

mantle of the richest green, and the face of the land smiles in the traveller's eyes with all the splendour of a new-created beauty.\*]

The Senegal and the Niger are subject to similar floods. In Asia, the Brahmapootra and the Ganges, which descend from the snowy heights of the Himalaya, and bathe its base, one on the south, the other on the north, to empty their waters afterwards in the Bay of Bengal, are celebrated for their inundations at fixed epochs. These overflowings, which unite the two rivers through the network of innumerable canals, lay all the lowlands under water.

The Brahmapootra alone inundates the province of Upper Assam, from the middle of June to the middle of September. The floods of the Hoang-ho and the Yan-tse-kiang, in China, extend over nearly as wide an area, and for nearly as long a period.

The American rivers very frequently produce diluvial inundations, which recall the celebrated verses of Ovid:—

“ Exspatiata ruunt per apertos flumina campos,  
Cumque satis arbusta simul, pecudesque virosque,  
Tectaque, cumque suis rapiunt penetralia sacris. . . . .  
Jamque mare et tellus nullum discrimen habebant,  
Omnia pontus erant, deerant quoque littora ponto.”

OVID, *Metamorphoses*, lib. i., c. 6.

*Imitated:—*

[Through the broad fields, unchained, the rivers sweep  
And, raging, whirl adown their current deep  
The hanging woods, the crops, the homes, the shrine  
Of worshipped deities, and flocks, and kine:  
And see, now earth and water lurid blend,  
And all in one vast shoreless sea descend!]

Tropical rains swell the volume of the Paraguay, the Parana, and the Orinoco; and their waters, spreading afar over the Pampas, transform them into immense morasses, where whole herds of cattle perish. The augmentation of these rivers is proportional to the amount of water fallen, and for this reason we may look upon them as veritable *pluviometers*. It appears that upwards of eight feet of rain (ninety-eight inches) fall every year in the centre of the virgin forests of South America.

\* [Eliot Warburton, “The Crescent and the Cross,” p. 21, *et seq.*]