

those relating to the creation, that on endeavoring to disentangle the truth from the fable, he might easily be induced to suppose that they related to the same event."

But so intimately had Taurus and the Ark become blended with Time itself, that the very passage in Sanchoniatho describing the fact, indirectly attests to the truth of his assertions:

"Chronos (time) visiting the country of the South, gave all Egypt to the god *Taautus*, that it might be his kingdom." The latter was, he tells us, called *Thoor* in Egypt. "These things, says he, the Caberi, the *seven sons* of Sydyce, and their brother Aesclepius, first of all set down in the records in obedience to the commands of the God *Taautus*," which simply means that *Time* gave the account to Thor or Taurus, and that the Pleiades wrote it on the records. But this singular allegory continues in the same strain: "All these things the son of *Thabion*" (*Theba* an ark) "the first Hierophant of all among the Phœnicians, *allegorized and mixed up with the occurrences of nature and the world, and delivered to the priests and prophets, the superintendants of the mysteries; and they, perceiving the rage for these allegories increase, delivered them to their successors, and to foreigners.*"*

I think that no one who reads the learned works of Bryant and Faber, and the early mythological poems of Greece, with the new light which the Aztec commemoration of the deluge sheds on the subject, can fail to see that Orpheus and other early Greek writers composed works which, under the semblance of history, were simply poetical versions of astronomical truths, intelligible perhaps to the initiated, but unintelligible to the generality of mankind, and that these allegories contain continual allusions to Taurus, the Pleiades and to Theba, veiled under words having an analagous meaning or an identity in sound to the names of that constellation or of the ark. The continual repetition of the same names is enough in itself to suggest that there must have been some hidden truth veiled under these fables; and that they must have been written in what was called "*the language of the Gods.*"

The ship Argo, Plutarch says, was made a constellation, as being the ark of Osiris. All the incidents of the Expedition of the Argonauts, which Newton regards as an historical narrative, clearly refer to primitive festivals and superstitions. The golden fleece hanging on the sacred tree, can be obtained to this day with but little danger by any one who is willing to outrage the superstitious veneration of the Russian peasantry for sacred trees which they still adorn with wool and yarn, a custom, traces of which are to be found in Asia, Africa, Australia and America—(see Took's View of the Russian Empire, II. 372.) The Cauldron of Medea was well known to the early inhabitants of Britain as the cauldron of the year and of the Flood, which was "*regarded as an emblem of the deluge itself,*" and was "*kept boiling for a year and a day,*" (Davies' Myth. of British Druids, p. 226); and as to Jason bathing at midnight as a protection from the spirits, and throwing a stone among the ghosts whom he had conjured up, as a means of "*laying them,*" a fable told also of Cadmus, we have the explanation in the history of the flood of Deucalion, in the funeral rites of the Hindoos, in the superstitions of the New Zealanders, and in the ceremonies at the Lemuria, the Roman "*festival of ghosts.*" —(See ante p. 34, 55, note, 91. Ovid Fast. v. 437. Or. Kal. Ital. I. 301. 305. Sirr's Ceylon, II. 199. The Mahavansi, III. 150. Le Peuple Primitif, II. 179.)

The fables of Orpheus and Eurydice, of Ceres and Proserpine, are merely poetical versions of popular superstitions that still exist among some of our peasantry, as to fairies. Eating the food of the "*good people,*" is still as dangerous as eating promegranates in Hades once was; looking back at *Halloween*, is as unlawful as it was at the "*festival of ghosts,*" or in the realms of Pluto; and the cake offered to Cerberus still exists in our *somas* or "*All Soul's*" cake, and in the *muktipoyo* of the Yucatan Indians.

But the hand of time has been more merciful than the imagination of the poet, and has preserved more distinct relics of primitive society in the customs of the people, than are to be found in the allegories of Grecian mythology. Yet while not only scholars but even school-boys are expected to be familiar with all the fables of antiquity, the learned have too often despised as unworthy of notice the living