

## THE DELUGE.

OVID—METAMORPHOSES. BOOK I. VAS. 244—312.

Some, by their shouts, the words of Jove approve.  
And urging on, the God to frenzy move;  
Others again, less eager, are content  
To play their part by giving mere assent.  
But yet it is a source of grief to all  
To think the human race must quickly fall.  
The Earth's condition henceforth they inquire,  
Bereft of mortals by the God's full ire.  
Who now will incense to the altars bear?  
Will he permit the Earth to be the lair  
Of savage beasts, to scourge and devastate  
Its fertile fields, the home of man but late?  
As they inquire thus, in dread appear,  
The Mighty Monarch bids them cease to fear;  
The future his especial care will be;  
He promises they shall in future see  
Spring from a strange, unthought-of origin  
A new created race of mortal men.  
Peopling the fruitful earth, unlike as far  
Those first destroyed, as gods to mortals are.  
Long since his fatal lightning to prepare  
He had begun to clean the lowering air  
And smite the earth; but still he had a dread  
Lest kindled by his bolts the flames should spread;  
Lest the light airy envelope might turn  
Into a fiery tussle and quickly burn.  
He calls to mind the changeless Fate's Decree  
That in the future there a day shall be,  
When sea and earth and heaven's extended plain  
Should burn, and men be filled with terror vain.  
The Cyclops forged bolts he lays aside;  
Another fate he chooses shall betide  
Earth's doomed race, whelmed deep beneath the wave.  
Each wretch shall quickly find a watery grave.  
The clouds from heaven he orders to descend;  
He hastens to Aëolus' cave to send  
The struggling north wind there in chains to stay,  
Accompanied by every blast that may  
The dark collected rain-clouds put to flight;  
The west wind sends it forth in all its might.  
Raised on its dripping wings it quickly flies;  
A horrid darkness on its visage lies;  
Heavy with showers its beard, and from its hair  
All hoary, falls the water through the air.  
Mists sit upon his brow, his pinions drip,  
And when he seizes in his giant grip  
The lowering clouds, a dreadful crash is heard  
And torrents fall destroying. At his word  
The messenger of Jove clothed in seven  
Bright colours raises to the darkening heaven  
New mists and rain and to the clouds affords  
Floods to replenish their exhausted hoards.  
Men stand and silent see with blank dismay  
Their levelled crops and dwellings swept away  
Ruined and lost before their gaze appear  
The fruitless labors of a toilsome year.  
To be within its own dominions spent,  
The wrath of angry Jove is not content.  
Dark-coloured Neptune from the ocean springs  
And helping waters to his brother brings.  
Together with sonorous voice he calls  
The river-gods. When they their master's halls  
Have entered, thus he speaks: "There is no need  
Of exhortation long, but do ye speed  
To pour forth all your strength; this must be done;  
Give loose rein to your waters, let them run  
With all their power, their barriers strong removed.  
Thus did he order; they obedient proved.  
Quickly returning they, as ordered, ope  
Their fountains' mouths and give them ample scope.  
Then in their headlong course are swiftly whirled,  
And o'er their sloping banks destructive hurled.  
He with his trident smote the startled earth.  
It quaked and quaked and at the stroke gave birth  
To channels new to hold the gurgling rain.  
The water-urestrained rush o'er the plain,  
And rushing swift through many a peaceful glen  
Dwellings o'erturn and swallow herds and men.  
Shrines with their sacred boards are swept away,  
Perchance some dwelling may a moment stay  
Erect, resisting such a dreadful flood;  
Yet soon it falls and where it proudly stood  
But late, a wave yet higher than its towers  
Rolls onward o'er its top with fatal power.  
Turrets o'ertrown beneath the whirlpool lie,  
No grateful contrast meets the wearied eye.  
"TAXI sea and land! its ocean everywhere,  
Boundless it rolls, its only shore the air."  
Here stands one on a hill, and far remote  
Another tresses in his hollow boat.  
And plies his oars where shortly since he ploughed;  
Raised where but yesterday was nought but cloud  
Above his sunken crops and house he calls.  
O'er ruined homes and desolated vales  
Here in the summit of a lofty oak  
A fish he catches. There with ruthless stroke  
Of its sharp fangs the curved anchor tears  
The meadow's tender sward, though yet it wears  
Its robe of green. The leafy vineyards feel  
As it grates o'er their tops the heaving keel.  
Where late men saw the graceful she-goat graze;  
The clumsy seal its shapeless body lays,  
The sea-nymphs wonder as in troops they rove  
Mid many a buried town and sunken grove.  
Dolphin rears the waves and sportive hold  
High carnival among the branches old;  
Among the leafy bowers they swim on high  
And strike the quivering oaks while hurrying by.  
The dreadful lion swims among the sheep,  
Tigers and wolves combat the roaring deep.  
The wild boar against the waters fails to fight  
Whose strength once rivalled the fell lightning's might;  
Nor does the stag's oft-boasted swiftness prove  
Sufficient him from danger to remove.  
Long seeking land where it may find repose,  
The lonely bird its airy journey goes,  
Till when its wings its weight no longer bear,  
It flustering tumbles through the limpid air.  
And now o'ertripping far the earth beneath  
To every living creature bringing death;  
The furious sea on rolls all unconfined,  
Save where urged onward by the southern wind.  
The new raised waves against some mountain peak  
With giant strength may rush and fiercely break.  
The greater part of men beneath the wave  
Are whelmed, and those whom Jove has deigned to save  
Long fastings harrass, and they silent brood  
Upon their dreadful fate deprived of food.  
Montreal. STUDENT.

## FROM THE ANCIENT CAPITAL.

The event of the session has been the twenty-five hours' sitting of Friday and Saturday last. When the House met on Friday afternoon it was generally supposed that a vote would be taken that night; but the unforeseen arrival of Mr. Pinfontaine, the newly-elected member for Chambly, caused a question of privilege to be raised after dinner, the discussion of which occupied the time of the House till past midnight, when it having been signified to the Government that two or three members of the Opposition desired to address the House before a vote was taken, an adjournment till 11 o'clock on Saturday morning was asked for with a pledge that the debate should end and a vote be taken at 3 p.m. This was a fair enough proposition,

especially as one of the speakers, Mr. Wurtel, had been referred to by Mr. Joly as able to give important information in regard to the Gale Farm transaction and had even been called on by that gentleman to substantiate the account he (Mr. Joly) had given of the matter. Mr. Taillon too had been directly referred to by several members, and as both members for Montreal West and Centre had spoken, and as the terms of arrangement with Montreal had been one of the most important points discussed in the debate, and moreover as Montreal East, represented by Mr. Taillon, is the division the most interested in those arrangements, it was but fair that those gentlemen should have an opportunity to express their views, and that those views should be reported in the papers, which latter event could not have been carried out at that hour of the morning. On the other hand the Government, so it is said, were anxious that the Address should be voted that night, in order that a copy might be sent to England by the Saturday morning's English mail steamer. Whatever the cause may have been, the Government refused to adjourn, and insisted in the most positive manner that the debate should continue. At one time it appeared as though Mr. Joly was willing to accept the arrangement, but he was shouted down by a small clique of his own supporters whose behaviour in the House has more than once been the cause of a great deal of acrimony during debates in this and the previous session. Three times did Mr. Joly leave his seat and appeal to his turbulent supporters to desist from their provoking shouts and sneers, but they set aside his authority and treated him with contempt, till at last Mr. Joly left the Chamber in disgust and the ire of the Opposition being raised they determined that the House should sit till 3 p.m. on Saturday, and they succeeded.

The scene in the House was somewhat similar to that already described in your columns in times past, shouts, cries, laughter, banging of desks, frequent points of order raised, disorder amid interruptions and then withdrawn; and so the night wore away, the galleries gradually thinning out and the reporters leaving their seats for refreshment or repose, till about 8 o'clock in the morning, when a count out was attempted. Observing that only about sixteen members occupied the Treasury benches, word was passed around and one by one the Opposition disappeared till only the leader and the one addressing the House were left on that side, whereupon Mr. Chapleau called upon the Speaker to count the House. As he did so Mr. Champagne, who was then speaking, quietly flitted out of a side door which he held ajar and so watched the proceedings. The Speaker called on the Clerk to count the House, and the alarm being given, in rushed half a dozen sleepy members from the Speaker's room and the "count out" was foiled. Mr. Champagne then resumed his seat and after an effort had been made to prevent his further speaking, he was ruled in order and continued his remarks. A second attempt to count out the House at a later hour resulted in another failure and the debate continued on through the morning. The gas was turned off. On daylight once more gaining the ascendancy, another speaker took the floor and so it continued till 2 p.m., when the members were called in and a vote taken resulting in the Government being sustained by a majority of 3. The orders of the day being called were proceeded with and the real business of the session was commenced by the passage of a number of motions for papers, and by the introduction of several Bills. At 4 o'clock the House adjourned till yesterday (Wednesday) for a second holiday, which has caused an independent paper of the city to bestow on it the title of "The House which adjourns."

Yesterday a few more motions for papers were passed, a few more Bills were introduced and the House was about to adjourn when Mr. Joly read to the House an editorial in the Toronto Mail of Tuesday last, which charges the House with sitting on Sunday. He took occasion in the course of the discussion which ensued on the Government being charged by the Opposition with having expressed their intention of sitting on Sunday if necessary, to state that the Government had never consulted together on the subject; that he should never have permitted such a thing; that he had not expressed such an intention and knew nothing of the Solicitor-General having done so till he saw it in the papers.

## THE NEW CURE FOR INTemperance.

Some of our readers may remember that about two months ago, an article appeared in our columns narrating the extraordinary success which attended the efforts of a Chicago physician to cure drunkards of their craving for spirituous liquors, by the use of a medicine prepared from the red Peruvian bark. Among the persons whose attention was attracted by the story were several gentlemen of influence in Aberdeen, to whom it occurred to give the supposed remedy a practical trial. These gentlemen brought the matter under the notice of Dr. Stewart, of the Heathcot Hydropathic Establishment, at the same time making the proposal which had suggested itself to their minds, namely, that a patient such as would make the case, so to speak, a test one, should be put through a course of treatment at Heathcot. They were gratified to find Dr. Stewart quite as much interested in the matter as they themselves

were, and ready to bear a share in the expense of the experiment, for such it was. Without loss of time the work was commenced, and little difficulty was experienced in finding a suitable patient to operate upon. A man possessed of no mean share of accomplishments, and yet in the prime of life, who for years had been the slave of habits that were surely dragging him to ruin, who, indeed, four months ago, presented the appearance of a physical and mental wreck, was, if any could be, a fitting subject; in point of fact it was specially with a view to the reformation of one whose deplorable condition made him a subject of pity to all that saw him wandering about the street, that the proposal first took form. The inebriate was conveyed to Heathcot about four months ago, and at once put under the treatment, which may be here described. The remedy is said to have been discovered by a Dr. D'Unger, of Chicago, and the sole ingredient used in its preparation is the red Peruvian bark (*Cinchona rubra*), known among druggists as "quill bark," from the fact that it is obtained from twigs about the size of a quill. The bark is reduced to powder, and soaked in diluted alcohol, after which its bulk is lessened by one-half being strained or evaporated off. On the first and second days the medicine which, in its prepared state, bears the technical name of *Extractum Cinchona Rubra Liquidum*, is administered to the patient in the proportion of a teaspoonful every three hours, the tongue being occasionally moistened in the intervals between the doses. On the third day the dose is reduced to a half-spoonful, a quarter-spoonful and subsequently to fifteen, ten, and five drops. The treatment is continued, on an average, for eight days—in extreme cases, for thirty days. Like the well known preparation derived from the same source—quinine—the *Extractum Cinchona* is a powerful tonic, but it possesses the quality which quinine lacks of inspiring those that partake of it with a thorough, and for the time, unconquerable aversion to spirituous liquors. At Heathcot, the treatment was, in effect, as we have indicated, and almost from its commencement it developed the most extraordinary results. After the first few doses the intense craving for drink became less and gradually disappeared; while in place of it, there was manifested a no less marked aversion to the alcohol which shortly grew into positive disgust. The treatment was continued for three months, after the lapse of which period the patient returned to Aberdeen, with a color in his cheeks that for years had been absent, and such health and vigour in his movements as could not fail to carry conviction regarding the result of the work. The once decrepit and maddened drunkard has been furnished with employment; physically the man has been retrieved from utter ruin.

Emboldened by the success which attended their efforts in this instance, Dr. Stewart and his friends had another patient subjected to the effects of the medicine at Heathcot. In this case it was a commercial man, whose deplorable desire for spirituous liquors was fast ruining him and destroying the happiness of his family. The case was not so hopelessly bad as the previous one, yet it called for remedy if ever one did. The man was brought to Heathcot one day, dead drunk, and when the first fierce craving had passed, the same aversion to spirits as was displayed in the other case resulted. His wife, in a letter, while expressing in the most earnest manner the hope that the efforts for her husband's reformation should be rewarded with success, despaired of the result, knowing from experience, as she said, that the unhappy man would find some means of furnishing himself with stimulants of some shape, whether whisky, chloral, opium, or chloroform. In a month, however, the patient was allowed to visit the city daily for the purpose of attending to his duties, returning to Heathcot at night. He is now an altered man, has no longing for strong drink, and hates the very sight of it. Yet another case. A young man, whose habits threatened to involve him in the moral and physical destruction which in the preceding cases was all but reached, was sent up Deeside, and after undergoing a fortnight's treatment at the hands of Dr. Stewart, returned to the town freed from the incubus which had been ruining him. These are the instances which up to the present time have been noted by Dr. Stewart, and in all, it will be observed, the result has been success—complete and unmistakable success.

It would be rash, however, to view the cures as complete yet. Time will have to show whether the effects of the medicine are lasting, and meanwhile the cases must be regarded as evidencing only a temporary cure. Viewed in the latter light, however, the results are, we think, sufficiently interesting to warrant our giving publicity to them.

## BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

"GEMINI!" shrieked the father when nurse told him it was twins.

"My dear sir, I adore your daughter, and I wish to ask for her hand." "But I have two; which one will you have?" "Either."

If there is one thing more than another that Spriggins regrets, it is that he didn't so marry that his golden wedding should come when gold was away up.

The man who, wanting a servant, advertised for a "middle-aged single woman" doesn't understand why he has received no applications for the position.

WHAT a feeling of relief comes over a woman as she enters a church and discovers that her neighbour's wife has the same feather on her spring hat that she wore last season.

WHEN a boy scrapes a little skin off his knuckles while sawing wood for his mother, he makes more ado about it than when he knocks his big toe-nail off in running to a fire. This is reliable.

"WOMEN," quoth Jones, "are the salad of life, at once a boon and a blessing." "In one way they're salad, indeed," replied Brown; "they take so much time in their dressing."

A MICHIGAN lady writes, with rare truth: "Under great sorrow or any great trial we can be calm and brave, but it is the thousand and one little vexations of daily life that start the fret, and we fret, fret until we hardly realize or measure how much."

Mrs. LOUIS AGASSIZ and Miss Alice Longfellow are among the ladies who have been the most actively interested in the movement to obtain the admission of women to Harvard college. There are 355 senior candidates and 375 junior ones now undergoing local examinations.

We all know there have been mercenary men. One of this sort had the good fortune to be accepted by an heiress. At the wedding, when he got to this part of the ceremony, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow," "There goes his valise," said one of the bride's relations, spitefully.

MINNIE C. BALLARD, in a tender lyric just published, inquires of whom it may concern:

Would you love me as well, true-heart,  
Had I a face less fair?

We dislike to say unpleasant things, Minnie, but the chances are that he wouldn't. Plain words are best, and so sometimes are women, but we repeat that the chances are that he wouldn't.

## LITERARY.

ZOLA's "L'Assommoir" has reached in Paris its fifty-fifth edition.

THE Life and Letters of Charles Matthew, the comedian, by Charles Dickens, is announced.

MR. SWINBURNE is giving much of his time to studies of the Elizabethan drama and Shakespearean literature.

THE late William Hewitt, it is stated, left an autobiography which is almost sufficiently advanced for publication.

MR. THOMAS HUGHES has consented to his "Tom Brown" being published in embossed letters for the use of scholars at the Blind College, Worcester.

For his poem, "The Defence of Lucknow," and its prelude addressed to the memory of the Princess Alice, making altogether 127 lines, Mr. Alfred Tennyson, poet laureate, received £200.

At Moscow a curious little brochure has appeared, under the title of "Tables of Speed," which gives the speed of almost everything that can be imagined.

THE society for the preservation of the Irish language has published a map of Ireland, which is described as being printed in the Irish language and character.

EMILE ZOLA, who is just now the rage in fiction, is thirty-nine years old. His father was a contracting canal builder, and he, Emile, went into a printing house. He wrote for a long time before he received public recognition.

MR. GEORGE BANCROFT, the historian, has been forced to leave Washington on account of the heat, and is at his cottage in Newport, where he is only able to write by sitting up in bed and occasionally dictating to his secretary.

THE sum paid to Moore for the "Irish Melodies" by the Powers, publishers in London, was sixty-seven thousand five hundred dollars, being at the rate of twenty-five dollars a line—a price without parallel in the history of literature.

MR. JAMES COOK, of Paisley, is compiling a "Bibliography of Dickens," which will contain a mass of curious information about his works. Mr. Joseph Irving, of Renfrew, Dunbartonshire, is collecting material for a "Biographical Dictionary of Eminent Scotchmen."

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW, the poet, has five children. Onslow, the eldest, is married and a man of business in Boston; Ernest is a rising young painter studying abroad; Alice, the eldest of the girls, is a pleasing writer, unmarried; Edith is a golden-haired young lady of twenty-five, who has just married the third son of Richard II. Dana, Jr., and Anna is decidedly literary in her inclinations.

MISS MAY MORRIS, the seventeen-years-old daughter of the poet, artist and upholsterer, is said to have been the charming model from whom Mr. Burne Jones drew the head of his Galatea in the series of pictures now exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery, London. Miss Morris has inherited much of her mother's wonderful beauty, and has already served Rossetti for several lovely portrait heads.

THE London "penny-a-liner" is not the poor devil he is popularly supposed to be, but the most thoroughly independent man upon the press. His profession is not only honourable and well defined, but very lucrative. He has no fixed engagement, but his business relations with half a dozen papers at once. Some of the best men on the London newspaper staff are penny-a-liners.

MR. TOM TAYLOR, editor of *Punch*, and dramatist, has a house which is simply stuffed with pictures. There is hardly a square inch of wall uncovered. In one apartment, used as a summer-room for reading, working, or painting, the walls are covered entirely with prints of Sir Joshua Reynolds' paintings; and opening from this is a chamber dedicated to sculpture, where an owl perches familiarly on a bust of Minerva. Chivy, as this bird is called, is a great favourite in the family, and very friendly with his master, though shy with strangers. In the dining-room, where Lambeth Palace and Venetian glass abound, the very implements for use on the table are works of art; and the bond of Mrs. Taylor is a veritable cabinet of curiosities.