TRADITIONS OF THE DELUGE.

It is not unusual for writers on comparative mythology to place the Scriptural account of Noah, the legend of Deucalion, and a somewhat analogous story in early Chinese annals on the same footing, and to describe them as independent traditions of purely local calamities. That there is nothing new, even in skepticism, might be argued from the fact that this very view was taken by the Eleusian priests of the Greek myth. They pronounced the Hellenes childish in attaching so much importance to the Good from which Deucalion escaped, as there had been, they said, several other inundations resembling it in being of limited range and small importance. A much deeper significance is ascribed to some of these narratives by the French archæologist, M. François Lenormant, who has published an original version of the Chaldaic flood story inscribed on the cylinders unearthed at Nineveh. A review of all the data has led him to recognize in the legends of central and of western Asia and of Europe, not allusions to sporadic and circumscribed disasters, but distinct traditions of a great cataclysm which occurred before the separation of the Aryan and Semitic races, and perhaps at the dissolution of the glacial epoch.

M. Lenormant clears the ground for his interesting conclusion by pointing out what legends should plainly be attributed to local events, or to importation from a foreign source. To the former class unquestionably belongs the inundation placed, by the historic books of China, in the reign of Yao. Sinologists have shown that this disaster was due to an overflow of the Hoang-ho, and that the so-called works of Yu, the prehistoric engineer, were the beginning of embankments needed to control its waters. Among the stories of a deluge which are received not indigenous are those current among the Polynesians of the Pacific Islands, inasmuch as their race is believed to have migrated from the Malay Archipelago about the fourth century of the Christian era. They might, therefore, have received through Buddhism the tradition in its Indian form. The diluvian story, current among the Kalmucks, also seems to have come in with Buddhism, and now that the Chinese accounts of Buddhist missions to Mexico in the fifth century of our era are regarded with respect, M. Lenormant is unwilling to lay much stress on the flood myths encountered among the Nahua and Maya peoples by the earliest European students. He does not think these legends can be traced to the Spanish conquerors as some have hastily inferred, but he will not deny the possibility of a Buddhist origin.

On the other hand, the diluvian traditions of Aryan and Semitic nations seem, for the most part, indigenous in the sense that no later source can be assigned to them than the commonwealth of the two races. All these legends, also, while complicated here and there with recollections of local inundations, point to a parent myth, recording a visitation of the most comprehensive character. The Hindus seem to be the only nation of Aryan descent who cannot be proved to have possessed an original version of a primeval cataclysm. The oldest Indian account of a deluge is found in the Rig Veda, translated for the first time by Max Muller, and unquestionably anterior to any of the Indian flood stories discussed by Burnouf. According to the Rig Veda, a young fish, accidentally caught by Manu, besought him not to throw back into the sea until full grown, lest other fish should swallow it. Its request being granted, it told Manu, "The very year I shall have reached my full size, a deluge will happen. Then build a vessel and worship me. When the waters rise, enter the vessel, and I will save thee." Manu obeyed, and, when the deluge came, fastened the cable of the ship to the horn of the fish, by which means the latter brought it to a point over the mountain of the north. There the fish bade his benefactor fasten the vessel to a submerged tree, so that the waters might not sweep it away, and that in proportion as they ebbed he might descend. That this form of the flood story was imported from Chaldea seems demonstrated by the fact that no other trace is found in India of that fish worship which was so widespread among other ancient peoples, whereas the Chaldaic divinity, Ea, was preeminently an ichthyomorphic god, almost invariably represented on Assyrian and Babylonian monuments as combining the forms of fish and man. Other features of the Mesopotamian legend are represented in later Indian stories of the deluge, but M. Lenormant thinks the Chaldean form was adopted the more readily because it agreed with a tradition, the germ of which had been brought by their ancestors from the primitive home of the Aryan race.

Among diluvian traditions handed down by Aryan peoples, but possessing a special character, may be mentioned one contained in these sacred books of the Iranians, in which the original Zoroastrian scriptures are embodied. This story relates how Yima, who in the original conception was the father of the human race, was warned by the good deity that the earth would be devastated by a flood. The god ordered Yima to construct, as a place of refuge, a square garden protected by a wall, and to cause the germs of men, beasts, and plants to enter it. Accordingly, when the deluge came the garden of Yima, with its contents, was alone spared, and the message of safety was brought thither by the bird Karshipta, the envoy of the divinity. As regards the more familiar Greek and Phrygian legends, we need only point out that the myth of Deucalion seems especially to embody the conception of a universal deluge. Of this flood, while some limited its operation to Greece, many authors affirmed that it extended to the whole earth, and that the whole human race perished. It is also noteworthy, when we remember that the word translated "ark" in Genesis signifies "coffer," and not vessel, that Deucalion also should be said to have escaped, not by a boat or raft but in a chest or coffer. The term indicates that both the Hebrew and Thessalian forms of the old myth were shaped by a non-maritime people, and it is not unlikely that in this respect they diverge less from the primitive reminiscence than did the Chaldaic paraphrase.

Various types of the flood story may be discovered among other offshoots from the Aryan stock. There is little doubt, for instance, that the Celtic possessed an indigenous tradition of the deluge, though it is not easy to eliminate from the extant accounts the features borrowed from Genesis. What seems to be the nucleus of the Irish recounts three sweeping devastations of Britain by flood, by fire, and by drought. "The first of these events," it said, "was the eruption of the lake of waves and the inundation of the whole country, by which all mankind was drowned with the exception of Dwyfan and Dwyfach, who saved themselves in a vessel without rigging, and it was by them that the island of Britain was repeopled." There is a trace of the same legend in the Scandinavian mythology, in which some would identify the giants from dimly recorded with the melting of the glaciers. The three sons of Borr, and grandsons of Buri, the first man, slay Ymir, the father of the ice giants, from whose wounds blood flows in such abundance that all the race of giants is drowned in it except Bergelmir, who saves himself, with his wife, in a boat. Again, the Lithuanians, whose language is deemed nearest to the original Aryan, have a legend of catastrophe whose ground work seems very ancient, but in which fire plays the part elsewhere assigned to water. According to their myth, a god, seeing the whole earth full of iniquity, sends two giants fire and wind to lay it waste. These overthrew everything in their furv, and only one very aged and childless couple remained in the country. To console them the god sent the rainbow, and bade them jump "on the bones of the earth," to wit, stones. In this case the two old people jumped nine times, and nine pairs were the result, who became the ancestors of the nine Lithuanian tribes.

M. Lenormant dwells especially on the striking points of resemblance between the accounts of the deluge in Genesis and the Chaldaic recital, of which three copies were discovered in the library of the palace of Nineveh. These copies were engraved in the eighth century B.C. from a very ancient tablet in a sacerdotal library founded by the monarchs of the first Chaldean empire. It is considered certain that the date of the original memorial goes back at least seventeen centuries before our era, and probably further, for there are signs that the old inscription of which a transcript was made for the King's collection must itself have been a reproduction of a more ancient manuscript. We should mention that M. Lenormant has made an independent translation of the cylinder texts, based partly on the version of Smith and partly on that of Oppert, but containing much original work. The Chaldean narrative is long, but its main features can be condensed in a few sentences. We are told that a man named Khasisatra, dwelling in a town on the Euphrates, was warned in a dream, by Ea, the fish god, that all life should perish by a flood. Following the directions of the deity, the man built a vessel "600 cubits long and 60 cubits in breadth and height," roofed it, and carefully calked the seams with asphaltum. He then filled it with provisions and implements, and caused his family and servants, together with domestic and wild animals, to enter it. At a signal from the god he closed the door of his floating dwelling, whereupon the rain fell, and an inundation broke over the earth. The flood continued in full force for six days and as many nights, but on the seventh day the rain grew weaker, the waterspouts ceased, and the vessel grounded on the peak of Nizar, a mountain in Armenia. Looking forth from his ark, Khasisatra saw that "the whole of humanity had returned to mud," whereupon he "sat down, and the tears came over his face." At the dawn of the seventh day he had loosed a dove, but it came back; he next let go a swallow, which also found no place to light on, and returned. Finally he loosed a raven, which, spying the corpses on the water, lighted on them, and remained. Soon afterward Khasisatra sent forth all that were in the vessel, and offered sacrifice to the gods. It is a curious fact that a Greek version of the narrative inscribed upon the cylinders has come down to us from Berosus (third century B.C.), who made compilations from the sacred books of Babylon. According to Berosus, a portion of the vessel which had grounded on the mountains of Armenia was still to be found therein his time, and pilgrims were accustomed to bring away scrapings of the asphalt with which its timbers had been smeared.

It is now generally admitted that Genesis has transmitted to us two different accounts of the deluge, the one taken from an Elohist, the other from a Jehovist document, which, however, are skilfully interwoven by the last compiler of the Pentateuch. Between each of these and the Chaldaic relation there are some disagreements of detail. There is a variance, for example, as regards the dimensions of the ark, the proportion of length to breadth being stated in Genesis as six to one, and on the cuneiform tablet as ten to one. It may further be noticed that, in the Biblical narrative, not only is the term "coffer" used, instead of vessel, but nothing is said about launching the ark, or about a pilot; whereas numerous instances mentioned in the Chaldaic sketch show it to have been composed amid a maritime population. More important than such minor variations is the difference regarding the duration of the deluge. The Nineveh tablets, as we have seen, make the flood last six days, after which the waters begin to retire. According to the Elohist narrative, which has been unravelled from the rest of Genesis by Michaelis, Ewald, and others, the deluge began about the middle of November, and continued for a whole lunar year, plus eleven days, although the great force of the water lasted but 150 days. It is certainly a remarkable coincidence that, under the climatic conditions of Babylonia, the autumn rains, with which the level of the Euphrates and Tigris rises, begin toward the end of November, while the periodical overflow of the rivers occurs in the middle of March and culminates at the end of May, after which time the waters go down, and reach their lowest point in November.

According to the chronological system of the Jehovist document, which, also, has been segregated from Genesis by Biblical scholars, the deluge is announced to Noah only seven days beforehand. The waters are at their height for forty days, and decrease during forty more, after which Noah sends out three birds, at intervals of seven days, and thus it is on the twenty-first day after opening the window of the ark that he, too, goes forth and offers sacrifice. Here the phases of the catastrophe seem so obviously calculated on the annual spring outflow of the Euphrates, that M. Lenormant does not hesitate to assign the origin of the Jehovist tradition to the original home of Abraham's family, in Ur, of the Chaldees. It is certainly a curious fact that the overflow of the Mesopotamian rivers lasts, on an average, seventy-five days, and that twenty-six days later—making 101 in all—the lands which have been inundated become once more traversable.

It may be thought that these coincidences with natural phenomena prove too much; that they are what we should expect from the chronicler of a local inundation rather than from a transmitter of faint hints respecting a remote and wide-embracing deluge. But M. Lenormant is of opinion that the Biblical narrations, though comprising details drawn from later and minor disasters, constitute with the Chaldaic inscription three forms of one primitive tradition. This haunting reminiscence of a great flood represents, in his judgment, an historical fact which left a profound impress on the progenitors of the Aryan and Semitic races—a real and tremendous cataclysm which took place in their native seat, whether that be looked for in the table land of Iran, or in some continent now submerged beneath the Indian Ocean.

AN APPEAL FOR IRELAND.

A Methodist Clergyman's Address Before the Land League in Port Jervis.

PORT JERVIS, N.Y., Feb. 9.—Mr. George W. Pepper, pastor of the Methodist church in Bellevue, Ohio, addressed the citizens of Port Jervis on Thursday evening on the Irish land agitation, under the auspices of the Port Jervis Land League. The lecture was received with general favor and applause. He said: "The woes of Ireland may be traced like a bleeding man by his blood. In her sufferings she stands alone. Dr. Johnson says the sufferings caused by the Ten Persecutions could not be compared with the woes experienced by the unfortunate people of the Emerald Isle. The rent paid in absentee landlords amounts annually to $65,000,000, none of which returns to benefit the people. When the sword failed famines were organized; the frightful havoc of 1829 caused the death of hundreds, and in 1740 600,000 died from famine alone, while the fields were weighed down with golden grain, all of which was sent to England in ships, and nothing was brought in return to feed those whose lips grew pale and closed forever. But they opened again before God, and brought against the grasping landlords of Ireland the sacred accusation of the Saviour: 'I was hungry and ye gave me no meat; I was thirsty and ye gave me not drink; when we were naked ye clothed us not.'"

He added: "I denounce the British Government on the authority of John Stuart Mill; I denounce the British Government on the authority of the Hon. John Bright, and William E. Gladstone, the Prime Minister of England; of the Rev. Arthur Edwards, editor of the *Northwestern Christian Advocate*, and of the Hon. Charles Sumner," who in a letter to Mr. Pepper, while a chaplain in the army during the late war, in reply to one from the king him for his great speech on American disunion, said: "I regret the condition of affairs in Ireland, which is indeed deplorable, and I am glad to see that the subject is beginning to engage the attention of British statesmen. Justice to Ireland is a British necessity. In every effort for Irish independence there is not or a side for my sympathy and aspirations."

An Untrustworthy African.

From the Gallatin News.

The Fakir of Siva gave a sleight-of-hand performance in Gallatin one of his feats was to place a marble in a glass and disappear in the sight of the crowd, which he left behind him.

"That marble dollar will be found in the vest pocket of some gentleman," said the fakir, pointing with his magic wand at Mr. Johnson.

All eyes were turned on him, who advanced to the front, took some money from his vest pocket, and said:

"Boss, look in your change. I had two twenties and a quarter, and the dollar you gave me to keep in my vest pocket I've called back it."

He Did His Best.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

A blacksmith in New Eagle, on a wage of $10 that he could drink 100 glasses of whiskey, gave up on the seventy-second, and died the same night.

FUGITIVE FANCIES.

Doubt.

The waves are breaking on the beach,
And on the salt, wet sand I stand,
Far out as human sight can reach
The ocean stretches from the land.

What is it that je seek to reach?
Cold, cerling, crested waves, that roar
An unintelligible speech
Along the endless, wreck-strewn shore?

"Oh, tell me that beyond the sea
A peaceful harbor there!" I wail.
A mocking echo answers me,
"Liest! liest!" and I can see no sail.

Retrospection.

The gray bearded man feels no pleasures
So dear as the joys he has lost,
As rows of summer seem sweeter
When viewed through a vista of frost.

Boyhood.

No pallid winding sheet,
No coffin, and no dim
And narrow earthy grave
Were made by man for him.

And yet he is as dead
As any corpse that lies
Secreted from the light
Of the unfeeling skies.

Dead, many years ago!
His spirit passed away
So swiftly, silently,
I cannot tell the day.

I loved him passing well,
This boy, light-souled and fair,
Because he loved me so,
And bore the name I bear.

To Postumus.

HORACE, Book II., Ode 14.

Ah, Postumus, my Postumus, the years glide by apace,
Nor love of the immortal gods shall from the human race
Keep back the wrinkles, or avert old age's chilling breath,
Or for an instant stay thy step, indomitable death.
Should you three hundred bulls a year to Pluto dedicate
You could not hope the fearless king thus to propitiate,
Who holds within the stygian stream, that takes its course through hell,
The triple monster Geryon and Tityus as well.
That stream, alas, which all of us who earth's rich bounties share
Must some sad day be ferried over, though well or ill we fare;
Whether, in regal purple born, we rule in splendid state,
Or, like the wretched sand, the salt for bread we cultivate.
The cruel sea of which rules the fate of war we flee in vain,
Or Adria's billows tumbling hoarse upon the stormy main;
In vain the autumn wind we shun, with prescience of death,
That on our feeble bodies pours its pestilential breath.
On black Cocytus we must look, winding in sluggish mood,
With ever wretched Sisyphus and Danaus' evil brood.
Your broad domains must be resigned, and home and loving wife,
And not a single tree or plant you tended here in life
Shall follow to his sepulchre their transitory lord,
Save yonder gloomy cypresses, by living men abhorred.
A worthier heir than you, my friend, your Caecuban shall drain,
That priceless wine purchased by a hundred bolts in vain
And shall upon the pavement a diviner vintage waste
Than pontiffs at their festivals may ever hope to taste.

The Song of the Horse.

From the Boston Transcript.

Pull! Pull! Pull!
Over crunching snow and the slippery ice,
Over ridges roughened by man's device,
At risk of life and of life's poor price;
We must pull! pull! pull!

Pull! Pull! Pull!
No mercy shown in the piled up load!
No mercy spared in the whip and goad!
Till we drop, we must on the frozen road,
It is pull! pull! pull!

Pull! Pull! Pull!
No passenger steps from the crowded car
When another runs—though it is not far
To his own dwelling—but we horses are
To pull! pull! pull!

Pull! Pull! Pull!
There was a time when we all were ill,
And our masters found it was all up hill,
When they had themselves our places to fill,
And to pull! pull! pull!

Pull! Pull! Pull!
If ever the world learns enough to show
That man for beast should be made to go
Beyond his strength, then our troubles will know
How we pull! pull! pull!

Dark Rosaleen.

From Hearth and Home of Dawn.

All day long in unrest,
To and fro do I move
The ceaseless tide within my breast
Is wasted for you, love!
The heart in my bosom faints,
To think of you, my queen,
My dark rose of love, my saint of saints,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
To you it goes, my soul and my complaints,
My love, my love, my saint of saints,
My dark Rosaleen!

Woe and pain, rain and wind,
Are my lot night and noon,
To see your bright face clouded so,
Like a dim or a waning moon!
You have bowed your head to the storm and blast,
You have knelt to the cruel crowd,
You have worn your crown of thorns, but at last
It will bloom out a crown of glory for
My dark Rosaleen!

Over dark seas and
Will I fly for your weal;
Your foes shall be white hands
Small and soft as the wind stirring
Amongst the leaves of the flowers,
From morning's dawn till even,
You'll pray for me, my flower of flowers,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
You'll think of me through daylight's hours,
My flower of flowers, my dark Rosaleen!
My dark Rosaleen!

I could scale the blue air,
I could plough the high hills,
Oh, I could kneel all night in prayer,
To heal your many ills!
And one smile from you
Would more than repay
My toil and my woe, my smart and my throe,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
Would give my life and soul anew,
A second life, a soul anew,
My dark Rosaleen!

Oh, the Erne shall run red
With redundant dyes of blood,
The earth shall rock beneath our feet,
And flames wrap hill and wood,
And gathered and shaken in
Pride and might and power,
From Cashel of the Kings to Inishowen of the O'Neills
And Donegal and Derry and Donegal
Shall come in your defense,
Unfurling the banner of Green
To the breeze, a hundred strong