

serpents,—whatever lived upon the face of the earth,—followed him by pairs ; all which he received into the ark, and experienced no evil from them.” Such is the tradition of Deucalion, as preserved by Lucian. It is added by his contemporary Plutarch, that “Deucalion, as his voyage was drawing to a close, sent out a dove, which coming in a short time back to him, indicated that the waters still covered the earth ; but which on a second occasion failed to return ; or, as some say, returned to him with mud-stained feet, and thus intimated the abatement of the flood.” It cannot, I think, be rationally doubted that we have in this ancient legend one other tradition of the Noachian Deluge. Even as related by Ovid, with all the licence of the poet, we find in it the great leading traits that indicate its parentage. I quote from the vigorous translation of Dryden.

“ Impetuous rain descends ;
 Nor from his patrimonial heaven alone
 Is Jove content to pour his vengeance down ;
 But from his brother of the seas he craves
 To help him with auxiliary waves.
 Then with his mace the monarch struck the ground ;
 With inward trembling earth received the wound,
 And rising streams a ready passage found.
 Now seas and earth were in confusion lost,—
 A world of waters, and without a coast.
 A mountain of tremendous height there stands
 Betwixt the Athenian and Bœotian lands :
 Parnassus is its name, whose forked rise
 Mounts through the clouds, and mates the lofty skies.
 High on the summit of this dubious cliff,
 Deucalion, wafting, moor'd his little skiff :
 He, with his wife, were only left behind
 Of perished man ; they two were human kind :
 The most upright of mortal men was he,—
 The most serene and holy woman she.”

Such are some of the traditions of that great catastrophe which overtook the human family in its infancy, and made so deep an impression on the memories of the few awe-struck survivors, that the race never forgot it. Ere the dispersal of