagle is now recovered."—
"Ha! has he? how glad I am!"—But, sir, he is dead, I
mean.—"What, dead! and you bring me the news with a
smile on your countenance?"—"Alas, sir, he was so
thin and lean, is it not better that he should have died?"
—"A fine reason you give me then," roared the exasper-
ated Voltaire, starting from his chair, "a fine reason! So,
I presume, you would have me done away with, because
I am thin. Only think of that hussey, to give me the news
of my poor eagle's death, laughing, and because he was
thin! Do you imagine that it is only big, fat, unwieldy
'betes' like you, that have a right to live? Away, away!
begone out of my sight. If you mean to kill all those that
are thin, go and find employment with persons as fat as
yourself."

Madame Denis, who saw her uncle in such a passion,
pretended to dismiss the servant, but merely ordered her
to conceal herself in one of the outhouses. Voltaire, at
the end of three months, happened to speak of this ser-
vant. "She has been very unfortunate," said his niece,
"she has not been able to find a place, as it was generally
known that you had dismissed her."—"That was her
fault,—why did she laugh at the death of my eagle, be-
cause he was thin? But, still, she ought not to starve.
Let her return—but let her never meet my eye." So
Madeline came forth from her hiding-place, and took es-
pecial care that her master should not see her. This,
however, was a difficult matter: she met Voltaire one day
in a narrow path: Madeline cast her eyes down, and at-
tempted to mutter a few words of apology, but Voltaire
interrupted her, and said: "Well, we won't speak of it
any more; but, recollect, that all those that are thin are
not to be killed."

DUTCH INDUSTRY.—A Dutch painter would feel as
much ashamed to represent the ladies of the land idle, as
they would to be caught slumbering over their knitting or
their embroidery. Hence in all the pictures of the States
there is no idleness; the women are busied generally in
some becoming office, and the men are either at work or
the wine cup; they keep moving. They have no men
sitting and neither working nor thinking, like some of our
island portraits; nor have they such a thing as a pattern-
lady—on whose fine shape dress-makers display their
costliest silks and rarest fashions.

FREDERICK THE GREAT, who was a man of com-
mon and uncouth notions, was in the habit of spending his
afternoons, drinking beer and smoking a pipe in a little
island on the Spree. A few of his ministers were gene-
rally invited to meet him at the low tavern, and there they
used to discuss on various political topics. In one of
these meetings a minister of the Emperor Charles VI. sat
between his majesty and his prime minister. The King's
wrath had been excited by an answer made by the Aus-
trian, and as his fist was more ready for a reply than his
tongue, he gave him a box on the ear. M. de Stehendorf,
without hesitation, gave a sounder one still to the Prussian
minister, and said, "Pass it on." H. M.

COOKING BY GAS.—Mr. Sharp, of Northampton, late-
ly delivered a lecture to the members of the Mechanics'
Institution, at Winchester, on the process of cooking by
gas. This he explained by means of an apparatus, in one
compartment by which a piece of beef, weighing 20 lbs.,
was roasting, underneath which was a Yorkshire pudding.
In another division was a leg of mutton, weighing 12 lbs.,
also roasting, and some rhubarb tarts baking. In another
vessel were a ham, weighing 12 lbs., two large plum pud-
dings, a piece of salmon, 10 lbs., two couple of fowls,
and potatoes. At the conclusion of the lecture, the supper
was dished up and placed on the table by the ingenious
inventor, and partaken of by about 50 of his auditors.—
Morning Herald.

HUGH CAMPBELL,

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ceries usual in his line. Halifax, June 17.

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