ORIENTAL FRAGMENTS.

THE AUTHOR OF

THE HINDU PANTHEON.

"Spoils of the gorgeous East,—whence, hidden long
Beneath the shroud of ages, they are brought.
With all their dazzling mystery about them,
'To raise new wonders here!"

LONDON:

SMITH, ELDER, AND CO., CORNHILL,
BOOKSELLERS, BY APPOINTMENT, TO THEIR MAJESTIES.

1834.
TO
MAJOR DAVID PRICE
OF BRECON,
ON THE RETIRED LIST OF THE BOMBAY ARMY.

MY DEAR PRICE,

Accept the Dedication of this little Volume—a
very triuing testimony of that Esteem and Friendship which
have been growing uninterruptediy, not far short of half a
century.

Our destinies have run nearly parallel over a consid-
erable portion of the course of our lives. In early day we
started as "Soldiers of Fortune" for the same country. So
long ago as 1783 we were, though then unknown to each
other, within gun-shot perhaps, in military operations
against TIPPOO on the coast of Malabar. We have since
served together in the same armies, the same detachments,
the same garrisons, and the same regiments. We have toge-
ther stormed the same forts, have been grievously maimed
and mutilated in the service of our dearly beloved Country,
and our blood has moistened the same dust.

After an active intertropical servitude of nearly a quarter
of a century—having filled almost every staff situation of
the same army; having gained the same military rank; we
returned with an honorable competency resulting from per-
severing industry and economy, to our native Country, on
the same ship; and have set up our several resting-places
within sight of our native hills. Unwilling to be altogether
idle or useless, we alike share in the administration of the
Justice, and in the preservation of the Peace, of our respective Counties, by acting in various Commissions under the Crown.

Not unobservant while in India of the people among whom our early fortunes cast us, or of their languages or literature, we have, since our return, during the lapse of another quarter of a century, resorted to the Press; and have published to our Countrymen the results of such observances—with this difference,—that yours have been chiefly directed to Mahommedan, mine to Hindu literature; and with this farther difference;—that you have made the most of the advantages of a good and classical education, while I have had to contend with the disadvantages of a bad one. You have drank deep, while I have only sipped at those Oriental Literary springs.

They who live long must pay the sad penalties of existence:—must see their old comrades, and associates, and friends, fall around them. If we look back for our early brethren in arms—where are they? And more and more recently we are called to mourn over the ripened Affections of our later years. It behoves us therefore to rivet the more closely the remaining links of Friendship’s early chain—and to await, in contentedness and humble hope, its final severance.

With these sentiments and feelings towards you, My dear Price, my oldest Fellow Soldier and Friend, I most cordially and affectionately say—Farewell.

Edward Moor.

Bealings, Suffolk,
March 1, 1834.
PREFACE.

Philosophers and Scholars produce, no doubt, the most useful and instructive works. But a great portion of Readers, however willing to be instructed, seek what is also amusing as well as useful. If only the first classes of authors were to produce books, the wants of a great mass of Readers would remain only half-satisfied. Hence other grades of authors are called into productive activity. Or does their existence create the mass of Readers? Or do they act on each other?—No matter:—hence proceed works of a lower—but let us hope not of an altogether useless—class:—still striving to hit the happy old medium of "mixing the useful with the agreeable."

I have, I think, observed of late an increasing disposition on the part of the Public to receive with complacency the relations of travellers and others, of
personal adventures, and feelings. I am not aware that I—although sufficient of a traveller to have in part qualified myself to ask such courtesy—have met with many adventures—or that I have been very observant—or that I am gifted as to the means of communication. Still I presume to hope that I may be borne with when I play the egotist. I rest this hope chiefly on the conscious absence of ill intention.

Touching the longest article—or series of Fragments of this volume—on the spread of "Sanskrit names of Places"—I have I think elsewhere noted, that, extensive as it is, I have not read a single volume or page expressly in search of them. All have occurred in the currency of desultory and confined reading. If the extension of that article were deemed desirable, synonymic instances to almost any length might be multiplied, both in Greece and Africa, and in many other—I had nearly said in all other—countries. My casually-collected examples are by no means exhausted.

It may be reasonably thought that the Index to this little book—though severely abridged—is disproportionate. I took the pains to compose it, and
at much greater length, from the consideration of the curiosity, not to say importance, of such wide spread of Sanskritisms. A reader, even an Orientalist, finding such words or sounds in the Index, might not know their "whereabout," till he seek in the page referred to—whether they appertain to the geographical nomenclature of *Greece, Africa, America*, the *East Indies*, or other regions. Can the like be said of any other language? I know not if the hypothesis of such spread be mine: this is, I believe, the first attempt to show it. And I farther think that the time is approaching when the hypothesis of such extended spread of the language and religion of Brahmans—for their language is almost a necessary portion of their religion—will be more and more developed. Such evidence will lead to farther matter of curiosity, interest, and importance.
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ORIENTAL FRAGMENTS.

FRAGMENTS—FIRST.

ON EASTERN CORRESPONDENCE—SEALS—STONEs—ORIENTAL MSS. &c. &c.

Several writers have noticed the refinements observable in the correspondence of Asiatics. I have myself had occasion to mention it at some length; and, finding among my memoranda a collection of materials on the subjects enumerated at the head of this chapter, I purpose to illustrate them rather fully. Without much affectation of arrangement, I hope I may produce an article not altogether incurious or unprofitable.

I will premise that between "persons of condition" in England or France, fine gilt paper, sealed with the arms of the writer, is appropriate. But nothing farther is expected when a private gentleman may address a duke or the king. Not so in India, as we shall presently show. Between ladies of rank, indeed, in these western regions of refine-
ment, especially between young ones, we do observe something farther—finer note paper, tinted with beautifully embossed emblematic margin, sealed with variegated and perfumed wax, with a classical or antique impress, and fancifully pretty poesy. These, and other niceties that may not have reached my eye or ear, would mark an elegant attention to the external delicacies of style, that may remind us of Oriental refinement. But they still fall far short.

Gentry of most grades among us affect, more or less, to imitate the higher ranks in many or most of the points that are above noted. Between tradesmen, inferior paper with uncut edges, closed with a wafer, would, perhaps, on common occasions be deemed sufficient. Sometimes, however, the youth of this class raise themselves a step or two in the external forms of correspondence, and imitate the fashion of others—we may not, in these days, nor peradventure in truth, say as in days of yore, "of their betters." They imitate the others also in learning to dance, sing, play, draw, and certain things ending in -ology. In this, I am not disposed to blame them—it arises chiefly from the commendable desire of rendering themselves agreeable and attractive; nor can I discommend a pleasing extent of smartness in dress and decoration. Excess, or the extreme in everything, is to be reprehended. We can, alas! have no unmixed good. He is, perhaps, too fastidious, who sees first and chiefly the possible, lurking, remote evil in these efforts to please him. For myself, I cannot resist the intended effect. Coming once after a short sojourn and travel in,
Flanders and Holland, again into France, the pleasing effect of the becoming smartness of the French tournure, &c. was such a relief after the skull-caps and ugly habits of the Vrows, so well depicted by Teniers and his compatriots, as is not to be easily imagined. What, indeed, are niceties in dress, but amatory correspondence telegraphed? The Hollanders are strikingly contrasted to the French in their externals, and perhaps in their internals too. They are an ugly, honest, tasteless race.

Among ourselves we thus see that different degrees of refinement distinguish our external forms of correspondence. I may also note another or two:—among persons of ton in London, letters or notes must not be sent by post. So in India, letters of exalted persons are sent by special messenger (I may, perhaps, see it fit to notice how I have had the honor of being the bearer of a letter from the King of England to the Ruler of the Mahrattas): nor in London must the address of the recipient party be superscribed. The name is all-sufficient. It is not predicable that any one can be ignorant of the abode of "The Right Honorable The Lady Honoria ———." "'Twould argue one’s self unknown." In the like feeling, the houses in Grosvenor (or, as some well-disposed persons of both sexes have of late years sought to deserve favorably of their country by calling it, Gravenor) Square are not numbered. Little folks affect to smile at all this: and let them. It is an allowable revenge at their exclusion from a participation in these and other fashionable frivol-
ties; which few, who have a choice, abstain from on principle.

Between great men in the East, special messengers must convey their letters. Between kings they pass sometimes in great pomp, attended by magnificent presents. The letters are written on beautifully manufactured paper, besprinkled with interwoven flowers, and ornaments of gold or silver. I do not know that I have ever seen paper more exquisitely manufactured than that on which the letters of exalted persons, as well as the fine specimens of Oriental penmanship, are written.

The letter is rarely an autograph. Sometimes a particular mark or flourish is made at the top or bottom. This is I think called byse; but I am not sure if that be an Indian or a Turkish designation: perhaps both. Sometimes, more especially I think, between Mahommedans, the impression of a signet ring is made at the top or bottom, or side of the letter. This is said to be regulated by form and etiquette. If to a superior, or to one to be conciliated, or flattered, it would be placed at the bottom; as it would be from any affectation of humility. An assumption, or a decidedly real superiority, would induce a superior signature: lateral, equality.

The paper marks also, in very nice distinctions, the grades of the parties, especially of the receiver. To the very exalted, that already described must be used. To others you may use paper of a quality superior to the precise rank of the party addressed; but by no means of a quality inferior to his pretensions. A
nice knowledge in these matters is of importance, and is an accomplishment duly studied and appreciated.

The letter being written on paper usually about twelve inches long and six broad, varying to perhaps one-third greater extent, is re-doubled in small folds of about an inch: its length being the breadth of the paper. It is then put in an envelope of fine gold or silver powdered paper, about two inches wider than the letter: this is folded up in a peculiar way, not easily described, in folds of the size of the letter; but the ends of the envelope are not all folded or doubled in, but project, as it were, beyond the folds or doublings-in: the enclosure is thus secured in a manner not admitting of easy abstraction. The last edge of the envelope is managed so as to end at the middle of the letter, and is closed with paste or size in its whole length. The signet-ring usually is impressed over the middle of the pasting, and generally contains the name and principal title of the writer—sometimes his name only. The signet is of stone, cornelian, emerald, turquoise, &c.: if of metal, the seal is mostly in the form of a stamp; it is dipped on a hard, inked cushion, leaving an impression of a black ground—the uninked inscription white. The direction, or address, is then added at considerable length; not, however, the name merely of the addressed, with a handle or tail, equivalent to our Sir Charles, or Right Honorable, or Bart. or Esq., but the style and titles in full, interlarded with amplifications and complimentary adulations. It runs sometimes half, sometimes the whole length of the letter, from right to left, in a single line.
Several of such letters are in my possession, from and to great men—from the King (Great Moghul); the Governor Generals, Lords Wellesley and Teignmouth; Dowlut Rao Sindeah, Rajah of Koorg, &c. &c. to exalted persons. Of some of these we will speak more particularly presently, and give impressions of their seals; but we have not yet done with our first subject, the letter. It is written, folded, closed, stamped, and directed.

Plate I. is a well-engraved fac-simile of such a letter, not selected for the importance or curiosity of its contents, but because it is the shortest in my possession, and the only one that could be most conveniently copied into the required size. It is from Dowlut Rao Sindeah to the Governor of Bombay, on some occasion, as will be seen, of a family quarrel on the sea-coast.

It is read from right to left, beginning at the right of the top line. The Alif at top is the initial of Allah, the reverenced name in, and with, which all Mahommedans with any pretensions to piety (and they are among the most religious of mankind) commence every undertaking, important or otherwise. The anomaly of such an invocation in a letter from a Mahratta to a Christian will be noticed hereafter.

It is written in Persian, in the hand called Shekesteh, or broken, or, as we should call it, running; carelessly pointed, on very fine smooth paper, covered with an interwoven besprinklement of silver dust. The paper is just twelve inches long, and six and a half wide. The writing occupies something more than a quarter of the paper, the left hand
bottom quarter. The l is at the very top in the original, in the engraving brought down to the writing.

In the Plate it has been necessary to place the address on its end in the margin. It is written in the same broken, running hand; in which the letters are strangely transformed, almost *ad libitum*, the short vowels or diacritical points omitted, or mis-placed, or mis-written, with other puzzlings to a tyro. A practised friend thus translates it for me.

Address on the envelope—placed upright in Plate I.

"Let this come under the consideration of the benefactor of his friends, the distinguished in the state, the *Amein* (conservative governor) of the country entrusted to his care, *Onuhty* (a word obscurely written—it may be *Onatun*, and an initial J has perhaps been omitted—these supplied, we may read *Jonathan*) *Duncan*—the renowned, the lion in battle—on whom be peace from the Most High.

"Sir, the benefactor of your friend—peace be with you from the Most High—the noble and exalted in dignity *Babu Rao Angriah*, invested with confidence on my part, recently dispatched a certain *Cheilah* (a slave or a freedman) of his own of the name of *Jey Sing Rao*, for the purpose of regulating and adjusting some affairs of the fortress of *Callian* (this word is as much like *Colabah*) and the districts dependent on it. The said personage, accordingly, on his arrival, took possession of the country, moreover advancing batteries against the fort. But according to the sordid and contracted character, which is pe-
cular to himself, the said Rao, revolting from his allegiance to the noble and exalted in dignity, above named, and with views of worldly interest, and worse than this might have been expected from his habits, has proceeded to sow dissension; apparently relying upon the assistance of the English Company, ever renowned, to aid him in the reduction of the said fortress.—Now the relations between the two Sirkars (governments—that is, Sindeah's and the English) being in unison, and having due regard to the harmony thus subsisting, means have been forwarded to chastise the said revoler, and to remedy the disorders of which he has been the occasion. Therefore it is that I have employed the pen to express a desire that in no shape shall such aid or assistance be ever extended to him, and that in no case shall any reliance be ever placed in his insidious representations.—What more should I write?"

The last sentence is in the margin of the MS. as in the plate—in the latter divided by a faint line from the external address. The broad dark character at the extreme end may be a mark merely of termination; but it is rather supposed to be Dowlut Rao's autograph.

The exterior signet-seal of the letter is placed at top of the plate, and may be thus read and translated:

36. Chief Governor of Kingdoms—the beloved son—of eminent station—Maharajah Dowlut Rao Sindheah, Bahadur, 1208." A. H.
Maharajah is equivalent to great prince. Dowlut Rao and his predecessor were usually so called, and addressed; abbreviated to Meraj. The 36 is the date of the reign of the King, by whom these titles were granted—the late Shah Aalum.—Of this more presently,

In reading the impression of this seal, you begin at the bottom on the right. Reaching the ی ک you stop, and go to the second line, where the ی is elongated its whole length, the line having but two letters. You must then return to the lower line, and read to the end; skip the second line, read the whole of the third, skip the fourth, read the fifth or top line till you come to the last syllable of Sindéah, then read the fourth, which comprises but three letters پب Baha, and finish with the ی dur, at top.

All this may seem complicated and difficult; and doubtless is so, to novices; but by those accustomed to it, it is as currently read as a newspaper:—by Sir Gore Ouseley, for instance, and Major Price.

The observable anomaly of Indian Courts and diplomatists, be they Christian, Mahommedan, or Hindu, communicating with each other in the Persian language, even where both parties may be wholly ignorant of it, has been adverted to. In the south of India, except about the Mahommedan Courts of Hydrabad and (late) Seringapatam, Persian scholars are rarely met with. Here and there a Mahommedan munshi, or writer, or teacher, may
be found in the service of a native prince or others; also a Mahommedan gentleman who understands Persian, and perhaps more or less of Arabic; but such persons are not common. A good reader of the Koran does not necessarily imply that its language is understood, even by him; ninety-nine times in a hundred, its hearers are altogether ignorant in that particular. Hindu rulers, commanders, and other great men who may have occasion to correspond with their equals, mostly employ a Mahommedan penman. I do not recollect that I ever met with more than one Hindu skilled in Persian: he was a Brahman, in the service of my old Brahman military commander, Purseram Bhow, (Parasu Rama-bhao). He was also my munshi, or teacher, in Persian, and my guru in Hinduism. His name was Mohun Lal. I name him with pleasure; for I felt and feel myself under deep obligation to him; for when I was lying grievously wounded, he rode fifty miles at considerable personal risk, through an enemy's country, solely to visit me; and on taking leave, thinking or fearing that in such a strange country, in such strange times, and under such strange circumstances, in a remote Mahratta town, I might be in want of means, pressed on me with the most delicate apologies a purse of gold. I distressed him by persisting in not taking it: the odds were greatly against our again meeting on this side the moon; for my wound was a bad one, and the coming events were strangely fore-shadowed. We did, however, meet; and I keep with affectionate remembrance, a copy of Hafez, one of the most
beautiful manuscripts I ever saw, a present from that kind friend. If alive, may prosperity be with him—if dead, peace!

Although natives see fit to employ writers in a foreign unknown language, the English do not labor under that disadvantage. So many of the East-India Company's civil and military servants are completely skilled in Persian, and other languages, that it is not difficult to find gentlemen, so qualified, for the various diplomacies and missions at and to all the Courts of India. Thus, my kind friend Mr. Duncan, to whom the noticed letter was addressed, was an elegant Persian scholar; but his exalted correspondent, Dowlut Rao Sindeah, knew not a letter of it.

This comprises, I think, all that I have to say on the subject of Plate I.

Our letter, being written, folded, closed, stamped, and directed, is put into a loose bag of fine muslin, which is placed in another bag, of ample size, in reference to its contents, say a foot long and three inches in width. This bag is made of a very rich stuff called kamkhab, by us usually kincob. It is of silk, red generally, sometimes blue, embroidered in gold or silver, mostly of gold, with flowers, sometimes so full as to show but little silk. This bag is called kharita. Men and women's dresses are sometimes made of this rich stuff, especially trousers, pajama, sometimes coats: it is very gorgeous; cushions, pillows, palky-bedding, &c. are also covered with it. In the khelaat, or honorary dress, so often given by great men to visitors of note, a
piece of kamkhab for the trousers is usually one of
the five, seven, nine, or more pieces of which the
khelant, according to the rank of the parties, is com-
posed.

The compound name كامخاب kamkhab, which has
rather forcibly been translated restless, sleepless, dreamless, is said to have been given to this rich
stuff, from its uncomfortable roughness to the
touch; but it is perhaps a fanciful derivation.
Sheets made of it would certainly induce deficiency of rest, the literal meaning of its name. But, in
truth, the derivation may be rejected. Sleepless or
dreamless is spelt كامخاب كامخاب as above.

The top of the kharita being securely tied about
two or three inches down, with a slight long string
of silk and gold twist, tasselled at the ends, the
string is passed through a flat mass of red wax, im-
pressed with the great or state seal of the writer.
The tassels showing themselves beyond the seal
sometimes contain in a knot a slip of paper tied
round its middle. On this slip is written the name
and short principal title of the writer. Of these
some specimens will be given.

The spread of wax is regulated by the size of the
seal—from one inch to four or more inches in dia-
meter, and from the thickness of a dollar to a quar-
ter of an inch. It is skilfully managed, exhibiting
a pretty exact circle, with smooth even edges, or
oval, or polygonal, as the seal may be shaped; but
most commonly round.

The kharita thus prepared is put all together, seal
and all, into another bag of fine white muslin, and is ready for the hand of the special messenger.

It remains to describe more particularly these great seals of great men. The central subject of Plate II. is an exact representation of the seal of Dowlut Rao Sindeah, of whom the world has heard so much, and will hereafter hear so little, appended to the Letter of Plate I. It is four and a half inches in diameter—the wax a quarter of an inch thick. Nothing can exceed the accuracy of the engraver,¹ nor, I think, the beauty of his execution of this as well as the other subjects of this book, which bear his name.

The impression of this seal is easily read. Beginning at the bottom on the right, it runs to the left, upwards, thus:

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{عديدة} & \quad \text{المراوقة} \\
\text{دوالس} & \quad \text{سندية بنادر سري نا} \\
\text{منتصر} & \quad \text{راً نائب بالاستقلال وكيل مطلق} \\
\text{اميرالما} & \quad \text{وزير خاص} \\
\text{برهمه} & \quad \text{مبارك} \\
\text{فادرو} & \quad \text{فاي} \\
\text{فادرو} & \quad \text{بادر فدوي} \\
\text{138} & \quad \text{شام عالم باد شاة غاري}
\end{align*}
\]

It is well cut—not, I should think, in the Dekkan. At Hyderabad, and Surat, and perhaps at Aurungabad, artists may, however, be met with capable of such work.

¹ Mr. Swaine of Queen Street, Golden Square.
Such Sanskrit words as Sri Nath and Pundit Purdhan, look awkwardly in Persian, and might puzzle a mere Isfahani, or a Shirazi; but an Indo-Persian recognizes them immediately. And, it may be asked, how came the Persian word دولت dowlut, wealth, to appear as the proper name of a Mahratta? I am not aware that it has any relationship with the Sanskrit. In an earlier work, published nearly forty years ago, I have shown the proneness of the Mahrattas to borrow vocables from any other language. From Arabic, Persian, Hindustani, English, and probably others, numerous words are legitimatized into theirs. I do not immediately recollect any Mahommedan proper name at all connected with Sanskrit, or any language strictly Hindu—nor, indeed, any other Hindu having a Persian proper name (independently of titular acquirement) except Dowlut Rahu Sindeah.

A learned friend has favored me with the following excellent translation of this great seal of this [once—but like Napoleon, he came once into hostile contact with Wellington, and therefore this once) great man:

"Pillar of Nobles—among sons most distinguished—Exalted in Dignity—Maharajah Dowlut Rao Sindeah, Bahadur—(renowned warrior)—to the Divine Natha—Conqueror of the age—Lieutenant, with powers unlimited—Minister absolute—Lord of Lords—Son, among the excellent, most excellent, of the sublime in dignity, Pundit Purdhan (pre-eminent divine) Maharajah Dehraj Sevai Madhu Rao
Narayen Bahadur—Servant, devoted to Shah Aalum, Emperor Victorious"—(over infidels).

In the right-hand upper corner is the date of the Hejra 1208, corresponding to 1793 A.D. To the left of the second line from the bottom is 36—the year of the long reign of poor Shah Aalum—("Emperor Victorious!")

Dowlut Rao must at the above period, 1793, have been a mere lad. I first saw him in 1796, and he was then a very young man—under twenty perhaps.

In cutting these seals, the artists seem to put the dates where most convenient—the 36 is in the middle of the word Natha. They like to make, by a sort of arbitrary flourish, letters to run backwards or forwards, wholly across. In this seal four run backwards, and one forward—for which, save for appearance, there was no occasion.

Showing, since this was written, my pretty plate to another friendly and accomplished Orientalist, he favored me with another translation of Sindeah's great seal, as follows:—

"The Pillar of Nobles—the beloved Son, of eminent station—Maharajah Dowlut Rau Sindeah Bahudur—Sri Nath, the victorious of the age, the Minister with absolute power, supreme Deputy of the Lord of Lords, the most particularly beloved Son, of the highest rank, Pandit Pardhan Mahara-jahdiraj Sevai Madhu Rau Narain Bahadur, vassal of Shah Aalum, King, Hero of the Faith."

A. Hejiri 1208—36 of his reign.

The Madhu Rao of this seal was Peshwa when
I first visited Poona. His brief history is somewhat singular. I may devote a future page to it.

I have now pretty well done with the first general subject of Indian Correspondence, and with Sindiah's seal, in particular. The other figures of Plate II. remain to be described. But before I describe them I have a few remarks to offer on the acquisition of titles from the King (Great Moghul) by the other sovereigns or rulers of India, Mahommedan and Hindu, as well as by individuals of almost every nation and religion, and of almost every rank.

These titles are high-sounding, as may be seen above, and according, more or less, with the rank of the honored—not, however, very exactly. It has, indeed, been said, that of the later years of poor Shah Aalum, the fees on these titles were actually of importance to him as revenue; and that a douceur, well applied, would obtain a title beyond the real rank of the aspirant. This, to a certain degree, may be true; but it would be manifestly absurd to grant such titles as those of Sindiah to any but a puissant personage. To him even the total absence of absurdity may not be at once conceded. It should be recollected, however, that Sindiah was at that time, as was his predecessor, indeed a mighty Sovereign, wielding despotically the potencies of immense armies—overawing all the powers of India, save the English, including his own immediate superior, the Peshwa, the "Madhu Rao Narraim, Pundit Purdhan" of the seal; and the Badshah himself, the
aged, blinded, reduced, Shah Aalum; whom he held in a direct state of thralldom, comfortless to the unhappy King, and not honorable to himself.

His predecessor, Madajee Sindeah, was the master-mind that did all this for Dowlut Rao, his adopted; he rescued the King from a tenfold depth of misery and degradation in the hands of the infamous, beyond all names for infamy, Gholam Khadir, and left a mighty sway to Dowlut Rao. It is said that he, as Hyder did to his son Tippoo, cautioned the ministers and guardians of his adopted—I believe—nephew, and the lad himself, to avoid, to the last effort, hostility with the English. Madajee Sindeah and Hyder were master-minds, fitted to raise themselves to empire—Dowlut Rao and Tippoo, from different reasons, were likelier to lose it.

It was to Madajee Sindeah, probably, that the titles of Ameer al Omra, and Wakeel Motluck, were granted. The first, "Lord of Lords," may have been merely complimentary; but Wakeel Motluck, "Lieutenant, with powers unlimited," is, as I have known in another, a substantive patent, giving extraordinary power to a minister.

Many Englishmen, residents in India, have received these patent titles of honor from the reigning King. Persons of high rank, Governor-Generals, Governors, Commanders-in-Chief, Ambassadors at different courts; and others of inferior dignity, aggregately a great many, have received them. At native durbars, or courts, you take precedence in
conformity with the grade of your alkhaab, or honorary title. But I believe this is confined to Mahommedan durbars. At the native courts I have heard the entrée of these title-bearing nobles announced in a very flourishing style by the full-mouthed proper officers; who so well know how to make the most of the most pompous titular phraseology. After such fine high-sounding grandiloquence, I have seen enter, literally, a "gentleman without a shirt," as Crispin Heeltap puts back in the "Mayor of Garrat." But he was, notwithstanding, a man of note; wearing, albeit shirtless, a sword and shield, on which alone the haughty warrior plumed himself.

I once, when residing at a native court, had the ambition—I will not give it Pope's prefixture in his invocation to St. John—to become an Omrah of the Moghul empire. Mentioning it one day to my kind and much-lamented friend General Palmer, one of the most noted and skilled of Eastern diplomatists, he offered to procure me a title from Dehli, where he was very influential. But if it was ever conferred, I never received it. I was removed from the presence of my friend—he was immersed in the turmoil of important state affairs, and I in matters of less moment, but not less incessant—times and circumstances changed—my alkhab was perhaps forgotten—my friend died—and I am still a commoner, whether at the court of Dehli, or elsewhere.

My highly-gifted friend also undertook to procure for me from the archives of Dehli, a list of all
the Europeans on whom titles and honors had been bestowed by the kings of India, with those titles at length. In my thirst for collecting, I thought such a list, with a translation, like the foregoing, of the high-sounding honors so conferred on my countrymen, and a brief memoir of such as I could learn any thing of, might be entertaining; but, like my own alkhâb, if ever made, such document did not reach me.

These honors have not been confined to the English—Frenchmen, Portuguese, Italians, Americans—one instance only is known to me of the last—have received them. To some I have known them give pleasant and profitable precedence at court. Mahommedans, speaking of such individuals, give them their native titles; dropping their European names. I have heard such a person have the insolence to call Lord Cornwallis by his Dehli title of and Dowlut Rao Sindia by his, of

Omdut al Omra—pillar of nobles.

I may dilate farther hereon in another page; but I rather wish to return hence to Plate II., and to make an end of what I have to say specifically on that plate.

No. 2. is the seal of my much-respected and accomplished friend, the Right Honorable Sir Gore Ouseley, Bart., containing the titles conferred on him by the king Shah Aalum. It is, like the others, an exact fac-simile of his seal, which is cut in a white agate.
Reading, as before, from the right at bottom, it runs thus:

امتيار الدولة ممتاز الامتهن كور أوزلي بهادر ظفر جنات

Imtiaz ud Dowlah—múmtaz ul múlk—GORE OUSELEY, 1212, Bahadur—Zuffer Jung.

"The Distinguished of the State—the Exalted of the Kingdom—GORE OUSELEY Bahadur—(Hero) —Victorious in War."—1212 A. H. 1797 A. D.

Or, as translated by another skilled hand, thus: "Pre-eminent in the State—Distinguished in the Realm—GORE OUSELEY—Behadur—Victorious in Battle."

This seal is well and beautifully cut by a Lucknow artist of celebrity.

No. 3. of the same Plate II. is a curious specimen of a whimsical style of writing and graving, in which Arabians I think more particularly delight and excel. Persians and Indians imitate them successfully. It is called toghra, or flourished. The writing reads the same, backwards or forwards—and the art seems to rest on making the letters, of which the words or names are compounded, as difficult to read as possible, by unexpected and whimsical, and sometimes scarcely authorized, combinations. I shall leave it to the ingenuity of my readers to find this out. It is not difficult; as the letters of the names are not very tractable as to combinable facilities—the four medials, out of the eight letters, resist union with their neighbours. The first and last two are more tractable. The date is 1211 A. H.—of A. D. 1796. It is a cornelian seal.
By way of filling up the Plate, three more impressions of seals are given below.

The central, No. 5, is cut on a topaz, set in a ring, with this inscription, in Sanskrit:

"Sri Krishna sahai Gore Ouseley." That is, "Gore Ouseley—the favored of the Holy Krishna."

The other two at the bottom of this Plate, Nos. 4 and 6, I shall leave unexplained, to be made out, which is easy enough, by the reader. No. 4. is on a cornelian called yemeni, the finest kind: it is a ring. No. 5. is a stamp seal—the dates 1212 and 1210 A. H., corresponding with 1797 and 1795 A. D. A critical reader will perceive that in Sin-
diah’s great seal the initial of Madhu in the second line is not strictly correct, being $\alpha$ instead of $\omega$. But the original seal, of which I have two impres-
sions, is exactly copied.

I will here interpolate the remark that Indian wax is so hard as not to yield to the climate. Impressions can be preserved through the hot seasons, and for many years. I have many that I have had thirty or forty years, as sharp as ever. English wax yields to a very little heat—100 degrees, perhaps, or less. I remember when I was a postmaster in India, the use of wax on letters crossing the peninsula, or for despatch by the overland packets to England, was interdicted. English wax is sent out in great quan-
tities, and is chiefly used, officially and privately, in India—while the country wax is so much better and cheaper.
This is all that I have to say on the immediate subject of Plate II.

We turn now to Plate III. This I reckon a very beautifully executed work of art, as relates to the engraving, and filled with curious and valuable subjects. No. 1. is a fac-simile impression of the signet-ring usually worn by the lately renowned, now half-forgotten, HYDER ALI, first Sultan of Mysore. It is characteristic of HYDER—plain, useful, and unostentatious. It is a common red cornelian, set in silver, with black enamel. It has this inscription—read from the top: "HYDER ALI KHAN Bahadur. 1173." This corresponds with A. D. 1759. A figure 6 is observable about the middle. This may be the year of his assumption of the style of sovereignty.

This ring, together with the subjects 2. 3. 4. 5. and 6. which will be noticed presently, were found among the booty captured with Seringapatam, and were purchased at the prize sales by Major Price, prize agent for the Bombay army. They are still in his possession. He has favored me with impressions. The subjects themselves have been, indeed, years in my possession.

No. 2. is the seal-ring of TIPPOO. It is cut on deep red, liver-coloured, cornelian, set in gold. It bears simply تیپو سلطان TIPPOO SULTAN, with the date 1215, and prettily beflowered. But in this instance the date is not of the Hejra, or Flight; and is perhaps the only instance of a Mahommedan presuming to alter that universally received and re-
الله الرب العليم الرحمن الرحيم ملك يوم الدين اياك نفدو اياك نستعين على الله الصراط المستقيم اياك نبدين انوت عليهم غير المفضوب عليهم ولا الضنا بسم الله الرحمن الرحيم

10.

الله
vered era. Tipoo invented and used an era of his own. Ignorance on this point led me, on a former occasion when I published and descanted on Tipoo's coins and coinage, into various surmises on so, then, unaccountable an anomaly; but the subsequent publication of Wilks' South of India, and Marsden's Numismata Orientalia, has fully cleared the subject of all embarrassment and difficulty. I purpose, in another place, to devote a page or two to this matter of chronology, and some others connected with it.

No. 3. of Plate III. has no immediate legendary connexion with Tipoo or his family. Having been found, and being kept, among such subjects, and having probably been engraved by the command of Tipoo, and used by him, or one of his family, it has found a place in my pretty plate.

It is a seal of yellow cornelian, set in gold, bearing the date of 1199 A. H. (here) corresponding with 1784. It has this inscription—read from the top:

"O, thou! who wast manifested at Kirkh."

This is reasonably supposed to refer to the 7th Imaum, Moussa al Kauzem, who is buried at Kirkh, a suburb of Baghdad. He was poisoned by Khaled, one of the Barmecides, in the reign and through the jealousy of Harun Rashid.

It is probable that Tipoo, in a pious or fearful feeling, may have thus and otherwise invoked the blessing or protection of the holy martyr on himself, or one of his family, on the occasion of a birth, per-
haps, or some impending danger.—But this is mere conjecture.

No. 6. contains the same invocation, on a smaller scale, differently written. This is to be read from the bottom. The date is the same as on Tippoo's ring, 1215. This may have appertained to another of the family.

No. 4. is a gold ring, with a yellow cornelian, engraved with the name of محي الدين Mohi ud Deen, one of Tippoo's sons—which, in the order of succession, does not immediately occur to me; but he was, I think, one of the two hostages surrendered by Tippoo to Lord Cornwallis, for the due performance of the first Seringapatam treaty of peace of 1792. The date of the ring is 1218—read the wrong way, it is true—but if read the other, it would carry us out of all chronological bounds. It is of his father's era; for if taken as of the Hejra, it would correspond with A. D. 1803, four years after the subversion of his father's power and the duration of his life.

Of this prince Mohi ud Din, this anecdote may be worth relating.

To arrange and catalogue the vast amount of property captured at Seringapatam, to make it available for sale, or division among the captors, skilled individuals were selected. Major, since Major-General, Ogg of the Madras establishment, and Major Price of Bombay, were selected to inspect and arrange Tippoo's splendid and invaluable library. While engaged in this interesting employ-
ment, the prince Mohi ud Din (who, with the rest of the royal family, were under liberal surveillance) came into the library; and, after observing some time in silence, was overheard muttering at his departure, "Look at those hogs! polluting my father's books." Poor youth!—it may easily be forgiven him. His name means "Restorer of Religion."

No. 5. of Plate III. has no other relationship to Tippoo than as having, like 3 and 6, been found assorted, purchased, and kept with the same lot. It is a small gold ring of yellow cornelian. The following names are almost illegibly engraved or scratched on it,

الله مجيد علي فاطميا حسن حسين

Allah—Mahommed—Ali—Fatima—Hussein—Husseyn: being the Deity, and the holy family. It may have been worn as an amulet—not used as a seal—for the engraving on the stone reads unreversed, as in the Plate.

It is a curious subject. Women are very rarely brought to notice or recollection by Mahomedans. Fatima, it may be scarcely necessary to note, was the daughter of the prophet, the wife of the great Ali, and the mother of Hussein and Husseyn, who were most atrociously murdered by the infamous Yezzid. No human being, probably, that ever existed, has had so much execration heaped upon him, or more deservedly, than the said murderer. The copious subject of the fate of these martyrs—on which more pathetic poems and essays have been composed, and more
feelingly recited, and more tears shed, than on any other, perhaps, since the fall of man—may probably invite re-attention in a future page. At present I shall only stop to add that the memory of Fatima, the prophet's beloved daughter, the "Mother of the Faithful," is held in deep respect. This may be supposed, when the character given of her by the prophet is to this effect—that "he had known many really good or perfect men—but only four faultless women:" these were Asia the wife of Pharaoh, the Virgin Mary, Kadijah the daughter of Khawiled (the prophet's first wife), and his own daughter Fatima.

We will now turn to No. 7. of Plate III. This is a representation of a very curious and valuable subject. It is an agate, or cornelian, most elaborately and beautifully cut—to a degree, I think, exceeding any I have ever seen of a like nature. It was purchased by a deceased friend in Persia. It was shown by a common friend, in whose hand I placed it for that purpose, to Professor Lee, who returned it with this memorandum:

"The inscription round the border contains the opening chapter of the Koran, very beautifully and correctly written. The inscription in the middle compartment is البتوكَل علي الله i.e. 'The (person) confiding in God.' The stone itself is probably an amulet, and perhaps has been worn for preservation against evil spirits, &c.—Cambridge, 4th December, 1830."

Another orientalist calls it "a very rare and
curious relique, if it be, as I conceive it, an amulet once worn on the arm of Mutuwukkel,¹ the tenth Khalif of the house of Abbas." He adds, "I cannot conceive that any thing could have been better executed than this engraving."

The part left white in the Plate is finely polished on the stone, and raised, by the cutting away and sinking of the dark ground. The central words are Al Mutuwukkel Ali Allah. This was the name and title assumed by Abul Fazel Jaffer with the Khalifat in the year 232 A. H. 847 A. D. In Price's Retrospect II. 151. his name or title is translated "Confident in God;" or perhaps more properly, Deo delegatus, "delegated from God." He was very intolerant, especially of Jews and Christians, on whom he heaped many indignities. He did not stop there. In his imbecility and ferocity, he forbade the pilgrimage to Kerbela, and caused the sacred repository of the ashes of Husseyn and the other martyrs interred there to be razed.

After numberless follies and enormities he was put to death, at the age of forty, in the fifteenth year of his reign.

The chapter of the Koran encircling the words of the name of this ill-fated Khalif, the ignominy of the house of the Abbasides, is finely graved; but as the liberties taken by fine Arabic penmen with the combinations of their letters are somewhat arbitrary, and not, in such cases as this, easily made out, I

¹ If this be admissible, this will, indeed, be a rare relique. And why not? Who would thus embalm the hated memory of such a monster?
have put the flourished Arabic into a more readable form in the three lines lower in the Plate. Thirty or forty years' want of practice has, however, rendered my penmanship in such matters not very praiseworthy, whatever it may once have been.

A critical reader may, perhaps, suspect inaccuracy, in my having placed the بسم الله last, instead of first. The first critic that I showed it to, did indeed remark it: and he may be right. Every chapter of the Koran, save one, is prefaced with it. I examined two Korans which had not the bismillah at their beginning; but on looking at three others, they have it. The 9th chapter is the only one without it.

The following is the account which I find among my memoranda, touching the inscription before us.

It comprehends the introductory or opening chapter of the Koran. This chapter is called al Fatihat, meaning the Preface, or Introduction. It was revealed to Mahommed at Mecca. The chapter being so short, is in use as a prayer, and held in great veneration. It has several other titles, meaning the chapters of prayer, of praise, of thanks, of treasure, &c.—all denoting veneration. It is esteemed as the quintessence of the whole Koran, and is repeated both in public and private, as the Christians do the Lord's Prayer.

The impression has not as an invocation the usual formula of بسم الله الرحمن الرحيم, common to every chapter of the Koran, save one. Here it is a terminus. This sentence is pronounced by Mahommedans all the world over, on every important occasion, and
on many, especially the first words بسم الله bismillah, altogether unimportant. It is with them as the sign of the cross with papists. It means, "In the name of God—the Merciful—the Compassionate."

Giaab, a celebrated Arabic writer, relates that "when these words were sent from heaven, the clouds fled on the side of the East, the winds were lulled, the animals erected their ears to listen, and the devils were precipitated from the celestial spheres."

رب أعلى منi rabbi 'lalamin, with which the chapter opens—for الله is merely invocatory—similarly meaning "Praise be to God," and is similarly often in the mouth of "the faithful"—signifies "Lord of the worlds;" but Alamina, in this and other parts of the Koran, probably means the three species of rational creatures—men, genii, and angels.

On this text some European writers have endeavoured to prove that Mahommed believed in a plurality of worlds. In Savary's translation it is "Sovereign of the worlds."

This is Sale's translation of the 1st chapter of the Koran, entitled the Preface or Introduction.

"In the name of the most merciful God. Praise be to God, the Lord of all creatures; the most merciful, the king of the day of judgment. Thee do we worship, and of thee do we beg assistance. Direct us in the right way, in the way of those to whom thou hast been gracious; not of those against whom thou art incensed, nor of those who go astray."
The last sentence, Sale informs us, contains a petition that the suppliants may be led into the true religion; by which is meant the Mahommedan, in the Koran often called "the right way." In this place it is more particularly defined to be "the way of those to whom the Most Merciful hath been gracious"—that is, of the prophets and faithful who preceded Mahommed:—under which appellation are also comprehended the Jews and Christians, such as they were in their primitive purity; before they had deviated from their respective institutions:—not the way of the modern Jews, whose signal calamities are marks of the just anger of God against them for their obstinacy and disobedience—nor of the Christians of this age, who have departed from the true doctrine of Jesus, and are bewildered in a labyrinth of error.

This is the most common exposition of the passage;—others, by a different application of the negatives, refer the whole to the true believers, and read it thus: "The way of those to whom thou hast been gracious, against whom thou art not incensed, and who have not erred." Which translation the original will very well bear.

Thus far Sale; who refers to his authorities. In poor return I will express my sense—of little worth in itself, but it is grounded on the opinion of the competent—of the masterly manner in which he has translated the Koran. His Preliminary Discourse is excellent; and his notes and annotations are equally instructive. His work is too little read. It has been found all-sufficient; for, although the only
translation in our language, no other has been thought wanted in the lapse of more than half a century.

In my more modern, and easily read lines of Plate III. I have put the *bismillah* at the end. In reading the inscription on the stone, they may, no doubt, be taken as the first or last words; as, being circular, they meet near the top.

I will here note that I know nothing of Arabic—and as little of Persian as my reader may please to suppose. Thirty or forty years ago I might have known a little—and but little. But as very few of the Company’s servants then knew any thing of it, my little passed for more than it was worth—with myself, perhaps, inclusive. But in such great lapse of time, hundreds, thousands, of the Company’s servants civil and military have passed me, onwards towards eminence; which many have attained. I have stood still—or rather obliviously retrograded. What, therefore, was once something, though but little, positively, is now next to nothing, comparatively.

Before I take leave of the beautiful Stone, the subject of No. 7. of Plate III., I will observe, that the history of the *Khalif* whose name occupies the centre, *Mutuwukkel*, the *Confiding*, may be found in that grand magazine of Mahommedan historic lore, "*Price’s Retrospect*." This comprehensive work is much less known than it ought to be. It came out under manifold disadvantages, which it will take some time to overcome. But it must, eventually, find its way into all public libra-
ries, and into such private ones as have any pretensions to an historical or to an oriental class of works. It came out under the disadvantage of a distant rural press, in single volumes, with intervals of years between. It has been insufficiently advertised; and, not having been printed for any bookseller, has not been at all praised. The Reviews—those useful vehicles to public notice for works of merit, unconnected with party in respect to religion or politics—have scarcely heard of it; and its price is too high, perhaps, to admit of its purchase for their purpose, if they had. The times of the publication of all the volumes were, moreover, times of great national excitement—when the public mind was intent on mighty events passing under our own eye, involving the destinies of thrones and empires—possibly of our own; and regarded but little the sayings and doings of semi-barbarians at our antipodes a thousand years ago. Under all these disadvantages, it may be questioned if the sale of this great and laborious work hath yet repaid the author's positive publication outlay; that is, the mere paper and printing. The great expense incurred in India, in the purchase of various works of the Mahommedan historians he can scarcely expect to be reimbursed. An Arabic or Persian historian, whose work is looked at in England and declared to be very pretty, may perhaps have cost a hundred pounds to him who knew how to appreciate it. And for a return for the learned labours of half an industrious life, the author of the "Chronological Retrospect of Mahommedan History" must look to
posterity—and he will not look in vain;—for the merits of the work, comprising an intimate acquaintance with the language of his authorities, sound judgment in selecting and great industry in examining and collating them, and the happy talent of communicating the result, will eventually insure the just reputation of both the work and its author.

I must return for a moment to Plate III., and then resume the topic of the great cost of Oriental MSS.

No. 8. of that Plate is a fine deep red cornelian, which I purchased in the bazaar at Bombay, for two rupees, between thirty and forty years ago. The inscription is not cut, but painted white; and is, although I have taken no particular care of the stone, as plain and perfect, apparently, as ever. With what pigment it is so painted I know not, nor where it may have been done. Like its neighbour No. 7, it is unset; and as they read on the stones as in the plate (not reversed) they have both been, probably, intended as amulets or phylacteries. This applies also to the ring No. 5. The other subjects of the Plate, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, and 6, have been used as signets, being reversed.

No. 8. may have been done by or for some zealous Mahommedan: they are addicted to amulets, charms, &c. of this sort. It seems to invoke a blessing صلى الله عليه وسلم upon all and each; on Ali, on Mahommed, on the family of Mahommed, on Mahommed again, on Fatema, the immaculate, and upon (her children, the martyrs) Hussun and
Hussayne, ending, at the bottom, with—Help is from God.

This is, I think, all that I have to say at present, on the subjects of Plate III.: unless it be to repeat that what the reader there sees are, as to size as well as inscriptions, the exact representations of the originals. Nos. 9 and 10 will be noticed hereafter.

Now a word on the subject of the cost, in India and Persia, of Arabic and Persian MSS.

The few, in England, of the class of Orientals who will read the curious catalogue of his collection of MSS. printed by that eminent Orientalist Sir William Ouseley, may learn much of their estimated value, and of the cost of some of them in the East. A hundred pounds and more have been given for several in that extensive and valuable collection. Those only who have made such things the recreation and pleasure of their lives, can duly appreciate the pang of the collector when parting with the objects of his soliciitude and solace, almost of his affection—and seeing the probability of their not only passing from him—but of their dispersion, or loss to his country. I fear no individual or body in England will purchase Sir William's collection. Individuals are not inclined; or if half so, want a good bargain; and the nation, and its learned bodies, corporate and incorporate, are too poor!!

Foreigners feel differently—but let that pass.

I have, in a recent page, made slight mention of Tipoo's magnificent library. If the reader will kindly call to mind that this is avowedly a volume of "Fragments," "a thing of shreds and patches"—
he will, perhaps, overlook its want of connexion, link in link; and pardon the intermingling of subjects under any of my fragmental heads, which, as Sheridan says of Mrs. Malaprop's vocables, "might get their habeas corpus from any (critical) Court in Christendom."

With this feeling I will ask leave to introduce an extract from my "Common-place Book," of some length, from one of its subjects, entitled "Reminiscences connected with the conquest of Seringapatam." I am the more emboldened to ask this, from witnessing the favorable reception by the public of sundry works published of late years, in the form of Reminiscences—Recollections—and Personal Memoirs. Without presuming that mine may deserve the like extent of favorable reception, I shall here, and may hereafter, introduce, without farther preface or apology, a few pages of such matter as I have adverted to.

I was, at the period of the siege and conquest of Seringapatam, in Bomb y; and from the situation I then held, at the head of the Quarter-Master-General's department, and the nature of the duties of that office, and of others that I was then executing, was very much with the Governor, Mr. Duncan. I was, indeed, acting confidentially under, and with him, in several important matters, as I was afterwards in others more important. I was daily witness of his extreme anxiety touching the progress of the siege. He had, as well as I, several constant correspondents in the besieging armies; but the post-office
department of western India, though in a much improved state, was still in a very backward one, as compared with its subsequent perfection; and our intelligence did not keep pace with our anxiety and eagerness.

Mr. Duncan's anxieties were at some moments so intense as to border on agony—to a degree that, I dare say, he manifested to no one but me. I was, I trust, reasonably zealous in respect to the public interests—and laboured as hard, I believe, as any one to promote them. Still, with less of responsibility, though I had no small share, mine fell far short of the extreme anxieties of my almost overzealous patron and friend.

Our exertions at Bombay had been immense; the honor of the army, and no small portion of national welfare, hinged on the pending event. Mr. Duncan identified himself so intimately and entirely with the success of public measures, that no one who was not with him confidentially, could estimate the intensity of his eagerness for success in public operations.

The month of May arrived—that critical time as to the extreme of heat, and drought, and distress in Mysore—especially about Seringapatam. On a former occasion, of Lord Cornwallis's distressful retreat from that neighbourhood, I had witnessed and felt them; and the letters of our correspondents contained deprecating forebodings of their re-arrival. The setting in of the S.W. monsoon might be hourly expected in the first week of May, with very uncertain severity. If in great severity—or if at all—
with the fort uncaptured, we knew, in good part, the disastrous effects which must ensue. And if, instead of being conquerors, we should be repulsed, we too well knew that "the attempt, and not the deed, would confound us." These points, I say, became the topics of our daily, nightly, almost hourly, discussion and anxiety.

Under these circumstances it was odd, but true, that I was in possession of the intelligence of this most important conquest, some hours before it was known to the Governor, or any one in Bombay,—or even to myself! It seems worth while to explain how this was.

I lived in the country, two miles from the fort. In busy times it was my habit to breakfast early, by seven, sometimes by six o'clock, and to be at my office in the fort an hour after. I had there to undergo the process of being shaved—(no natives of India, and formerly but few English, shaved themselves)—and while thereunder, usually gave audience and orders to my official people. Then came the reading of letters, returns, &c. papers, and an arrangement for the business of the day.

The dauk, or post, did not then come in from the eastern parts of India, through Poona, more than twice a week. The day to which I am adverting was not dauk day. I saw on my table a number of letters &c., and went through the usual processes, and had more than the usual personal audiences and orders to give. It was ten o'clock before I noticed and opened a letter, received by an express, from my constant correspondent and kind friend, General
Palmer, our Ambassador at Poona, announcing, in three lines, the all-important, the astounding event!

Had I been half shaved, or all belathered, I should assuredly have run—if possible, flown—to the Government House. Thither I hastened. Mr. Duncan had gone late over-night to Parel, his country-house, five or six miles off, and his letters—including one of similar import with mine from General Palmer—had been forwarded to him. Scrawling one hasty line of congratulation, I despatched a horseman to him with my Poona letter, and hastened to the Commander-in-Chief, to the members of Government, to the Adjutant-General, and officers and gentlemen of rank, with my joyful news, half crazy with delight. I can never forget the emotions of that day—more especially those of the meeting of the Governor and myself about noon. He had hastened to town, and found his house crowded with public officers, gentlemen, and others, in waiting to congratulate him. Joy, as well as misery, almost levels, for the moment, all distinctions. Our shake of the hand, when we encountered, was hearty and long, but we scarcely exchanged a word—and although together several times during the day, we conversed very little indeed. We seemed, now, either to have little or nothing to say to each other—(though, on preceding days, they seemed scarcely long enough, and we often treched deeply on the night)—or knew not how to say it. As our fears had, day by day, augmented as the time for action became abridged, we had been almost afraid to
think and feel that the middle of May had arrived and passed—so was our relief from all such fears thus not only suddenly removed, but by such a measure of success, so critical, so complete, so important, that it seemed almost to bewilder us. I could not think of business the whole day—and scarcely, I believe, returned to my office.

General Palmer was perhaps among the best letter-writers in our language. I do not find his brief announcement of the fall of Seringapatam to me. But, without meaning to adduce it as a specimen of his epistolary talent, it ran, in substance, thus:—

"Puttun fell by storm on the 4th—The Sultan was killed—his family and capital are in our possession—his armies were submitting—the slaughter, and our loss, were great."

Having touched on this once most important conquest and subject, prolific in events and speculation—though it is already half forgotten—let me call up another recollection and reflection or two thereon.

Tippoo's government could not have been very oppressive; and his country must have been one of great resources. Notwithstanding the frequency of his wars, his accumulation of personal property in Seringapatam was immense. The cities, and towns, and villages of his dominions, were generally in a flourishing state. He had, for many years, kept up very large armies. His last war—I mean that with the English and their allies, before his fatal war, when his country was over-run and devastated in every direction, more than once to the very walls of his capital—must have cost him immense wealth and
sacrifices. On the score of devastation I can speak extensively; for I served two years of that war with the worst of all devastators, the Mahrattas—and may, in a future page, say something thereon. The English and their allies extorted from him, not only one half, geographically, of his entire territory, of their own selection, but, as it was supposed, all his resources in cash and credit. Still, within a few years, we found him again reigning over a flourishing empire—his fortresses restored and well supplied, his coffers full, his subjects wealthy, and his armies faithful. One sentence will confirm the last assertion: the day after the storm of his capital, we buried upwards of 10,000 bodies of his soldiers—so manfully had they defended their master. I may add, that none were unnecessarily, unresistingly, slain. What a scene, at mid-day!—but on that subject I will not dilate. Who would not be a soldier of such a victorious army?

In such a conquest, over which night's curtain soon fell, it is impossible, as soldiers well know, to prevent plunder. Property to a great amount, no doubt, changed hands violently on that night; but I heard of no cruelties. It was said that you might, for some days after, see soldiers betting handfuls of pagodas in the streets on the issue of a cock-fight. Tippoo had collected a most splendid assemblage of jewellery. Every officer of the conquering army had a portion, according to his rank, assigned to

1 I am not sure if every officer. It may have been only generals, field-officers, and captains.
him, in part of his share of the booty. My old friend, Major Price, Persian Secretary to the Commander-in-Chief of the Bombay army, was appointed one of the committee of prize agents. To him was allotted the arrangement, and apportionment, and valuation—of course, duly assisted—of the jewellery; and, in conjunction with Major Ogg, of the Madras army—as has been already noticed—the arrangement and disposal of Tipoo's library, which was found, in articles of rarity, beauty, and value, on a scale corresponding with his extensive assemblage of jewellery.

One anecdote current, and well known to be substantially true, in Judia, was the fact, that soon after the capture, a drummer of one of his Majesty's regiments brought a pair of bangles (wrist ornaments) to the assistant-surgeon, to purchase. The medical gentleman, however skilled professionally, knew little of gems. He thought the bangles handsome, and gave the glad finder a hundred rupees for them. Not thinking much of his bargain, it was laid by.

After the pressure of his duties, during weeks and months, had passed off, he bethought him of his bangles. Showing one to a friend, it was pronounced of great value—and, to cut my story short, the pair proved worth thirty or forty thousand pounds! What became of them I did not hear; but all were pleased to hear that the fortunate purchaser obtained the discharge of the lucky drummer, and settled on him an annuity of £100.

In a small way I was myself concerned in a matter somewhat similar, and connected in subject, more or
less, with the subjects of this First Head of my "Fragments." My old friend and brother-adjutant, Captain Hugh Massey Fitz-Gerald—an excellent soldier, and an accomplished gentleman—bought a book, a few days after the conquest, from a soldier, for five rupees. Thinking I knew more of Indian books than he did, and seeing it was a handsome one, he sent it to me at Bombay to sell for him, if any one would buy it—or as a present to me, if I would accept it.

It was a very splendid, large-paper copy of the Koran. I had rarely seen, and never possessed, anything equal. I apprised my friend of my gratification at possessing such a book, deeming it of great value; and told him, that if I could get any thing like its worth, I would sell it for him: if not, that I would accept it; and, in return, would make him a present of the best pipe of Madeira that he could procure on his return to Bombay. With this my old friend was well pleased.

Some time after, I showed the book to Colonel Barry Close, knowing him to be a good judge of its beauty; and he valued it at 2000 rupees. My keeping it was now out of the question; and I soon after—to the great surprise of Fitz-Gerald—sold it for that sum—say £250—to N. H. Smith, Esq. of the Bombay Civil Service, then at the head of the Foreign Secretaryship, and a good judge of such things. He is now, as I am, a resident in Suffolk.

This is a specimen of how beautiful Manuscripts are appreciated in the East—a topic that I may recur to, in a future page.
Other friends of mine among the sharers in the Seringapatam booty, sent to me at Bombay their allotments of jewels, to keep or sell for them—so that I became somewhat skilled in gems and orfèvrerie. There was one necklace that I have often regretted I did not purchase. It was composed of fifteen or twenty chains of gold; each link being a very small bunch of grapes, of most exquisite workmanship. I know not that I ever saw any thing more beautifully wrought. The number of links, or bunches of grapes, must have amounted to many thousands, they were so minute. The chains may have been between four and five feet long, connected by a pair of splendid clasps composed of diamonds and rubies. It had been valued at Seringapatam at only 600 rupees; at which price I sold it to Captain William Palmer, son of the General. It was certainly worth a great deal more: intrinsically, I should think, as much. Although such a Koran as I have just spoken of, might not be highly coveted in England, such a necklace as this would. It was, as a whole, of an exceedingly graceful and elegant aspect.¹

¹ Connected with the subject of my new calling of jeweller, I may here notice that many years after—perhaps fifteen or twenty—a courteous reference was made to me from Ireland, touching the lot of jewels of one of my aforesaid friends, who had sent his share to me, as just mentioned. He had died; and among his papers his heirs found a memorandum of the fact of his having sent his jewels to me, but none of their ultimate destiny. The fact itself of my reception of them, I could recall dimly to my recollection; but both me-
A word more may perhaps be permitted on the subject of Tippoo’s library. It must have cost him much time, research, and money. His father, Hyder, was altogether illiterate; and it is not likely that he had laid any foundation for such a fine collection. It could not be kept together; and it was deemed not desirable to disperse the books by sale. I have said that my talented friends, Majors Price and Ogg, had the pleasing task of inspecting, cataloguing, and arranging them. A select portion was set apart for, and presented to, the East-India Company’s Library in London. Another portion was, in like manner, presented to the Calcutta College. Of part of this, Major Charles Stewart, one of its learned Professors, has published a "Descriptive Catalogue." It is a very curious and valuable work—and would have been continued, if encouraged: but let that pass.

So different from most Eastern monarchs, Tippoo memory and recollection failed in the endeavour to trace any thing farther respecting them. As my friend returned to Bombay, and lived several years thereafter, there could exist no doubt but his jewels, or their amount sale, if I sold them, were accounted for to him. This explanation seemed to satisfy the inquiring heirs—and I trust did fully convince them, that there was no cause to imagine me "a friend of an ill fashion."

1 4to. Cambridge, 1809; Longman and Co. My memoranda on this Library do not exactly accord, in all particulars, with those of the worthy Professor. Some Manuscripts were presented to the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and some, I think, to the Governor-General, Lord Wel-lesley.
was among the most industrious of mortals. His pen must have been for ever in his hand. Copies of an immense number of his despatches and letters were found. Many of these were selected, arranged, translated, and published, with curious and valuable notes, by that accomplished Orientalist and diplomatist, Colonel Kirkpatrick. This would also have been extended and continued—but for the aforesaid but. Who cares to be amused, or instructed, or interested in East-India topics? I cannot but be so Gothic as greatly to have wished its continuation.

Tippoo's "low ambition" seems to have been a desire to be considered the only mover in his dominions. From the management of a treaty, or of a war, with the English, to the formation of a pin, the instructions were all his own. Not only would he not brook a brother, he would, seemingly, have no helper "near the throne." All, all, was of his own doing and dictation.

Who can look back on the capture of Seringapatam without admiration of the share borne therein by that distinguished officer, Barry Close? With a dozen such men as he, and Thomas Munro, and John Malcolm—all Madrassees—and Alexander Walker, of the Bombay army—(but where are they to be found?)—such a general as Wellington may repose securely in the result of any achievable operation: while five hundred such men as my kind old friend, Lord Harris—a brave and

good soldier, deserving of all his honors, and all the warm recollections that cling around his memory—at the head of all the armies of India, and of all their departments, would never have taken Seringapatam.

That conquest was, no doubt, owing to the combined efforts of many able heads, seconded by stout hearts and vigorous hands—but it was owing, infinitely more than to any other individual, to Barry Close. It may be too much to say that had he not been there, the place would not have fallen—(the preparatory measures and arrangements, as well as the approaches to, and operations at, the scene of action, are here adverted to, inclusively)—but many, I believe, think so. He was a Lieutenant-Colonel, and Adjutant-General of the united armies. His grateful King made him a Baronet, and he rose to the rank of Major-General.

Of all Englishmen, or indeed any other countrymen, I ever knew, I never heard one so fluent in Persian as Sir Barry Close. I have seen well-educated Persian gentlemen listen with astonishment at his impassioned flow of the finest and best-selected words and arguments that their language could afford. Not one of them could equal him in the eloquence they so much admired and envied. His style was highly animated and declamatory: you were almost in pain lest he should flounder and break down; but he never paused for a word, nor ever failed in his ready selection of the best. He was sometimes so warm on such occasions, that one would think he could never be cool: but as a soldier
he, no doubt, was. I did not know him in that capacity; nor, indeed, at all but in social life: we never corresponded.

May I be forgiven if I relate, connected with our very slight acquaintance, an anecdote of a ludicrous sort. Although of a grave, dignified port, he had a lively sense of the ridiculous. On one of his political visits to Bombay, he returned my call of courtesy—and as his stay was short, he did it more conveniently at my office in the fort, than at my house in the country. Being early men in India, he came I think about nine. I was "i' the suds"—of course the old remark was made, that "a man never looks more like a fool than when belathered"—a hope expressed that no future aspect would be so infelicitous—and with a little laughter and a pleasant chat, half an hour passed. On that visit we met no more.

After the lapse of years, Colonel Close again visited Bombay, and again returned my call, at the same place, about the same time of day; and found me exactly as before, with the shaver, razor in hand. The first soapy event had, of course, been forgotten; but this exact repetition brought with it, in our revived recollection, such a ridiculous association, that, without succeeding in speaking a word, we both broke into an immoderate fit of laughter, which continued to a length painful probably to us both. The poor barber, at first surprised, became amused—and, by the time we had well nigh resumed a little composure and gravity, the former scene—for it was the same shaver—coupled itself in
his recollection. He could not resist—but, being also a fellow of some humour, he tittered, and, unable to repress his risibility, was seized with the infectious fit. This caused a return of our paroxysm, and all three were simultaneously convulsed—I, all the while, "lathered up to the eyes." This strange, unaccountable, and almost indecorous scene was witnessed, with just amazement, by all the writers and others in the office—who stuck their pens behind their ears in wonderment; for all this time scarcely a word had passed.

This is all that I dare venture to give here, of my recollections connected with the conquest of Seri
gapatam.

Without any affectation of writing an essay on Stones generally, or of much, as to methodical arrangement, of what I may have to say on some particular points connected therewith, I shall proceed, as desultorily as may be, and as it may suit my convenience, in continuation of my extracts from my collection of "Fragments" on that head—digressing as may be expedient.

Apollonius Rhodius says that "there was a sacred black stone in a temple of Mars, to which all the Amazons, in times of old, addressed their prayers." All ancient people seem to have venerated stones, in some form or shape. In Scripture, several instances of it occur. The sacred, black, conical stone, at Mecca—the Cromlechs of the ancient Britons—our Coronation Stone brought from Scotland, are others. Among the Irish, Welsh,
and Scotch, similar examples may be adduced; and among the Hindus, the reverence shown to stones—the worship, as some have called it—is very strong, in many mystical forms—conical, circular, &c.

A good deal of mystery has attached itself to our well-known Coronation Stone. The Scotch feel sore at the English having purloined that *palladium* of their independence; and the Irish, putting in a prior claim, deem the royal Scot the original thief. It is asserted by "the Emeralders," that this is the very stone of very stone—*Liafail*, or Stone of Destiny—that gave an early name to *Ireland*. But it is not a native of that "gem of the ocean"—that "emerald isle, set in a sea of silver," and so forth. It was brought "from the East." *Keating* may be referred to for a relation of the wonderful virtues of *Liafail*, which for many ages was as much venerated in *Ireland* and *Scotland*, as was *Jacob*’s Stone in the Temple at *Jerusalem*, both by Christian and Mahommedan—(are not these all one and the same?)—or the famous black conical stone at *Mecca*, centuries before the time of the Prophet. Some antiquarians—among them the "old virgins," I believe, who take pence for their descent on the *vestigia* of the Abbey—affirm that the *Westminster* Stone is the very pillow on which *Jacob*’s head reposed when he saw his celebrated vision; but deny all right in it on the part of the Irish claimants. The latter adroitly admit this—believing that their original pebble has worked its way, somehow or other, back again to *Ireland*; where, in due time, its development will mark the typical nature of the pro-
phetic exchange of position. Not, indeed, of position only, but of substance; for the abstraction and substitution of another (pretended) stone were effected at *Westminster* in a way not to be discovered; and, if discovered, not to be understood. It is not suitable that this mysterious and portentous transaction should be told in mere matter-of-fact language: I have therefore endeavoured to wrap it in fitting words—and trust that I have succeeded in not having made myself easily comprehended.

In Croker's "Legends of Killarney" are found, as might be expected in so poetical a region, many Hinduisms. Some notice of them will be taken in another place. This introduction of such similarities in *Ireland* and *India*, may be too abrupt: some prefatory explanation was intended; but I shall here say no more, in that strain, than that *Ireland* is full of Hinduisms—and that, without having formed, or caring to uphold, any determined hypothesis, I can scarcely travel a stage in *Ireland*, or read a page, at all of a miscellaneous nature, connected with that interesting island, without meeting with something Hinduish. Of this, probably, as I have hinted, more hereafter. Meanwhile the reader may, haply, think of the old adage—"To the jaundiced eye all things seem yellow."

We return to Croker's "Legends of Killarney," and extract one of a "knee-worn stone," to which we may find an Eastern parallel.

It is near the Cathedral of *Aghadoe* that this incident occurred. "A circular stone, with two hollows in it," is described and delineated—"the holes
caused by the kneeling of the holy friar at his devotions.” A native approached—“And here she began to scatter some crumbs upon the ground, to which the little birds from the neighbouring bushes immediately flew, with all the fearlessness of conscious security.”—“Ah! then,” said their feeder, “ye’re a blessed race, and ’tis good right ye have to know this place—and it would be a mortal sin to hurt or harm ye; but what are ye to the little bird that sung to the holy friar for as good as two hundred years?” On the bush, by this knee-worn stone, rags were hung; “as is usual,” continues Mr. C. “in Ireland, near places that are considered holy.” Vol. i. 20.

This is truly a Hindu legend. Passing by, for the present, the suspended rags, of which extended practice we shall speak under another head of our “Fragments”—passing by, also, the benevolent feeding of the sacred birds—the unperceived “silent celerity of time” on the part of the “holy friar,” when interestingly engaged, is matched by the stories of the Hindu “holy friars,” Viswamitra, Kandu, and others; with, however, this important difference—that the priest was engaged, during his unperceived flight of time—thinking two hundred years but a day—in penitence and prayer;—the Brahmans in profligacy, with the soul-seducing Menaka and Pramnoka, under the like illusion.

The knee-worn stone has parallels in Hindu story, though I have no immediate note of them. Callosity from long kneeling, is related of the Mahratta Brahman general, Sadashy Rao Bow, (Sida
Siva Rahu Bahu?) killed, with the flower of the empire, at the fatal battle of Paniput, in 1765. He was so maimed and mutilated as to have been recognizable only by his knees, on which were well-known callosities caused by his unequalled piety in the article of genuflexion.

The Hindu, like the Papal, religion is one of ceremonials. As Junius says of some individuals of his time, both these great classes of men include too many with whom "prayers are reckoned religion, and kneeling morality." Another Papist is famed for kneeling (surely it is St. James of Compostella? but I am oblivious and ill read in Hagiology) who, like the Mahratta, was famed for knee-callosity, and is known in history by the appellation of the "camel-knee'd prayer-monger."

The rag-bush at Killarney is in keeping with the rag-trees and rag-wells of other parts—India, Persia, England, &c. as noticed in another place. And, at Killarney, a farther coincidence of reverence to a cleft stone, is in keeping with such things—cleft stones, cleft trees, &c.—in India and England; of which, in connexion with this Killarnic legend, more hereafter.

Having under this head mentioned the Hindu legends of Viswamitra and his brother sinning-saint, I may as well here conclude what I have to add thereon. It was intended for another head, to be entitled "Papacy and Paganism," for much of which I foresee there will not be room in this brief volume. Under the just-named head, a subdivision "On Flagellants" is included, from which
this extract is made, and given here, confessedly out of place.

Touching the temptation of St. Francis by Satan. A man, not a saint, may be easily persuaded while unmercifully scourging himself, to listen to the seducing sound of "hold, enough!"—or, in reference to preparation for the future, to the illusive whispering, "there's time enough for that by-and-by." Not so St. Francis,—he saw the cloven foot; and we may conclude, to spite and shame the devil, scourged the more: or, as Paddy said, "the more the devil seduced, the more he would not leave off."

This is very Hinduish. Legends of similar perseverances in penance and austerity, on the part of Hindu saints, have alarmed not only the unholy ones, but their gods and demigods. Of these, several are related in the Hindu Pantheon. Indra, the firmamental regent, the Jupiter Tonans of the Hindu Olympus, fears danger to his throne by the almost omnipotent perseverance in prayer and severity of an ascetic. Various seductions, including

Surely the doctrine recently put forth in that dangerous vehicle of fanaticism—for such I cannot help considering it—"The Morning Watch," is very reprehensible, on this point of "almost omnipotent perseverance." My phrase was written many years before the "Morning Watch," in which this passage occurs:—"Every miracle is an answer given to prayer, and the prayer of faith is omnipotent." This is the theory and doctrine of the Hindu Aumamedha, and their other means of extorting, by sacrifice and prayer, boons from on high.
as great a variety as those of St. Anthony and St. Francis, as far as they have reached me, and some original or unique in addition, are recorded of the Hindu worthies. In general the flagellations, or other self-inflictions, are too much, even for the devil, as we have seen St. Francis was, or for Indra. Sometimes, however, the devil, or Indra, gains the day. Too truly has it been said, that when the devil angles for man, he baits his hook with a lovely woman.

Alas! poor Menaka!—interesting offspring of poetical imagination!—why should you suffer for the ordainments of destiny, or the decrees of the gods? It is related in the Ramayana, sect. 50, that when the sanctified ascetic Viswamitra, who had, for thousands of years, been engaged in the most rigid mortifications, beheld Menaka the Apsara, sent by Indra to debauch him—“bathing; of surpassing form; unparalleled in beauty; in form resembling Sri; her clothes wetted in the stream—he, seduced by the arrows of Kandarpa, ap-

1 The Guru, or spiritual preceptor of Rama.
2 The Apsaras of the Hindu Pantheon are water-nymphs, Nereids, demi-Venuses.
3 As profligate as his counterpart, Jupiter of Rome. On one memorable failure in a base attempt on the virtuous wife of a pious Brahman, the Rishi cursed him—Indra became instantly covered with marks of shame—which, on his repentance and contrition, were changed by the relenting Rishi, to eyes. Thus marked, Indra is usually pourtrayed.
4 A goddess of good fortune and Beauteous aspect.
5 Hindus—female or male—never bathe nude.
6 The Hindu, many-named Cupid.
proached her.—Five times five years, spent in dalliance with this seducing creature, passed away like a moment.”—“What!” exclaimed, at length, the reflecting sage, “my wisdom, my austerities, my firm resolution—all destroyed at once by a woman!—Seduced to the crime in which Indra delights, am I thus, in a moment, stripped of the advantages arising from all my austerities!”

In relations such as this, the Hindus, it is supposed, intended to inculcate good, by showing how sages, even of great virtue and renown, have not been proof against female blandishments: hence warning all less safe individuals from trusting too much to their own firmness; and that, after all, the greatest security for frail mortals is in the absence of temptation. But admitting that the object was the inculcation of morality, the vehicle is of doubtful tendency. How vastly inferior to “when ye stand, take heed lest ye fall.”

There are many stories similar to this falling-off of the pious Viswamitra, detailed with great poetical beauty in the Puranas—the grand magazine of Hindu mythological legends. Any pious Brahman, sinking into such a predicament, (in an early work I had occasion to note how a great many militant Brahmins, including my old friend and commander the Mahratta general Pursaram Bhow, so sunk) may be too prone to seek consolation in the “flatteringunction” that it arose rather from the potent envy or fear of Indra, than from his own sinful weakness. To avert the consequences of such persevering austerities as Viswamitra’s
(or St. Francis's) to the "most potent king of the gods," as Indra is called, he not unfrequently despatches an Apsara on a seductive mission. Indra's dethronement, is an occasional object of these austerities. His failings render him ever watchful and suspicious.

In the Brahma Purana it is related how the rigorous ascetic Kandu, on the sacred banks of the Gomati, commonly called the Goomtee, a river of Bengal, was thus seduced by Pramnoka. Her history does not occur to me; she is probably an Apsara, or one of the celestial choristers of Indra's splendid Court. She is described as "excelling all her sisters, by her youth, her beauty, her ivory teeth, her figure, and the lovely swelling of her bosom." In her sin-exciting embassy, she was accompanied by the god of Love (Kama or Kandarpa), the Spring (Vasanta), and Zephyrus—I forget the Meru-ic\(^1\) name—to assist, as might be necessary, if her charms should prove resistible. But she "possessing all the weapons of beauty, and all the arts of delusion," required but little auxiliary aid. "Kandu's firmness vanished—he, by the miraculous power which his austerities had conferred on him, transformed himself into a youth of corresponding celestial beauty, seized the hand of the treacherous Pramnoka, and led her, nothing loath, into his hut."

One evening he was proceeding to his devotions. "Why this evening," said his fascinatrix; — "more

\(^{1}\) Meru—the Olympia of Indra.
than a hundred others which have been passed in different sacrifices?"—"How?" said the anchoret, "was it not this morning, O amiable creature! that I perceived you for the first time on the bank of the river, and received you into my hermitage? Has not Aruna ¹ for the first time witnessed your presence in this calm abode?—Why that speech?—Why this smile!"—"How can I restrain a smile," said she, "at your error? The seasons have nearly finished their circular course since the morning of that day of which you speak."—"How?—can this be true? O too seductive nymph!—Surely I have reposed but one day by your side—O woe! woe is me!" exclaimed the unhappy Brahman, from whose eyes the dimness of delusion was now wiped. "Ah, for ever lost fruit of my long penitence!—all those meritorious works!—all those virtuous actions prescribed in the sacred books, are annulled through the seductions of a woman!—Flee, flee far from me, O perfidious nymph!—thy mission is accomplished."

This adventure is beautifully translated by that eminent Orientalist, and my much-respected correspondent, W. Schlegel, and will appear in his Indishe Bibliotek, with an instructive introduction.

Among the "Apsara sisters, proud of their charms," sometimes selected for these poetical embassies, are Urvasi, Menaka, Rhemba, Misrakesi, &c., including, I think, but am not sure, ²

¹ The driver of the car of Surya, the Hindu Phabbus—the dawn.
² These are the usual designations of the enjoined penances, of the self-inflictions, of the Puranas.
Tilotamma. Their histories would prove entertaining to a certain class of readers, but not perhaps to all: and I must not, in this place, indulge any further therein. A better opportunity may, perhaps, offer.

I am not aware that in the Puranas of Rome— as the legendary books of papal saints, including much that passes under the names of the "Fathers," may be not inaptly designated—there are many relations of the fall of the anchorets of papacy. St. Anthony, St. Dunstan, St. Francis, &c., generally, perhaps always, triumph over the Indras and the Menakas, and the Devil, of "the Church."

That Church, by the way, has a St. Monica. Is she any way related to my poor Menaka, except being almost her namesake? Of this I know nothing; and have not the immediate means of learning. I have an interesting friend named after this Lady Saint: and I know little farther of her history than that she was the mother of St. Augustine. As far as regards similarity of sound, the names of the papal saint and pagan sinner are sufficiently cognate. But it would be unreasonable to imagine, on that ground alone, that there is any real relationship. I should be able, and perhaps may try, to adduce some strange transmutations of pagans into papists. Monica may be easily derived from the Sanskrit Muni, pronounced exactly alike—an important word in Hindu Hagiography; and they have, I rather think, female as well as male Munis, or holy persons. And the papas have also a holy Moni:—ca, or ka, is a Hindu, as well as a
Romish or Greek termination. There is a convent of St. Moni in the Isle of Poros; erected into a theological seminary in 1830. There is a small island in the Gulf of Engia, called Moni; and there is a river Munich, running into the Zuyder Zee. These, and Munich, and other proper names, may have reference to the honored lady.

But, as I have said, the name interests me; and I was pleased, while it floated in my mind, to hit on a poetical and affecting passage connected with it. In "Charles Lamb's Works," I find St. Monica thus touchingly spoken of in a quotation from Fuller, the Church historian:—"Drawing near her death, she sent most pious thoughts as harbingers to Heaven; and her soul saw a glimpse of happiness through the chinks of her sickness-broken body?" Vol. II. 75.

The idea is thus versified by Waller:—

"The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,  
Let in new lights through chinks which time has made."

But, seduced by the subject, I wander from the topics intended more immediately for this First Head of my Fragments. The last half dozen pages belong rather to the other Head, alluded to in page 52.

Pope Innocent III. sent to our King John a present of four rings. In their round form they symbolized eternity; in their square number, constancy. The stones, as to their colour, were of course also significant. They were the emerald, denoting faith; the sapphire, hope; the garnet, charity; and the topaz, good works.
These whims, in themselves rather poetical, and in their extended application they have been rendered highly so, were perhaps borrowed from heathens. Omitting the mention of the Urim and Thummim, those precious stones placed on the breast-plate of Heaven's high-priest, and other mystical stones of our scriptures, the Mahommedans have many fanciful notions of the virtues, connected with colour, of stones. They prefer stones to metals for rings, signets, &c.; and, as the Jews did, and most likely do, they attributed talismanic virtues, as we have seen, to stones.

The ruby is in India in the first degree of estimation. Of equal merit on the points of size, shape, and freedom from flaw, a ruby is generally of more value than a diamond. One might have expected that the emerald, from being the Prophet's colour, would be the most prized by Mahommedans—but it is not understood to be so, though much esteemed by them, as well as by Hindus. We have seen above, that among Christians it denoted faith. In India it is deemed a preservative against some varieties of ill-fortune, and an antidote to the venom of serpents. The ruby averts some diseases, and the effects of lightning. The cat's-eye is also of phylacteric virtue.

As Mahommedans adhere strictly to the Mosaic precept of not making to themselves the likeness of any thing in Heaven or earth, &c. they do not therefore engrave figures of such things on their seals; as we, under a more liberal interpretation of the text, do, so beautifully, on ours. As remarked by M. De
Blaclas, in his *Monumens Arabes*, it is usual for Mahommedans to apply their signet rings, instead of their sign-manual, to instruments or letters: these signets, he adds, bear sometimes the name, sometimes a text from the *Koran*. As we have shown in a former page, the Mahommedans are prone to seek, and may easily find, "sermons in stones."

In such strict and erroneous adherence to the Mosaic text, the Mahommedan coins rarely—never, perhaps, of the orthodox—bear the effigies of royalty. It was, and is, deemed an abomination in *Jehangir* having put his own bust, and the signs of the zodiac, on his medals. In a former work I published, for the first time with any accuracy of representation, *Jehangir's Zodiac rupees*. They have more recently been given to the public in a style of great accuracy and beauty, with a corresponding description and commentary, by my learned and kind friend Dr. Marsden, in his first-rate work *Numismata Orientalia*, Plate XL. p. 603.

The impression of seals or rings, which I suppose may be called signets, were in days of yore extensively applied in lieu of manual signature. In such days it was not usual for any but the clergy to learn to write or read. Not many years, say 400, have elapsed since reading and writing were in *England* deemed ungentelemanly acts. Those must have been glorious days for priests.

Forbidden, as they suppose, to imitate any existing thing, the Fine Arts have made no progress in Mussulman countries—architecture excepted. Hence the strange unimproved patterns on *Turkey* carpets,
Kashmir shawls, &c. From the substance and beauty of the textures and colours, we have taught ourselves to see something not unpleasing in these uncouth patterns.

The decorative parts of their architecture consist chiefly in sculptured texts; and these we see in mosques and mausolea, finely executed. The windows of such buildings are sometimes formed of such texts in perforations through solid stones: the mullions and tracery form letters and sentences. I have several specimens of this sort of writing. One is in a beautiful Koran, on a long single roll of very thin fine paper. It has now and then a chapter written very small within other large letters. These rolls are in India called puti or pootee. I have several of them. I intend, if done in time, to give a plate of a compartment of my Koran. A fac-simile of an initial invocation of بسم الله الرحمن الرحيم, with its enclosed chapter, will arrange with the size of my page.

I have also a curious shield of rhinoceros' hide, on which are a central Gorgonic toghra (see p. 20, and No. 3. of Plate II.) or flourish of the names of the holy family, and four tigers, in as many compartments: their outlines are formed partly of letters, enclosing a text. I purpose giving also a plate of this shield, the history of which is somewhat curious. As well as stones, mosques, shields—arms, great guns, muskets, swords, pistols, and pieces of furniture, are seen engraved and inlaid and ornamented with Koranic texts—the Tekbir الله أكبر Allah Akbar
—God is Great, or other phrases so often in the mouths of "the faithful."

The Mosaic text, to which they so mistakenly adhere, referred not to the mere manufacture of such forbidden things, but to the falling down and worshipping before them—not to the manipulation, but to that mental working—that proneness to idolatry, which the human mind, unaided, has so extensively and wonderfully manifested. The literal interpretation of the first part of that important commandment of the first of legislators, and its too rigid and mistaken observance, have led to results among Mahommedans, more momentous, perhaps, than from any other source. This literal interpretation and observance has barred their progress in the Fine Arts—"whence proceed all the decencies of life." This has kept them stationary as to civilization and refinement—progressing only in the ordinary, and comparatively vulgar, courses of society; and causing them to retain, generally speaking, the ferocity and sensualities of early social life and manners, unmitigated by the softening, polishing, impressions of the Fine Arts. And thus they have become an object of dislike, repulsion, and resentment on the part of their more refined neighbours; and it will end in their expulsion from Europe, with whose inhabitants they cannot assimilate.

Such comparative standing still on an important point, has retarded or prevented a corresponding movement on others. Other nations obtaining more and more knowledge, and therefore more and more power than the Mussulman people—of Europe I
now more particularly speak—that people will ere long yield to such power and influence, and will cease to be. In other regions this has been the historical result.

There was a well-known time when the sum of civilization, and refinement, and chivalric feeling, was on the side of the Mahomedans. Looking back, through say six centuries, at those times, and making comparisons on those points, generally against ourselves, we are, perhaps, apt to give our then enemies credit for more of the above generous feelings and sentiments, than they positively and historically deserve. Their ascendancy was, however, commensurate. Their declension has kept pace with the progress, on those points, of other nations, and the non-progress of their own.

Having mentioned the ruby as a very highly prized gem among Mahomedans and other eastern people, I will here note that it is rather a favorite proper name among them. It has several names, some of which I have forgot. *Lal* and *Yakut* are those only which I now recollect. The first لعل I should imagine to be also a Sanskrit word. Many Hindus bear names resembling it, as well as Mahomedans—males I think only, as noticed in another page. *Mohun Lal*, as the name of a Brahman, occurs in page 10.

The name ياقوت *Yakoot* is not so common as *Lal*, or *Lalla*, but it is heard occasionally. I have before me an impression of the ceremonial signet of a pirate chief on the Malabar coast, of that name. He
was, I believe, a *Hubshi*, that is, of *Habesh* or * Abyssinia*, and may possibly have been a freed man of some more potent pirate, or chief, or a descendant of one. He was usually called, when I lived in his neighbourhood, SIDI YAKUT. The impression of his state seal, which is only an inch and a half in diameter, may be read thus—

َيا قُرْنُفْخان نَدْوَيْيِ عَالِمٍ كِيَرٍ بَادَِّشَا غَارِي

and thus done into English—

"YAKUT KHAN," (or the Lord YAKUT, or the Lord RUBY,) "the vassal of the victorious Sovereign, ALUM GIR. 1127." A.D. 1712.

Perhaps the ancestors of YAKUT KHAN may have had his patent of nobility, which is a very modest one, from ALUMGEER, better known to us by his princely name of AURUNGZEB. The first name means "Conqueror (or seizer) of the World;" the last, "Ornament of a Throne." He was cotemporary with our rulers from CROMWELL to QUEEN ANNE; having lived to the age of ninety, and reigned nearly fifty years. He died in 1707.

It is said that he also assumed the name of MOHI UD Djin, on his obtainment of sovereignty; which is not unlikely, although he is little known by it. It means "Restorer (or reviver) of the Faith," or of religion. He affected great sanctity and piety, throughout his wicked life. "Preserve me from that teller of beads," said his noble-minded brother DARA—-with prophetic fears, for he was murdered by the order of his saintly sovereign.

Of the history of this YAKUT KHAN I know
nothing—that is, I do not immediately recollect any thing about him. It is probable I have some account of his family, &c., but it may not be worth searching for; nor, perhaps, is his seal worth being engraved. But, as pirates and piracy on the western coasts of India, from the Indus to Goa, have flourished long before the time of Alexander to our own, a history of such doings would be curious. I may, perhaps, say and show something farther thereon, in a future page. In another work I devoted a few pages to the subject; but it does not appear to have excited any attention.

A vast mass of materials is in the hands of my old and valued friend Francis Warden, Esq., late member of Government at Bombay, for a history, military, political, and statistical, of that interesting and beautiful island, and its dependencies and connexions. This would, in fact, embrace a history of all Western India; and partially of Arabia and Persia, as far as relates to the shores of their commercial gulfs. It is not easy, as I have endeavoured to impress on my kind old friend, to arrange such a mass of materials for the press, as he contemplated, amidst the disturbing forces of the comparative idleness of London, Bath, Cheltenham, &c. In the unceasing drudgery and labour, not easily appreciated, of thirty years, in the offices of Chief Secretary to Government, and Secretary to the Military Board of Bombay, Mr. Warden found time to collect, and, to a certain degree, condense and

1 "On Hindu Infanticide."
arrange this vast mass. But he will find the final extracting, polishing, and arranging for the press—one quarto, or even one octavo—an effort not easily made and continued to its issue, under the little leisure of comparative idleness. An idle man has no leisure. Mr. Pitt, with all the business of our empire, and almost of Europe, on his hands, had leisure for every thing. An allotment, and, to a certain degree, an undeviating application of our time, are essential to every achievement, beyond the daily routine of getting up and lying down, and beguilement of the intervening hours. Mr. Corbett, who composes, and writes, and prints more (and, as to style, better) than any living man, has more spare time than most men. He has often told us how and why. He confirms Lord Nelson's apothegm, that "no man can achieve very much in any walk of life, who is not an early riser."

If I were again to advise my laborious hard-worked friend, it would be to put forth, as I am now doing, a duodecimo or an octavo—as afeeler of the public pulse. Let him, for example, select a subject for one volume, and let it be the "History of the Pirates and Piracy of Western India, from the time of the Invasion of Alexander to the present:"—scarcely, indeed, to the present time; for within the last quarter of a century, the English have, I believe, extirpated such piracy, root and branch, afloat and ashore.

When my kind friend shall have thus put forth half a score of such monographs in as many years, he may then come, as I am, to a volume, or haply two, or
more, of *Fragments*—odds and ends—sweepings of his common-place book—gleanings out of his portfolio—"things of shreds and patches"—cheese-parings and candle-ends—or whatever else may best designate such a miscellaneous volume as this is, or is expected to be. He may thus in time reduce, if not exhaust, his mass of Manuscripts without any laborious effort of application;—not, indeed, beyond the recreative daily occupation of two or three hours, if uninterruptedly given—rendering the burden of the other hours less unbearable than total idleness must ever find them. Nor would he then run the risk of the mortification of finding himself half ruined by the expense of at once putting forth three or four quartos, and half killed by the labour of producing them—and possibly of the apathetic public indifference to their merits. For such has, more or less, been the fate, I suspect, of several writers on the non-exciting subject of our Eastern Colonial empire.

Two other much-regretted friends of mine similarly made ample and valuable collections, while apparently fully occupied in the great labour of their public and important offices in *India*. And they were deterred from risking the press, in view to which their collections were made, by some such considerations, of certainty of much labour and expense, and an almost equal certainty of a cool reception. When I name my two lamented friends, *Sir Charles Malet*, and *Brig. Gen. Alexander Walker*,¹ all who knew them will know that the

¹ Of this my old and much-esteemed friend, I drew up a little memoir, for the "Annual Obituary," 1831. The com-
collections of such men must be valuable. Both did me the unmerited honor of asking my assistance in selecting, arranging, &c., from their masses of Manuscripts—press-ward. But, also hard worked in India, I too had made a collection—vastly less valuable than theirs; and I had inflicted some volumes—in substance I may say many volumes—on the public; and have always indulged in the contemplation of more; and could not undertake the task to which I was flatteringly invited.

The two collections last mentioned may, it is to be feared, be lost to the public. Of the first I still entertain hopes. My able friend, its possessor, was so flattering as to signify to me, some years before he left India, that in the event of his labours terminating there, he should bequeath his collection to me, to arrange and publish at my discretion. Thank Heaven, this proof of his kind intention has been spared me. And I hope that his prolonged life may afford him opportunity to work for himself; that the publication of his curious and valuable materials may long yield occupation and fame to him; and—in corresponding tendency with all the actions of his life—benefit to his country and mankind.

Communications to that respectable work are usually anonymous—and such I assuredly intended mine to have been. But to my surprise, and, at first, rather to my mortification, my name was, through I suppose some mistake or other, prefixed to the article. The thing is of very little moment. I care little indeed who know what I write—never, I humbly trust, intending harm or pain to any one.
I may still name a fourth friend, who made ample collections of the same description, but who did not, alas! live to return to his native land. This was that most excellent public servant—that unwearied labourer in the public vineyard—that kind friend—that good man, Jonathan Duncan, the common superior of us all, Governor of Bombay—of whom I have, in an earlier page, made respectful mention. He died in that high office. I had fondly hoped that my earlier return to England, whither he also was about to return, might have been useful to him, a stranger here from his boyhood: that I might, by little useful attentions to his early sojourn here, have shown him how to avoid many things which, though separately trifling, amount to importance in the aggregate, and are apt to operate with combined annoyance on one new to the ways of England. It would have been highly gratifying to me thus to have triflingly evinced my sense of his great kindnesses to me. But it was otherwise ordained.

In this case, also, an invitation was given to me, to look over, with a view to some arrangement of, and selection for the press from his voluminous mass of Manuscripts, by our common highly respected friend, Mr. Duncan's executor. But I was reluctantly compelled to decline it. My rural occupations and propensities are among the causes which would prevent my giving up the necessary portion of time, in addition to what I am besides obliged to give to sedentary pursuits.

To return for one moment to Yakut Khan. I conclude from his name of Sidi or Seedy, that he
was black, or dark, thickish lipped, with crisped hair. Persons of that description are common in Western India; and are usually termed Sidi as a prenomen. It is not a term at all carrying an air of reproach: unless, indeed, the individual were several removes from African blood; for no pure native of India has such personal distinctions. He would then, perhaps, desire to lose the name with the features.

Many Sidis are among our native soldiery; and although good soldiers, I do not recollect any rising to the rank of commissioned officers. They are all Mahommedans. In a future article I may resume this subject, under a more appropriate Head than this—Fragments First—On "Seals, Stones, &c." to which let us now return.

Marco Polo speaks of fine rubies as being found in Persia; but it is Ceylon that he praises for being “for its size better circumstanced than any other island in the world.” Among other desirable things, “it produces more beautiful and valuable rubies than are found in any other part; likewise sapphires, topazes, amethysts, garnets, and many other precious and costly stones. The king is reported to possess the grandest ruby that ever was seen”—I omit the dimensions given by this very entertaining traveller, rendered also most instructive by his very able and accomplished editor—“brilliant beyond description, and without a flaw. It has the appearance of a glowing fire, and is on the whole so valuable that no estimation can be made of its worth in money.” The grand Khan,
KUBLAI, sent ambassadors, offering the value of a city for this ruby; but the King of Ceylon “would not sell it for all the treasure of the universe—nor would he on any terms suffer to go out of his domains such a jewel, handed down to him by his predecessors on the throne.” Marsden’s Marco Polo, p. 622. Cordiner enumerates as the production of Ceylon, the ruby, emerald, topaz, amethyst, sapphire, cat’s-eye or opal, cinnamon stone or garnet, sardonyx, agate, and some others. Ibid.

Before the acquisition of Ceylon by the English, the ancient opinion of its unequalled value was common in India. The extreme jealousy which the Dutch manifested in the exclusion of all foreigners or interlopers, equalled only by their perseverance in the conquest of this celebrated island—the scene of half the fables of the East—tended to corroborate the impression above quoted, of its being unequalled in its circumstances. Our long and entire possession of Ceylon has dispelled this illusion. The Company’s servants in India cannot, it is true, cast off the opinion that it is sadly misruled—mortified, perhaps, by their disappointed expectations as to ruling over it. They cannot understand how an island, which used to be deemed by the best judges so extremely rich and productive, cannot, under our sway, either pay or feed itself—but which, instead of enriching, is a drain on our treasury.

All who visit this interesting land of fable, are tempted to purchase some of its valuable productions in the gem line: but much care is necessary. All sorts of beautiful stones are imported thither from
England. On a very short visit—if being within sight and reach of it may be so called—I purchased, as curiosities in their kind, specimens of all the lithic products of Ceylon, knowing at the time that they were so manufactured and imported.

The turquoise does not seem a product of Ceylon. In Persia it is a much-prized stone—as contributory, it is said, to the success of the wearer, by averting the effects of the evil eye and boding looks. It is found in several places in Persia. Those from the mines of Khorasan are said to be most esteemed. It is found also in Kerman, and in Tibet. It is called, in Persian, ferozeh. I do not think turquoise a Persian word. It is not, I believe, much esteemed in England; and would not, probably, sell here for its cost in Persia. Its opacity and lack-lustre render it inferior in beauty to the emerald. The colour of both has, no doubt, some share in raising their value in the estimation of Mahommedans: it is the colour of the Prophet—and none but his descendants, and those of the faithful who have made the pilgrimage to Mecca, wear turbans or clothes of the sacred colour. I possess rather a fine turquoise ring, somewhat curiously engraved.

I am here reminded of an adventure touching an emerald ring—which, as it develops some traits of character, I beg permission to relate.¹

Just before I finally quitted India with my family, an emerald ring was sent up to my wife with a request that it might be purchased. She wanted no

¹ It is copied substantially from a letter to a literary friend.
such thing, and sent it back. But the owner was very pressing; desired admittance "to the presence;" and, before it could be granted or refused, made his appearance, and dwelt eloquently and perseveringly on the beauty and value of the stone, and on the very small sum with which he, under his peculiar circumstances, would be satisfied—"even if it were only one hundred rupees"—about twelve guineas. It happened that Major Price was at that time in the house, preparing also to quit India. Communication was held with him—he having, as before mentioned, had much experience in such things as a prize-agent at Seringapatam. He thought it a remarkably fine stone. Still, as it was not wanted, rather with the view of getting rid of the man’s importunity than to purchase, an offer of two mohurs (thirty rupees) was made, with an apology—the fact, that it was not wanted. An affected reluctance at accepting such a very inadequate sum, but still a not very tardy acceptance, led to an uncomfortable suspicion that all was not right: but, as the vender was evidently a warrior, a slight half hint, or hope, was all that could be ventured on so delicate a point. His open, bold answer spoke volumes—or as much as need be said on such a subject. "I am a Mahratta!" said the man of sword, and shield, and ring: pretty much as to say, "I am of the Rob Roy school,"—in practice upholding

— that simple plan—
That he should take who has the power,
And they should keep who can.
In short, two mohurs having been offered, the offer had been accepted, and a bargain was a bargain. The Mahratta departed with his money; and my wife—not altogether approving the mode of sale and purchase—possessed the splendid ring.

We brought it to England; and, having some business with Messrs. Green and Ward, the eminent silversmiths, then of Ludgate Hill, now of Pall Mall East, we showed the ring. It was prodigiously admired; their lapidary was summoned; and, after due deliberation, it was determined to have it cut and set in a peculiar and suitable fashion. "Such an emerald!"—such a size, and so free from flaw, was rarely seen."

A few months elapsed: we returned to London, and sought our splendid ring, in its new aspects. On taking the stone from its setting, it had turned out a piece of glass with green wax and soil under it, and not worth one farthing! to the great surprise of the skilled lapidary and the worthy jewellers—and to our, at least equal, mortification; aggravated, perhaps, by looking back at the awkward feeling of having received the goods, not knowing, but half suspectable, that they might not have been altogether honestly acquired.

A Mahratta soldier and a jewel are always a suspicious union. In this case, peradventure,

"As naked and asleep an Indian lay,
A bold Mahratta stole the gem away."

But whether naked or draped, asleep or awake, would, perhaps, be pretty much the same, with our
intrusive friend of the caste, country, and school, above indicated. We may not strictly quote the remainder of the hemistich. This will do better, though with less point, but more truth, than Pope's (on the famous Pitt diamond)—

"He brought it to the dame—not with much wit
She bought the emerald—and the dame was bit."

Now, had we been content with the ring as purchased from the bold ignorant plunderer,¹ we might still be in the enjoyment of the luxury, such as it is, of possessing a splendid emerald. Thus you see "where ignorance was bliss, what folly to be wise!"

Being on the subject of stones, seals, &c., I will here introduce an account of a seal found a few years ago, digging near my residence in Suffolk. I conceive it to have some reference to Hinduism, though unconsciously on the part of the designer. It is the original seal of the great Lazar-house of Burton, in Leicestershire, and has not been before engraved. I had it lithographed for another volume, which may

¹ Moralists must not be too austere in their view of the purchase of this ring, under the acknowledged circumstances of suspectability. Living long among Mahrattas may not have tended to sublimate one’s morale. I had, besides broken periods, been three whole years among them—two in camp, devastating and plundering, to an extent not easily appreciable, an enemy’s country. One year at court—a time of intrigue—treachery—revolutionary ups and downs beyond all precedent, even at that theatre of such political exacerbations—Poona. Surrounded on both services by two or three hundred thousand armed, bold, bad men, I know not which was the worst school.
never see the light, and I therefore take advantage of this. I will describe it more particularly presently. Meanwhile I have a word to say on the Lazar-house itself.

In the reign of King Stephen—say about 1150—two great establishments were founded on our island. One at Great Ilford in Essex, of which I know nothing; the other at Burton, still called Burton Lazars, or Burton St. Lazars, near Melton Mowbray, in Leicestershire. The latter was built by general contribution through all England. It was dedicated to the Virgin and St. Lazarus; and consisted at first of a master, and eight sound, and several poor leprous brethren. They professed the order of St. Augustine. The establishment became so rich and extended, that all the Lazar-houses of England were in some measure subject to its master; as he himself was to the master of the Lepers of St. John of Jerusalem. (Malta?)

Possessing this seal, I felt some interest in its subject; and made a pilgrimage to Burton to seek the site of its once splendid establishment—and (to compare small things with great, as St. Helena did the true Cross in Palestine) soon found it. Traces of its foundations, ponds, &c. extend over many acres; but not two stones remain superterraneously one over the other. The foundations may be traced as extended, I think, as those of St. Edmund's at Bury. If examined, masonic and other curiosities might haply be still turned up. But the sojourners in the neighbourhood of Burton do not dig for and turn up antiquities; but turn out and dig for foxes.
Here is still near the church a pretty welling fount—the origin, probably, of all the magnificent erections and institutions of the Lazar-house; as those wonderful springs at Buth, and Holywell in Flintshire, are and were of all that respectively surrounded and surround them.

Such was the spread of the loathsome disease in England, for which I have supposed the pretty spring at Burton was considered a Bethesda, that similar receptacles for lepers multiplied in great numbers; scarcely a town of any note being without one, or more. It was, of course, among the poor that this disease was most malignant and prevalent. Their improved condition, as to food, raiment, lodging, and medical treatment, has happily rendered it no longer formidable, and indeed scarcely known in these realms.

Away with the inconsiderate assertion that the condition of the English poor is not ameliorated. England was indeed in a wretched state in those times, if in fact they ever existed, of which the amiable Goldsmith idly sung—

"When every rood of ground maintain'd its man;"

and would be so again, were such subdivision effected—if poor Goldsmith's

"—time—ere England's woes began"

could be restored. He knew little of the causes or cures of pauperism.

Of Burton Lazar house, much may, no doubt, be found in Nichols's history of Leicestershire—which
I have not had an opportunity of examining. I could not help, when wandering among the fosse-like traceries of its foundations and moats, wishing the meadow among mine; and (that I might not unduly covet my neighbour's goods) that the careless owner, whoever he be, had a better.

The central subject of Plate IV. represents the seal. The stone, though well drawn, has been badly worked; and having been effaced for another subject, I can give no better impressions. It is of the exact size of the original, and indeed an exact representation. We see either St. Augustine or St. Lazarus, in his mitre and crozier, standing in a handsome niche, surrounded by these words—if written at length:

_Sigillum fraternitatis Sancti Lazari Jerusalem in Anglia._

This is all that I have to say here on the subject of this curious seal; in which, as I have hinted, I discover something Hinduish. It is in the mystical Ionic oval, or doubled cone, and in the position of the saints' (or bishops'?) fingers. These are, especially the Ionî, very mysterious. On the latter, volumes have been written; almost a volume, I fear, by me. But I shall here dilate but little farther thereon. No. 3, the lower subject of Plate IV., was intended as another exemplification of these mysterious figures—taken from a source as little suspected by the designer to be Siva-ic, as was St. Lazarus his seal. The Ionî and the cone are among the most profound _mythi_ in the whole circle.
of Hindu profundities. Of these, perhaps, more hereafter.

It is well known to sojourners in India, that a certain class—or caste, as we call it—of Hindus are snake charmers, or catchers. They are called Sampoori—and perhaps by other names—derived from their "dreadful trade," as it may seem to be. But they "bear a charmed life," as they tell you, by virtue of the "snake stone:" this being taken out of the head of the reptile, he is no longer venomous. It is the beautiful species that the Portuguese, and we after them, call cobra capel, which exclusively, I believe, "wears the precious jewel in its crown." It is usual for the samporee, when exhibiting his tamed snakes to griffins—as newly-imported writers and cadets are called, and who, by their air, gape, &c. are at once known to the shrewd impostor—to suffer himself to be bitten by the seemingly enraged reptile, till he bleed. He then, in haste, terror, and contortion, seeks a "snake stone," which he is never without, and sticks it on the wound, to which it adheres. In a minute or two the venom is extracted, the bitten recovers, and the stone falls off, or is removed. If put into a glass of water, it sinks, and emits small bubbles every half-score seconds. This is the usual test of its genuineness: and it is odd if no one will give a rupee, or half a rupee, for such a curiosity. I have bought several when I could ill afford it. They are usually of a dark hue; but not always of one colour—flat, like a tamarind stone, and about the size—and nearly round. These
are the *genuine* ones: and I declare that I am by no means certain at this day—although I have called the *sampuri* an impostor—that they are not genuine; that is, not actually taken out of the reptile's head. Be that as it may—I have been sufficiently often imposed on by my friends the *sampuri*, to warrant my application of the term. I will add a word or two of particulars.

After having purchased, perhaps, half a dozen *genuine* snake-stones of the above description, duly tested, one of those gentry brought me one nearly transparent. This I bought; and another, and another, till I acquired a score or two, of different sorts and sizes—and I began to suspect that I was not one of the wisest men in the world. I still retain the box of stones—and have not altogether relinquished the suspicion.

Those beautiful creatures, the *cobra capella*, sometimes lodge in or about your house, or out-houses. On being seen, or suspected—your shrewd servant may suspect, on being fee'd by the *sampori*—you send for the artist, who, on promise that you will not kill the snake, proceeds to catch him. This he effects by piping on a calabash all about your premises—especially about your diminished poultry-yard, diminished possibly by the curryings of your said servant. When you may not be very intently observing, a sudden shout, spring, and fall by the *sampori*, announce the caption of your intrusive neighbour. He is produced—the exulting captor holding him at arm's length by the nape of the neck,
the eyes of both sparkling and startling; the reptile writhing and wriggling itself round the man's arm, neck, &c., till the collected family are frightened half out of their wits.

The victor now squats down, and, with an iron stile, forces open the jaws of the snake; and, before your face, compels him to disgorge the bloody "precious jewel." If bitten, he applies it, as before described; and reluctantly accepts half a rupee for it, if more cannot be obtained.

The reader may, or may not, guess that this is all a farce. There was no snake. The servant ate the fowls; got a quarter of a rupee from a friendly samporee, who brought a snake in his sash; and at a favorable unobserved moment loosed it, and, at another favorable observed moment, caught it. Amid the writhings of the snake, and its suitable accompaniments, a little manual dexterity is sufficient to elude your vision; and the stone is, or seems to be, cleverly extracted.

But sometimes there is a snake really domiciled with you. I lived at Byculla, two miles from the fort of Bombay. The foundation of my nice little house—("say a small house, Ma'am, if you please")—was raised a foot or two with masonry; and, from between two large stones in the front, we often saw and watched the protrusion of a snake's head and shoulders. We could never find him wholly out, so as to give any chance of chase and capture; nor could I catch him with a noosed string. I did not choose, from certain feelings or prejudices, to have
him shot, and resolved to send for a *sampuri* to catch him.¹

My old and esteemed friend, General **Benjamin Forbes**, then a captain in the 75th Highlanders, was my very near neighbour: and I invited him to come and see the *tamasha*, or amusement, of catching my snake; at whose head and shoulders he had more than once wished to direct his gun.

¹ I may, perhaps, be permitted to recollect, and relate an anecdote connected with a snake, of a day long past. When I was an idle boy I caught a very young one—not longer than my pen, and kept it some time in a bottle—feeding it on flies and crumbs of bread. It thrived; and I removed him into a larger bottle, as more suited to his size. I was accustomed to take him out occasionally—and seeing what the *sumporis* did, I amused my snake and myself, and sometimes a neighbour, by whistling or fluting to the *dancing* of my pet; as the erect, graceful, stately attitude and motion of this species of snake is usually called. I am, all along, speaking of the *cobra capella*, or hooded snake. I know of no other species apparently moved by music. I had deemed it expedient, pretty early, to extract or break his fangs with forceps—and my companion waxed till he could of himself get out of a gallon bottle. He was then placed in a suitable jar; but as he grew, he would occasionally get out—and a calling neighbour might perhaps find him on the sofa, with, or without, me. I fancied the creature knew me—of a cold morning, I have found him in my bed—and I became attached to him. My servant—I then had but one—a Mussulman—also liked him. He was, however, unpopular with my neighbours; and I found that I got laughed at, or worse, for such apparent affection of singularity; and I resolved to part with my messmate, who had grown to an inconvenient size—perhaps a yard long, or nearly. At length I carried him to a rocky, sunny place, two or three miles off; and for ever quitted my singular companion.
The sampori came—and, after due piping, seduced the snake from his hiding-place, caught him, and extracted the stone, in the way already described, before our faces.

A clever Parsee servant had reminded us that we had lately lost many fowls, adding that he should not wonder if there was another samp, somewhere near the fowl-house. Thither we went; and, after the usual ceremonials, sure enough another was caught. I smelt a rat; and, causing the exulting catcher to bring his writhing captive into the viranda, watched narrowly the lithotomic process. At the proper moment, I, to the great astonishment of my friend Forbes and the other spectators, seized the snakeless hand of the operator; and there found, to his dismay, perdue in his well-closed palm, the intended-to-be extracted stone.

The fellow made a full and good-humoured confession of the trick, as touching the second snake and the concealed stone; but stoutly maintained that he fairly caught the first; and that, although the semi-transparent, amber-like stones were altogether fictitious, the opaque concretion was sometimes, though not often, found in the reptile's head; and that it really had some of the virtues ascribed to it. He good-humouredly blamed me for exposing him—hinting that credulity was the easy parent of craft; and somewhat slyly said something Hudibrastically equivalent to the assertion that

—— the pleasure is as great
In being cheated, as to cheat.
After all, I repeat my confession that I, unphilosophically, retain a portion of my early belief, that some individuals of the serpent tribe elaborate a concretion in their palate: nor can I entirely shake off the belief that it has some anti-poisonous virtue. I am, clearly, no chymist. If any such have a desire to analyse snake-stones—(I never read of its having been done)—several of mine shall be at his disposal. The semi-transparent ones are, confessedly, of a composition called in India, and I believe in England, sandarach, or false amber.

Under this head, I find this note from Walpole's "Turkey," p. 285.: "At Cyprus we were shown, as precious stones, compositions fabricated by artful Jews, said to have been taken out of the head of the Κούφι. They are worn as amulets, to protect the wearers from the bite of venomous animals."

Wonderful relations of tricks exhibited with deadly venomous serpents at Cairo, by a charmed tribe, are given by Bruce. By wonderful, I do not mean mendacious. That enterprising traveller may have been deceived; but I do not think, nor did I ever, that he intentionally deceived others.

Having no intention of writing diffusely on Stones, but to throw together a few fragments that I find scattered among my memoranda, I am, I hope, drawing to a close on that subject. As among other races, the Hindus are found to have a mystic reverence for lithic forms. Their subterranean cavern temples—colossal\(^1\) statues—towering obelisks—stone

\(^1\) The largest in the world perhaps, of a single stone, is
idols—and other revered things, as well as their love of gems, mark them as sharing extensively, with the rest of mankind, in a veneration for stone formations.

But it is under the designation of Salagrama that such a form is most mysteriously and awfully contemplated. Only that there is nothing too ridiculous for legend-mongers to invent and display, we might reasonably marvel at the seeming nonsense in which we find this pebble enveloped.

Volumes have been written on its mysteriousness and virtues. Several ceremonies are uncompletable without one. In death, it is as essential an ingredient in the viaticum, to at least one sect of Vaishnava—perhaps to many sects—as is the oleosanto of Papists. The departing Hindu holds it in his hand—an easier, and less disturbing, and less unpleasant process than the greasings of the dying Papist.

The salagram is used in other ceremonies, as well as in those funereal. In honor of Rama Chandra, I know not how, it is accompanied by an offering of tulsi leaves, on the 9th of the month Chaitra, called Sri Rama navami, or the birth-day of the holy Rama. The nymph Tulasi, or Tulsi, as many Hindu females are prettily named after her, was metamorphosed by Krishna into this lovely plant depicted in Plate 73 of the Hindu Pantheon. It is upwards of seventy feet high. I suspect that plate is not from a good drawing. I have another, a more distant view, of this Colossus, who is at home called Gomut Raya. I have not seen a third. He stands on a hill a few miles inland from Mangalore on the Malabar coast; at, or near, the town of Einuru, or Yennoor.
—the holy ocymum—as related in a style perfectly Ovidian in one of the Puranas, among the exploits of the pastoral deity, enamoured of that virtuous nymph. Asiatic Researches, Vol. iii. 277. Vol. iv. 280.

It does not occur to me that I ever saw a salagram while in India. My deceased friend, General Charles Stuart, of the Bengal army, had two in England. He took them back, I understand, to India. One has, not long since, been presented to the Royal Asiatic Society, by a lady, with a description; from which, as abridged in a periodical, we learn that these stones are found in a lake 180 miles in circumference, called Vishnu-chatrum. Its position does not appear. A fable is given, as to the origin of the salagram, in the usual Puranic style. Vishnu—or rather, as I suspect, Krishna—being foiled in his unlawful views on a virtuous woman, changed her husband into a salagram, and her into the Toolsee or tulsi plant, in recompense of their sufferings; and commanded that both should thereafter be offered on his altars.

If the Royal Asiatic Society should publish any account of this stone, it may be hoped and expected that a scientific description and analysis will be given of a pebble, which has somehow or other attracted the veneration of a numerous people, to a degree not perhaps predictable of any other. Several salagrams are in the Museum of the Royal Asiatic Society.

A slight notice is taken of the salagrama in the Hin. Pan. p. 309. They were supposed to be found
only in Nepal, and in only one of its rivers, the Gandaki—flowing, according to the Vaishnavas, from the foot of Vishnu; and, according to the Saivas, from the head of Siva. In physical geography both sectarian legends are correct. It is now believed that the pebbles are found in other places; and that, like Ganga, Gandaki is a generic name; which, though pre-eminently applied, means rather a, than the, river. Being usually black, the salagrama are, like the tulsi, sacred to Vishnu or Krishna. They are mostly of a round form, and variously perforated, apparently by worms; or, as is fabled, by Vishnu in that shape. Some have internal spiral ammonitic curves; variations in which mark the legendary character of the worming deity. One perforation in four such curves—the curves, perhaps, encircling the orifice, for these descriptions are not very perspicacious—resembling, in imagination’s creative eye, a cow’s foot and flowers, contains the benign characteristic forms of Lakshmi-Narayana. A timid Hindu may venture not only to invoke, but to touch or even to possess, a salagram of this innocuous formation. But bordering on a violet colour, with other certain indications, they denote a vindictive avatara, or descent, of Vishnu, such as Narasingha, when no man of ordinary nerve dare keep one. The fortunate possessor preserves his gem in a clean cloth. It is frequently perfumed and bathed; the water, thereby acquiring sin-expelling potency, is prized and drank. Those which I have seen are less than a common billiard-ball—solid, without holes; resembling a
common hard smooth pebble—black, as if soaked in oil. The stone is said not to effervesce with acids, and to elicit a spark when struck on steel.

I have recently noticed a colossal statue in Cannara, as probably the largest, of a single stone, in the world. Since that notice was penned, I have read of another, a rival. It is described in Colonel Welsh's Reminiscences—a work which I have not yet had the good fortune to meet with. In the extract which I have seen from that work, it appears to be at Nungydeo, and is described as a finely formed image, about seventy feet high, carved out of one solid stone, representing a young man with wreaths of laurel winding from his ankles to his shoulders; every leaf of which is so exquisitely laboured, as to bear the closest examination. Two vultures were perched upon its head. The upper part was seven times the height of a man, who stood upon the upper part of a building adjacent; the legs and thighs of the statue being beneath him. "That it was cut out of the solid rock cannot," the Colonel

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1 My drawing of the brother of this Colossus shows rather loti; or the common paun, or beetel leaf.

2 A similar opinion was given by the Duke of Wellington, who examined the first noticed statue. My plate in the Hin. Pan. is from a drawing in his Grace's collection. The hill or mountain itself forms a suitable base—having, on this supposition, once sent a pinnacle up-ward, of seventy feet at least, now chiseled into a statue: the whole being a monolith, in this, as in its twin brother, Gomut Raya, of the Hin. Pan. On farther consideration, however, I suspect it to be no case of twins, or of rivalry, or duality—but that Col. W. and I have written on the same identical subject. I never
says, "be doubted; for no power on earth could have moved so massive a column to place it there, on the top of a steep and slippery mountain—so steep, indeed, that we could not even see the statue till we had ascended close to it. The legs and thighs are in proportion, and attached to a large mass of the rock. I never in my life beheld so great a curiosity, every feature being most admirably finished. The nose is inclining to aquiline, the under-lip very prominent and pouting, showing the profile to great advantage. Every part from top to toe is smooth and highly polished. I could hardly conceive how the hand of man, particularly of a race by no means either intelligent or educated, could accomplish such a labour. No person on the spot seemed to know or care, when, or how, or by whom, it was made. The Brahmans called it Gomet rauz or Gomet rez. At a distance it appeared like a stone pillar."

The high pitch to which Hindu artists formerly attained in the line of sculpture has not yet been fully shown to Europe. It may be doubted if the sculptors of Greece have much surpassed them in that branch of the Fine Arts.

Not foreseeing the length to which other Heads of these Fragments may extend, it appears advisable to close this Head; and to proceed, albeit abruptly, to another.

saw the gigantic structure. My wife, with a large wondering and admiring party, made a pilgrimage to it.
FRAGMENTS—SECOND.

PAGANISM—PAPACY—HINDUISM—NUNS—
CORONATION—&c. &c.

Man, after all, is the same animal everywhere—the Esquimaux or the Englishman, the Levite or the Brahman—altered by the contingencies of geographical position and education. His grand generic characteristics are proneness to accumulativeeness and idleness. This may seem contradictory; but the dread of want is the source of all exertion. Those who possess, will work by proxy. This is applicable to mental workings and to manipulation. The priest is ready to think for the wealthy, and to let the poor work for him:—and who is not, more or less, as well as the priest?

If the following, so called, Christian fables were slightly altered, or merely a few Hindu names and words substituted, they might be unsuspectedly given as a translation from a Purana. It may, indeed, be reasonably doubted if, in fact, they be not thence derived. I am about to quote from "Gilly's Piemont," a literal translation of the 12th edition of a little book published by the Pope's authority.
It is entitled "Breve Descrizione della sagra Bazilica di S. Maria degli Angioli." The book in question is professed to be written "for the instruction of the devout, and especially of pilgrims visiting the holy Porziuncola." Here follow two of these preposterous tales:

"It was in the year 1221, and in the month of October, that the holy father St. Francis was praying one night very fervently for sinners in his own habitation, distant about forty paces from the Porziuncola, and behold an angel came to him and told him that Christ and the Virgin Mary were waiting for him in the chapel. Francis obeyed the invitation, and went and prostrated himself upon the earth, and adored the Majesty of the Most High. And Christ said to him, 'Francis, in recompense for the zeal thou hast displayed for the salvation of souls, I permit thee to ask whatever thou shalt desire for the benefit of sinners, and for the glory of my name.' And Francis, being prompted by the Virgin, humbly asked that to all those who should enter that church, pardon and indulgence for all their sins should be freely granted, upon condition of confessing them to the priest. And Jesus granted his request; but commanded him to go to Perugia, to his Vicar the Pope, and to demand the indulgence in his name."

A tale exactly similar to this—as to the outline of the machinery—priestly prayers, holy apparition, proffered boon, solicited indulgence, purifying pilgrimage and penitence (or at any rate presents)—is related of hundreds of Hindu temples. It is in India
the stalest of inventions—and one is apt to wonder at its repetition; until the reflection arises that it is found to take, and to work well.

Tale the second— from the said "Short Description."

"In the month of January, 1223, two years after the grant of the indulgence, St. Francis was in his little cell near the Porziuncola, meditating upon the passion of his blessed Redeemer, and lacerating his own body with stripes, when suddenly he heard a knock at the door, and a voice exclaiming—'Where is the necessity of so much mortification? You are a young man, and there is time enough before you to prepare for death.' He knew directly that it was Satan, with one of his evil suggestions; and, in order to prevail against him, he threw himself naked into a place full of thorns, which was near at hand, and rolled himself among them until every part of his body was pierced and covered with blood. Oh! wonderful prodigy!—All of a sudden the prickly bushes were turned into roses, red and white, without any thorns; the place was illuminated with a brilliant light; the saint was arrayed in white apparel; and a multitude of angels appeared, who invited him to accompany them to the chapel, where Christ was again waiting for him with his most Holy Mother. Having plucked twelve red roses and twelve white" (there is nothing like being particular in these relations) "Francis, surrounded by the angels, who spread their wings over him, proceeded by a path, which was covered with the most precious stuffs, to the sacred Porziuncola, where he saw, for
the second time, Jesus, sitting on one side of the altar, and the Virgin Mary on the other,” &c. &c. But this may suffice for the present.

How many hundreds of similar fables might be collected from papal and from pagan legends! I have many, Papal and Hindu, and a few shall be selected for the edification of the curious, and given in this volume.

But I must pause here to note that the above extracts, and some pages of the preceding Head, were not intended for this volume of Fragments; but for another, which was intended to have been published first. The title-page (which, in all volumes, although read first, is printed last) is written, and runs thus:

**ORIENTAL FRAGMENTS.**

**PAGAN AND PAPAL ROME:**

**CONNECTING THOSE**

**ANCIENT AND MODERN**

**PAGAN RITES, CEREMONIES, AND LEGENDS,**

**WITH THE FABLES OF**

**HINDU MYTHOLOGY;**

**AND SHOWING THE UNCHANGEABLENESS OF POPERY, AND MONKERY AND PRIESTCRAFT—**

**APPLICABLE TO THE PRESENT TIMES.**

By ———, &c.
It is probable that the said intended volume may never see the light; but I may, as I am here doing, give some extracts from the pretty ample mass of materials that I have collected for it—although, as before hinted, they may be confessedly out of place—and possibly not the most apt that might have been selected.

Let it be kept in mind, however, that this is a volume of *Fragments*;—and that although the First Head (which was not intended for the First) is entitled of "Eastern Correspondence—Seals—Stones—" I have had the presence of mind to add "&c. &c." There is great virtue, and to me, with certain miscellaneous rambling propensities, great accommodation, in your "&c. &c." It may, thus, be not easy to say what is "out of place."

The Rev. Mr. Gilly observes in the work here quoted, "that the Roman Catholics condemn as a fable the amours of Jupiter and Danae, yet make no scruple of marrying Christ to St. Catharine of Sienna, and would deem the disbelief of it a sin; though the mere relation of such a fiction has something in it almost blasphemous to Protestant ears. Nay, the Romanist affects to have evidence to this fact: he appeals to documents; he shows you, in the public library at Sienna, the Correspondence between the sainted Catharine and her affianced Redeemer, and her mother-in-law the Virgin Mary. I have seen in the Cathedral of Milan a large picture representing our Saviour exchanging his own blood with that of St. Catharine of Sienna."
“Numa’s assignations with the nymph Egeria are considered to be the inventions of an artful politician; but who of the Catholic priesthood will permit his flock to doubt that the holy Francis, of Assisi, had real interviews with the Virgin Mary?”

These papal legends are really too bad. Those of the modern Greek church are, however, equally so. One may compare them with the legendary abominations of Krishna; which the Brahmans, indeed, ashamed of their grossness, have the decency to gloss over, by saying that, notwithstanding appearances and particulars which may not be here mentioned, all such indecencies were mere maya or delusion. Maya would be a very convenient and decorous veil or cloak to throw over sundry papal legends and fables, impiously detailed, of holy and divine characters. We do, indeed, see a semblance or imitation of it; for if you seem shocked, as the Rev. Mr. Gilly was, at the blasphemous tendencies of such legends, the veil, or cloak of spirituality is adroitly thrown over the carnality of the fables. Like the Brahmans with Krishnaiana, the priests interpose their maya, between their unchristian legends and offended feelings.

“Soon after Christianity had achieved its triumph over the polytheism of its predecessors, the principle which had assisted, began to corrupt it. Patron Saints assumed the offices of Household Gods. St. George took the place of Mars. St. Elmo consoled the mariner for the loss of Castor and Pollux. The Virgin Mother and Cecilia succeeded
to Venus and the Muses. The fascinations of sex and loveliness were again joined to that of celestial dignity; and the homage of chivalry was blended with that of religion." Ed. Rev. No. 84. p. 319.

The indecent orgies in the sacrificial rites—it may be here added—of Ceres and Bacchus, became sanctified under a holier dispensation; and from the disgrace have, by a happy transmutation, proved the consolation of a great, and increasing, portion of the best of mankind.

"The goddess Eostre or Eastre, the Ashtarte of the Phœnicians, is retained by us in our Easter; her annual festival having been superseded by that sacred day."—Southey's Book of the Church, Vol. I. p. 20.

The goddess just named has been supposed one of the Hindu divinities. This passage occurs in the Hindu Pantheon, p. 155. "One of the names of Parvati is Ashtara-devi: hence the Ashtaroth of the Hebrews, and the Ashtara, of the Persians. It is a name derived from spikes or points. See a legend accounting for it in Asiatic Researches, III. 390. 8vo. ed."

On the above passage I find, in my interleaved copy of the Hin. Pan. this note—"The Paphian goddess was anciently symbolized by a cone." Clarke, II. 334. Dr. C. is describing some antiquities in the Holy Land, II. 578. and one might imagine he was in India. "A subterraneous conical temple, having no resemblance to

1 Meaning a star, or astral.
any Christian temple;" its situation,—"on the pinnacle of a mountain, one probably of the three peaks or points of the Mount of Olives; the highest of which was set apart for the worship of Ashto-
reth or Astaroth," &c. &c. all denoting that the Hindu superstitions connected with the rites of the mountain goddess Parvati have been prevalent there.

"Ceres and Venus, Juno and Diana, &c. &c. are in fact the same goddess—Nature under different forms—the pantamorpha Mater. Urania, Isis, Astarte, &c. are the same. Dea Jana, or Diva Jana, is made into Diana by the Romans, and Juno is the same word. See Clarke's Travels, II. 317. 319. Gale's Court of the Gentiles, b. ii. c. 2. p. 119. Oxon. 1699. Clarke's Greek Marbles. Kirch. Ægyptiaca." So far the Note.

Eostre, Eastre, Iostre, Easter, Astra, a star, &c. may be easily connected—all heavenly, or astral.

In another article, not perhaps in this Volume, I shall endeavour to show the extreme and extensive prevalence of the Ionic sound and allusion; as found primarily in Io, extended to Ioni (or Yoni) Juno, Ionia, &c. among Hindus and other pagans; as well as among western Heathens and Christians of ancient and modern times. Meanwhile return we to the subject whence we have thus digressed.

"Under the Romans a temple of Diana stood where St. Paul's now stands." Southey's Book of the Church, II. 33.

"—— The Pantheon, which Agrippa had dedicated to Jupiter and all the gods, was, by the Pope, converted into a church, inscribed to the
Blessed Virgin and all the Saints. Nor was it in idolatry, polytheism, and creature-worship alone, that the resemblance was apparent between the religion of pagan and papal Rome. The priests of the Roman Church had gradually fallen into many of the rites and ceremonies of their heathen predecessors; profiting, in some cases, by what was useful; in others not improperly conforming to what was innocent: but, in too many points, culpably imitating pernicious and abominable usages.”—Book of the Ch. I. 308.

Several writers have noticed the striking resemblance, amounting, indeed, to identity, between the superstitions of the polytheists of ancient times, and those of the more modern Romans. There can be no doubt but many of the fables and legends of the poetical mythologies of Greece and Rome have been vamped and altered—not for the better—by papists. Not confined, indeed, to fables and legends; for the Capitoline statue of Jupiter, with scarcely a vamp, serves admirably—and here good taste at least was shown—for an image of St. Peter in the Vatican. Substituting a key for the fulmen might haply have sufficed—and the valiant apostle was substituted for Jupiter tonans. Nor was any lack of potentiality experienced; for the transformed pagan was found, in adroit hands, to work as clever miracles as any saint in the papal kalendar—and almost equal to those, unless under very favoured predicaments, such as Loretta or Radua—even to those of Our Lady herself.

“Nor is it easy to detect the cheat,
Where knaves are plausible and dupes discreet.”
The transformation—if properly so called—of Jupiter into Peter may be taken as a specimen of the accommodating nature of papacy; for the Jew Peter was merely, they say, foreshadowed by his thundering namesake, before they became identically, and substantially, and petrifically one.

It is the natural process of bigotry and fanaticism—and almost of humanity in the abstract—to triumph over prostrate foes. Such proneness is to be corrected only by the prevalence of real religious feelings combined with those of civilization and refinement. A religious sect successfully opposing another, is too apt, all the world over, to mark its success by unseemly persecution and triumph. One of the most obvious manifestations of such baseness is in the desecration of religious edifices, and the change in the rituals of worship: or their destruction, and re-erection into the temples of the triumphant party. Of this many instances could be easily given. St. Sophia at Constantinople has witnessed the crescent and the cross alternately victorious. The crescent has long kept its proud place there since its last ascendency. In our day it has tottered more than once. At Rome the Pantheon has witnessed a like change of scenery—albeit the actors were somewhat different. Its namesake of Paris has, again in our own times, shown its mutations of destiny; arising, in this instance, from political, rather than religious predominancy. Not, however, but religious feeling, in the alternations of its hot and cold fits, has had, perhaps, a sufficient share in the disorders of that vivacious capital.
In India, the Mahommedan conquerors have been too often known as the despoilers of Hindu temples; and in some instances they have been converted into what we call mosques, and they musjid. And the Portuguese have, in that country, evinced a similar spirit. But I have never heard of Hindus having done so; or of their having evinced any of this persecuting intolerant feeling of triumph. We read of religious wars among them of old; originating, perhaps, like most of such wars, in matters of very little moment to the welfare of society; and alike in another point—the venom and malignity with which they have been prosecuted. But it is not, I believe, on record, that when victorious over foes of another religion, the Hindus have ever converted churches or mosques into what we call pagodas: or even that they have destroyed churches or mosques. It seems a tenet of practice, as well as of doctrine, with Hindus, that all religions teach men to be good; and that it is not a very momentous point by what name the religion of a sincere votary may be designated. It may be, that in the frequent change incident to the various wars which have ravaged India for centuries, Hindus may have found the temple of a subdued or an ejected party suited to their own purpose; and, from feelings of economy rather than of triumph, may have devoted it to a holy purpose; and if so, without any exulting desecration. The English cannot be accused of

1 A word altogether, I believe, unknown in any language of India:—nor is mosque much more intelligible to any native of that region.
any such zealous intolerance:—finding a church of
the departed Jesuits in the village of Parel, at Bom-
bay, five miles from the fort, useless as such, a like
feeling of economy led to its conversion; not, in-
deed, into a Protestant church, but into a country
retreat for the Governor: and the genii of festivity
have long presided where the followers of Igra-
tius scourged themselves, and deluded others. So
it may have been a sense of economy, combined
with good taste, that allowed the statue of Jupi-
ter to be a suitable representation of the more
modern St. Peter, as recently noticed. To that
feeling, moreover, it may be that the lovers of art
are beholden for the preservation of many precious
remains in papal and other countries. Why should
not an ancient sculpture of Marsyas, poetically
flayed by Apollo, as fitly represent the execrable
martyrdom of St. Bartholomew, as that fine,
though terrible, performance in the Cathedral at
Milan, if as well executed?

We find no fault with such transfer of idolatry,
when such are its results. How different from the
detestable proceedings in Cromwell’s time in
England—when every vestige of art was deemed
superstitious, and destroyed or defaced by his, or
his parliament’s, brutal iconoclasts. In my county
of Suffolk, you can scarcely pass or enter a church
without cause to lament the “Visitation” of our
imps of fanaticism, William Dowsing and Co.
Let us rob oblivion of her due, and gibbet his name.
It is true, he may have been but a wretched tool in
the dirty hands of more detestable miscreants than
himself. But he appears to have done his work con amore. And I cannot, as far as my country, my county, my neighbourhood—nay, my own parish church, are concerned, but hold his name and memory in deep and deserved abhorrence.

In my own parish of Great Beatings he decapitated and defaced three saints, whose effigies in stone ornamented the summit of our church porch. And the curiously, though grotesquely, carved woodwork of our seats are, in a hundred instances, sadly mutilated. I know not if the statues of our headless and handless saints were ever high specimens of art; but the physiognomy of our pretty porch is much injured by the injuries inflicted on theirs.

I shall here digress from this digression—from the immediate consideration of the conversion of images and temples, or of their destruction or defacement—to another topic, marking a coincidence between pagan and papal Rome; connecting occasionally Hindu paganism more especially with the intermediate and existing rites and superstitions.

Some of the Hindu legends, like the fables of the Greek dramas, exhibit the grave irony of the gods triumphing over the impotent presumption of man—the sport and terrible victim of insulted divinity—exemplifying the adage, so often quoted,

"Quem Deus vult perdere, prius dementat." 1

1 If it were asked in what classic author this trite line occurs, the answer must probably be, that, although few lines of the Latin writers are oftener quoted than this, it does not occur in any one. A similar idea may be variously found—but not the line, nor any line very like it.
This is applicable chiefly to the superior of the Hindu divinities, as in the *Narasingavatara* of *Vishnu*. *Indra*, and others of the secondary causes of the operations of nature (he is the regent or ruler of firmamental, or atmospheric, phenomena) are sometimes in great danger, and even overpowered, by the machinations of men—generally in the line of pious austerities. In this we may discern the cunning of priestcraft. Abstinence, privation, austerity, torture, suicide—these are enjoined in artful graduation, corresponding with the plenitude, or lack, of faith or nerve of the neophyte. Hindu legends are replete with fables of the dominion, wealth, women, and all the reward that can await the ambition, cupidity, or sensuality of craving man, from the continuous completion of such austerities resulting from such vows. Papal lying legends tread closely on their heel, as to gullibility; indecency and atrocity abound in both.

The *avatar* of *Vishnu*, just named, is one among the many Hindu legends where their gods appear as "wretches who palter in a double sense—keeping the word of promise to the ear." In this descent—that is the meaning of *avatar*—*Vishnu* came to punish one who, by his pious austerities, had extorted this boon from *Siva*—that he should be invulnerable against man or beast, by night or day, within doors or without. Elated to unbearable impiety and tyranny by such exemption, his destruction became necessary; and *Vishnu* burst from a pillar so critically situated on the very threshold as to evade the promise, at the moment "of night's black
arch the key-stone,“ neither in the form of man—nara—nor of lion—singha—but a compound of both:—and in that shape, at that instant, and on that spot, “broke the word of promise to the hope;” and tore the impious tyrant into gobbets.

St. Francis has appeared before us in his self-infliction of austerity and torture, as superior to the tempter. The Flagellantes of Italy, in the thirteenth century, had improved so monstrously on his tenets as to hold that flagellation was of equal virtue with baptism and the other sacraments; that the forgiveness of all sins was to be obtained by it from God without the merits of Jesus Christ; that the old law of Christ was soon to be abolished; and that a new law enjoining the baptism of blood by whipping was to be substituted. Not only were the sacraments rejected by this sect, but all forms of external worship—save flagellation. On this and faith, they placed their only hope of salvation. The Pope, Clement VII., of course poured out his anathemas against these poor creatures, who were duly burnt by the holy Inquisition—especially in Germany—for the faith and practice spread wonderfully. And why?—it was bitterly persecuted.

It once, and but once, in all my wanderings and sojourn in papal regions or among papists, happened to me to witness the operations of the Flagellantes. That was at Tellicherry, on the coast of Malabar, in 1786. I passed the night of the vigil of Easter at a Portuguese church. The ceremonies of singing, weeping, preaching, taking down the crucifix with the crucified; processions of the body, large as life
and hideous as death, on a bier; circumambulations of the church—(called by Hindús pradakshna, a favorite mode of propitiation)—and flogging, occupied, I think, the whole night. I assisted in several of these ceremonies—assuredly not in all. I did not preach or whip myself; but I certainly prayed very fervently, and cried bitterly.

How sympathetic is sorrow! Go I into the pit alone, I choked occasionally at Siddons or O’Neil—and do so still at the domestic miseries of that highly-gifted creature Fanny Kemble—but do not always weep. But in a box, with melting females, it is the same, or nearly, as in my younger days, with the heart-broken Christians at Tellicherry.

The priest groaned and moaned as the table-cloth—for it was a poor church—was slowly lifted; and exhibited, in its pierced, broken, bleeding, ghastly, state, the crucified body, to the sobbing, brisket-beating auditory and spectators. Not one of us knew a word of the preaching; it was a sort of ritual tremulously and almost unintelligibly chaunted or blubbered out by the roaring priest:—but most of us, perhaps all, “dropped tears as fast as the Arabian trees their medicinal gum”—and faster too; for I can assure my readers and Othello, that the said gum drops very slowly, if it drop at all.

But, as to the Flagellantes—five of them were posted outside the lofty western door. As the cross was high, and elevated, at the altar at the east end of the church, the whippers could see, over the heads of the sitting, kneeling, or standing congregation, the awful object of their penitential adoration.
At particular portions, perhaps pre-arranged, of the ceremonies, they smote themselves more vehemently and frequently. At the first partial uplifting of the curtain—which was after the fashion of a theatre—and view of the pierced feet—whip—whip—somewhat slowly, for some time; for the priest, paid, no doubt, by the day or night, was in no haste; but dwelt movingly on every pause of the curtain, which made four or five halts in its tedious ascent. The last, with a jerk, exhibited the upper limb of the cross, and the drooping head and stretched arms and pierced hands of The Crucified. And now, whip—whip—whip—as fast as St. Francis himself, or St. Dominic Loricatus, coryphe of flagellants, could himself have flagellated.

There were five—and, if my memory serves me right, standing one behind the other—sized, as an adjutant would say. In front was a youth, judging by his stature and round soft muscles. But I have omitted, in the place perhaps most fitting, to describe how these deluded, deluding creatures, were habited. They wore long white shirts, or surplices, over all; reaching from the crown of the head to the ground, having long loose sleeves tied at the wrist. These were wholly closed in front, and covered the head and ears, and face; and were open behind, just from the nape, or what we in Suffolk call the muddle, of the neck, to the small, or doke, of the back. So that no part of the face, head, or person, could be seen, save a certain number of square inches of the shoulders and back—a parallelogram say of about one foot by two—according to
the spread of shoulder—at the hinder open part of the shirt or surplice.

Each penitent had a ball of wax, hardened perhaps by borax, of about the size of a small billiard-ball, suspended by a string, from, I believe, the neck. In this were stuck many spiculae of broken bottle-glass, like inverted pins stuck thickly on a round pin-cushion. Holding the string at a particular length, and somewhat skilfully and gently swinging the ball alternately over each shoulder, the flagellum, with its sharp points of glass, lit precisely on the naked portion of the shoulder of the floggee. Blood followed each swung stroke—every early stroke; for the whole of the flesh and the neighbouring white shirt, and at length to the very skirts thereof, were soon, or eventually, smeared with blood.

This was not altogether effected by the glassified ball of wax. Each flagellant had a piece of the more solid portion, or centre, of the leaf of the plantain-tree—about a foot, or a foot and a half long, three or four inches broad, and an inch thick—shaped something like the paddle of canoe-rovers, or the tail of the beaver—(do I make myself understood?) as it occurred and appeared to me at the time.

After whirling the skin-piercing ball half a minute perhaps—a little more or less, as may have been agreeable—the ball was gently dropped (suspending) and the beaver-tail-shaped flat piece of plantain-leaf was shifted from the left-hand to the right; and with it the parties smote themselves over the right shoulder, on their bloody backs. This was
the measure or motion, more or less quick, which I meant to describe, when I said—whip—whip—and whip—whip—whip. But those expressive and tickling words are of doubtful application here, for to the best of my recollection (I was no minute-maker in those days or nights) there were no whips: only the blood-drawing balls, and the plantain leaves, by way of disciplines. These were soon begrimed in blood; and I suspect and suspected that, however frightful and horrible the exhibition of this ensanguined scenery, the pain inflicted by the sharp ball, and that perhaps not much, was mollified or neutralized by the flat leaf. But this was not the only use of the leaf. The effect was greatly heightened by it. The blood was scattered and spirted all over the white dress, and even so as to fly off in small gouttes.

I have said there were five. The shortest in front—him I took for a lad of fifteen or sixteen, perhaps. The tallest in the rear—a five-foot-ten, strapping, thick-skinned knave, whose blood did not show, worth speaking of, till his tough, and perhaps half unconscious hide, had received sundry servings of the whirled, and, as I thought, reluctantly impelled, ball of wax. Another, a central one, I really took for a woman! I could not see her face, nor any part of her front, nor her hair; but from the smoothness and seeming softness and plumpness of the only portion of the visible skin—viz. the trapezius muscle and its immediate neighbours—and the ready spirting of the blood from even a delicate application of the ball, and a certain sympathetic
thrill with the throb of the said tender muscles, that I think I should not have shared with a he skin—from all these combined indications, I really thought it was a female! The rear-rank man might have whipped till he actually and acutely smarted through his bull-hide, before I should have felt so.

No vocal sound, not even a sigh, was to be heard from the Five. It did not seem decorous to go very near—not within five or six feet of these disciplinarians. But from a certain impertinent curiosity touching the supposed female, I approached rather nearer than I ought to have done, and was civilly admonished by my co-bystanders to fall back; and I did so—but not till a few attenuated drops of her scattered blood had flown off, from the smart fall of the leaf, on my sleeved' waistcoat. It was, to be sure, a piece of tom-foolery in me, but I did not send my ruby-spotted vest to the wash for several weeks. I was only fifteen years old—of a temperament excitable, and highly excited by the passages of the night which I have described. I accordingly luxuriated in the feeling that I possessed the blood of a young and beauteous and pious female; for so, in those days—and, of all places, in Tellicherry, then the Paphos of the world—did I, in my mind and heart’s eye, pruriently depict her.

The discipline, with intervals, and with more or

1 The then usual outer garment of the English—and a very comfortable dress in lat. 11°; especially in the equatorial atmosphere of a crowded, excited church, well censured through the night.
less severity and frequency, of stroke—the leaf and
the ball alternately—lasted hours—so it appeared to
me. The crucified body was taken down, with great
ceremony and vociferation, and carried by priests
several times in slow procession round and round the
church, with singing and swinging of censers. In
these processions the flagellants walked immediately
next the bier, followed by some priests, and us, the
mere observers of the ceremonies—that is, however,
by the whole congregation.

This is a fair and full account—perhaps too full
and long—of the first and only time that it has fallen
in my way to witness a scene, not creditable to the
religion that it is meant—and perhaps entirely con-
trived—to honour and uphold. It is a triumph of
priestcraft, alike in kind, though differing in degree,
with the self-inflictions, even the Sati (Suttee) or
concremation of the Hindus.

Whatever my feelings may have been at the time,
such scenes are not in accordance with my present
notions of right or wrong. The female, as I deemed
her—or the young central penitent—may have been
really penitential; and let us humbly hope that,
albeit in error touching the channel, the intent may
be accepted. And the lad in front may also have
been a victim of what I cannot but deem a demora-
lizing church. But the three rear-rankers I hugely
suspect were actors in a melo-drame—not badly got
up, considering their means. Piacular whipping by
proxy is recognized by the Romish church. There
may have been twenty or thirty priests, and perhaps
five or six hundred of the congregation. The church
would not hold us all.
No—I am sometimes disposed to be an Epicurean: speaking rather philosophically than theologically; remembering that if pleasure be the greatest good, virtue is the greatest pleasure. *Carpe diem* — with qualifications. Bounteous Nature has filled for us a cup of sweets, and spread at our feet a carpet of roses. Why should we then go out of our way to quaff bitters and to tread on thorns? Away with such frigid Calvinistic, Franciscan philosophy—and such ungrateful return. Let us rationally enjoy the good which a kind Providence has set before us, and be thankful. Let us humbly aim at being really pious; and nowise disposed to quarrel about doxologies, or to engage in the logomachy of sectaries.

It would tend much to mitigate the severity with which we judge others, if we would duly consider the advantages which we enjoy, rather than their supposed demerits. When disposed to condemn millions in the mass for cowardly submission to mental or personal slavery, let us rather be thankful that our ancestors broke their religious and political bonds, at the expense even of their lives; or we might now be, as are the population of Rome and her dependencies. Are subjects vindictive and sanguinary:—do not such deeds mostly result from injustice in their rulers? Wherever justice is ill administered, the injured will redress their wrongs sooner or later. Ill administration of justice includes its withholdance, as well as the infliction of absolute injustice — leading, as has been often predicted, to the oppressed breaking their chains on the heads of their oppressors. Are rulers arbitrary and oppressive:—it results often from not knowing better—not knowing
how to reform their measures and manners; too often taught, as rulers are, that innovation is dangerous—that reform is revolution. Much allowance should be made in princes for the disadvantages of their birth—the debasing prejudices of their education—for the almost inevitable consequences of being ever surrounded by parasites and panders; and rarely, if ever, hearing the monitory voice of friendship or of truth—never feeling the wholesome rubbings of equality.

What, generally speaking, are princes and nobles taught? It is well if such tuition lead only to the blowing of the idle bubbles of folly and fashion. The fact is well known, that the mace of the Royal Society, laid before the President at all meetings, and perhaps used on other occasions, is the identical “bauble” which Cromwell so emphatically bade “take away,” in his dignified dissolution of the Rump parliament. Some years ago an English prince, heir-presumptive of the throne, among other Lions of London, was shown the library, rooms, &c. of the Royal Society, and among them the “bauble.” His tutor attended his Royal Highness. The youth was informed, not by the tutor, of the said identity of the mace—but his Royal Highness had never heard of Cromwell! nor, it may be assumed, of Charles I.

Consideration should also, differing with their condition, be had to the less unhappy, but still disadvantageous and dangerous predicament of nobility and aristocracy. If nearly equal in point of morals and
intellect to their inferiors, as they are apt to deem the grade next below them, they should be hailed, indeed, as superior. If not greatly inferior in those and other important points of moral and social bearing, such exalted persons should be allowed much merit. But merely as "the tenth transmitter of a foolish face," I confess that, with a due allowance, as above indicated, I do not, for such personages, habitually cherish any high degree of veneration. I am disposed to say, with the lamented Sir William Jones, "I know none above me but the wise and virtuous, — none beneath me but the ignorant and base."

Reform in the Church, or in any of the institutions of a state, parliamentary, legal, &c. too long withheld or withstood, must in the end, sooner or later, lead to resistance, rebellion, revolution. Subjects then go much greater lengths than they contemplated at the outset. It has been well said that the results of rebellion cannot be thought of too often by sovereigns, nor too seldom by subjects. Nations are naturally passive; and rarely rise in rebellion, until, degraded by the long sufferance of a bad government, they know not what a good one is. We must respect knowledge; but we may not hate or despise ignorance. The ignorant think as their forefathers thought—worship as they worshipped, taught and led by the same class of tutors. Let us, I repeat, be thankful that we know and do, or ought to know and do, better; and that mummeries and mortifications, and such fooleries as we have just read of, so enjoined by knaves on pain of damnation,
and so believed by fools in fear of it, are no longer deemed piacular among us.

What I am now engaged in is, I confess, an undisguised attack on popery. But do I hate papists? No.—I pity and pray for them. Am I a foe to priests? No.—To priestcraft I am, believing it to have arisen from, and to exist in, motives of cupidity and unwarrantable ambition; to be continued, if at all, only in imposture and hypocrisy; and to end inevitably in evil to mankind; I am and must be, until otherwise persuaded (and I am I hope very yielding to reason and conviction), however feeble, its uncompromising foe.

If I have spoken disrespectfully of priests generally, I have done ill—and I ask pardon. But it is to good priests that I make the amende. What share the papal priests may claim of my retraction, let them determine.

There are few, however low, who have it not in their power, somehow or other, to inflict injury and pain on others. Happily the will is more rare. The power to give pain, the ability to inflict injury, is a worthless, wretched, possession. Every ruffian, every venomous reptile, possess it; and they are hateful in the ratio of their desire to exercise it. Do I wantonly endeavour to inflict pain? No. May the wormwood cling to his cup, who wantonly mingles a bitter potion for another. It is but just that the sum of pain gratuitously or unnecessarily inflicted on sentient beings, rational or irrational, by every indi-

1 The intended volume as mentioned in page 94.
individual in this life, should be re-inflicted on him in the life to come.

But as to papacy, it may be gathered from what precedes, that I think very ill of it. And so thinking, I express myself, peradventure, with seeming bitterness. The disease admits not, I fear, of tender palliatives. For half a century I have, or believe I have, half over the globe—

"Mark'd its darkening, desolating, sway;  
Bad man its instrument—weak man its prey;"

and—Heaven forgive me if I err—I cannot but regard it as the wide-spreading, moral Upas tree of Christianity and human happiness.

Let me then repeat that it is not of priests generally that I speak disparagingly—but only of bad priests; including those of every religion and sect. And farther, let me deprecate the too intimate intermixture on this occasion of priestcraft, or even of priests, and religion. It is too common a trick, all the world over, to hear a cry equivalent to "the Church in danger," when it is only the fame of a shrine, or of a saint; the merit of a pilgrimage, the renown of a relic, or a tithe-pig.

I am, I trust, as loyal and fair a subject in Church and State, as need be. But I detest king-craft and priest-craft, as ardently as any democrat, or atheist, if there be one in Europe. He is the best friend of King and Church who, thinking he sees error in either, respectfully and modestly points it out.

Atheist!—Is there, can there be, an atheist?—I never met with more than one who professed to have
no religious feeling of any sort. He was a democrat in politics, and an Epicurean, in its worst bearing, in philosophy. But I much question if his feelings, as to atheism, were or could be consistent. I suspected him—it was in 1794—of "pride, vain-glory, and hypocrisy"—or of self-delusion. He was a man of talent; and his mind had ranged over an extended circle of science. If very ill, I have little doubt but he would experience certain "compunctionous visitings," and fears that denote the presence of religion, beyond the mere "dread of falling into nought." And that is sufficiently dreadful.

I have lately—1830, since the above was written—heard of another who, though not ostentatiously, avows atheism. I have met him at table; but did not hear any sentiments of that tendency. He seemed intelligent and agreeable—had travelled much.

We read sometimes the relation of a traveller in barbarous countries, that "the natives had no notions or feelings whatever of religion"—and presently perhaps "that they have abominable ceremonies of funerals, worship the devil," &c. What is this, or either of these, but religion? Even the fear of lonely midnight, or of passing a gibbet or a murderer's grave, is religion—as far as it goes. It has reference to something supernatural, something psychological—and that alone is religion. Certain orthodox, or ultra-orthodox, individuals are sometimes apt to think that none others can be religious or devout, who are not so exactly in the same way as themselves. A religious deist, or a devout pagan, they can form
no conception of. But surely such persons, however erroneous their faith, may and do exist.

In a passage quoted, or to be quoted, from Souther's *Book of the Church*, we read of "twenty-eight thousand Franciscan nuns in nine hundred nunneries, and one hundred and fifteen thousand friars in seven thousand convents." Twenty-eight thousand nuns!—nine hundred nunneries!—Indulging in a mental range, what strange things come across the imagination of those who have—as I have—passed some portion of their days and weeks in nunneries and convents and monasteries. Twenty-eight thousand nuns! I can easily fancy it—immured, sweet creatures—and one hundred and fifteen thousand friars—fogh!—let them pass. I, for one, have seen and heard enough of them. But with a nun, or with nuns rather, as Sterne says on another occasion, "I could commune for ever." But let us be sober; and I will, with permission, relate a passage or two in my life, mixed up with recollections of these interesting, but misguided, creatures.

In very early life my destiny (and a foul wind) drove me to South America. After a long, first, sickening voyage, the delight of entering the fine harbour of Bahia da Todos Santos, the view of the city and shores, the near smooth approach to, and gliding along, those shores, fringed with all that is verdant and delectable to the ravished eye, and clothed with trees almost to the water's edge, loaded and glowing with that most grateful of all fruits, the orange—one of the choicest gifts of beneficent Providence to the animal Man—the delight of these in...
combination with their attendant feelings, it is humbly hoped, of thankfulness and devotion, can never be, ought never to be, forgotten; and can never perhaps be felt, in all their poetry, but once.

A short stay of only a few weeks at St. Salvador, as the fine city of Bahia is otherwise called, has left vivid recollections of long-received impressions. The beauty and richness of the churches were among the most striking objects, after the first immediate feelings of arrival—and being once more near and on land. And these feelings, I may remark, in passing, are of a description known, felt, appreciated by those only "who go down to the great deep."

The obliging, courteous, demeanour of the numerous priests, and indeed the inhabitants in general, ought to be remembered. We received daily civilities and kindnesses at the grates of the nunneries, to which we had, at seasonable hours—I think I may from recollection say,—unobstructed and uninterrupted access:—to the grates—mark—not to the nuns. The grates were double—distant the thickness of the walls of the convent—say five feet—the apertures, or windows, lofty, looking usually into corridors or cloisters:—so that one could well see the inmates through the double grates—though, as I recollect, we could not join hands. Little courtesies could be interchanged. "The interstices between the intersections" of the stout, strong, iron "net-work," are squares of four or five inches—the inner grates wider than the outer; and the kind, pretty, immured creatures could thrust across with-
in our reach, custards, and capillaire, and fruits. Our little returns of scissors, needles, ribbons, and such trifles were apparently acceptable. Scarcely a day passed without finding me at these loved grates. Having learned a little French in England, and on the voyage, from my German fellow-passengers, and a little Portuguese from a servant, I found, after a few days, no great colloquial difficulty.

After tremendous equinoctial rollings in the Bay of Biscay, in company with a fleet of upwards of 500 sail of ships, many in great distress, (none but a sailor can know the horror of such “lying-to” three weeks in such a tremendous adverse gale, in a deep ship, with over-much dead weight of anchors, guns, shot, and shells) such rolling as I have never since experienced, though I have frequently crossed the “vexed Atlantic,” and doubled the Cabo da Tormentados,—after, as I have said, such a tedious, lengthened, baffling voyage, in this deep ship over-

filled with German troops, aggravated by the apprehensions of capture and imprisonment, (for all the fleets of all the world were then, 1782, hostilely at sea)—after for many months seeing humanity only in the shape of boisterous, bearded, dirty, swearing, hideous sailors and soldiers—after all these, and more “horrors of the deep,” to be at once, as it were, thrown into such a climate, and into the society of such delicate, tender, beautiful, pure, creatures—this first awakened feeling of sympathy and kindness, after the first sad severance of parental and fraternal, and all denominations of happy family ties—it was almost all of Heaven that earth can yield,
“—Airs, vernal airs,
Breathing the smell of field and grove attune
The trembling leaves; while universal Pan,
Knit with the Graces and the Hours, in dance
Led on th’ eternal spring.”

My recollections of those “pearls in the ocean of purity,”—never, to continue the metaphor,—“to be strung on the thread of matrimony,” are, that they were beautiful. My feelings at the time, I am sure, gave that impression. They were attractive and interesting under our peculiar circumstances, in a degree not to be easily described or understood. The universality of black hair and black eyes, things to which we had been unaccustomed, was striking and touching—whether of noviciate or nun I cannot tell, but I do not think cutting off the hair, at taking the veil, is intertropically universal.

Surely my tuneful and sensitive namesake must have been at the grates of Bahia, or in some such predicament, when he thus conceived and sang of the eyes of the maidens of Iran:—

“—And see a sweet Brazilian maid,
With all the bloom, the freshen’d glow
Of her own country maidens’ looks,
When warm they rise from Bahia’s brooks—
And with an eye, whose restless ray,
Full, fleeting, dark,—ah!—he who knows
His heart is weak, of heaven should pray
To guard him from such eyes as those.”

_Lalla Rookh._

He will, I hope, pardon my having changed two words—not for the better, for who can change two
words of Moore's for the better, but—to suit my story.

But this was not the only danger—of danger, indeed, here was no great—that is, there was a grave. The courtesy of some of the priests was not altogether limited to their usual display. My attentions at convent and church—for these semi-divine minstrels sang there—were thought well of; and a kind feeling of pity, and I believe a wish to save me from the results of heresy, were noticed. Our stay at Bahia was not sufficiently lengthened for much to be effected; and I was put on my guard by my observing and listening messmates. And however frail one might have proved, opposed to such fearful odds as might in more time have been put in operation against me, backed by the approaching recurrence of the detested tossings of the Atlantic, I happily escaped from becoming a novice, and embarked unscathed, save by the black eyes aforesaid.

I ought to look back with thankfulness rather than with levity, on the above passages of my early life; for few lads ever left their family circle, offering more yielding materials for zeal or knavery to make an impression on. Ignorant, precocious, tender, credulous, half broken-hearted—these elements intermingled with others that may be gathered from what precedes, combined to render me the easy victim of misdirected zeal, or the ready devotee of kindness and sympathy. I am tempted to relate one little anecdote of my yet earlier life, to show what melancholy stuff my mind was, even then, composed of.
In my father's book-case was, of course, the Pilgrim's Progress:—not in that form so tempting to all "with cash and sense," as it now appears in, from out of the hands of my much-respected friends Southey and Barton; but in that nine-penny shape, where honest John's immense hand supports his more immense head, in his rapt imaginary dream. Passing over the strange embodying of the artist's notion of the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and Christian's Combat with Apollyon, whose cropped ears still dwell in the smiling eye of remembrance—there was one picture by which I was "perplext i' th' extreme." It was where Christian meets Evangelist, by the sea-shore, with a beetling cliff over their heads. The sea-shore had been the scene of my contemplations, or rather of my wonderment, since infancy—and it so happened, or I so fancied, that a neighbouring cliff at Bawdsey resembled the cliff represented in the picture. I had read Bunyan's book so often and so intently as to have been amused into enthusiasm—and another book, that I now deem of a dangerous tendency, until I was wound up almost into despair. This latter book had for its frontispiece a monstrous pair of expanded jaws, armed with enormous teeth, and with goggle eyes. A dragon-like forked tail convolved above. Imagination might furnish the body and entrails. Into these flame-vomiting jaws divers grinning devils with pitchforks were driving terrified sinners, or their souls. To my infinite horror, one or more of these affright-
ed sinners seemed about my own age. Beneath the print was this motto:

"Oh!—who can dwell in everlasting torments?"

In a long ague, and during the lingering weakness of recovery, this terrific picture haunted me. I began to think that I was old enough and wicked enough to be damned: and—I write now not in levity, for I much doubt if the lapse of more than half a century have yet wholly worn off the effect of that picture—I consulted a neighbour, one of our washerwomen, on the subject; and she had the good sense to comfort me with the assurance of my groundless fear. In this mood Evangelist and Christian, the sea and the cliff—and these words of the text of the Pilgrim's Progress also, came to my comfort:

"Christian—What shall I do to be saved?"

"Evangelist—Flee from the wrath to come."

And in my convalescence, I loitered and lingered under Bawdsey Cliff, in the earnest and eager hope of also meeting Evangelist!—I may at that time have been six or seven years old.

I note all this—not perhaps very wisely—for two reasons: one, as a warning to those entrusted with the care of children to keep such terrifying books out of their way; the other, to show, as I have said above, of what mystical, enthusiastic stuff my young mind was composed, when my destinies drew me to the grates of Bahia.

I was still very young—so young as not to be sus-
pected by the innocent inmates of my favorite convent, of any treachery or baseness. I took a tender leave of several—of one in particular; and the good abbess kissed me, and wept and prayed over me at my last visit. She said she was a mother, and had lost her son. I can never forget her. Heaven's peace be with her!—

Fifteen years elapsed—eventful years—fraught with all the wanderings and voyagings, and bustlings of a soldier's life—compounded of drilling, reviewing, campaigning, hunger, thirst, maims, wounds, excitement, depression, exultations, and miseries, &c. &c. —and my destinies again led me to South America. I ought before to have noted that I had served as a soldier in all the quarters of the world before I was twelve years old.

Times were changed—so was I. No longer a beardless, heedless boy, but a sobered man; still, however, as to years, in my prime—under thirty—with the cares of a family superadded, and the "coming events" and my fortunes, still, as much as ever, shadowed in futurity.

The magnificent entrance to the spacious harbour of Rio—for St. Sebastian was the city I was now approaching—was equally, if not more, striking and admired; and so were the smoothness of the waters of St. Janeiro compared with his immediate neighbour, the vast Atlantic, and the manifold beauties of the scenery and city. Another baffling voyage, under however less unfavorable aspects, had brought its mitigated sufferings; but the dread of capture and imprisonment—for it was again war-time, 1796—had
recurred augmented—and the indescribable sinkings of sea-sickness are always the same. But I was changed. Here were again the orange-groves, and priests, and nuns—almost as young and beautiful as those of Bahia; but the grate was no longer my daily resort. It is to those of Bahia—(where are they?)—that I apply the lines above quoted.—To resume:

The Roman Papists are a much more enlightened race than the Greeks. The latter may well be pitied in their mental darkness; governed, as so many millions of them have long been, by the degrading despotisms of Russia, Turkey, and Persia. It is, no doubt, equally the object of the Greek priests and rulers to keep their flocks and subjects in, if possible, more than Romish ignorance, fear, and slavish darkness—knowing that the cradle of reflexion, reasoning, and intelligence, is, if not the grave of superstition, and king-craft, and priest-craft, at least a plank in its coffin. A great many—a majority, perhaps—of the Greek priests may be themselves besotted, and almost believe what they teach. I, of course, speak not now of doctrines common to all Christians—if, indeed, any do remain unsophisticated, uncorrupted to all—but of monkery, mummery, miraculous legends and lies, too common to many. The Romish priests must, very many of them, know better. How is it possible that in Rome, the general resort of intelligence and philosophy, her popes, cardinals, bishops, priests, gentry, and others, can believe in the mendacious stuff preached and practised? May I be forgiven if I wrong them;—but must not their lives
—some of them—be "one vast hypocrisy?" Are they without sense to perceive it, or without candour to confess the truth? As was said by one of their heathen predecessors—(was it Cicero?)—of the Arauspices, or augurs, of his day—the worthy fore-runners of the popes, cardinals, &c., of this—"two cannot pass each other in the streets without thrusting their tongues into their cheeks"—in insolent derision of their poor, stupid, misguided flocks. But knavish priests work every where with the same tools, and on the same crude materials, and of course with the same results. Their work must be undone with caution. Premature attempts at enlightenment are of little use: they are—or rather, have been—more likely to result in the punishment of the incautious, hasty teacher—his incineration, haply—than in much good to the willing victims of mysterious delusion.

"They shall have mysteries—ay, precious stuff For knaves to thrive by—mysteries enough— Dark tangled doctrines, dark as fraud can weave, Which simple votaries shall in trust receive— While craftier seign belief 'till they almost believe."

And again—very pat to my purpose—

"Still they believe him!—Oh! the lover may Distrust the look which steals his soul away; The babe may cease to think that it can play With heaven's rainbow;—alchymists may doubt The shining gold their crucibles give out:— But Faith—fanatic Faith—once wedded fast To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last."

_Lalla Rookh._

1 It seems an ill requital to make, for the pleasure afforded
A mind—individual or general—thoroughly embued and besotted with papacy and monkery, may be easily kept so; and in the sad fanaticism of supposing all wrong, save self and Co.—It is easy to fiddle effectively to those bitten by a tarantula.

No people are greater fanatics or bigots than the Abyssinian Christians, as they call themselves. For fastings, processions, and manifold mummeries, none exceed the Christians of Habesh: nor are they excelled, or exceeded rather, in debanchery and profligacy by any of their own, or of any other, persuasion. Their Lent lasts fifty-six days. The fasts for the Apostles fifteen in one year, thirty in the next—(a mythos, no doubt, for which a “brave legend” is not wanted—). The feast of the Blessed Virgin—most fortunate of women! not so much for her honour in Habesh as in other quarters—her fast continues fifteen days. The fast of Quos Quom—Quos Quom! was there ever so good a word, except that fine one—hum-bug?—the fast of Quos Quom

by this delightful poem, to cavil at its very first word. But it is a doubt with me, if Lalla Rookh be a legitimate Mahomedan female name. I have known many men—I think both Mahomedan and Hindu—named Lalla; but never, I think, a woman. And very many names of females of both persuasions have officially passed under my eye. Laleh rukh—or rookh, if preferred—لاه رخ or لله رخ—Laleh rukhsar, may be translated Tulip-cheeked. If rosy, or ruby, or red-cheeked were intended, it would be from a different word—لاع (see p. 64.) pronounced broad and open. Hence the

the “liquid ruby” of the Anacreontic Hafez.
lasts thirty days. This is kept by priests only, (I warrant ye,) and those only who have fasted with priests, not exactly Quos-Quom-arians, as I have, can tell how. In all, they have one hundred and sixty-five fast-days a year. (In my better days I should have enjoyed the keeping all of them—being, what Lexiphanes would call, a palatian of piscine and ovivorous propensities, or, in plain English, fond of fish and eggs.) To spit, on the day of receiving the Eucharist, is almost damnable. And as to creeds, no people are so well provided. Their commandments are short—their observance, as elsewhere, shorter. On the whole the Habshis, Christian or Mahommedan, are a sad race.

But, after all, what is man, that he should thus seat himself in judgment, as it were, and think and speak ill of his brother worm?—The autumn, in which generous season I now scribble, furnishes, with its fruits and falling foliage, disorders for us all; and the winter's cold will convert them into acute diseases. Spring brings flowers to strew our hearse withal; and the summer yields turf and brambles, to cover and bind our graves. All these are our common lot—and all are mere food for the omnivorous worm. Why then embitter the cup, whatever it be filled with, which Providence has variously put into the hands of his creatures? Let us rather endeavour to render it palatable to the lip of our brethren, as far as may seem compatible with their benefit, immediate or remote.

Some speculations are, I believe, on foot, tending to show that Habesh, or Abyssinia, was the cradle of
the religion of the Egyptians. If so, the mythology and religion of India, and of Greece and Rome—Rome pagan and papal—may—(must? more or less)—be traceable to the same source. But, not denying the possibility of all this, one may be allowed to observe that in these bold speculative days, no theory seems too outrageous for adoption, or too improbable for hypothetic ingenuity to show up, persuasively. On this topic, or bearing something on it, I find two or three little memoranda, which I will take the liberty to give here:—and, hereafter, as I may see fit, I may descant somewhat farther hereupon.

As a counterpoise to the certainty that Moses was in Egypt—and, as it is said, in Habesh also—then, perhaps, a portion of Egypt—we may believe, if we please, that Osiris, or his brother Phædon, brought to Italy a colony of Egyptians, and domiciled them at Turin. There is nothing like being particular on such occasions: so the year is given—1530 years A. C. The fine situation of Turin, at a junction of two rivers, in view of peaked rugged mountains, mark it as a probable site for an Egyptian-hindu to fix on, for an abode or for a temple—admitting his locality and power of choice. The celebrated tablet of Isis at Turin gives a colouring—rather faint to be sure—to this fancy; though it was not actually found there, but at Mantua. And after all, its genuineness is doubted—in common with several hieroglyphic-bearing obelisks also in Italy. This fine region seems the destined abode of imposition.
The Egyptians had the notion of the mysticism of the number *four*, in common with many other people. In a papyrus of great antiquity, divers quaternions have been discovered. An altar with *four* horns is consecrated to mythic love—invocation is made to him who made the *four* elements, and blended the *four* winds—he is mentioned who agitates the winds of the *four* corners of the Red Sea.

"Indeed," saith the *Edinburgh Review*, June, 1831, "the whole mythological system of *Egypt* may be described as a vast aggregation of tetrads or quaternions. Besides the *four* elements, which are frequently mentioned by Iamblichus, we have the *four* zones or firmaments—the *four* primary cosmogonic powers; viz. primordial darkness, Ammon generator, his female emanation Ammon Neith, and Chnouphis Phre—the *four* divinities that presided over the birth of man; viz. the Demon, Fortune, Love, and Necessity—the symbolical crocodile with *four* heads, representing, probably, the gods Phre, Soon, Atmou, and Osiris. Nor was it in *Egypt* alone that the number *four* was consecrated, or peculiarly sacred. At an early period the same notion appears to have taken root in *Judea*. Philo the Jew, in his Life of Moses, dilates on the holiness of this number, while discoursing of the *tetragrammaton*, Jehovah—composed of *four* letters: and Josephus holds it in equal reverence, by reason of the *four* faces of the tabernacle. The *four* elements of matter were held by some ancient mystics as the image of the sacred number. Nor was this
doctrine confined to the Gnostics; for we find Irenaeus, one of the Christian fathers, maintaining that, as there were only four climates, four cardinal winds, and four elements, so there could be only four gospels, and neither more nor less. Nor is he the only one of the lights of the Church  who had imbibed this fanciful and ridiculous notion."

The Hindús have many mysterious quaternions; but I think more triads. The four Vedas proceeding out of the four mouths of Brahma; the four arms of Vishnu, Krishna, Rama, and others of their divinities, male and female; the four, and twice four, cardinal and demi-cardinal points or winds, and the regents, male and female, presiding over them; and the like of their divine matres or mothers, and many others that might be noted. But in this place I merely mention them with the view to the observation, that I have collected many instances of fanciful superstition connected with numbers—3, 4, 7, 8, 9—also as connected with mystical letters. I mean to put together an article on these subjects of "Mystical numbers and mystical letters," showing how widely such fancies have spread. The contemplated article will be superficial, but it is hoped amusing. It may include a number of the striking coincidences

1 Four Evangelists, or Gospel historians, rather—for surely there is only one Gospel?

2 Of the Church of Rome? It may be questioned how far he, and others of the Fathers, can be termed the Lights of the Church of Christ, or of England. At any rate, their light is too often dimmed by superstition and credulity.
in the practices of the early Christian Gnostics and the Hindu Nustikas—which last word might as well be written Gnostics—of the present day. I do not like to allude too often to the subject of so many heathen and papal practices being retained in our ritual. In others of our ceremonials I am less compunctions. In those of the coronation of our sovereigns there seems too much of this. The dove and the oil savour of la sainte-ampoule—of which something presently. They can have but little, if any, good effect even on our mere vulgar populace; and they are not now admitted to view and admire such proceedings; and surely all archbishops, &c. &c. down to mere poor philosophers, must, at the least, smile at them. In truth they are the mere lingering relics of pagan and papal priestcraft; and take no good hold now on the public mind. The sceptre and the dove may be unobjectionable; and so may now be the ✡, albeit a symbol of a less holy rite. On this occasion the king offers a wedge Δ of gold. This too is of Sivaic origin, as I shall endeavour to show in the little Essay "On Ionic and Lingaic Mysteries." Being of pure gold, and weighing a pound, no wonder that the king (or his people) has to repeat thrice this welcome wedge, this Linga Δ, to the gaping omnivorous recipients. The dirty ceremony of anointing, or what we in Suffolk call ainting, (see Suffolk Words) is, perhaps, the most objectionable. It is too ampoule-ish. Surely this

1 But whether in this volume or not, I cannot now say—not being able to foresee the extent to which other Fragments may be dilated.
cruciform application of the *oleo santo* might be dispensed with. Why should our passive sovereigns have the filthy operation of being greased, or *ainted*, inflicted on them? It is a barbarous relic of superstition, fit only for the inventors and upholders of the Heaven-descending holy phial and holy oil of King Clovis; of which, as I have recently said, more hereafter. As long as the title of "the Lord's Anointed" availed, it had its use. But many ribald poets and others, both before and after Peter Pindar's day, have rendered the term rather ridiculous than sacred; and the public feeling smiles in unison. Then the *accolade*—the hugging and kissing.—From what I gather from recent speechifying in the House of Lords—I scribble this on the day of the Coronation of their gracious Majesties William and Adelaide, whom Heaven preserve!—this vile custom is to be still observed, labially. Fogh!—it is too foreign—too much in the *whiskerandos* vein—altogether un-English. In continuation (this occurs in another page of my C. P. B.) of what I have said on the subject of the apparently idle, or worse ceremonies attendant on some parts of our august compact of Coronation, I take some hints from the newspapers of the day, which describe that of William the Fourth and his good Queen.

In the *Times* of the following day, I find nearly the same view taken of some of those usages that I had noted. After many loyal and sensible and pious observations, that influential journal offers some remarks, which I substantially quote with much pleasure and advantage:
"Never was an hereditary King so hailed and welcomed by a free and reflecting people. It must be added, however, that the sanction imposed ought to be drawn from the fountains of that peculiar faith which is received as truth by the parties binding themselves to observe it.

"Nothing could be more foolish than to perform a Te Deum, read the litany, or appoint the Bishop of London to preach before a Mahommedan congregation, on the accession of a descendant of the Prophet. So the bald Unitarian worship would little suit the prejudices of a Peloponnesian audience; or the grotesque mixture of old feudal barbarism admonish, to any very salutary purpose, the King of England and his people, being Protestants, of even the most sacred of their duties.

"Yet, with the exception of the Litany and Communion service, and the sermon—(provided the latter be an exception; that is to say, not a divine-right and king's-chaplain sermon)—what can be more thoroughly and revoltingly compounded of the worst dregs of popery and feudalism, than a prodigious number of the quackeries played off in the course of King William's coronation?

"What a fuss with palls, and ingots, and spurs, and swords,¹ and oil for anointing (greasing) their sacred

¹ Three swords, I think, are carried—and three wedges of gold (Δ linga) are offered. One sword is named Curtana—it is called the sword of mercy, and is pointless—a pretty, albeit a petty, conceit. It is sometimes, by old writers, written Curteyn, and called the "sword of King Edward
Majesties!—and whipping off and on of mantles!—
and the rest of it. Why, what has all such frippery
to do with an oath?—and what with the spirit of a
great political contract?—what with the splendour of
a public festival?

"A recognition, if you will:—there is a fine ani-
mating shout of acceptance when the sovereign is pre-
sented to his people. A crown, by all means. It is
the received and immemorial badge of the kingly
office. A procession too—there is no harm in it, but
much to put the people in good-humour, were it for
nothing but a train of graceful and lovely women,
sweeping past in the robes and ornaments which de-
note their station by certain and intelligible symbols.

"But the matters which nobody understands or
cares about—the rigmaroles above alluded to, which
we do not condemn because they are old; but, be-
cause, with reference to our religious and civil his-
tory, they are now utterly untrue, and therefore no
longer have any meaning—what is their effect, but
to give an air of "unreal mockery" to the whole
affair—to transform it into a masquerade, or puppet-
show, and to weaken any solemn ¹ and deep impres-

the Saint." It is perhaps a short sword. Giving names to
swords, guns, &c. is an extensive usage—of which something
farther hereafter.

¹ How ridiculous, even at solemn mass, at which one can-
not help being sometimes seriously, and I hope usefully, af-
fected, to see the incense-whirling urchin, at a particular
part of the ceremony, lift up the petticoats of the officiating
priest, and fumigate him—à posteriori. This is, as I have
been told, to scare away evil spirits, which might be lurk-
sion which the mind might otherwise be disposed to receive from those parts of the performance which do accord with our religious sentiments and our modern habits?

"Heaven forbid there should be any cause in the health or prospects of his present Majesty to think for many years to come of another coronation! But when a leisure hour shall arrive, it will, we know, be an acceptable service to all reflecting people to recast the entire character of the solemnity—rejecting those parts which had been fitted only to a period when the outward senses were made panders to the all-absorbing superstition within; and retaining those in which an educated and reasoning people may see some relation between the form and the substance—between the nature of the kingly contract and its accompanying incidents." *Times.*

The *ampulla*, which, on such occasions, contains the "holy oil"—the *oleo santo*—is in the form of an eagle, with the wings expanded. The head unscrews, for the convenience of putting in the oil, which is poured out through the point of the beak. The bird is hollow. The anointing spoon is curiously ornamented.

The choice rings of the coronation appear to be of rubies. Her Majesty's ruby, with sixteen rubies surrounding it, is put on by the Archbishop, whose...
benediction on that occasion savours of the feeling of other people, noticed in *Fragments First*, p. 60, as to the mystical properties inherent in that stone. "Receive this ring—the seal of a sincere faith—that you may avoid all the infection of heresy, and compel barbarous nations, and bring them to the way of truth."

The greater part of the prayers used in reference to the Queen are said to be the same which were addressed to Queen Judith in 856. She was the daughter of Charles the Bald, who married Æthelwulf, the father of Alfred, king of the West Saxons. These prayers are therefore nearly 1000 years old.

The kissing of the priests by the King, and of the King by the nobility, was not discontinued at the recent coronation; and the indelicate ceremony of oiling was inflicted also on Her Majesty's person. It is really too bad. Priests ought to be ashamed of themselves in thus pertinaciously striving to retain their ancient hold of these obsolete and disgusting observances.

In addition to what I have before hinted of the possibility of these very ancient ceremonies—not, as the *Times* sensibly remarks, therefore bad because old, but because, for the reasons given, they are revolting,—being of Eastern origin, I have a few more observations to offer:

In the ceremonial of our Coronation we read much of palls, wedges, the ampullic eagle, holy oil, ruby rings, mystical spoons, &c. &c.
First, of the *pall*.—This word has other significations in English; not all, perhaps, cognate in meaning. Coronation and funereal seem far apart. Our present sense of it is doubtless from the *pallium* of popery. Whence that is, may be difficult to show. The *pallium* was of old a most mystical thing—an essential part of a bishop, sent or given by the pope, with much ceremony and cost, both at episcopal consecration and translation. The bishop could not wear the same *pallium* at two sees, and it was buried with him.

In Sanskrit, *pal* or *pala* means protection, and is in that sense extensively used in *India*. The protection which a monarch affords his subjects—a warrior to the weak—a father to his family—a nurse to a child—a hen to her brood, and other similar relationships—is expressed by derivations from *pal* or *pala*. In Hindustani, *pala* or *pulna*, is the infinitive *to hatch*: *pala*, *hatched*. The funeral *pall* may have reference to the spiritual protection afforded to the deceased over whose remains it is spread. And such may also have been a consideration in the superstitious times in which the over-spreading of the coronation *pall*—consecrated most likely—was first thought of. A *pallium* from the pope may have been as essential a thing at a coronation as at a consecration of a bishop, in those days when kings kissed his holiness' toe, and bishops held his stirrup, as, in mock humility, he mounted an ass. In times much later, perhaps still, happy was or is the man who could or can obtain a monk's cowl to wrap his dead head in. Such cowls have also been called
palls. The hoods of our more modern dignitaries are of a like description, but I believe never now so called.

A *pal* or *pall* is again, on the western side of *India*, and perhaps in other parts and regions, a *protection* of just the same form or shape as our Coronation and funeral *palls*—either a parallelogram or a square. It is indeed a tent—with this difference—it has no projecting hips, no rotundity, no upright walls. It is, when pitched, exactly of a pyramidal or wedge shape—like the Royal Coronation offering of gold before spoken of—that is *Linggaic*, or *Sivaic*—but here accidental, probably; not mystical.

The Indian *pall* is of one long piece (made up, of course, to shape and size) of cloth, stretched to pegs, sloping close to the ground. It is a two-poled tent; with a third, ridge-pole, between and connecting the two uprights, from front to rear. The ridge-pole supports the *pall* in its whole width, its ends being pegged to the ground. The upright back is close; the upright front is open in the middle, where it overlaps; and when thrown back, which it may be wholly or partially, is the entrance. Looked at end-ways, it is of the wedge-form of a gabled roof.

I know of no other name for this common description of tent. It is sometimes conveniently spacious. In my early campaigns I lived in one for years. It is less dignified than a marquee. Mine may have been twelve feet square, or a little longer on the ridge-pole than in the frontal width. The sloping
sides coming close to the ground, render a pall less commodious than a tent. It is cheaper, and is more readily pitched, struck, packed, and carried.

I have spoken of a conveniently commodious pall. Some are larger, more smaller, much smaller, down to a single cloth two or three yards long, stretched on short bamboos, like walking-canes, under which the poor sepoy and camp-follower sadly shelter their wives and families. Exactly such things are sometimes seen in use by gypsies in England. Five minutes would, I should think, suffice for unpacking and pitching one of these humble dimensions—and as many for striking, rolling up, and packing one on a donkey.

My pall was made, as almost all tents are in western India, of white cotton cloth called kadi—in Bombay, dungari, from the name of a village on that island, where it is, or used to be, made. It was four cloths thick—the inner red, then called karoa. When green it is called horoa. When blue, which is most used for the inner cloth, or lining, it has another name; which I have forgotten.

Our magnificent Coronation pall, which appears to be also called dalmatica—(Dalmatia, the region of gypsies?_)—spread as above described over a ridge-pole, would form the body, or sides, all except the upright ends, of an Indian or gypsy pall. What do gypsies call their pulls? I expect, in my next discourse with those curious people, to find that pall is also their name.

We have seen that the episcopal pall was a part of dress: it was a sort of mantle, or robe. From
some texts in our poetry, I should guess it to have been of some length, with a train:

"— let gorgeous Tragedy,
In sceptred pall come sweeping by."—Milton, II Pen.
"He gave her gold and purple pall to wear."
Spenser, F. Q. I. vii. 16.
"Crown'd with triple wealth and clothed in scarlet pall."
Fletcher, Purp. Isl. iv. 17.

"In the old ballads, 'purple and pall' is a frequent phrase"—saith Nares; from whose admirable Glossary the last two quotations are taken.

Our word apall may originate in a fearful sense, traceable to the funereal gloomy supertunica—so to borrow a coronation term—or finaletunica of our poor remains:

"— Come, thick night, (saith Shakespeare)
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell—
That my keen knife see not the hole it make."

The three linga-shaped pyramids, or wedges, of gold, offered by the King, I shall say nothing more upon at present. Of the ampulla, I have to note, that we have taken the name and the notion from the same source as the French did in King Clovis's day.

I had a few notes on the holy vial of Clovis—but I prefer taking the following account of this curious matter from Dr. Middleton, Miscell. Works, I. 361:

"This vial is said to have been brought from heaven by a dove, for the baptismal unction of Clovis, the first Christian king of France, and dropped
into the hands of St. Remigius, then Bishop of Rheims, about the end of the fifth century; where it has ever since been preserved, for the purpose of anointing all succeeding kings. Its divine descent is said to be confirmed by this miracle—that as soon as the coronation is over, the oil in the vial begins to waste and vanish, but is constantly renewed of itself, for the service of each coronation.

"The Abbé de Vertot defends the truth of this miracle, by the authority of several witnesses, who lived at the time of Remigius, or near to it, and of many later writers also, who give testimony to the same through each succeeding age. Yet a learned professor at Utrecht, in a dissertation upon this subject, treats it as a mere forgery, or pious fraud, contrived to support the dignity of the kings and clergy of France; and ranks it in the same class with the palladium of Troy, the ancilia of old Rome, and the cross which Constantine pretended to see in the

Cujus prece rorem
Misit in ampullam coelestem rector Olympi,
Corpus ut hoc lavacro regis deberet inungi,
Deficeretque liquor, ibi corpore regis inuncto.

Nic. de Braia—de S. Remigio.

* The protector—or guardian genius:—any reference to the Sanskrit palla? The palla-dium of Troy was, like Jagnaut, of wood, three cubits long:—both fell from heaven. A statue of Ceres in Sicily—an image of Diana at Rome—many images of the Virgin Mary there and elsewhere, were sent from heaven—as well as the ancile, or heavenly shield of Numa. The last-named article descended from the clouds, in great pomp, according to Ovid, in the presence of all the people of Rome. Hindu legends match all these.
heavens—and the rest of those political fictions which we meet with in the histories of all ages."

The Abbé de Vertot begins his Dissertation in the following manner:

"There has scarce ever been a more sensible and illustrious mark of the visible protection of God over the monarchy of France, then the celebrated miracle of the sacred vial. On the day of great Clovis's baptism, heaven declared itself in favour of that prince and his successors, in a particular manner; and, by way of preference to all the other sovereigns of Christendom. So that we may justly apply to every one of our kings, on the day of their coronation, the words of the royal prophet—God, even thy God, has anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows."—Diss. au sujet de la S. Ampoule.

This is pretty well—even for papal priests—and ranks with the "brave legend" of the santa casa of Loretto, and another sainte ampoule at Naples, containing the blood of S. Januarius—and with the invention of the holy cross, and its mendacious accompaniments of the tottering St. Helena.

What a convenient spiritual guide is that primitive authority Tertullian, who lays down this rule—"that the true disciples of Christ have nothing more to do with curiosity or inquiry; but when once they are become believers, their sole business is to believe on:"—cum credimus, nihil desideramus ultra credere.

From the time of Clovis to that of Louis XVI., comprising a period of about 1300 years, this
wretched farce was played off by the priests at Rheims; where this heaven-descended-dove-brought-never-failing vial of oil was, and is, kept. NAPOLEON, we may presume, did not condescend to be anointed—but I am not sure of it. He did not go to Rheims to be crowned, as all his predecessors did; and probably the Rheimish priests would not trust their precious charge to be brought to Paris. We may, however, marvel, if the fact were so, that the Pope would consent to perform his part in the drama of coronation without so important an ingredient as the sainte ampoule and its self-wasting, self-renewing contents.

If Louis XVIII. was anointed with it—he went to Rheims, and most likely was—he must have laughed at it; for he had—although almost half a papist, especially in the infirmities of his latter days—something of a philosophic mind; not content on all occasions to follow TERTULLIAN’s dogma, merely to “believe on.” But his bigoted niece of Angouleme would probably, in the mastery of her comparatively vigorous mind, have insisted on so important a measure being renewed on the person of her uncle, le Désiré.

CHARLES X. would of course undergo the greasing gladly. The Duchesse d’Angouleme had then other females to back her, as well as poor CHARLES’S fears and feelings. But will LOUIS PHILIPPE submit to it? No—it would cost him his crown.

Holy oils andunctions are in very extensive usage. We will pass over the papal sacrament of unction in extremis, the viaticum; observing, merely, that where
faith can be extended to the efficacy of such applications, they must be of exceeding comfort to the departing on the dreary journey. It has been said that of all religions papacy is the most comfortable to die in.

Hindus also have their holy oils. Images and statues, and Lingas, are with them honoured by such over-pourings. Connected with the subject of the Linga, or phallic emblem, it may be here noted that the oil of the papal saint Cosmo, or Cosmus, or, as the Italians call him, Cosimo, is, or until lately was, in great demand, in honour of that saint of strange repute, at Isernia, in Calabria, not far from Naples. Isernia is one of the most ancient cities of that classical region. I will here pause to observe that an inquirer, without outrageously upholding a favourite hypothesis, might at every step in Calabria find Lingaic débris. Calabria itself—what is it? Cala or Kala, or Siva: and bria is little else than "a hill" or "hilly," denoting a mountainous region. Kala and his consort Parvati are the mountain deities of the Hindus—and he is the most Bacchic of their deities: "Bacchus amat colles" occurs in a classical poet; but I cannot refer to him. And as to Isernia—Isa is a name of Siva, and nya is a Sanskrit termination. It is, indeed, primarily, the consonant Ṣ̐ nga.

The abominations of the festival in honour of the saints Cosmo and Damian, so late as 1780, attracted the notice of those in authority—and orders were issued that the great toe of the saint should no longer be exhibited. At the great altar in the catte-
drale at Isernia a canon attends to give the holy
unction with the oil of S. Cosmo; which is prepared
or consecrated by the same receipt as that of the
Roman ritual; with the addition only of the prayer
of the holy martyrs SS. Cosmus and Damianus.

The canon anoints the part affected, and receives
the offering, which is usually in money, but fre-
quently a waxen vow in the form of that part. These
ex-voti, even those offered by females, must not be
mentioned here. The reverend canonico rewards the
devotee while anointing by this benediction—"per
intercessionem beati Cosmi, liberet te ab omni
malo. Amen."

The concourse at this fusta, which lasts three days,
is described to be (have been in 1780) "prodigiously
numerous," and the advantages to the canonici very
great. They of course divide the spoils; which in
vows of wax of the parts affected, as well as in
money and other things, are very considerable.

No less than 1400 carafines or flasks of S.
Cosmo's oil are said to have been expended at the
last described grand fête at Isernia, in 1780—either
at the altar inunctions, or charitably distributed for
the purpose of anointing the diseased parts of per-
sons having faith and piety—and pence.

This last lingering relic of a very ancient rite—
Phallic, Lingotic, or Ionian, as one may be dif-
f erently disposed to view it—in Christendom, has
been thought to deserve a separate and somewhat
lengthy dissertation. I have compiled such a one,
from sources not now mentionable, with a running
commentary showing its close correspondence with
existing Hindu rites. It may fill a hundred pages of such a volume as this—or, what is more likely, it may never appear. In this, I shall say no more thereon.

Our coronation *ampulla* in the shape of the bird of *Jove* and of his Hindu brother, or double, *Vishnu*, might furnish a subject of curious inquiry. It reminded me of something similar, which I more than once observed at the *durbar* of Dowlat Rao Sindea, whose great seal has in an earlier page been presented to the reader. On occasions of state visits at Indian courts, it is usual to bring in quids of *areka*, or betel-nut, leaf, lime, &c., which are given to each individual, by the great visited, to those of sufficient rank; and by some officer of state, according to the consequence, or no consequence, of others. A vessel, which may be called *ampulla*—there called *golabdani*—meaning rose-water bottle, is also brought in. At courts it is of gold, and fillagree'd, and beset with gems; and the guests are besprinkled out of its pierced top.

My last visit to *Sindea's durbar* was in company with my gallant and noble friend, Marshal Lord Beresford, then Lieut.-Col. of the 88th. I had told him of *Sindea's golabdani*; and put him on his guard against 'smiling too conspicuously, should they—I believe there were more than one—be re-produced.

On the top of the long-necked golden bottle were two beautifully executed pheasants, a cock and a hen, in a position not to be described. The cock was the most conspicuous; and his fine plumage
well represented by suitably coloured gems and enamel. Sure enough, the golabdani re-appeared; and we, with reasonable gravity, interchanged a significant look while undergoing the operation of besprinklement, through the beaks (as in our coronation ampullie process) &c. &c. of the billing birds, after a fashion that might, to the fastidious, be thought not over-delicate.

Oil or atr of roses or sandal is smeared on your hand or handkerchief at such visits, by a spoon. And curiously ornamented sacrificial spoons are used by Brahmans in their ceremonies for anointing with holy oils, persons, or images, or lingas, in their various ceremonials. Specimens of such spoons may be seen in the Plates of "Sacrificial utensils," Nos. 85, 86, of the Hindu Pantheon. Some of those specimens are elaborately ornamented. Our coronation ampullie spoon is described to be "curiously ornamented."

A great deal of Sindea's property and baggage was captured at different times and places by our active forces under Sir Arthur Wellesley, and others;—perhaps the very golabdani above described. If so, they are most likely in England. Such property, so captured, was sold at the prize sales at Poona. At those sales a great collection of paintings or coloured drawings taken from Sindea, and perhaps others (Nana Farnaveese had a large collection, some of which I have inspected,) were purchased by an officer of high rank and distinction. Many were mythological, some historical, some portraits, &c. But many were of a description not to
be described. By way of insuring their non-inspection, the whole were placed in my hands. I garbled and expurgated them into a state of some arrangement; placed them in portfolios, according to their subjects; and on the departure of their exalted owner, shipped them off with his baggage, and have never heard more of them. They are, probably, in England.

Having mentioned King Clovis and King William's ampullian birds, I will add a few lines on the subject of the dove, which were also intended for another place, but may come in, not unsuitably, in this page, devoted to corresponding superstitions.

Allusions to the dove are very frequent in ancient and modern mystical legends. Among the modern practices, derived, probably from antiquity, is a ceremonial annually witnessed at the cathedral at Florence, in which crowds of neighbouring farmers take great interest. On Easter eve, just as the priests begin the fine "Gloria in Excelsis," a pyrotechnic pigeon starts from the choir, glides along the nave on a wire into the street or piazza contiguous, where it ignites a load of straw, and returns whizzing to its starting-post. The eyes of the peasants are intently riveted to the transit of the sacred puppet; for on the dexterity of its proceedings they rest their hopes of the coming harvest.

On the subject of the dove, connected with religion and mysticism—though here conjoined, I mean to be understood as using those words antithetically—much has been written, and perhaps remains to be written. In respect to St. Columba, or Colomb, and other superstitious names and things in close relationship,
I shall have, in another place, something to say. I shall try to connect Col-omb, with Kal O’m—those infinitely mysterious words of Hindu mythology. And with these, divers mythi—converging into, or diverging from O’M—A U M,—the Irish Ogham,—I A M—Amen—I Ω—Il-Kolmkill, &c. &c. &c.

Meanwhile, to the arkite dove, and the more mysterious form awfully contemplated by pious Christians, I shall reverently refrain from alluding. As an apt emblem of gentleness, beauty, timidity, faithfulness and love, it is of course applicable to all that we desire to clothe in those attractive attributes.

Among the many wonders which attended the martyrdom of St. Polycarp, bishop of Smyrna, as related in the circular Letter of that Church, such as the odour of his body like the smoke of frankincense or some rich spices, his incombustibility—(he was, however, burnt to ashes notwithstanding)—the great quantity of blood, sufficient to extinguish the fire, which came out of a wound made by the executioner—among all these miracles, none amazed the multitude more than a dove, which issued also from the wound.

This story of the dove took well for some time; until, perhaps, the raillery of Lucian upon the death of Peregrinus, the philosopher, who burnt himself about the time that Polycarp suffered. From the philosopher’s pile he caused a vulture to ascend, “in opposition, it may be,” says Archbishop Wake, “to Polycarp’s pigeon.”

No early martyr, scarcely, suffered without most wondrous miracles, attesting all that might require
proof as to his piety, faith, sanctity, &c. Resistance to all kinds of tortures, so as to tire the monsters who inflicted them, was common:—but after all such vain profusion of miracles the saints did not succeed: they were always burnt, at the last.

The early editors of the celebrated Circular of the Church of Smyrna manfully detailed the story of the dove; but the later editors, shamed, perhaps, by the apostate Lucian, omitted it. But one does not readily see why one miraculous thing may not as well happen as another, on such occasions—why, if at the martyrdom of a saint, twenty miracles are to be upheld, twenty-one may not. On the death of a noble virgin named Eulalia, a dove, according to a hymn of Prudentius, flew out of her mouth.

It does not occur to me that much use has been made of the dove by Hindu mythologians—and, considering what precedes, and has been adverted to, I am rather surprised at it. The Mahommedans are said to be fond of the pigeon, in gratitude for important service rendered to the Prophet by one. His life appears to have been so saved. I do not recollect the legend.

—— Passages crowd thickly upon me on that fruitful subject—priestcraft—papal and pagan. Without much pretension to arrangement, I will proceed to quote and note a somewhat curious variety.

We have seen something of the inventive faculty of papal mendacity in the earlier centuries of its darkness. Let us now exhibit an instance of similar gullibility in the 19th. While such full-pocketed
fools exist, how can we wonder that greedy knaves are promptly forthcoming to encourage them?

This specimen may serve to show also the unchangeableness of that Church. It is taken from the newspapers of July, 1830:—

"Lieut.-General Don Pedro Grimarest, first slave of the royal and illustrious slavery of the Holy Trinity of the parochial church of St. Andrew the Apostle, of this town, in his capacity of Lieut. General of the King—our Lord, (whom Heaven preserve!) who is the perpetual slave thereof, in his name, as well as in that of the other officers of the illustrious and royal slavery, invite you, Sir—and hope, from your devotion and your piety, that you will accompany them in the procession on Sunday evening, to be solemnized with the images of the ineffable mystery. You may rely on the Divine reward that will be granted you for this act of religion, and the gratitude of an illustrious and royal slavery."

The above is a circular addressed to many individuals in Seville.

This worthy Lieutenant-General—I mean nothing personal, as they say in our House of Commons—we may set down as a suitable helpmate to the royal embroiderer of petticoats for the Virgin Mary. He may, peradventure, be otherways described, as

"--------- the tool
Which knaves do work with—call'd a fool."

Under another head I intend to devote some pages to the sad subjects of "Cursing and Ly-
One can never think or write of lying, without adverting to those grand magazines of mendacity—the more immediate object of these current pages—pagan and papal. How instructive is my incomparable friend Southey, on this subject; as, indeed, on every other to which his clear head and rapid pen are applied.

"The monks promoted every fantastic theory, and every vulgar superstition, that could be made gainful to themselves; and devised arguments for them which they maintained with all the subtleties of scholastic logic. Having introduced a polytheism little less gross than that of the heathens, and an actual idolatry, they hung about their altars (as had also been the custom in heathen temples) pictures recording marvellous deliverances, and waxen models of diseased or injured parts which had been healed by the saint to whose honor they were there suspended. Cases enough were offered by chance or credulity; as well as by impostors of a lower rank: and the persons by whom the practice was encouraged were neither scrupulous on the score of decency ¹ nor of truth. Church vied with church, and convent with convent, in the reputation

¹ "The curious reader is referred to Sir Thomas More's Dialogue, for an example of the scandalous practices arising from this superstition. St. Valori, in Picardy, was the scene:—p. 76. Ed. 1530." This "scene" may have been shifted to Calabria, as a region of more mental darkness than Picardy, and SS. Cosmus and Damianus may have supplanted, or succeeded to, the abominable mysteries of St. Valori.
of their wonder-working images—some of which were pretended to have been made without hands, and some to have descended from Heaven. But the rivalry of the monastic orders was shown in the fictions wherewith they filled the histories of their respective founders and worthies. No language can exaggerate the enormities of the falsehoods which were thus promulgated; nor the spirit of impious audacity in which they were conceived. Yet some of the most monstrous and most palpably false, received the sanction of the papal authority. The superstitions founded on them were legitimated by papal bulls; and festivals in commemoration of miracles which never happened—nay worse than this—of the most flagitious\(^1\) impostures, were appointed in the Romish kalendar, where at this moment they hold their place.”—Book of the Church, I. 305.

“While the monastic orders,” continues Mr. Southey, “contended with each other in exaggerating the fame of their deified patriarchs, each claimed the Virgin Mary for its especial patroness.” She had, “among other marks of peculiar favour, espoused their founder with a ring, or fed him, like a baby at her breast! (it is fitting and necessary that this abominable system of imposture should be displayed:) and each of the popular orders had been assured by revelation that the place in Heaven for its departed members was under her skirts. All, therefore, united in elevating

\(^1\) "For example, the five wounds of St. Francis."
her to the highest rank in the mythology of the Romish church; for so, in strict truth, must this enormous system of fable be designated. They traced her in types through the Old Testament:—she was the tree of life—the ladder which Jacob had seen reaching from earth to Heaven—the ever-burning bush—the ark of the Covenant—the rod which brought forth buds and blossoms, and produced fruit—the fleece upon which alone the dew of Heaven descended. Before all creatures and all ages she was conceived in the eternal mind—and when the time appointed for her mortal manifestation was come, she, of all human kind alone, was produced without the taint of human frailty. And though, indeed, being subject to death, she paid the common tribute of mortality, yet, having been born without sin, she expired without suffering; and her most holy body, too pure a thing to see corruption, was translated immediately to Heaven, there to be glorified. This had been presumed; because, had her remains existed upon earth, it was not to be believed, but that so great a treasure would have been revealed to some or other of so many saints who were worthy to have been made the means of enriching mankind by the discovery:—and that all doubt might be removed, the fact was stated by herself to St. Antonio."

"As an example of the falsehoods by which this superstition was kept up, it may suffice to mention the brave legend of Loretto, where the house in which the Virgin lived in Nazareth is still shown, as having been carried thither by four angels. The
story of its arrival, and how it had been set down twice by the way, and how it was ascertained to be the genuine house, both by miracles, and by the testimony of persons sent to examine the spot where it was originally built, and to measure the foundations—received the sanction of successive Popes, and was printed in all languages for pilgrims of every nation, who were attracted thither by the celebrity of the shrine; and by the indulgences promised to those who should visit it in devotion."—


On the rival orders of Franciscans and Dominicans Mr. Southey is again most instructive. —The former "gave themselves the modest appellation of the *Seraphic Order*—having in their blasphemous fables installed their founder above the *Seraphim*, upon the throne from which *Lucifer* fell." *Ib.* 334.

"The friars were bound to the severest rule of life: they went barefoot; and renounced, not only for themselves individually, but collectively also, all professions whatever; trusting to daily charity for their daily bread. It was objected to him that no community, established upon such a principle, could subsist without a miracle. The marvellous increase of the order was soon admitted as full proof of the inspiration of its founder. In less than ten years the delegates alone to the general chapter exceeded 5000 in number: and by an enumeration in the early part

1 "I have seen it," notes Mr. Southey, "in Welch, brought from *Loretto*."

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of the 18th century, when the Reformation must have diminished their amount at least one third, it was found that even then there were 28,000 Franciscan nuns in 900 nunneries, and 115,000 Franciscan friars in 7000 convents—besides very many nunneries which, being under the immediate jurisdiction of the ordinary, and not of the order, were not included in the returns.” *Ib.* I. 335.

“The rival order of St. Dominic became in time the opprobrium and scandal of the Church. The falsehoods which they fabricated in rivalry of each other were in a spirit of blasphemous impiety, beyond all former example, as it is almost beyond belief. The wildest romance contains nothing more extravagant than the legends of St. Dominic, and even these were outdone by the more atrocious effrontery of the Franciscans. They held up their founder, even during his life, as the perfect pattern of our Lord and Saviour—and to authenticate the parallel, they exhibited him with a wound in his side, and four nails in his hands and feet; fixed there, they affirmed, by Christ himself, who had visibly appeared for the purpose of thus rendering the conformity between them complete!—Two miserable wretches, only two years before, had attempted the same fraud in *England*; and, having been detected in it, were punished by actual crucifixion. But in the case of St. Francis, it succeeded to the fullest extent of expectation. Whether he consented to the villany, or was in such a state of moral and physical imbecility as to have been the dupe or victim of those about him; or whether it was committed with
the connivance of the Papal court, or only in certain knowledge that that court would sanction it when done, though it might not deem it prudent to be consenting before the fact—are questions which it is now impossible to solve. Sanctioned however the horrid imposture was by the Church which calls itself infallible; a day for its perpetual commemoration was appointed in the Romish Kalendar; and a large volume was written, entitled "The Book of the Conformities between the Lives of the Blessed and Seraphic Father Francis and Our Lord!

"Jealous of these conformities, the Dominicans followed their rivals in the path of blasphemy—but with unequal steps. They declared that the five wounds had been impressed also upon St. Dominic—but that in his consummate humility he had prayed, and obtained, that this signal mark of divine grace might never be made public while he lived. They affirmed that the Virgin Mary had adopted him for her son, and that his countenance perfectly resembled the authentic description and miraculous portrait of our Saviour." Ib. I. 338.

These curious extracts and powerful passages suit my purpose so well, that I feel I am borrowing of my instructive friend—if not without shame, without mercy—regardless of the Byronian interdict—

"Thou shalt not steal from Southey—nor Commit flirtation with the muse of Moore."

But who can bear being plundered so well as Southey? who so lavish of his intellectual wealth? who is so often pillaged?
Taking a passage in the preceding quotations as a text, I may append thereto some observations and matters here and there, taken from my own notes, and from other sources.

Any learned, ingenious, and reasonably industrious writer might make a curious and extensive addition of instances of papal imposture to those above, and to the many others given in Dr. Middleton’s Miscellaneous Works: and if extended to the legendary lore of Egypt and India, he would render the conformities of pagan and papal Rome still more curious and complete.

Without pretence to either of the qualifications above indicated, save perhaps the last, I will add two or three instances to what have already appeared.

Travellers who have looked much into Papal cathedrals and churches, as I have, must have observed the vows—ex-voti—the exact counterpart of the votivæ tabellæ of Pagan Rome—hung up and exhibited occasionally, in the shape of pictures, or modellings in wax, representing parts of the human body. These may be otherwise called offerings, in performance of vows made under the fervors of distress or hope. An edifying collection of them may be seen at the Jesuits’ Church at Lucerne in Switzerland—another at the Cathedral of Ypres in Flanders—of which something more in another place.¹ In

¹ In neither of these did I observe any ex-voti of an indecent, or very indelicate nature. In other churches such may be seen—in that, for instance of La Madonna de’ Poveri, at Augusta, a pretty little port in Sicily.
this I shall bring forward perhaps a still more notable assemblage of such materials, at the church of the celebrated Convent ¹ of Franciscans at Rudna in Hungary.

It is famous for a picture of the Virgin, which has, from the earliest ages, worked stupendous miracles, and is still visited by pilgrims from all parts. All the walls of the galleries and corridors of the Convent are covered with pictures, from one end to the other, and from the floor to the ceiling. They are generally about a foot square, offered by persons who have been cured of diseases, or preserved from calamity, by the intervention of Our Lady of Rudna. They represent the incident, and are marked ex voto. One depicts a carriage upsetting, and the people in danger under the wheels—another a boat sinking, with drowning passengers—a third, a rider thrown, and dragged by the stirrup—a fourth, a sick bed, the family weeping and praying. In all, the Lady appears in the sky; and, stretching out her hand, saves the victim of accident or disease.

Compartments in the wall of the chapel represent different actions in the life of St. Francis, by a German artist of Pest; and the rest, like those of the gallery, are covered with votive tabella.

But that which attracts most attention is the picture itself of the Virgin, which has worked all these miracles. It hangs over the high altar, and is a

¹ Or Monastery? Or are they nearly the same? Convent conveys to my mind the idea of a nunnery—where, of course, there are also priests; a monastery—the abode of priests, where there are no (resident) nuns.
paltry painting, about two feet square, representing a female encircled by a large gilt crown, holding out an infant decorated with another. It is blackened, apparently, with smoke. When in the hands of the Turks, it was cast into the fire; where, to the confusion of the infidels, it remained unhurt, and walked out uninjured, except by the smoke, which it retains as an irrefragable proof of the miracle.

This picture is a source of great revenue to the Convent. On all occasions it is sent for, or visited, by the patient, who fees it like a physician. And—adds the intelligent writer on whose authority I quote—"where the imagination is powerfully influenced, in all probability it effects many cures."

Inquiry was made for the library.—"The books were not in order:" but the ignorant and talkative monk said very candidly, shrugging his shoulders with an arch expression, that "they had not much occasion for books, and seldom troubled themselves with any but one." This the reverend inquirer supposed, of course, was the Bible:—but not so; it was a legend of all the miracles wrought by the picture, and sold at the Convent "for the benefit of the pious." He purchased a copy—it is in German, with wood-cuts. The Latin preface states it to contain—"Sacro Iconis originem, locique ipsius prima initia. Multa insuper et magna Dei beneficia ope Virgineæ Matris in Radensi Parthenio exposita."

Among the plates of this volume, is one representing a Turk trying to burn the image (q. picture?). There were not, when Dr. Walsh visited it, more than five monks in this immense Convent. All the
other numerous apartments were filled up by visitors, come to be healed of their wounds and dis-
temper.

This relation of the Lady of Radna is taken substantially from Dr. Walsh's very entertaining and
instructive "Journey from Constantinople to Vienna," p. 337.

Southey calls the famous story of the Santa
Casa, or holy house, of Loretto, "a brave legend." It is so—and it may be difficult to find one, in all its
bearings, more audacious. Many suitable companions may, however, be easily produced. "The
Invention of the Cross" may be written in the same page—"with a pencil of light"? And this place—
the subject being in connexion, more or less, with the preceding—all of a piece—may serve for the
following extract from my C. P. B.

The reader is aware that Helen, the mother of
the Emperor Constantine, followed the example
of her son, and became an early and an important
convert to Christianity. Not satisfied with the pro-
ceedings in Palestine, she determined on a pilgrimage thither—having, among other objects, a hope of dis-
covering the true Cross. The mother of an Emperor
rarely makes an unprofitable pilgrimage—unprofit-
able, I mean, to the shrine visited—and such a one
as Helen was not likely to travel unheeded. Her
fortunes are striking;—daughter of an innkeeper—
a divorced wife—an empress-mother—mother of
Constantine the Great—a pilgrim—a saint!

She, of course, found the true Cross. On de-
molishing a temple of Venus at Jerusalem, three crosses were discovered. Miraculous tests soon proved which was the true cross, and which the crosses of the thieves. In due time it was found more profitable to cut up this precious timber, than to preserve it entire. By the way, it was not brought whole to Rome. A portion of it was left with the bishop of Jerusalem. But if such a large piece worked such miracles, it was hoped and believed that smaller pieces might do the like. And so they did. What a happy discovery! What church would be so lukewarm in the cause—having the means—be so indifferent to its honour and glory, as not to endeavour to obtain a fragment? In short such was the miraculous nature of this timber, that abstraction seemed to have lost its usual property of diminishing the original, in bulk or in virtue: and some irreverent travellers have gone the length of saying that there was as much of the true cross scattered through Christendom, and all of miraculous potentiality, as, in mass, might suffice to build a seventy-four. I speak in the past tense—there certainly is not so much at present. It is not so abundant of late days—it is not, at any rate, exhibited so often to travellers now, as of yore; and its miraculous energies are somewhat palsied by, it may be apprehended, the decrement of faith—inevitably consequent on the expansion of knowledge and spread of reason.

The first piece of the true cross that I ever saw was at the fine Church of Notre Dame, Our Lady, in Paris. The armies of occupation were there also—
and no miracles were current. No reverence, indeed, was apparent in any of the party—exhibitor included.

It was enclosed in glass, blown over it—that is, if I recollect right, hermetically sealed. An attestation of a Pope—and conclave for aught I know—of its genuineness, and, of course, miraculous power, was, or had been, among the archives of the cathedral. The wood was sound—in good preservation—a square piece, but not a regular parallelogram. It seemed to me old oak or chestnut—darkish from age. I was allowed to handle it. It may be about six or eight inches long, by an inch in squareness.

The next piece that I saw was at a curious church—perhaps the cathedral—at Ypres in Flanders, near the fine Maison de Ville. This church is very rich in relics. There are several large wardrobe-like-looking presses, filled. Among them—I will say no more of the true cross—a surprising quantity of the bones of the 11,000 virgins, and a curiously preserved head of a negro saint, whose history I have forgotten. I am sorry I did not make a little catalogue raisonné of these curious things. On congratulating the courteous priest—who very obligingly and patiently exhibited and explained to us these strange matters—on the reliquary wealth of his church, he replied—and I thought, like his brother of Radna, with rather an arch expression—"Oui—Oui, c'est une belle collection." I watched—but I could perceive no curl of the lip—nothing derisory, when he said this.

Before I take my leave of this Christian Helen,
I will indulge in a little point of reflection, or moralizing:—

The rock on which the most Christian Emperor and King—the eldest son of the Church—Napoleon—last lived—and died, was discovered on the name-day of our illustrious pilgrim and saint—21 May, 1501—and named after her, St. Helena. How different this Lady from her interesting namesake of the Iliad! If classes of women were polled, which would they choose to be, or to have been—Helena of Troy, or Helen of Rome and Jerusalem? How would self-election go? I do not mean in the extent of universal suffrage. It might puzzle females in general to understand the merits of the nominated and of the case, as much as it does the male voters at usual elections of members of Parliament. But take the two classes and poll them—the pious and the poetical—how would it go? Answer—the saints would be for the pious pilgrim—the poets for the sweet, though frail, creature of the Iliad.

Having mentioned the three crosses found by the fortunate pilgrim, Helena, I will note a little point that I have been rather posed at, which perhaps these three crosses may help to explain; although I do not see exactly how.

In some parts of Italy a very old woman being asked her age will answer "Tre croci;" by which she is understood to mean ninety. One does not readily see why + + + or XXX or ++ + , or any such crossings, should mean ninety. I know not where I saw this. A younger person might indicate thirty very well by tre croci, XXX.
But the *tre croci* have puzzled wiser heads than mine. It has been noted that the happy Helena of Jerusalem found three crosses. But which was the *true one*? It would, indeed, have been sad to have selected that of a thief. The bishop of Jerusalem—promoted afterwards to a saintship, St. Macarius—hit upon a happy and certain test. This is the eminent logician who overthrew the heresy of Arius at Nice. A lady of high rank at Jerusalem lay extremely ill. The bishop suggested to Helena to touch her with each cross. Two were tried—no effect. But on the application of the third, the lady arose in perfect health, and stronger than she had ever been. Others relate the proof somewhat differently, viz., that it was a dead body on which they experimented.

But—(in the liberal spirit of a very sincerely pious lady of the Romish faith—a lady too of great strength of understanding and goodness of heart, with whom I was in serious discourse about the 11,000 virgins—who said—"it makes no great difference—a few thousands more or less") it makes no great difference, whether it was an extremely sick lady, or a dead body, which was thus instantaneously restored to health and vigour.

A volume might be filled—"a volume?"—this is a very moderate measure—a score of volumes such as mine—might be filled—and have been—on the immediate subject of our present pen. But half another page must suffice for what we permit ourselves to scribble on this occasion.

The unwasting property of the wood has been no-
ticed, in reference to its value in a ship-yard. On this, St. Paulinus remarked that it was "a very singular thing—a vital virtue in an insensible and inanimate substance—which hath yielded and continues to yield daily its precious wood to the desires of an infinite number of" (paying—this word not in Paulinus)—"persons, without suffering any diminution—but continuing all the while as if it had been untouched." "It permits itself," continues the Saint, "every day to be divided, and yet remains exposed entire to the veneration of the people."

Poor Helena was not quite tre croci old, when she set out on her hopeful pilgrimage—but she was four-score. But she does not enjoy the undisputed honour of this inventio crucis. As on other important points, theological doctors differ on this—even a Jew—by name Judas—is upheld by some as the happy man. Some compensation was however made to Helena—for, as well as the Saintship, her body has the property of being (like Sir — the Irish member's bird) in two places at once. It is buried in Rome and in France.

Now—gentle reader—you may—at your pleasure in England or France—believe in these things—as we once did universally in both—or you may not:—and you may smile and laugh at them, in either country, at your pleasure, and in safety:—and so you may, albeit unbecomingly, at Rome. But it will be well to keep your countenance, and hold your peace, in certain parts of Spain and Portugal: and perhaps of Italy and other priest-ridden
portions of Europe, on these and similar matters. You may otherwise, in the dungeons of the inquisition—the holy office!—be taught a useful lesson on the blessings of your own country as to things in general—and the Habeas Corpus Act in particular.

I have had occasion to quote the name of St. Antonio, and have a word to say to that influential person, in passing.

A saint is not—nor is even the Virgin herself, equally influential everywhere, always. We have seen what potency our Lady of Radna possesses. But she is not equally so at her less renowned shrines. Whether the potency spring from the renown, or the renown from the potency, let others determine. As we say in my county in cases of difficulty—that I leave. The Virgin is so extensively useful, that she sometimes trenches on the prerogative of other saints. We have seen her, of Radna, plucking victims from under imminent carriage-wheels, and from swamping vessels. But it is St. Anthony—and more especially he of Padua—that is supposed, and expected, to assist the most promptly, on such untoward events.

"St. Antonio of Padua presides over escapes and overturns by sea and land. Pictures and other offerings are now dedicated and made to him, as to Neptune of old."—Moore's Byron, II. 309.

The respective priests at—say—Radna and Padua are now too wise to expose themselves in such indecent revilings as we have seen reciprocated between the Franciscans and Dominicans, as to the
superior sanctity of their respective patrons. In former times their credulous flocks were sure to pin their faith on the sleeve of the one or the other. Now, they would, perhaps, be sometimes disposed to believe in both. Both sets of priests might be suspected of playing at the same game—(of humbug)—and quarrelling for the stakes.

It may be almost too trivial to notice—but I will venture to throw out a hint, that where we can find no other good reason for the particular patronage to which a papal has succeeded a pagan saint—as in the case of Neptune and Antonio, or as I have a thousand times heard him called, Antoon—it may be worth while to test them euphonically or phonetically. For instance, can a better reason be given for it in this case than the corresponding sound of the last syllables of their respective venerable names? They would be sounded exactly alike in Portugal. Antoon and Neptoon are not to be classed with All-eggs-under-the-grate.

I have been afloat and in gales with papists; under some alarm, but perhaps not in any danger. On such occasions my friend—if he will permit me to call him so—St. Antoon, was invoked and propitiated, as I witnessed, by prayers and prostrations and promises, to his image or picture, by the affrighted. But I never saw him—i.e. his effigies—as others have—abused or whipped, or irreverently treated. No papal ship goes to sea, it is said, without a sea-stock of images and pictures of his saintship, in view to tempests or foul winds. As much is conjectured of the older Romans, in respect
to Saint Neptoon. I know not if any thing especial, beyond what I have noted, has been developed, connecting, by mythological legends or superstitious usage, these two illustrious protectors of voyagers and travellers—Neptoon and Antoon. How comes it, by the way, that a horse is the common attribute of both?

Perhaps, in advertence to the weakness of man’s unexcited faith and piety, the pursers of papal ships take out a sea-stock of St. Antoons—and their precursive brethren of pagan ships may have taken a store of Neptoons—to be produced (sold or let) to affrighted sinners, in a gale of wind:—as our wary pursers conveniently do, of slops of all sorts for Jack’s accommodation and comfort in hot and cold latitudes. For in Wapping or at Portsmouth, Jack thinks no more of flannel and tobacco and such comforts, beyond his back and his pipe, than the secure sinners of papal or pagan latitudes and smooth water do, or did, of Antonios, Neptonios, and tempests.

The unchangeableness of popery is a matter of boast by its adherents; and sometimes of reproach by its oppugners;—by its adherents, in proof of its consistency and apostolicity—by its opponents, as a test of its dangerous ambitious tendency and unyielding spirit. Like the practice of others, it exhibits a persevering tendency to get all it can, and keep all it can get. Be it as it may, the unchangeableness of Hinduism is more manifest. It is no great stretch of credulity to believe that in point of essentials, in almost every particular, and as to
many ceremonials and less important matters, Hinduism is now what it was when Moses sojourned in Egypt, and "became learned in all the knowledge of the Egyptians,"—who then were, in faith and practice, nearly what the Hindus are now.

Here, surely, may be found a clue to guide us in connecting such practices with those of Western heathens—and through them to the early as well as later usages of Christianity:—coincidences which have reasonably surprised observers of recent days.

A striking instance of the uniformity of practice between distant priests, evincing that "man is every where the same animal," is seen in the importance attached by Brahmans and papal priests to the secrecy of their Scriptures. I will take a passage, by way of text, from the Hindu Pantheon, and extend the subject through a page or two, by way of illustration—or improving on it; as other, sometimes tiresome, preachers say:—

"The religious doctrines of the Hindus may be divided, like those of most other people whose Scriptures are in a hidden tongue, into exoteric and esoteric. The first is preached to the vulgar; the second known only to a select number. The doctrines thus divided may be otherwise styled religion and mythology. The latter is, perhaps, the invention rather of poets than of priests; but, being so well adapted to their purpose, the priests have artfully applied it to rivet the mental chains, that, when the Scriptures are concealed, they seldom fail to assist in forging for mankind." p. 1.

Cunning and selfish priests soon discovered the
effects of the gathering, by the people, of the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge; and in all countries interdicted such gathering. In countries where the schoolmaster has been able to stir abroad with effect, they know better. Omitting a relation of this description, allowed by most reasoning men to be allegorical, we shall here perceive the corresponding Papal and Brahmanal interdictions.

Publicity is the soul of justice and of right. Iniquity ever seeks to shade itself in secrecy, and dreads nothing so much as exposure. Dislike of publicity may not always be a proof of existing wrong, but it usually is a reasonable ground of suspicion; and the partisans of concealment, by encouraging suspicion, debar themselves of the right to complain of calumny. If they have nothing to fear from the scrutiny of the public eye, why desire to be shut up in the suspicious privity of concealment? If unjustly calumniated, why not refute it by publicity? It is sadly unwise in public men to deprive themselves of the support of public opinion. Is it merely from lack of wisdom? Let us place ourselves above suspicion by showing that we have done nothing that fears the honest light of day.

A Hindu of a servile class may not read, or hear read, the Veda, his scripture—he may not read some portions of the Sastra; or Purana, a less venerated portion of his revered books—nor even some poems founded on divine legends. I am not aware that Christian priests have gone the whole of these Brahmanic lengths. They have been content, I believe, with the general and entire interdiction of the Bible
—making up their short-falling, as compared with their brethren of India, by the partial enforcement, where they dare, of the Index Expurgatorius—thus, as far as they can, emulating the more extended daring of the Eastern Levites. The perusal of the papal puranic fables, as the lying legends of the Church of Rome may, without lack of charity, be designated—or the mythology of Christianity—is freely permitted to their benighted flocks.

Like some enjoined observances of pilgrimages to, and prayers at, favored shrines, the fastings, &c. of papists, similar doings are highly profitable among Hindus: promises of good resulting from such observances—indulgences—are liberally scattered by the priests of both persuasions. While some books are interdicted, others may be read with advantage, or heard. The Hindu poem, the Ramayana, may be profitable to all. At the end of the first section, great benefit is promised to any individual of the first three classes who shall duly read, with the prescribed ceremonies, that sacred poem, viz. "A Brahman, reading it, acquires learning and eloquence; a Kshetriya1 will become a monarch; a Vaisya2 will obtain vast commercial profits; and a Sudra,3 hearing it, will become great." Hin. Pan. 193.

So Southey—"The puritans, like the Romanists, maintained the extravagant and pernicious opinion, that the scripture had no efficacy unless it were expounded in sermons;—the word, no vital efficacy

1 A soldier.  2 A trader.  3 A servile.
unless preached from the pulpit;—that prayers and sacraments were not merely unprofitable, but tended to farther condemnation; —and that sermons themselves must be heard, not read — for it was through the ear only that they could reach the heart.” Book of the Church, II. 340.

Thus we see how closely cognate are the doctrines and practice, the sayings and doings, of Rome and Benares;—Padres and Brahmans are, in these instances, a twin fraternity—born of the same parents, whose names I shall not here display.

But a more complete epitome of priestcraft than the passage just quoted, can scarcely be penned—it may be entitled, “The Priests’ Vade-mecum.” It would do as well, exchanging a word or two, but not their sense, for Brahmans as for Puritans and Romanists; and what is before quoted from the introductory paragraph of the Hindu Pantheon, would apply as well to Papists as to Hindus, with the mere alteration of those words. The Church of Benares will re-echo to the Church of Rome the doctrine of Tertullian, as noted in a former page—“that, being once of the right faith, the believer has nothing to do but to believe on.”

Great coincidences might be found in Heathen, and Hindu, and Christian practice, touching Sanctuary. Time and place were papally sacred; sometimes from sun-set on Wednesday to sun-rise on Monday, in every week. “The time of God” was ordered to be observed by the Council of Clermont, on pain of excommunication. Temples, of course,
were sanctuaries—and their precincts and environs—in extent, proportionate to the potent odour of their patron saint; and this depending, probably, on the virtue of his body, or relics—or on the possession of a piece of the true Cross—or of an image, or a picture—or some other equally important, holy, and profitable species of famed property.

Such is the case—under change of circumstances—with the Hindus. Their temples are sanctuaries—not all, I believe—nor do I know what rules such privileges are governed by, if any. Some cities and their environs partake of them, more or less. In countries despotically governed, frequent sanctuaries from the ire of tyrants might be highly beneficial to societies so oppressed. It would, of course, be a triumph when priests could show themselves above the power which oppressed others—and when put forth to shield the victims of persecution was, so far, a happy institution: but, like other good in the hand of man, was liable to abuse by extension, and has been the frequent source of well-founded complaint—that villains, secure of refuge from the deserved punishment of their villanies, were, by such indiscriminate protection, encouraged in them.

I am somewhat disappointed at finding among my memoranda so little mention of Hindu Sanctuary. Punderpoor, on the river Bhima, a holy city about 100 miles S. E. from Poona, I have, I think, in a former publication, noticed as a place extensively privileged in this particular, as well as in many others. The following, from Tod's *Rajapootana*,
is the only other instance which occurs, of Hindu Sanctuary—and this I have taken from some review of that work:

"The most celebrated fane of the Hindu Apollo (Kanya) is Nathdwara. It owes its celebrity entirely to the image of Krishna, said to be the same that has been worshipped at Mathura [ever] since his deification. Within the sanctuary, which extends to a considerable distance around Nathdwara, the criminal is safe from pursuit. The rod of justice dares not appear on the mount—nor the foot of the pursuer pass the stream."

The use or abuse of such an immunity is scarcely to be appreciated by us, so unused to speculate on its existence. It would not be enough, in our state of society, to imagine one of our churches and its precincts a refuge for every class of offenders. Nor even if we were to imagine a city or town so privileged. But it might afford a curious subject for contemplation, were we to picture such a place in England or Ireland, "where the rod of justice dare not appear, nor the foot of the pursuer pass." Take Oxford, for example, and fancy it so situated. It might, peradventure, have arisen to its present state of elegance and wealth sooner, as the resort of successful unpunishable villainy, than from having been the seat and repose of virtue, and religion, and learning.

Under the head of Limbo, I find a paragraph or two in my C. P. B. that bear on some of the preceding topics; and although, perhaps, one or more passages may be little else than a repetition of some
that precede, I am induced to introduce the extract in this place.

**Limbo**—that happiest of all happy imaginings for filling priestly pockets. Proposition:—Given, the *undoubted* power of preaching souls out of purgatory, or of averting future punishment by priestly process: —and required — the sum of acquisition, in time, of the said priests. Answer:—All the wealth of all the world. It is by doubting of that power in the first instance, and the mental effort resulting from doubt in the next, that any limit can be put to the impos- ture, or to the consequent acquisition.

The next happiest step—if, indeed, it may not have been the first, on the part of both Eastern and Western priests—was the sinfulness of laymen reading the Scriptures. All religions teach men to be good: it is the interpretation by priests that gives a contrary tendency. If the people were allowed to "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest," their sacred volumes, priestcraft is immediately shorn of its pernicious predominance. In a former paragraph we have seen, touching the *Ramayana*, that "a Sudra hearing it, will become great." He may not read even that, in some parts, frivolous and licentious poem. Reading any portion of a *Veda* would subject the impious (impertinent) inquirer to severe inflictions of fine, penance, &c. in proportion to the strength of his purse, or the weakness of his mind. Man is alike everywhere—and, of course, priests. How accordant is the practice of Hindu and Papal priests in this particular!

And in another, which is, more or less, observable
all the world over:—this is, the cunning contrivance of inducing the people to sanctify, or render spiritual, or even to look on them as sacraments, many of the inevitable physical predicaments of humanity. Thus birth, naming, marriage, burial, &c. A man cannot be born or die without pecuniary homage to the priesthood. Nor live—he must be named and married, &c. &c. If rich, there are “month’s minds” and their equivalents in all priest-ridden countries. If very rich, annual feasts and gifts—even septennial and decennial, if the deceased party left his piety as well as his pence to his successors. Faith in their donivorous pastors and spare coin in pocket are all that are needed to secure all these, and many more, “delicate attentions,” to the eternal welfare of the deceased; who, while living and penurious, had attracted a very small portion of pastoral regard. The Brahmins have, I think, succeeded best in these periodical feastings and payings for the good of the departed. Their institution of Sradha, or obsequies, is of a very elaborate and finished sort. Daily, fortnightly, monthly, and so on—as long, indeed, as the faith and money hold out—feastings and gifts are meritorious. But with them, as all the world over—“no pence, no paternoster.”

The Hindus, like perhaps all others, are superstitious in the ratio of their ignorance. Those who know the least of the principles of religion, are the most earnest and fervent in the practice of its exterior rites and ceremonies. The learned respect them, and sacred symbols and things—the ignorant, connecting them with some inherent virtues, worship
and adore. The simple and pure devotion of the heart may be humbly hoped to be acceptable to the Deity; but it is unprofitable to priests. Not but many priests, even of the most superstitious people, are sincere; although they cannot be enlightened. They are enthusiasts. A warm imagination acting on ignorance is generally the parent of enthusiasm. We had better, perhaps, leave the question of hypocrisy, where my Uncle Toby left it—and not decide, like Trim, on its immediate presence. Still one cannot help having suspicions, where the pocket and the practice stand and continue in the same relation to each other as parallel lines. I do not, however, mean in the ordinary terms of definition of the latter.—Quite the contrary—for whereas the parallel lines can never join, the pocket and practice never separate.

In connexion with this copious subject of priestly self-interest governing their actions—too much, in as far as their profession of poverty and humility are incompatible with the reputed development of their bump of acquisitiveness—I am induced to give a text from a Hindu work entitled *Vasanta-Rajasha-Koona*, with a little commentary.

"If a vulture, a heron, a dove, an owl, a hawk, a gull, a basha, or a pandura" (I know not what these last two birds are) "should settle upon a house—the wife, or the child, or the master of the house, or some other person belonging to him will die—or some other calamity will befall him, within a year afterwards."

The ingenuity, the cunning, manifested in such
texts as this, cannot escape notice. Let the people have faith and fear in the augury, and the work of the priest is done. He is a made man. Listen to his power, and its results.

To avert this calamity, saith a commentator, the house so threatened, or its value in money, must be given to a Brahman. Or the master thereof must commute by an offering of the following articles: 1. The five productions of the cow, viz. dung, urine, curds, milk, and ghee, with the grass kusa—(poa cynosuroides). 2. The five gems, viz. gold, silver, crystal, pearls, and emeralds. 3. The five nectareous juices, viz. ghee, milk, curds, sugar, and honey. 4. The twigs of the five trees, viz. ficus Indica, ficus religiosa, ficus glomerata, the mango, and mimus ops elengi. 5. The five astringent juices, viz. eugenia jujuba, bombex heptaphyllicum, sidarhomboida, zizyphus jujuba, and seshana grandiflora. These are to be macerated in a particular way, as pointed out in the ritual, and presented as an oblation. The guardian deities of the cardinal points of the universe must then be worshipped,

1 As the sailor on whom a fairy conferred the gratification of three wishes, having demanded all the grog in the world, and all the tobacco, in the first two, was puzzled what farther to want and ask, demanded, as his third wish, “more backa,” (JoSEPHUS MILLERIUS, Vol. III. p. 247) so the Brahmans seem to covet all the curds, milk, and ghee, in the world, and then to crave more ghee, milk, and curds. It is a curious fact that while East Indians are so lacteal, the Chinese, as is said, use no milk in any form whatever.

2 The eight points perhaps—our four cardinals and their media. These are:—KUVERA, regent or deity of the N.
and a hundred and eight oblations of ghee made, simmered with a sumidh, or sacrificial piece of the wood of the kudhira (acacia catechu), while the mantra\(^1\) of mrityaonjaya\(^2\) is repeated. The oblation called the mahavyadi-homa,\(^3\) is to be performed either at the commencement or end of the ceremony. Oblations of ghee, at each of which the gayatri\(^4\) is (mentally) recited, are then to be made to Vishnu, the nine planets,\(^5\) Uddoota,\(^6\) and the household gods:—which being done, the Brahmans must be entertained with ghee and rice-milk. It is then required that the sacrificial fees be paid, and water sprinkled, with appropriate mantras; when, assurance being given that all has been duly performed, a prostration is made to the Brahmans, and their benediction is given.\(^7\)

And all this, gentle reader, because a gull, or a dove, &c. sat on the house of a rich man!—rich in

 Isa, of the N.E. Indra, of the E. Agni, of the S.E. Yama, of the S. Nirut, of the S.W. Varuna, of the W. and Pavan of the N.W. But they differ on different authorities.—See Hin. Pan. p. 271.

1 Invocation, or charm—generally understood to be of a threatening, malefic, gloomy tendency.

2 Mritya, death—jaya, victorious.

3 I am at fault here.

4 The holiest verse of the Veda. Of which more hereafter.

5 Seven of our oldest, and the ascending and descending nodes, or dragon’s head and tail, &c. Of which, also, something hereafter.

6 I am again at fault.

7 This is marked as having been taken from the Oriental Herald, No. 37.
faith as well as pelf. It might puzzle even Papacy to exhibit any thing more exquisite of its kind than the above. The single invention of purgatory, with the bank or treasury of supererogation at the priest's command, he requires indeed little else, as has been before hinted, if his flock have but faith. Talk of acts of parliament—our statute of mortmain is worth a wilderness of them.

How difficult it is for Christians and Protestants to credit the undeniable fact, that many millions of our fellow-Christians firmly believe in, and are gulled by, such trash as I have last pointed to. The Papal "Church"—that is, their popes, cardinals, councils, and priests—with pretty obvious results, uphold and encourage such scandal. And, beyond Christendom, there are still many more millions of our fellow-subjects and others, who, similarly encouraged by their Brahmans, with nearly similar results, as firmly believe in their silly trumpery—in lying legends equally disgraceful and atrocious. Still, let us not be uncharitable. Very many of our easy-faithed brethren and fellow-subjects are, notwithstanding and in spite of such priesthood and credulity, as good people and as good subjects as ourselves—in some instances, better. I am acquainted with a lady of great kindness of heart and strength of intellect, and on every other point save Papacy perfectly rational, who yet firmly believes in all that her Church and her priests have taught her—even to the extent of the Hoherentoeic miracles. I firmly believe and trust that she will meet the reward of her goodness in heaven. She, I have no doubt, hopes
and wishes the same good to me; but an equally strong trust and belief in the infinite mercy of our common Father, she is not, I fear, permitted to entertain.

Differing in degree, the same in essentials, are the influences of the *Fetish* men—(equivalent to Brahman, or priest)—on the Gold Coast of Africa. Major Ricketts informs us, in substance, of the following, among other particulars, on that point.

The *Fetish-men* are so called from being supposed to possess supernatural powers. They are easily bribed—they take money under the pretext that having consulted the deity, he would take a certain sum. More is soon demanded, the *fetish* not being satisfied. Natives will pawn their children to raise the means of appeasing his wrath. If implicit obedience be not paid, horrid expedients are resorted to. If forgiveness be implored, the avenging *fetish* expects a handsome present of reconciliation. Alarming diseases are mitigated or cured by a *fetish-man* depositing an egg on the highway. The unhappy person who may tread on it picks up the disease of the credulous party. Passengers, aware of this, carefully avoid those charms. The

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1 Purgatorial masses, in Popedom.
2 In all religious chiefly ceremonial, coincidences are striking, "Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams, or with ten thousand rivers of oil? Shall I give my firstborn for my transgression? The fruit of my body for the sin of my soul?" *Micah* vi. 7. No! saith a higher authority, "I will have prayer, not sacrifice."
celebration of the yam harvest calls forth public offerings to a great fetish; which, at Cape Coast, appears to be a great rock near the walls of the castle. Another fetish is a salt pond. Offerings are made, mostly by women, of yams, eggs, oil, and the blood of some animal. Every family of consequence has its own domestic fetish. Funerals, as elsewhere, are attended by divers ceremonials—not omitting feasting and presents to the fetish men. Cattle, sheep, pigs, and poultry, are purchased on such occasions; sometimes to the extent of ruining the survivors of the family. If wealthy, these are repeated, to the seventh year after the decease. Births and marriages are likewise, as elsewhere, the occasion of feasting, and paying to the fetish.

If half a dozen words were changed in Major Ricketts' relation, it would describe Papal and Hindu practices as correctly as those of Cape Coast: so true it is that man, especially priestly or fetish man, is the same all the world over.

Many texts bordering on, or tending to, folly,

1 His residence, I should rather judge. It is probably of Linguaic form.—Of this, touching Africa, more hereafter.
2 The spirit of the rock, or of the waters? Traces of a poetical mythology are discernible even in the interior of Africa.
3 The depositories of superstition in every clime,—and, no doubt, of religion also. One has been described as the injudicious extension, the exacerbaion, of the other.
4 Or patron saint—or, with Western pagans, Lares—with Eastern, images.
5 The same, among Hindu, and, I believe, Papal, fetish-men.
vice, or greater enormities, may, perhaps, be found even in the Sastra, or venerated Scripture of the Hindus—in their Puranic legends, no doubt too many. All such deserve to be exposed to reasonable reprehension: and I am willing, as far as able, so to expose them; and similar matters observable among others. On the whole, however, a very good code of morality and religion might be culled out of their revered books—rejecting, of course, much lumber:—and the fruit of such doctrines, where individuals look more to good works, hope, and charity, than to faith, may be seen in the simple, innocent, and good lives of many. I have sometimes been disposed to think, with sufficient vagueness, that as many Hindus as Christians lead—bating faith, if such abatement must be made—a truly Christian life.

The doctrine, to me so repelling, of faith, over, or without, works, I cannot help thinking very dangerous. With too many of us faith seems to be all in all. The hope which arises out of charity, humility, and all their works, is nothing—worse than nothing—even damnable! We may, I apprehend, for this, in a great degree, thank St. Athanasius. Saint! forsooth. The creed which goes by his name is reputed to be the production of one Vigilius, "a contentious bishop of Tapsus." I have no ready means of ascertaining whether or not the memory of the saint really deserves to be tainted by the appropriation to him of the creed which bears his name. If so, may Heaven forgive him! for I cannot help thinking that no one thing has caused
so much schism, or rather separation, from our good Church, as that creed; or so much sadness to its more timid adherents. Faith, mere faith, wears indeed too much semblance to those easy cushions, on which mental laziness loves to repose. No doubt but a great majority of mankind, if they think at all, think by proxy—and it is fit they should.

I earnestly hope that, though advancing into years, I may yet live to see that creed struck out of our ritual. St. A., were he alive and in his plenty of power, would perhaps set his inquisitors to work; and, by virtue of the bull de heretico comburendo, burn me alive for saying this; and consign my soul to eternal torments. And this for lack of what he and they would call faith—that is, not thinking exactly with them. Fire and fagot in their potent logic, shall consume where they cannot confute—may make cinders, but not Christians. Do any of his spiritual successors exist? I hope not—and believe not, out of the purlieus of the Inquisition. But if such do exist, and wherever, thus I retort on them and him—May all-merciful Heaven forgive their want of charity!—and may my humble hope be hereby strengthened!

Man, wretched man, must surely in all cases, where not blinded by fanaticism, see that humility of pretension, with reasonable confidence of hope, best becomes him.

In the time of Louis XIV, "a constellation" of poets was beautifully called the Pleiades—reminding us of the "gems" of the Indian Court of Vikramaditya. The names of the French
Pleiads do not occur (to me)—and those of the "gems" need not be given here. Who but a most wretched, I had nearly said a most wicked, fanatic, could, after persecuting one of "the seven" suspected of heresy, to the stake, declare that of all the actions of his life, he looked back on that persecution with the most satisfaction? This is said of Nicolas Rapin. The names and memory of such men should not be spared.

Oh, what are we—
Frail beings as we are, that we should sit
In judgment, man on man?—and what were we,
If the All-merciful should mete to us,
With the same rigorous measure wherewithal
Sinner to sinner metes?

Byron.

How idle, to give it no worse a name, the endeavour, to make all men think alike!—how foolish to expect it! You cannot make two watches, the nicest pieces of machinery produced by the ingenuity of man, go alike: and the mind of man is infinitely a more refined and complicated machine. No two men—thinking men—think exactly alike on any important question not strictly mathematical; where there is no scope for diversity. There may be some easy-faithed folk who are the more disposed to believe, because the point is impossible.—Of such it has been sarcastically said that they would wish there were twice Thirty-nine Articles, that they might prove their orthodoxy by believing them all. Peace to all such. But if two cannot on any deeply important point think alike, can they be compelled to do so on many? You may unsettle a man’s faith in several
ways—but can you give him your own? You convince an inquirer that he is in error; but you make him a sceptic or an unbeliever. In these two descriptions of person there is this difference—the sceptic doubts; the unbeliever is confirmed in his infidelity.

Infinitely diversified then as is the human mind, and prone as man is to diversity in his mode of reasoning, how can such vastly complicated pieces of moral machinery be made to work alike? Those who think, must of necessity think variously; and, as the result of thought and reasoning, believe and disbelieve variously, and to such a degree of variety as to be, as above said, almost infinitely diversified. Who is right? Who is wrong? Where, in this infinitely graduated line, is the right to stop and the wrong to commence? Are all on the one side of the line wrong,—infinitely, damnably, wrong? and all on the other side, infinitely, ineffably, blissfully right? It is fair in such arguments to push them to extremity—to show to what absurdity dogmas may tend. The doctrine of the eternity of extreme punishment for being, however involuntarily, on what is deemed by a few the wrong side of the delicately and infinitely graduated line of faith, is revolting. And it is no wonder that the churches and sects which insist on it should exhibit appearances of declension in their number of adherents, and in the estimation of those who yield to reasonings rather than to denunciations. Such anathemas may, haply, keep those within the pale of reprobation, who fear to look or search beyond it. These may be divided into three classes—those who dare not, those who
will not, and those who cannot, reason. Of these it has been, I think, well said, that he who dare not, is a coward; he who will not, is a slave; and he who cannot, is a fool.

Every indulgent allowance should, however, be extended to the enduring mental infancy of the illiterate. It should plead strongly in their behalf if, in their ignorance, they adopt and perpetuate error. The strength of faith is too often in an inverse ratio to the strength of evidence, and the extent of intelligence.

As to fanaticism in its enthusiastic excess, it is as contagious as the itch. Its immediate spread among the auditors of Westley was most extraordinary. He was honest; and many of his hearers were, no doubt, smitten with a sort of convulsive epilepsy. Of some we may be pardoned if we think less charitably. I believe Mr. Irving to be, in the main, honest. His excess of zeal—not to call it violence—may, perhaps, sometimes outrun his conviction. The Irvingarians feel, or fancy so, or affect it, the gift of tongues, among other inspirations. But what comes of it, if neither listener or utterer can understand a syllable of what is said? "Unknown tongue" is a curious sort of gift. If tried by any ordinary test, it utterly fails. Bishop Peacock justly maintained that it was not the purpose of revelation to teach any thing that may be learned or discovered without it. This may be extended to inspiration—also a miraculous thing. A profound, or even a skilful, poet, never, as has been said of Homer, employs celestial machinery where he can
do without it. And both in ethics and physics no plurality of principles may be assumed where the phenomena can be explained by one. Essentials are not to be multiplied unnecessarily.

The freedom with which certain priests, and indeed others, fulminate, or deal out, reprobation, on such as think differently, or who act in opposition to what is felt to be the good of the craft, is strikingly contrasted with their seeming self-complacency as to the security of their own salvation. If such things were not, as Bishop Beveridge saith, too serious, they might be amusing. As to what he says of absurdities and mysteries, it may be noted that the difference seems to be this—mysteries are things that we know nothing of; absurdities we know to be false. A mystery we cannot understand: it cannot be understood. If understood, it is no longer a mystery.

There may be—although I hope not—still some parts of Christendom, Spain or Portugal, I presume, if any, where one might be in danger—if not of being, as heretofore, burned alive—of being imprisoned possibly for life, for the espousal of what are called heretical doctrines or opinions. Formerly a suspicion even of entertaining such, mere matters of belief or speculation, would have sufficed for the harpies of the Inquisition. It is not long since that almost all the Christian world held that some cases of heresy as righteously deserved death as murder. And possibly the denial or non-profession of the co-equality and co-eternity of the Hypostases—"the
consubstantiality of the Hypostases!" as some theologians have so clearly expressed themselves—or of transubstantiation or of consubstantiation, or of the eternity of hell torments and of all mankind deserving them, the particular mode of the incarnation—all these, and other occult and mysterious points, may have been among the sufficient crimes to induce some "who professed and called themselves Christians" to burn alive their weaker brethren "for the honor and glory of God"—the God of Infinite Mercy! If He were, indeed, not such, how could his other awful attribute of Infinite Justice, not have been put forth in visible and immediate avenging?—Such forbearance might furnish an unbeliever an argument against all special Providential interposition.

The pious Dr. Watts gave the epithet of rant to the dogmas of those who substituted unmeaning words for unknown things.—Bishop Hurd, with more force than precision, speaks of things "at which reason stands aghast, and faith herself shrinks, half confounded." Bishop Beveridge says "they would be ridiculed as absurdities, if they were not adored as mysteries." If men do now really believe in such things as transubstantiation, human infallibility, the potency of indulgences, miracles by rags and relics, &c.—and that

1 I have never seen Indulgences publicly offered, except at Aix-la-Chapelle. In a rapid inspection of the Cathedral, I saw plenary indulgences announced on sale; but I neglected to note the words, and the language, and the style or
millions still do so firmly believe, it were mere wan-
tonness of scepticism to doubt—such men, in Europe
at any rate, must surely soon see that they are
grasping a bubble.—And it will as surely soon burst
in their hands, leaving them amazed at their cre-
dulity.

Exhibiting a miracle, real or pretended, tends
more than any thing—presupposing faith in the
spectator—to exalt the reputation of the performer.
It is the most unequivocal test of the potentiality of
the worker; and in a degree commensurate with the
magnitude, above the natural impossibility, of the
miracle. We see, perhaps, only one act; but we
cannot measure the extent of the power. It is put
forth but for a moment; but we know not its du-
rability were it willed. Enthusiasm may work
wonders, but not miracles. It is unreasonable to
expect philosophers, or even common reasoners and
thinkers, to have faith in such hocus-pocus things as
most if not all modern miracles are. Curing a green-
sick girl; liquefying or transcolouring the contents of
a phial; epileptic jabbering—such are the pitiful
shifts resorted to by the miracle-mongers of late
days. "The brave legend of Loretto" has scarcely
been equalled.

It might too much move the apprehensions of
some pious timid minds, were any one to propose
the total abolition of creeds from our ritual. But it

mode of the announcement: but I think it was in Latin, cut
in stone, and suspended conspicuously. Nor can I tell if it
apply to the present time.
has been made a question if, on the whole, they
have not been hurtful to the cause of our Church,
and, of course, to Christianity. The creed which I
have above ventured to blame for its unyielding
austerity, is understood to be the most objectionable
article of our service: and if any revision of it, with
a view to emendation, were undertaken, that creed
would probably be among the earliest of the articles
to which the pruning-knife would be applied. Of
the other two creeds, one might, haply, suffice. And
of the two I prefer the *Nicene*, although the longest,
if either must stand as it is. Should the other, the
*Apostle's*, be in preference, or also, retained, I hope
the *descent* will be altered to the unobjectionable
phraseology of the *Nicene*—"He suffered and was
buried." The well-wishers to the Church—among
whom I unfeignedly profess myself, though not ac-
cording fully in its doctrines or discipline—may be
assured that the objectionable term indicated in the
Apostle's creed, drives many from it, and shocks
many who remain, and think, and feel. Scholars
and philosophers may know exactly the extent of the
meaning of the phrase, so revolting and offensive to
ordinary ears, and view it in the right sense:—but
creeds were made not so much for such men, as for
other classes;—and if they were, such men will not,
cannot, be bound by them. Who can, on such mo-
mentous points, think for another? I have little
doubt but the phrase here, I hope not unbecomingly,
objected to, has shocked and terrified millions of
pious men. Can it have edified or comforted one
such man?
For myself I have, I confess, some doubt as to the efficacy, in these days, of any creed—as to denunciatory creeds, I have none, in the present, and probably future, state of English society. Either of the two creeds, if retention be thought essential, might be advantageously shortened—retaining all the points on which faith or doctrine hinge. Some one has sagaciously remarked the proneness of mankind to lengthen their creeds and shorten their commandments.

Our Church services are too long. In a great majority, unwearied attention cannot be so long kept up. The Gloria Patri is repeated to a degree rendering it unimpressive; not to say tiresome. Twice or thrice would surely be enough: and the fine Gloria in Excelsis, given with such effect in Papal cathedrals, might be advantageously introduced; if it were thought alarming to reject twenty or thirty repetitions of the first without some compensation. The Lord’s Prayer, of admitted excellence, seems not to require such repeated recitation. Might not twice or thrice, instead of six or eight times, suffice?

Those fine compositions the Psalms might be rendered more impressive by leaving out some parts bearing on no points of history or divinity, and possessing no poetical beauty. Some now adverted to may be called trivial—not to say, in a few instances, vulgar and indecent. Some repetitions in the Psalms are not agreeable or instructive in the recital—particularly as the responses are usually given by the clerks. I never knew the potency of the fine poetry
of our Psalms till I heard them read by my Encyclopædic friend, Dr. Rees, at his chapel in Jewin Street. He made a selection for his congregation with much judgment, and read with great taste, pathos, and effect;—not alternating verse and verse with his clerk, as is usual in churches; but reading the whole psalm himself, most impressively.

More than half the available effect of the Psalms is lost by the responses. A verse is perhaps finely given by the minister.—Then follows the response; drewled out nasally by the clerk, mumbled over by some of the congregation near you, and squeaked, out of all time and tone, by half, or a whole, hundred of hissing children: so that no one, not even those who can read, can connect or feel what is so drewled, mumbled, squeaked, and hissed.

Now, if the minister read the whole, like Dr. Rees—I never, I think, heard any other clergyman so read the Psalms—the unreading portion, happily decreasing, of the congregation would hear, understand, and be edified—even if not recited so finely as by my lamented friend.

Omissions I have, with due deference, hinted, might be profitable: for instance, in the 136th Psalm. What do we, now-a-days, know of, or care for, "Og, the king of Basan?" His history, or the geography of his fat-bull-producing country, is not,—if even known to the learned—of any importance to us, the multitude. What the Psalm may have been in Hebrew, sung by David to his harp, it is useless to conjecture. A tasteful lyrist can make almost any thing agreeable. And in that day some
not unimportant, or not unpleasing, association, might have been connected with the passage. Not so now. To our English untutored ears the sentence just quoted—I do not choose to quote it again—is, in plain prose, very undignified and cacophonous. It is indeed, vulgar; and when, as I have heard it in Warwickshire, and Leicestershire, his majesty of Basan's name is strongly aspirated by the clerk, it really makes sad work—and, if attended to at all, excites any feeling, save a solemn, or serious one. In Leicestershire they are prodigious pork-eaters; and I have little doubt but Hog and basin

1 It was soon after hearing "Hog, the king of Basin," not Basan, as palpably pronounced by a clerk as Mrs. Siddons herself could have given it, that I first heard Dr. Rees, and admired his method of giving the whole of a well-selected,—perhaps the next beautiful—psalm. The contrast was most striking. One word more on the misplaced aspirations and the omissions so observable in some of the Shires, and so offending to unaccustomed ears. I was once puzzled, in company with six or eight Meltonians, not of the hunt any more than myself, but respectable intelligent men, by one of them using—again with almost Siddonian distinctness of articulation—the term, "hern-eater." No one of the company but myself seemed at all puzzled. They all as readily transposed the initials by the ear, as the speaker had by his voice. I was the more perplexed for the immediate meaning of those strange words, as they had no applicability to what preceded or followed. Perhaps the reader does not take, "Do you give it up?"—My worthy friend spoke of an urn-heater.

I will take leave here to repeat, as a sort of apology for a seeming familiarity of style, that parts of this volume are taken, with little or no alteration, from letters to a friend.
are associated by this verse, in a way little suspected by many.

Although I feel a sufficient self-conviction that in what I may here or elsewhere venture, in humility, to put forth, touching imagined improvements, or reform, in our Church service, is so done in the sincerity of right feeling and good wishes towards that Church; I am yet aware that there are many pious and good men—much better and wiser men than myself—who may view all such suggestions with mistrust. There are many pious and good men—their wisdom may be questionable—who will resist, by every means, the touch of reform to any clerical thing, be it ever so objectionable. "The Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible," is taken by many as a text and test; and is a good one to a certain extent. But let it be recollected that those who have left us the Bible as it is, rejected a great deal—that they pretended to no inspiration since the time of the LXX, and may possibly have left us still too much. And why may not the pious and wise men of the present day be allowed the exertion of their piety and wisdom, as well as those of earlier centuries, in the honest endeavour to render a good

One of my valued and lost correspondents thought some of my letters worth preserving; and his executors lately returned to me more than a hundred and fifty. This apology is not offered as an excuse for selecting therefrom any thing objectionable. Should unfortunately any passage wear that apparent hue to the reader, he is requested to impute it to my bad taste and lack of good sense. I agree with him that such things "admit of no defence."
work still better; by the omission of things on which hang no matter of faith or discipline, or beauty or solemnity, or any element of excellence; nor, indeed, any point of importance—but which are reasonably objectionable to many; and which by their retention tend to drive and keep many from and without the pale of our Church?

Reluctant as any one to give any reasonable cause of offence, I would humbly suggest that while every thing else is in forward movement, it is not safe for the Church to stand still. Standing still is not standing fast. Is every thing national—law, finance, navy, army, &c. &c.—to undergo, of necessity, almost annual reform and amendment, and the Church establishment to be allowed to remain encumbered with all the unbrushed cobwebs of centuries of accumulation? Is any one hardy enough to declare—I speak not of the wish—that the Church of England and Ireland requires no reform? If any, I fear, while I may respect his hardihood, if sincere, that neither my, nor more potent, arguments will have any weight with him. Fancy our army and navy to have remained as they were a century or two back—all at the head of them and of the nation, pertinaciously, as some churchmen are supposed to do, resisting all amendment, all reform—what a condition would those important national departments be in? would they still be of that description?—or would not England rather have been missed from the list of great nations? True it is that "Time is the great innovator." My earnest wish is, that whatever amendment or reform—I desire to use the
words synonymously—may be undertaken in or for the Church, should be done mainly by churchmen—say by the Bench of Bishops. But I will here say no more. I emphatically disclaim every intention of harming, in the remotest degree, the real interests of the Church, or the immediate income of any of its present members: but I desire its good, in the amendment of its obsolete or objectionable doctrines and practices—and I desire it by and through the Church itself—lest the conviction of its necessity, so widely as I believe it is spread, should be aggravated by continued lukewarmness and resistance—and call forward a class of dangerous innovators; who, instead of a restoration and extension of the purity and beauty of the spiritual edifice, seek rather to share in its carnal loaves and fishes, and to wash their dirty hands in the Font.

Having quoted from Roberts' *Cam. Pop. Ant.* I will here advert to another passage, not altogether perhaps out of place.

He marvels that so little notice has been taken by mythological writers of the wife of Noah; who, as the second great mother of the whole human race, can be no unimportant personage. Her name is not given in our translation of the Bible—and I presume is not in the original.

In the Koran she is frequently alluded to; but not, I think, by name. The commentators call her by the name of Wăila, and confound her with Lot's wife, who is also named Wăila, or Wahela. More than one wife is given to Noah; and one of
them is spoken of disrespectfully, as an unbeliever, and deceitful. Not, it may be supposed, the Arkite. The Koran, being so manifestly grounded on our Bible in regard to its historical portion, may not supply the names of any important persons which our older book may have omitted. But the commentators on the Koran sometimes supply such omission—on what good authority I cannot say. Thus, as well as the wives of Noah and Potipher, they name Job's. Some call her Rahmat, the daughter of Ephraim the son of Joseph; others, Makkib, the daughter of Manasses. She is very respectfully spoken of, as having faithfully attended her husband in his distress, and supported him by her labour. But when she, seduced by Satan, asked her husband's consent to worship him, and end their sufferings, the enduring man lost his temper; and swore, if he recovered, he would give her a hundred stripes.

He is recorded to have uttered this esteemed passage, in the 21st Sura of the Koran: "Verily evil hath afflicted me. But Thou art the most merciful of those who show mercy." Whereupon the angel Gabriel took him by the hand and raised him. And a fountain sprung out; of which having drank and washed, his offensiveness fell off and he recovered his health and beauty. His wife also became young and handsome again, and she bore him twenty-six sons; and all their property was restored and doubled to them. But Job's oath had perplexed him; and it was revealed to him that striking her one blow with a palm-branch having a hundred leaves would
suffice. The traditions differ as to the duration of Job's calamities—one says eighteen years; another thirteen—another three—and another exactly seven years seven months and seven hours.

Moses' wife is likewise named.—In the Koran it is pleasingly related how he watered the sheep of two women, who modestly kept at a distance, at the well of Madian, and becomingly "retired to the shade." And one of the damsels afterwards came unto him, walking bashfully, and said, "My father calleth thee, that he may recompense thee for thy trouble." It ended in Moses marrying her, Sefora, the eldest daughter of old Shoairb. Others say, it was the youngest daughter. It appears, that the mouth of the well had been closed by a stone of such great weight that the strength of seven men, by some accounts a much greater number, was required to remove it. On the kind occasion of watering the modest damsels' sheep, Moses moved the stone; not, it appears, unobserved—for "one of the damsels said, 'My father, hire him; the best servant thou canst hire, is an able and trusty person.'" Sura 28. entitled, The Story. The girl, being asked by her father how she knew Moses deserved this character, said that he had, unaided, removed the vast stone; and had not looked in her face, but held down his head till he had heard her message, and desired her to walk behind him, because the wind ruffled her garments and discovered part of her legs. Sale, ii. 236. Noah's mother is also mentioned by name in the

1 Zipporah—in the Bible.
Commentaries on the Koran. That of Shamkha is given her—"the daughter of Enosh." Ib. 462.

The 66th Sura, or chapter, entitled the Prohibition, displays a curious specimen of the domestic bickerings among the wives of the Prophet; and on what trivial, not to say improper and indelicate, questions, he pretended to receive revelations from on high. The Prophet's morals hang as loosely about him in this, as in any chapter of the Koran. He is very severe on the wives of Noah and Lot; and by way of lecture to his own—"God," he says, "propoundeth, as a similitude unto the unbelievers, the wife of Noah and the wife of Lot. They were under two of our righteous servants, and they deceived them; wherefore their husbands were of no advantage to them in His sight. And it shall be said unto them, at the last day, 'Enter ye into hell-fire!' He also propoundeth, as a similitude unto those who believe, the wife of Pharaoh, when she said, 'Lord, deliver me from Pharaoh and his doings'—and Mary, the daughter of Imran, who preserved her chastity, and into whose womb we breathed our spirit, and who believed in the words of her Lord and his Scriptures, and was a devout and obedient person."

It was on this occasion that the Prophet paid the high, but exclusive, compliment on the four excellent women, as named in p. 26 preceding. Two of the four were those last mentioned, Asia and Mary. Although he restricted the believers to four wives, he did not so restrict himself. By revelation, he appears to have been at liberty on that point.
The chapter, entitled Prohibition, opens thus—"O Prophet!—why holdest thou that to be prohibited which God hath allowed thee, seeking to please?"—"God hath allowed you the dissolution of your oaths." He had, it seems, pacified some of his wives—they are named by the commentators on this occasion, Ha'Fsa, Zeinah, Ayeshah, Sawda, and Safia—by swearing that he would give them no more offence by his preference of Mary, a Coptish slave presented to him by the governor of Egypt.

It was Ha'Fsa who was more especially injured and insulted on this occasion; and she so sharply reproved her libertine husband that he promised with an oath not to repeat his offence. It was to free himself from this restriction that he promulgated this seasonably revealed chapter. "If"—he continues his admonition to his angry wives—"he divorce you, his Lord can easily give him in exchange other wives better than you—women resigned unto God, true believers, devout, penitent, obedient, given to fasting," and other merits moral and personal.

But, as the nature of the Commentaries indicate, the ladies were not so penitent, obedient, given to fasting, or resigned, as the Prophet expected after such admonition. Ha'Fsa was implacable; and he not only divorces her, but separated himself from all his other wives for a whole month; indulging in the allowed dissolution of his oath respecting the Coptish slave, as revealed to him from on high. How positively contemptible are these frivolities and grossesses; and how surpassingly so when compared—
if comparison can be allowed—with the purity of life and doctrine of the Founder of Christianity!

The Prophet, however, took Hafsa again, as he gave out, by the direction of the angel Gabriel, who commended her for her frequent fasting and other exercises of devotion; assuring him likewise that she should be one of his wives in Paradise. Sale, ii. 447. It seems to be extensively true that a prophet is not duly honored at home; and that no man is a hero to his valet de chambre.

The old Welch poets sing of Noe and his wife Eseye. Noah, or Noe, or Nu, has been sufficiently identified with the lawgiver of the Hindus, Me Nu, the 7th and last of that name. And in the Eseye of the Welch, and of others perhaps, we may recognise the Isi of the Hindus. I may have occasion to say something in another page of Isi and Isa; and shall here merely allude to a probable (and provable?) connexion in the names so distantly venerated as Isa, Isi, Isis, Isaiah, Esau, Isha. The Helio-arkite relationships are very extensive. The sun and moon are all in all with Hindu mythologists—every deity and almost every mystical thing melt into them ultimately, or originate thence—all are male and female, and sexual allegories are endless. In like manner, the sun is with some, the ark, or both, with other, westerns, the origin and end of all mythic allusion:—saving always “that greater Light whence all have come, whither all return; and which alone can shed the radiations of Truth.”

1 The substance of the Gayatri—the holiest, the ineffable, verse of the Hindu Veda.
Another scriptural lady of some notoriety is also, with us, anonymous—and so much the better for her, as far as we are taught to speak and think of her. A general bad name is not so bad, as when specifically, and personally, applied. I allude now to Potiphar’s wife. Her celebrity, as well as reputation, is differently considered in other countries. In India, Arabia, Turkey, and Persia, she is as well known by name as any woman of antiquity or history. Under, and to, the name of Zuleika there are hundreds of poems in the various languages of those countries, and thousands of allusions in other poetical and amatory writings. No one can, indeed, read ten pages of such writings without finding some allusion to the amours of Joseph and Zuleika. They are frequent to a tiresome degree. She is sometimes called by another name—Rahil, or Rail. This occurs comparatively very seldom, and is much less poetical than the other. Every Mahommedan has read endless stories of Zuleika, the heroine of half their most impassioned poems and tales. But her name is not in the Koran.

Mahommedan history has, perhaps, been more tender of her fame—or perhaps they shroud half her shame in the prurient descriptions of her beauty, and in the degree of temptation to which she was exposed by the dangerous proximity of the “full moon of Canaan”—one of the periphrases for Joseph. Nor is he described with such historic truth as with us—not that very virtuous youth, that our beautiful version clothes his fair fame withal.

The Persians, more particularly, seem never tired
of writing, or of reading, or of hearing, or of telling, of the "Loves of Yusuf and Zuleika." There is a copy of a poem by Jami under that title, in the Bodleian Library, which Sir W. Jones thought the most beautiful MS. in the world. I possess a copy of Hafez—not so complete I believe as some copies of his celebrated diwan—so beautiful as to be, in my eye, the criterion of calligraphy. It is that mentioned in p. 10. I once, so prepossessed, took it to Oxford, and compared it with the famed Jami—and without being turned in my opinion, as far as regards the beauty of the penmanship. My Hafez—I have indeed three copies, the second very pretty—is in small letter, very little ornamented. Jami's work is large and splendidly illuminated.¹

Some Mahommedan writers insist on it that the "Loves of Yusuf and Zuleika" are merely

¹ I may, perhaps, be pardoned in here noting that in my early day, with the view of improvement in writing Persian, I copied the whole of my Hafez; imitating as nearly as I could the pretty turns of the original; which was, I believe, written in Persia. I copied it into small, convenient books, which in time became dispersed, I know not how—given away, lost, &c. Many years afterwards I was rather pleasingly surprised at seeing one of them exhibited at a tea-table, in England, as an Oriental MS. of some curiosity and value! It would have been cruel to have disabused the contented possessor.

In a former page I have touched on the high price given in India for fine MSS.—so much higher than they appear to have in England. I have sometimes thought that it would not be a bad speculation to turn the course of the market; and purchase in London, Oriental MSS. for sale in India.
mystical—an allegorical emblem of the spiritual love between the Creator and the created—"just," says Sale, "as the Christians apply the Song of Solomon to the same mystical purpose." ch. 12. And he refers to D'Herbelot, Bib. Or. art. Jousouf.

Like our Scripture the Sura or chapter of the Koran which contains the story of Joseph, is among the most admired. But as far as Sale's translation gives it, it falls infinitely short, in every element of beauty, of our exquisite history. It is in the xiiith chapter of the Koran, entitled Joseph—"Yusuf," revealed at Mecca. The Mahommedan writers give the name of Kitfer to the merchant who purchased Joseph. This is thought to be a corruption of Potiphar. The names written without points would not differ materially to the eye, جشم or سمر or دام —and in the running, broken hand, perhaps not at all. If variously pointed, many hundreds, perhaps thousands, of variations of sound, and of sense, might be produced.

It has resulted from the recent researches into Egyptian lore, that Joseph married a daughter of Pet-e-phre—the Priest of Phre, at On, or Heliopolis. By a vocalized expansion the Greeks made ΦΟΠΕΙ of Phre. Petephre and Potiphar may be nearly related; but I have not the means of showing it.

In a former page I have spoken in deserved praise of Sale's Koran. Arabic scholars are, however, disposed to extend that praise not much beyond fidelity of translation, so far as resulted from a competent
acquaintance with the language of the original; and great industry in seeking the opinions of commentators, and judgment in selecting them. The beauties and sublimities of Mahommed are said to be not recognizable in Sale. The Prophet himself declared them unrivalled in any human composition; and put forth such declaration with a tone of defiance, and in proof of the inspiration of the Koran.

Comparisons have been sometimes made between the sublimities and poetical beauties of the Bible and Koran. The judgment, or opinion rather, of Europe is pretty general on one side. The point was, not long ago, made a theme of disputation at the University of, I think, Leipsic, and is said to have undergone much discussion. One may fear that the feeling which so submitted the point had predetermined it—for the opinion is said to have been in favor of the Koran.¹

The Mahommedans have added much in their Traditions and Commentaries, to the historical and biographical portions of the Bible. The Talmud and other Jewish books; the true and spurious Gospels are known to have been circulated in Mahommedan countries, in, and before, the time of the Prophet.

While on the subject of the Koran and its author, I will here, although I have much more to add hereafter on those subjects, offer a remark on the

¹ I have been enabled, through the kindness of a learned friend, a foreigner, to give a copy of the thesis: "Notio Dei, qua Corano inest, sublimior est atque perfectior quam quae reperitur in Libris Mosaicis?"
prevalent error in writing and pronouncing the name of that extraordinary person. I have, indeed, on a former occasion, pointed out the impropriety of the final t. There is no authority whatever for it in Arabic, Persian, or any Eastern language. Whether written or pronounced Mahomed, or Mahomud, or Mahommed, is of little consequence. In reference to its orthography in Arabic, the best spelling would perhaps be Mahammad; and giving the a, especially in the middle syllable, rather a hollow sound, and dwelling on the medial m, would be very near the current pronunciation by natives. In the Arabic it is written with four letters, MHMD. A character — called teshdid, over the medial m, denotes that sound to be prolonged or doubled; thus, ٥٥٥٥. The sound of ma in our word ma-chine—of hum and mud, as we usually use those words—will give the uniform Eastern pronunciation of this important name, as nearly perhaps as we can express it—the authority of Gibbon, Prideaux, Gagnier, and a host of English, French, and other writers to the contrary notwithstanding.

Another Arabic letter we are apt to use equivocally, where there is no necessity for it. This is the й. The French are rather badly off in their alphabet, touching the sound of this letter; and we have adopted from them an orthography, in our early translation of the "Arabian Nights," and in other works, very unsightly, and which has led us into a vicious pronunciation. A recent learned author writes thus—"The Miradg, or the History of
the Ascension of Mahomed”—“Adgaib al Makh-lukat”—“Tadg al Tovarikh.” I object to the dg, when our j would give the correct pronunciation, and accord exactly with the original orthography. Taj al Tovarikh, “the Diadem of Histories”—Miraj—Ajaib, are manifestly, to English organs, preferable to the mode of spelling with dg.

The Mahommedan era is written and pronounced hejra. This, to my eye and ear, is plain and unequivocal. But write it, as some have done, hedgra, or hegira—and it is very vague. I have heard it pronounced in a curious variety of ways, by Europeans—hed-gra, he-ghira, he-jira, &c.—but by Orientals never otherways than hej-ra. Our g is a very unphilosophical letter, and leads us into divers anomalies.

Nor is the name of the Mahommedan Scripture uniformly, or always, correctly expressed. The first syllable should be pronounced short—the last long and open—Korän, or Korähn. There is no aspirate in the original. Europeans write and pronounce it variously—Coran, Quoran, Alcoran—al is sometimes prefixed by natives. It is merely the particle the.

Travellers, favored by opportunity, would do well to visit the famed shrine of the Virgin Maria Zell, in Styria. It is the Loretto of Southern Germany. At Pentecost, and the feast of the Assumption, and of her Nativity—the last two fall on the 15th of August and 8th of September—great attraction exists thitherward. On these occasions, pilgrims flock from distances of hundreds of miles. It is ex-
pected—as in the case of Mahommedans to Mekku—that every individual with any pretension to piety should at least once perform the pilgrimage. Rich and poor find their advantage in it—spiritual and worldly. Vows made in sickness and distress, and relieved by prayer to the Virgin, render repetition necessary. Beggars also, of course, resort to the "Vale of Grace"—and, as the human mind is softened by such journeyings, meet with more than ordinary pity and benevolence.

Legends are not wanted in rivalry of the Ladies of other shrines. Those of Loretto, Walsingham, Raddna, and others of that class, are about equalled by mythological prodigies of her of Zell.

But, however apparently omnipotent in some matters these Madonnas may seem, they cannot protect themselves, their shrines, their priests, or their wealth. All in their turn get plundered by the unholy. Joseph borrowed a large sum from her treasury at Zell, for carrying on his wars; and the French made free with that of Loretto and others.

The inestimable chest of Cologne, (as the French write the name, but on the spot it is written Kolen, or Colen, or Cöln) with the equally invaluable skulls of the Magi—those, it is to be understood, who came to inquire and worship at Bethlehem—would have shared the same fate from the sacrilegious hands of republican France, but was saved by no miraculous removal northward. In safe times it was restored—and I have passed hours in the fine cathedral of Kolen examining the beautiful gems on that chest. Gold is said to be the basest material
in its composition. From recollection, I should say that it is about as large as a chest of claret—twelve dozen. The skulls of the three kings, or Magi, are milk-white; looking, indeed, more like ivory than bone. Each is encircled with a brilliant crown of diamonds—and really the spectacle of ghastly skulls so surmounted, affords "ample scope for meditation." The names are inscribed, if I recollect right, beneath their respective skulls—Caspar, Melchior,¹ and Balthazar.

I know not where else to find the names of those

¹ Many years had elapsed since I had seen the name of Melchior, and it was then on a matter very different from skulls and Magi. An old friend of mine, a watchmaker of London, made some watches for the Spanish and Portuguese markets. The articles were approved, save on one point. The ingenious artist put his name—Miles Brockbank—on his wares—but it was offensive. The patronymic did not signify—but Miles!—there was no such saint in the copious kalendar of Papacy; and some piously objected to wearing on their person so unhallowed an article. My alarmed friend conned over the apotheotic muster-roll, and not finding any name more like his own than Melchior, adopted it in his subsequent handyworks, with the expected advantages. Surprised at seeing such a name on his watches, the above explanation was given me.

While writing this article, I read in a respectable penny periodical—the Saturday Magazine—the names of these "three Kings of Colen," taken from Selden’s Table Talk, who are thus described—"Of these Magi, or Sages, (vulgarly called the three Kings of Colen) the first, named Melchior, an aged man with a long beard, offered gold; the second, Jasper, a beardless youth, offered frankincense; the third, Baltasar, a black, or Moor, with a large spreading beard, offered myrrh."—No. 33.
three kings who, guided by the star, came to Beth-lehem to do homage to the infant Saviour. I may, perhaps, be in error in supposing the three Kings, and the Magi (on that occasion) and the Wise Men, to be the same. On the Rhine, Les trois Rois is not an infrequent sign or designation for a hotel—and I think there is one in Cologne.¹

Many conjectures have been entertained as to the station and country of these royal, or wise, or great, men. It is said that the Epiphanic ceremonies were instituted in their honor. Grotius and others think that Arabia was their country. In the Scriptures, Arabia is occasionally designated by "the East." It is so situated in reference to Syria and Palestine. It is farther called, in conformity with the knowledge of those times, the country producing gold, frankincense, and myrrh; of which those wise men brought offerings to the new-born King. The word Magi has been supposed denotive of men who pass their lives in study and contemplation.

Now, I will venture to hazard a conjecture to the effect, that those wise men were Brahmans from India, or from Egypt. The word Magi is fairly derivable from the Greek—but go a little higher, and it is derivable also from the Sanskrit. Maha-ji—the termination I lay no great stress on—is applicable to

¹ At Strasbourg we put up at one called—we could not help feeling—irreverently—Saint Esprit. There was, I think, no sign. Our Angel, in England, is rather misplaced. The more appropriate Devil of my younger days, near Temple Bar, is, I believe, fallen.
great or wise men, as Brahmans would be described, and otherways as men who pass their time in study and contemplation.\textsuperscript{1} Arabia produces no gold, frankincense, or myrrh. Such things pass westward through Arabia and Egypt, from India and regions farther east. On these points I have an article for a future page. Return we now, for a moment, to Cologne.

Passing the fine cathedral early one summer morning—by six, perhaps—and observing a great stir, I entered, and found it fully occupied; with singing, preaching, music, censing, &c. in process. With the usual courtesy of the continental people, way was made for me, a stranger, and I soon found a good place near the high altar and the chest. It is only on great occasions that this precious ark is exposed to view: on this, it was. The skulls, if I recollect right, seemed to be in a recess at one end of the chest. A door lifted, or a slip removed, exhibited them and their glittering circlets to the admiring audience.

A good-looking respectably-dressed canonical was especially civil to me. He whispered the names and dignity of the preachers and some of the performers, and sundry small particulars—and explained that the sacrament of confirmation was in progress. I observed perhaps a hundred young women about to

\textsuperscript{1} I know not if the names given above, of the bearers of the offerings, be on any good authority. It may not, therefore, be worth while to seek their source in the language of Brahmans. But Rosa-par or Cas-par, Mali-car, and Baltzara, and other approximations, might soon be found.
partake of that rite. They were very neatly, not showily, dressed—and though not many of them handsome, it was a very interesting exhibition. Travellers on the Rhine, between Strasbourg and Cologne, must have remarked the very elegant style in which the women arrange their hair. Northward or westward from Cologne it declines. These young women had their heads beautifully dressed, in the style seen in some of the paintings of the Flemish school. I returned to the cathedral about ten; and the ceremonies were still in progress. How tired, I thought, must these young creatures have been—for some must have been stirring very early, if not up all night. A part of the office of my civil friend was to thrust or insinuate a little open-mouthed bag, at the end of a stick, among the auditory, where and when donations might be looked for. A little bell is appended to the bag, which, on a seasonable shake, reminds an inattentive spectator of his duty. I believe the franc that—not, I hope, meaning to be ostentatious, but, it appears, visibly—I dropped into the gaping bag, was thought somewhat magnificent, for it certainly caused increased attentions on the part of my civil friend.

The interesting, imposing nature of the sacraments and other ceremonies of Papacy, all witnesses must feel. On this occasion the skulls, with their diamond diadems, the music, singing, incense, preaching, grandeur of the building, not to mention the hundred fine girls, might have disposed one to moralize duly—but I confess that, taking them altogether, I was less excited than I should have ex-
pected, and found my philosophy hang rather loosely about me.

But Cologne and its treasures may have detained us too long. It has been observed that miracle-working relics, or images, do not always save themselves or shrines from injury. Even Maria of Zell could or did not avert the sad calamity of destruction by fire, of her favorite church and town, and some of her priests, on the night of All-hallows, in 1827; but her picture and part of her treasures were saved. The latter were wisely and benevolently applied to re-edification, and relief of the sufferers. The picture of the Virgin was painted—like many others in Papal lands—by St. Luke. It was brought to Zell in 1157, and is still in fair preservation. A zealous priest brought it—as is not very unusual touching such articles—from among the barbarous Tartars; his only relic, treasure, or care. Not exactly knowing what best to do with it, the Virgin herself condescended to appear in the clouds with the divine child in her arms. She directed the ecstatic priest to hang the picture on a tree, and to announce that prayers addressed to her from that favored spot should never remain unheard. While hanging on the tree, the picture wrought miracles. Of course a church soon arose, in the process described in a former page—and, like those of Loretto, Radna, and others similarly favored, is, or was, hung over with cows, recording early and late miracles performed on the spot. One picture, offered in 1811, represents a beautiful young woman adoring the Virgin and Child in a cloud. An inscription
attests that the pious and faith-filled vower—whose name, parentage, &c. are particularized—was restored to speech on that spot, after six years of dumbness, the result of fervent prayer.

The market-place of Zell abounds in rosaries, relic-cases, wax tapers, incense, amulets against sorcery, infection, &c. exposed in booths as at our fairs. Nor is brandy forgotten, to refresh exhausted penitents. Processions are endless. Groups of pilgrims are led into the town by a priest at their head, with music, incense, &c.: the same on exit, with bell-tolling. A fee is, of course, given to the priests. Masses and vows, at the times before mentioned, are peculiarly efficacious.

The paintings and other vows here noticed in the churches of Zell, and in other churches in earlier pages, have been shown as in direct descent from ancient similar superstitions—both of Rome and Greece. It may be said of the differences between those people in matters of mythology and superstition, as a rustic said of those between the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk in matters of local linguistic, "one calls a snail a hodmandod, and t'other a dodman." In the temples of Esculapius we are taught, that "votive paintings covered the walls, representing human beings afflicted with every ailment and calamity that flesh is heir to. Hideous wounds that seemed to spout blood; revolting sores, wasted cadaverous forms, stamped with the apparent impress of death, but writhing with the sufferings of life, glared in every direction—the pious artists having aggravated to the utmost the mala-
dies of their respective patients, in order to enhance the miraculous merits of the divinity which had healed them."—*Romance of the Early Days*.

Reverence for relics may be traced very extensively. Mahommedans and Hindus are found to indulge in it, as much, perhaps, as Christians. A story is told by the early Portuguese voyagers, I think of Albuquerque's day, of their possessing themselves of a relic of scandalous superstition, which they removed from Ceylon to Goa. This was a monkey's tooth—believed by the Cingalese to have been the tooth of the conquering Rama's great simian heroic-demi-god Hanuman. For the ransom of this holy tooth the bereft owners are said to have offered an immense sum. Its amount I have forgotten, and have no immediate means of seeking authority. But the Portuguese disdained the lucre, unwilling to encourage such superstition. So the tooth was, I think, taken out to sea and sunk.

So of Mahommedan feeling—it is related (but I deem it scarcely respectful to bring such subjects into juxtaposition, having myself a little touch of superstition in such matters,) that the seamless vesture of The Redeemer was believed to have been found in the reliquaries of Constantinople. The State of Venice, or some institution there, offered 10,000 ducats for it; but the "unbelievers," as they were and are called, refused the offer. The Mahommedans are not, however, unbelievers, to the extent implied usually by that term.
In the hope of the early conclusion of this Second Head or Chapter of our Fragments, I proceed to throw together a few somewhat miscellaneous passages, connected, however, more or less therewith.

I have touched on the delicate subject of nuns and nunneries: on that I have farther to observe that where polygamy is forbidden, and the clergy and monastic individuals numerous, nunneries, under some form or other, are almost a necessary consequence, of such unnatural celibacy. There is more than one woman for each connubial man, and nunneries are a safe, if not a happy, retreat for the superfluous unsought maidens. I am not disposed to credit the scandal which prurient tongues and pens fling on those seminaries. Whoever will abuse priests or secluded institutions, will never want an auditory. Clerical celibacy has been too sarcastically described as a vow to be contented with other men’s wives. Mrs. Hemans beautifully asks, “Is not the life of woman all bound up in her affections? What has she to do in this bleak world alone? It may be well for man, in his triumphal course, to move unencumbered by soft bonds—but she was born for love and grief.” Let us hope not—but rather for love and happiness,—and that the feeling of this highly-gifted lady is too bitter—that it is more a poetical than a real picture of life. It is better to contemplate woman as a flower—if feeble not frail—stealing sun-shine and yielding sweets.

The ardent fanaticism of convents is of necessity often blended with unconscious sexuality, that would if recognised shock the virtuous aspirant. The still
innocent inmates, vainly striving to smother the impulses of nature, find—as do indeed many in social life—that she is not to be put out of her course with impunity. They endeavour to stifle their emotions by the fervors of religion:—but instead of the feelings of devotion in the language of love, they breathe the ardors of love in the language of devotion. The Virgin, kind, loving, pure though maternal, is the chosen idol of their hearts; broken by a chain of causes little suspected to exist. These innocent creatures—

"—— twine Religion's zeal
So close with Love's—they know not which they feel."

In connexion with what has been said of spiritualities in Spain, that church is said now to "rejoice in 58 archbishops, 684 bishops, 11,400 abbots, 936 chapters, 7,000 hospitals, 23,000 fraternities, 46,000 monasteries, 135,000 convents, 312,000 secular priests, 200,000 inferior clergy, 400,000 monks and nuns."—Ed. Rev. If this be true, or nearly, but it is scarcely credible, what is to be in reason expected of that once enterprising and potent region?

Another passage or two may afford an answer to the question.—"From a summary of facts it appears that the Spanish Church in the reign of Ferdinand the Sixth held 12,209,053 measures of

1 Not, I fear, to be taken in the sense of our English hospitals.

2 This being taken from a periodical, I am unable to say what a measure may be—but as the sum of secular land is
land, yielding in revenues 161,392,700 *reals*—that the rental of houses, tithes, first-fruits, &c. amounted to 164,154,498 *reals*—that the return from cattle was 2,933,277— from manufacture and commerce 12,321,440—making a gross sum of 340,801,915 *reals*.”—LARDNER'S *Spain and Portugal*. Estimating the *real* at sixpence of our money, it gives about 8½ millions sterling, something under one-fifth of the gross revenues of the secular state.

This then is a sort of general answer to my query as to the destinies of a state so priest-ridden. A more particular response is given in the following extract:

"The church of the Escurial is one mass of marbles, gold, and precious stones, relieved by admirable pictures, and rendered holy by the presence of some four or five hundred vases containing relics of every impossible kind, of every possible saint or saintly object. Unhappily the rapacity of the French has sadly disturbed the identity of these holy treasures: for while those 'Free-masons' carried off too many of the golden vases, they scattered the unlabelled contents in unholy confusion on the ground. Thus, though the aggregate sanctity of the relics may remain the same, the individual virtue of each relic is rendered dubious even to the devotion of the most faithful. How long will men worship the offal of the charnel-house?"—*Ed. Rev.* July, 1832, p. 450. A recent traveller in Spain gives it as his given as 61,200,000, it gives about one-fifth of the lands as spiritualities.
opinion that Voltaire is now more read in Spain and Portugal than in England and France.

Another authority, speaking of the almost incredible number of monks that existed in monkery's best day, asserts that in the 14th century a great plague, which spread almost over all Europe, and lasted more than three years, carried off upwards of 120,000 of one order only! the Franciscan.

A recent historian of Spain and Portugal, speaking of the friars as a body, says that "they have practised more knavery, and, by their example, have corrupted more morals, than all the world besides. Without principle or regularity of conduct, consisting of the dregs of society, assuming the habit merely to escape a life of drudgery, suffered to prowl wherever they please, using the mask of religion to extort money from the weak, to seduce the wives and daughters of such as offer them hospitality—they are, and ever have been, a curse to every nation which harbours them. Let us hope that these filthy gentry will soon be expelled from every Roman Catholic country."—Lardner's Cab. Cyc.

In speaking of Papacy, I never give it—i. e. the Romish Church—the title of Catholic. I fancy I have good reasons for this; and intend to give them.

Of sanctuary, mentioned in p. 176, I have recently read a passage showing how, under our Norman race of kings, the royal residence was esteemed such, and its significant and mysterious extent—"Three miles, three furlongs, and three acres breadth; nine feet, nine palms, and three barley-corns, constituted the mystical radius of the verge, which was
reckoned from the mansion where the king held his court; and within this ambit the protection afforded by royalty was to remain unviolated."—Palgrave's Commonwealth.

The privilege of sanctuary is said to have been greatly extended since Rome's ancient day. Romulus himself opened one asylum to fugitives of all nations. Even to the times of the Republic, no more such places have been noticed. Now, however, saith Middleton, there are some hundreds in the same city:—and whereas the one was found to give so great encouragement to licentiousness, that free access to it was restricted, now the Popish sanctuaries stand perpetually open, not, as of old, to receive strangers, but to shelter villains. In the early days of Christianity, there were many limitations of the privilege—murder, adultery, theft, found no sanctuary. But now, saith the indignant bishop, they scruple not to afford the privilege to the most detestable crimes. Churches are ever open and at hand to secure offenders from punishment. It is, without doubt, owing to this policy of holy Church that murders are so common in Italy on slight provocations. His lordship had several offenders pointed out to him, "walking about at their ease, and in full security, within the bounds of the sanctuary." V. 157.

What is hinted in pp. 58 and 170 preceding, of the Pagan Menaca having given a name to the Papal Monica, and of Neptune and S. Antoon being nearly related, may have appeared extravagant. I am not disposed to deny it—but any one of
moderate reading or observation may adduce many acknowledged relationships of Pagan and Papal saints derived chiefly, if not entirely, from similarity of name. Of this some instances may be discerned in the earlier pages—95 to 100—and I will here adduce a few more, of similar relationships, and if not similar, of obscure and suspicious origin.

The temple in *Rome*, now sacred to the *Madonna of the Sun*, is the same as was dedicated to *Vesta*, and described by *Horace* as being near the *Tiber*. That of *Fortuna virilis* is now devoted to *Mary of Egypt*. *S. Adrian* receives honors where *Saturn* did in earlier days. It was the public treasury of the Romans. The worthy brethren, whom in p. 146 I have termed "saints of strange repute," *Cosmus* and *Damianus*,¹ have succeeded to the shrine of *Romulus* and *Remus* in the *Via Sacra*. The church of *S. Laurence* was a temple dedicated to *Antonine* the *godly*. A temple formerly sacred to the *Bona Dea* or good goddess of Paganism, is now happily changed to one to the *Holy Virgin*.

The spot on which the infant *Romulus* was exposed and saved was, when he came to his mature honors, of course, covered with a temple—and he was reasonably supposed to be favorable to infants. It is now the church of *S. Theodorus*, because he too, in his infancy had, like *Romulus*, been exposed and found by chance; and mothers and nurses still

¹ A letter is extant from Cardinal *Damiano* to Pope *Nicholas II.*, written in 1060—giving a curious account of miraculous doings at *Vesuvius*, as the mouth of hell.
bring their sickly children to the altar, in the hope of the salutary interference of the saint, exactly as they did to the fane of his predecessor.

Similarity of name is found in the dedication of a temple of Apollo, to the glory of S. Apollinaris, "that the profane name of that false deity might be converted into the glorious name of the martyr." So where stood a temple of Mars, now stands one of S. Martina—the maiden martyr.

Our old legends place a temple of Diana where S. Paul's now is—p. 98—preceding. So, on the site of Westminster Abbey they found, or fancied, one to the honor of Apollo. Both legends are of a doubtful nature, and perhaps altogether unauthorized.

It was Addison who first suspected that S. Oraste—Italians do not write Saint or St. as we do—is neither more or less than the mountain seen from Rome, mentioned by both Horace and Virgil by the name of Soracte. S. Oraste has a temple on the old hill, the name softened a little to suit the musical ear of modern Romans.

Heathen monumental stones have, with alteration, been made to suit modern saints and martyrs, and others of the Papal church. But of this I shall adduce no specimens—save this—that on an application from Spain in behalf of S. Viar, his holiness Urban the 8th required some proof of extra desert ere he granted extra honor. Accordingly, an antique stone was produced, with SVIAR plainly inscribed. How far this succeeded I know not—but an antiquary suspecting the proof, saw at once that
it was part of an ancient inscription to the memory of one who had been PraefectuSVIARum, or surveyor of the highways.

Our good bishop and martyr and saint, Alban, when executed, had a rough shaggy cloak, which ecclesiastics of his day were accustomed to wear. In some obscure legends of this saint, an equivocal term derived from the Greek is used, intended to describe the saint's cloak. The word is amphibolus. Bishop Usher has endeavoured to show that S. Amphibolus, the supposed disciple and fellow martyr with Alban, and, as our monkish historians describe him, bishop of the Isle of Man, owes his honors to this whimsical mistake.

Again—who is S. Veronica? —the holy woman or saint to whom an altar and statue are erected in S. Peter's at Rome. It is scarcely reverent to describe the fooleries connected with this lady's legends, respecting the handkerchiefs with which the Redeemer wiped his face at the crucifixion. They indelibly retained the exact representation of his features—and are still, it is believed, seasonably exhibited to the credulous. But the whole of the legends, miracles, fine altar with its inscription, statue, and lady saint included, have been shown to be, like S. Amphibolus, a blunder. A handkerchief was found with a human face stamped on it, under which was written vera icon—or true effigy or image. This was enough with your legend-and-saint-manufacturer. Hence arose S. Veronica, in connexion with Agbarus, prince of Edessa, &c., to whom one of the kerchiefs was given by the Sa-
VIOUR himself! It is not easy to disprove such alleged facts. If the reader be desirous of seeing a detail of these grossnesses, he may consult Bishop MIDDLETON's Misc. Works, V. 125.

We have in our day heard of the political exhumation of unsaintly bones: a transatlantic experiment or speculation, not attended, I believe, with much success in England, where it was intended to work it. In Rome they manage these matters better. Some bones of a supposed saint, honored with an altar and adoration, were discovered, and proved to be the bones of a common thief. Ib. 155.

But we must here pause on this immediate subject of Papal imposition; recollecting that a volume is not now at our disposal. One, as noticed in p. 94, might easily be so filled. Not only do the modern and ancient Romans, heathen and papal, as said and shown by MIDDLETON, offer worship in the same temples, at the same altars, to the same images, and with the same ceremonies—but it may be said, and shown, so do the Hindus, as far as respects names, legends, and ceremonies—in coincidence so extensive, as to be very striking and convincing to reasonable believers. Instances of this will, probably, occur incidentally in our future pages.

Page 100 preceding—Of Peter. The uses to which the Church of Rome has turned this potent person, and his name, have induced its enemies to assert that the said Church is founded on a pun—a petrific pun.

"Et ego autem tibi dico, Quia tu es Petrus, et super hac petra ædificabo meam ecclesiam: et porta
inferi non prævalebunt ei. Et dabo tibi claves regni cœlorum: et quodcumque ligaveris super terram, erit ligatum in cœlis: et quodcumque solveris super terram, erit solutum in cœlis."—Matt. xvi. 18, 19.

"Tu es Simon, filius Iona: tu vocaberis Cephas: quod interpretatur Petrus."—Joannis i. 42.

In our version, not so paronomasiac, thus:—"And I say unto thee, That thou art Peter; and upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven." Matt. xvi. 18, 19.

"Blessed art thou, Simon bar Iona." Ib. 17.

"Thou art Simon, the son of Iona: thou shalt be called Cephas; which is, by interpretation, a stone." John i. 42.

Peter and Cephas, or rather Kephos (Κηφᾶς), being severally a stone or rock, we see at once how Papacy makes so much of its patron saint. And we marvel not that the ambitious See of Rome should hence assume as an inheritance the boundless grasp of that spiritual sway, which bears, as it boasts, a sceptre that reaches up to heaven and down to hell. It takes Peter, by this pun, for its rock, or foundation, and exhibits him with the symbolic keys—not in this instance of the mystical kingdom of heaven, but of the treasures of earth.

"It is," as has been remarked in a periodical, Ed. Rev. Ap. 1832, p. 39, "even a dogma of the canon
law, that, as in the time of Noah, all those excluded from the ark were overwhelmed by the deluge; so, all those excluded from the bark of St. Peter are to be overwhelmed by the waters of eternal damnation."—"Here," continues the reviewer, "is a very comfortable doctrine, illustrated by an excellent simile. But what is the advantage to be gained by such undisguised arrogance? The original of the above eloquent and forcible simile, not in the eye of every one, may be edifying,—Quinimo velut tempore Noe omnes extra arcam positi, diluvii vastitate consumpti sunt; sic extra Petri naviculam constituti, æternæ damnationis fluctibus obraentur." Lancelotti Instit. Jur. Canon. l. i. tit. v. § ult.

A very comfortable doctrine, no doubt, to the spiritual crew of the goodly bark Peter. Other sects, though not perhaps other churches, are almost equally arrogant and exclusive. But I have made a distinction which seectarists do not allow. Looking the other day into a Baptist Meeting-house, workmen were putting up a mural tablet to the memory of its deceased pastor. "——years minister of this Church."—"I thought," said I, "that you did not call your meetings Churches." —"No," replied the mason, "we do not call the brick and mortar a Church, but the congregation." This was reasonable enough. Those not of that church call them, in disrespect, arising from their practice of adult baptism by submersion, dippers. The sect is extensive—and I believe extending, in Suffolk.
A satirist has indignantly alluded to those,

"Who virtue and a church alike disown—
Think that but words, and this but brick and stone."

I would say a word on the *Exclusives*—not in fashion, but in divinity. The arrogance and self-sufficiency of those who limit the Infinite Mercy of the Deity to their few selves, and deal out his infinite, immittigable justice to the great mass of mankind, are not, let us hope, too uncharitable to require any unlooked-for exercise of the first-named benign attribute. The narrow pale is a relic of Papacy—a chip of Peter’s frail bark. It was the parasitic ivy that clung round and encumbered the sturdy oak of Calvin’s rugged mind;—and as he could not untwine it, it still hugs too many of his followers in its illiberal, uncharitable, unchristian embrace.

"Faith, Hope, Charity—these three—but the greatest of all is Charity." And what is Charity? The Apostle tells us, that "it puffeth not itself up, it hopeth all things, believeth all things, endureth all things." And when the diseased were brought to the Saviour, "He" did not inquire if they believed in the "consubstantiality of the hypostases,"—but "He healed them all." Nor did the good man of Samaria catechize his fellow man who had fallen among thieves, whatever the Levite did. He poured oil into his wounds. Are not these things intended for our edification and example?

But the *Exclusives* are (in the main amiable) folk who see nothing, or nothing but the church or
convicticle—who read nothing but—(the Bible?)—
the effusions of their own sect, and the Evangelical
Magazine, where all who die in the odour of orthodoxy
(their own doxy) are duly canonized—while those
who differ (and in all theological disputations the ex-
cited rancour is in the inverse ratio of the im-
portance of the disputed point) are thrown overboard.
There is no room for them in the exclusive skiff of
Peter. It is thus that the Exclusives, continually
shaken by the hot and cold fit of a spiritual ague,
exhibit to many who do not understand them, the
strange compound of the flesh and the spirit—half
vice, half repentance—half fear, half hypocrisy—
half feeling, half cant—half enthusiasm, half super-
stition—and, in the eye of the inconsiderate and lo-
quacious, too often the contradictory exhibition of
half saint, half sinner.

And as touching the Hypostatic Union, our
word Person is not perhaps the best our language
would afford. It seems too familiar for the suitable
expression of so important and mysterious a doctrine
as that to which it refers. As a mere translation of
Persona it may be unobjectionable; but it does not
in either language signify merely or strictly a man,
nor is it limited to humanity. A less familiar, even
if, in its own language, a more ambiguous, word
might haply have been profitably adopted from the
Greek. Would not the original word, or one
grounded immediately on it, have answered? If it
convey, of itself, no distinct idea, it would not convey
a wrong one. The Hindu murti, form, seems more
felicitous than person—tri-mūrti, tri-form. "Three persons" has proved a stumbling-block to many, from its ambiguity, or difference between its ordinary and theological senses. Perhaps what I here mean to say is, chiefly, that in such matters it is probably safer not to be understood, than to be misunderstood.

Again, discriminating Papists deny being idolaters. They say, "we serve God only," (with latria,)—"we allow adoration" (hyperdulia) "to the Virgin—and" (dulia) "to other saints, images, and relics." If this be admitted, what signifies it? Is religion only for logicians and sophists? — for those who try to confound black with white? and not for those who humbly endeavour to distinguish one from the other? It is the part of sophistry to confound the distinctions between right and wrong—the knave disregards them.

But on all these psychological matters it is well to bear in mind that we should think better of our brethren than we commonly do, were we to reflect that it is as much the nature of virtue and piety to avoid observation, as it is of folly and wickedness to attract it. Still what is morally wrong cannot be religiously right, and ought never to be deemed socially or politically expedient.

A fair and powerful poet has substantially said—The green trees and the tender shrubs have herein the advantage over proud humanity—the flower withers and the leaves fall, but the fertilizing fluid lingers in their veins and brings again a spring of
promise and a summer of beauty. But when our leaves and flowers fall, they perish. We put forth no new promise — we look for no return of beauty—we dream no new dreams.—L. E. L.

If sometimes amazed at what I cannot but deem the sectarial madness of mankind, I, humbly hoping it is in a Christian spirit, extend this benevolent wish to all, that

"So may we live—until, like fruit, we drop
Into our mother earth—or be with ease
Gather'd, not harshly pluck'd—for death mature."

What I have said in a former page (163) respecting the True Cross, was written and printed—for the preceding part of this volume, as far as p. 180, has been long printed—many months before I knew that Lord Mahon had composed a curious and copious article on that subject. I will here add a word on that of the two thieves. Of them, the co-victims of that atrocious act the Crucifixion, it has been recorded, but I know not on what authority, in a note on an old Christmas carol, that their names were Titus and Dumagus; — that in the flight to Egypt, Joseph and Mary were stopped by those two footpads, and were about to be robbed, but Titus prevented his comrade from effecting it. It is added, that the Infant then foretold that those two men should, after a lapse of thirty years, be crucified with him, and that Titus should be saved. This savours very much of the style of Koranic legend and commentary.
The festival of the "Invention of the Cross," is still observed in our Kalendars, but I presume nowhere else by us. It may be thought rather an in-felicitous translation of the grand discovery by Helena. Inventio Crucis is very well in Latin. In Hindostani, Persian, and other eastern languages, the same word, paëda or pyda, means not only, like the Latin, invention and discovery, but birth, or development. I recollect a young student of Hindustani inquiring, as well as he could, of a native, where he was born, was much diverted at the answer—for, taking the verb in its first acceptation, he deemed it to be "I was invented at Surat."

Prior to closing this Head, it has occurred, that in the bearing of some passages, disrespect may be imputed to me in an unbecoming degree—that I have spoken of priests, and more especially of The Fathers, in a flippant and unseemly manner. But let me once for all declare, that for the priests of all religions I every where feel, and have ever felt and shown, every reasonable respect. While I assuredly do feel disgust at all craft tending to depress the intellect and debase the mind, and most of all perhaps at priestcraft, as the most potently possessing that tendency, I look upon an exemplary pious parish priest as one of the most useful and respectable characters on earth. The well-meant remonstrances of a friend ought to be clearly distinguished from the rancorous assault of an enemy. They differ as widely as the salutary probe of the surgeon from the dagger of an assassin. Again—while, as far as in
my ignorance I may, I appreciate the heroism, the eloquence, and piety of the eminent individuals forming the venerable body of writers denominated "The Fathers," I am, when reading their marvellous relations, astounded at their credulity.

It may, perhaps, savour of uncharitableness if one were to propound this query—Can men, who really believed in such relations, have been themselves sufficiently enlightened to warrant us in looking to them for enlightenment? And if they did not believe in them, are we warranted in looking to the relators for the development of truth? This, I say, may be uncharitable—for, however difficult it may be now for us Protestants to think so, we ought perhaps to admit that the utter impossibilities gravely related by many, or most, of those eminent individuals, were actually believed by them. We know that in their day, and in centuries antecedent, miracles had ceased; but possibly they did not know it:—for not only in the eye of the vulgar, but in the conviction of some of high station, witchcraft, and various necromanties, existed long posterior to the day of the last of "The Fathers." It was so late as 1664 that that upright and intelligent judge, Sir Matthew Hale, condemned to death, at the Suffolk Assizes, some women accused of witchcraft!

If, therefore, I have spoken disparagingly of priests, it is, I repeat, (see p. 115.) intended to apply only to bad priests and priestcraft. If I have borne hard on the Fathers, it is on their easy faith, and their marvellous relations.
“Crede quia impossibile,” and the dogma laid down by Tertullian, as given in p. 144, are what I cannot subscribe to.

Let us now proceed to Fragments—Third: though what that Head is to consist of, I as little know at this present writing as the reader.
FRAGMENTS—THIRD.

NAMES OF PLACES, MOUNTAINS, RIVERS, &c. IN DISTANT COUNTRIES—APPEARENTLY OF SANSKRIT ORIGIN:—AND, FIRST,

CHIEFLY IN GREECE.

A certain class of lexicographers, or philologists, or etymologists, have taken up certain consonantal roots; whence, as they endeavour to make it appear, have sprung extensive families of words of cognate sound and meaning. Thus the root C—P, the C being hard, is found to be the parent of many words conveying a sense of covering, such as cap, cope, cape.

I know not if the Rev. Mr. Whiter, the modern leader of this innocent and respectable class of writers, or any of his followers, have dilated on the root K—L, nor shall I inquire, until I have handled it after my own fashion. I avoid, where I conveniently can, using C hard, especially as an initial, preferring K instead.

K—L, as a primitive sound, may manifestly be filled up variously; the results I maintain are, in an
extensive variety of instances, but offspring of the same parent, Kal, Kol, Kul, Kil; or slightly aspirated, Khal, Khol, &c. My notion is, that such root is in the idea of Time; in this sense are many derivatives, as I shall attempt to show. Next, that a large family of sables are thence sprung; some of whom are traceable in various ramifications and branches over distant countries, and people, and languages, surprisingly cognate, if not identical, from Himalaya to Calabria; though, of course, unequally distributed.

I shall proceed to endeavour to show that India, or some region far East, is the cradle of this race of words. And, finally, that the Hindu deity Siva, in his dark character of Kala, or Time, is the Adam of this black family.

Without any pretension to being classed among those distinguished by the long names at the beginning of this article, I purpose to skim the surface of a certain line of literature; or, rather, to give the result of such skimming. In this I may not be very methodical in the arrangement, nor logical in my deductions; but shall take my assumed proofs as they rise—miscellaneously and discursively.

Not very many of my readers may, I fear, be disposed to consider this branch of literature—conjectural etymology—very attractive. But, saving their presence, it is not without its importance. In tracing language to its early day you so trace man. The investigation of his most universal and distinguishing attribute of speech is, in fact, tracing him
through all his geographical, and all his social, progresses.

In the Sanskrit language, the vocalized expansion of K—L into Kal, or Kala, gives, as before hinted, the name of the changer of forms, Sīva, in his character of Time. The word means also, in several dialects derived both from Sanskrit and Arabic sources, blackness, as well as time. Kal is both yesterday and to-morrow, the past and the future. The present cannot be said to exist. Does the past? Does the future? "No," say the metaphysicians, "not to man, and to the Deity the present only exists. To Him there can be no past, no future." Kala or Kolla extensively means black; so extensively, I will here, prematurely, observe, that to England we shall endeavour to trace the root and sense in our words coal, collier, &c.

In another place I have essayed to show that in such speculations as these, reasonable allowance must be made for non-efficiency or impotency, or non-importance of vowels. Consonants are the vertebrae of language. Without going the length of admitting what has been pleasantly said on this topic, that vowels are to stand for nothing and consonants for very little, I may fairly claim close kindred for K and C, and pronounce them co-efficients. B and P and V are often interchanged; and, if wanted, are always interchangeable. Of this some striking instances will appear. Mutations in vowels are known to be so frequent in position and sound, as scarcely to stand in the way, in either rela-
tion, with etymological deductions, otherwise fairly allowable. Thus, for instance, if I have occasion, which I have not just now, to turn Clio into Sanskrit, I shall take the liberty of writing it Kallio or Kalia; Cleopatra, perhaps, Kaliyapatra.

Without farther preface, or general introductory remarks, I shall proceed to show what I deem curious coincidences in the names of places, rivers, hills—of persons, historical and mythological—of legends, &c. connected with them, in India, and in various parts of the world—commencing with Greece—and having their root in the all-pervading K—L.

In the Sanskrit, Kula means black; Kali, as in Greek, fair, beautiful. Contrary meanings are often found in the same, or nearly the same, sound; a reason for which will perhaps appear. Kali is the name of Siva's consort Parvati in her terrific character; in another she is white, fair, beautiful. He also alone, of all the Hindu male deities, is depicted white.

The first work that in my Common-place Book I find skimmed for Grecian Kalicisms is Walpole's Turkey.

"Calamata is a small but populous town, subject to the Pacha of the Morea. It stands on the banks of the rivulet that now bears its name. The rivulet has every character of a mountain torrent—an inconsiderable stream in summer, and violent in the winter months. It falls into the sea about a mile from Calamata, and the same devastation marks its course through the plain. Calama, the village
mentioned by Pausanias, lib. 4, still retains its ancient name, and is situated two miles from Calamata." P. 36.

Calamata, I will here note, is at the foot of Mount Parnassus. Mountains or hills, more especially if conical, as then being more probably of vulcanic origin, we shall by-and-by see are appurtenances of Siva and Parvati; of him, he being destructive, devastating fire; of her, as his consort, in all forms, but more especially under her name and character of Parvati, which means mountain-born: for which name and parentage legends are not wanting.

The river Calamata reminds us that the Nile, and other rivers, have a like meaning of blackness or blueness. Kali is a river famed in Hindu epics. Nila means blue; so does Krishna, or black. The poetical river Jumna, as we call it, is, with Hindús, "Yamuna, the blue daughter of the Ocean."

Kallanuddy, or more properly Kalinadi, is a Sanskrit compound name of more than one river in India; best translated by Black-river, or Black-water; and the name of more than one in Britain. A Sanskrit scholar would find farther Kalic coincidences in the final mata of the just-noticed Stygian river, but I cannot satisfactorily trace them. Something farther of Black-water will occur.

"Passing near the plain of Cullidia, we descended by the steep precipices of Delphi. Our descent was difficult and dangerous; our horses, though accustomed to mountainous tracts, were unable, from
the rocky nature of the road, to keep their feet. They fell frequently. We arrived in three hours, much fatigued, at the Convent of Delphi." Walpole, p. 68.

Pausanias, lib. 4. c. 31. notices "a temple of the Syrian goddess" in the vicinity of Calamata: and Mr. W. found ruins of ancient baths, &c. the remains of which are very considerable.—P. 37:

"A temple of the Syrian goddess" (i.e. of Astarte, or Venus, or Diana, or Parvati, or Kali) "Callidia on Mount Parnassus"—a suitable abode for Kali or Kalidevi—or Durga, another of her names, meaning difficult of access, or of ascent, in reference to a mountain, as must be the "precipices of Delphi," just described. Delphi is a name so decidedly Greek, and having an immediate meaning in that language, that I shall not endeavour to connect the mountain of that name, by that name, with India: nor, in this place, the name of Parnassus. But I should expect to find such poetical regions strewn with remains of Kala-ic or Durga-ic allusions. Paranasa, in the Sanskrit, we may hereafter endeavour to connect with Parnassus in the Greek—and perhaps "the Syri an goddess," with "Sri, the goddess," of India. Of them, something occurs in pp. 54, 97, 98 of this volume.

"The ruins of Delphi, on a rising ground, are skreened by high cliffs to the north. The fountain of Castalia, excavated in a rock of marble, still exists, choked up with weeds and thorns. Behind it were the remains of an arched passage hollowed out in the rock. The cleft, on the east side of which
was the fountain, widened at its mouth, and rising to a considerable height, ended in two points.” P. 37.

This head of my Fragments is professedly intended to collect Kalicisms from distant countries. Immediately connected with every thing Kalic is a series of mysticisms comprehending what I find it convenient to call Io nics, and to print it in this form. Oriental writers have generally spelled the word Yoni, which I shall prefer in this volume to write Io ni. It is the immediate type and symbol of Parvati, the consort of Siva, in her character of Venus generatrix—the goddess so properly invoked by Lucretius in his fine, though reprehensible, poem on Nature. She is Nature passive, although, by a seeming contradiction, the active energy, or Sakti, as Hindús call it, of Siva. She is not only the Sakti of the Reproducer Siva, usually called the Destroying deity of the Hindús; but, in another character, is herself the omnic power—the “father and mother both of men, and gods, and things.”

Androgynous characters, that is bisexual, were common in Egypt and India, as well as in Greece. Such subjects are shown in Pl. xxiv. of the Hin. Pan., and Greek and Egyptian gems also exhibit them. Of this something more, perhaps, hereafter.

As the Goddess, more emphatically than any other Hindu deity, of the Io ni, all natural clefts, and fissures, and caves, and hollows, and concavities, and profundities—any thing, in fact, containing—are fancied typicals of her—as are wells, tanks, &c. Of such things this is the symbol, 0 or 0. Pyramids, obelisks, cones—especially conical and furcated hills,
&c.—are Siva-ic, and of such this is the character I. In Androgynic combination we have IO, or femininely, perhaps, Ionii, as more immediately her vocalized attribute—and Linga his. These subjects are illustrated by Pl. v., and it is intended to discuss them under a distinct head.

In the last quotation from Walpole may be seen several things that a mystical Hindu would contemplate as profundities. I was not prepared to look for so many, when I stated my expectation of finding Delphos and Parnassus strewed with Kali-cisms. We have already had Callidia, and a fountain issuing from a cleft, furcated rock. A description that would answer very well for the actual first visible issue of the Ganges—poetically, from a cave’s mouth, Gaumuki, otherwise called Gangotri, among the poetical mountains of Himala.

"Some Caloyers" were noticed by Walpole "in the islands of Didascal and Ambelia, in the sea of Corinth."—70.

Caloyers, priests; Kaliya, priests of Kali. The habit of English and other travellers giving their own plural to foreign names of persons and things, tends to perplexity. It is not easy to avoid it. We shall hear more of Kaliya presently. In Didascal may be recognized, not more disguised than it would be in common Indian parlance, Divadasakala, which would be currently written and pronounced Deodaskal—meaning, in Sanskrit, as I believe, devoted to Kala. It might be pronounced Diodaskaly, very nearly the Greek compounded word. Amba is a name of the ever-recurring Parvati or
KALI. A beautiful cave, in which I have no doubt she is, or was, honored, is at Amboly on Salsette, near Bombay. On the islands of Didaskalo and Ambelia I should expect something unequivocally Kalic, or Linga-ic, or Ionic, either in their conical shape, or the form of some particular mount, or singular clefts or caverns.

"In the Greek village of Ipsara, the girls, as a relief to their sun-burnt faces, had stained their eyelids. These village coquettes had used no more costly paint than lamp-black. This, mixed with oil, was drawn through their eye-lids on a small iron roller."
—77. Cited from Sonnini.

Those who have not witnessed it can scarcely imagine the effect which this seemingly unimportant charm lends to the soul-piercing keenness of a pair of black eyes—"black as the raven-tinted robe of night." These coquettes of Ipsara remind us of the nymphs, their namesakes, called Apsara, in Hindu aqueous legends; who are among the most beautiful of the creations of poetic fancy. I must devote a page hereafter to these charming creatures, called, in the plural, Apsarasas—fit attendants on the Venus marina, or Aphrodite, of western heathens. By the way, something has been already said of those water-nymphs—nereids or naiads—in an earlier page—54 to 58 of this volume.

Just noticing that our Colly-ri-um (Kaliri, the termination we throw overboard) or eye-wash may be traced to the black pigment of Grecian and Indian

1 A topic learnedly discussed by a lamented friend, Dr. Henley, in his notes to Beckford's Vathek.
black eyes, black lids, and black lashes—"quivers full of Cupid's arrows"—we return to our accomplished traveller, who in p. 117 speaks of "Calliphæ, one of the Ionian nymphs." The typographic appearance of the last-marked word is mine; otherwise, if the nymph's name were written Kalliphæ, it would, as far as I see—or indeed written like the traveller—answer for a Hindu as well as for a Greek fable. I know but few of the names of the Hindu nereids, (see p. 57); and none other of the Ionian nymphs of Greece but the above Calliphæ—possibly she belongs to both: I will inquire something farther about them.

"The convent of the miraculous image of the Virgin, six miles from Calavrita." p. 221.

In one of her characters the polymorphic Kali is all that is immaculate, notwithstanding her maternity in others. Kalavrita I take to be as correct a Sanskrit compound as can be put together.

"Calavrita is supposed by some to be the ancient Nonacris." A learned Danish traveller visited the Styx near this place, and found that it was called Mavro-nero, black-water." Ib.

The black Styx, or black-water, may be expected in connexion with the Sanskrit and Greek word Kalavrita, as well as with the Calamata of a recent page. Krisna had desperate adventures with a black serpent, Kalanaga or Kaliya, in a river sometimes said to be the Yamuna. But India has several Stygian rivers; the Krisna among them.

3 A town in Achaia is called Calavrita.
Some translation or transposition may have produced the name of Nonacris, or No na kris. But I am not prepared to hint that, although some early Greeks sometimes wrote in what was called boustrophedonic, or backward-and-forward, furrow-like, style—Dipuc, or Cupid, for instance—I am not, I say, disposed to hint that in Na-kris, Kris-na may be found.

In the Hin. Pan. a good many pages are of necessity devoted to Krishnaiana—more than we can now spare lines for—and many plates. One short quotation from that poor work we will venture on here, showing how Greek and Hindu legends coalesce.

"The comparison between Krishna and Apollo runs parallel in a great many instances"—(many are earlier given).—"The destruction of Python by Apollo, the commentators tell us, means the purification of the atmosphere by the sun from the mephitic exhalations consequent to the deluge; and Krishna's victory over the noxious Kaliya-naga may, by those who, allegorizing all poetical extravagance, deprive poetry of half its beauties, be explained in the same manner. In honor of Krishna's triumph, games and sports are annually held in India, as the Pythic games were at stated times exhibited in Greece. Like the Pythian serpent in the temples of Apollo, Kaliyanaga enjoys also his apotheosis in those dedicated to the worship of Krishna. Nor are arguments wanted toward identifying Serpentarius on our sphere with his formidable foe; and the theatre of the warfare, the river Yamuna, with the Via Lactea. So, the variety of
demons sent to annoy Krishna are perhaps the allegorical monsters of the sky, attempting in vain to obstruct his apparent progress through the heavens; where other constellations are fabled as so many beautiful nymphs ready to receive him, and have given rise to allegories of his inconstancy. The well-known story of Nareda's visit to the numerous chambers of Krishna's seraglio, and finding the ardent deity in them all, may refer to the universality of the sun's presence at the Equinoxes: Apollo and Krishna are both inventors of the flute. One was disappointed by Daphne, who was turned into the Laurus; hence sacred to Apollo: Krishna's coy nymph was transformed into the Tulasi, alike sacred to him." HP. 201. Of the nymph Tulasi mention is made in pp. 86, 7, 8, preceding.

To return to Walpole. "Six miles from Chiliantari we came to the ruins of a castle called Callitze." 224. The Italianized pronunciation of the first name would be Kiliantari—permute the first i to a, and we have Kalian, the name of an Indian as well as of a Grecian town. Kalian, sometimes written Calian, is a fort near Bombay. But I know of no Kalitze in that neighbourhood. Kaliche is, however, an Indian word. The termination tari of the first-named place is also Hindi. It means, in some dialects, a stage or tier. Tintari, or Tecentaly, is the name of a triple-tiered, or triple-staged series of caves at Ellora.

"The fountain called Enneacrunos, which Thucydides identifies with Calliroë, a name which,
after the lapse of two thousand years, it still retains. Stuart is the first who notices this very remarkable fact; and he speaks of Calliroë as a copious and beautiful spring, flowing into the channel of the Ilissus." 479.

I have not, I believe, before remarked, that in geographical nomenclature it is mountains, rivers, fountains, that retain their original or early names the longest—cities and towns, and castles, next. Of this poetical fount, Calliroë, much occurs in the pages of travellers and historians.

The public fountain which formerly, when the springs were open, bore the name of Calliroë, was perfumed. And even now, in compliance with ancient custom, they think it necessary to make use of this water previous to connubial rites, and on other religious occasions.

"We were now,"—observes Chandler, III. 23, "on the side of the Ilissus—hence we descended to a copious and beautiful spring at present called Calliroë, flowing into the channel of the river." Walpole, 310.

"The source of this stream"—the Ilissus—"is probably the original Calliroë." Ib. 515.

If ancient rites—connubial or religious—on the banks of these poetical rivers and springs could be now traced, we should probably find that the point of their junction, or union, was emphatically selected. Such junctions or unions are very mysterious and poetical among Hindús. They are called sangam—as indeed are other junctions or meetings, as well as of rivers. I have, in another work—HP.
p. 429.—said something of such junctions. That of three rivers is supereminently mysterious and poetical. I know of only two such—one in India, and one in Ireland; countries equally of mysticisms and poetry—and, what may appear rather extravagant to say, almost equally of Kalic or Sanskrit mysticism and poetry. In India the meeting of the three sacred rivers the Ganges, Yamuna, and Sarasvati, at Allahabad, is called Triveni, or the three-plaited locks. In Ireland the loving rivers are the Barrow, Nore, and Suir—the “three-plaited locks” of Hibernia, there called “The Three Sisters of Ireland,” who unite near “fair Kilkenny.” A volume would scarce suffice to recite the poetics of these Triveni—and here I can afford them only half a page. But I must contrive, hereafter, to devote at least one to them.

We must quit Mr. Walpole for a time, that I may add something from another source about the poetical Calliröë. “The fountain Calliröë, the only spring of pure water which the neighbourhood of the Acropolis supplied”—Wilkins’ Athenesia, p. 43—and therefore the more likely to be named after the pure protectress of Athens—Minerva; the Cali of the Greeks, who, under her name of Sati, is a personification of purity.

The following Kali-ruhic legend partakes strongly of the savour of Hindu romance:—

“It was an ancient custom for the Trojan damsels, when on the brink of matrimony, to repair to the banks of the consecrated stream Scamander, and
invoke the patron god with the following unequivocal petition—

Lambda μοϋ, Σκαμάνδρα, τὴν παρθέναν.

"A betrothed damsel of surpassing beauty, named Callirhoe, was ardently beloved by an Athenian roué named Cimon; who, in despair of success by any usual artifice, ingeniously thought of personating the river-god on the expected invitation of the blushing inamorata. Having provided himself with a suitable undress, his head crowned with reeds and appropriate decorations, he concealed himself in the luxuriant sedges; and, on hearing the verse inviting his prototype to anticipate the bridal rites, he stepped forth and literally complied with the prayer of the petition." Letters from Palestine, p. 363.

In this extract we not only find a Puranic fable, but some Hindu names. Skamander—of no meaning in Greek; and, although sufficiently poetical and legendary, having in that language no immediate derivation fabulous or historical—seems to be Sakamandar. And although these names of a Hindu deity and a mythological mountain, or, in combination, that name be not immediately applicable by me to the regent of the classical river, it is still no great stretch to fancy it of no difficult application.

1 Gushing is so common to many rivers, especially to mountain-torrents like this, that a Greek word, something like the first syllable, may be forced on it as a name, while it in reality cannot in strictness be deemed more than an attribute.
Saka-mandar, or Sakya-mandar, and Kali-ruhi, pronounced the same as Calliroé and Callirhöe, are directly Sanskrit. Of the rake Cimon it may be noted, that if written Sehmund, or Seh-mo—of nearly the same pronunciation—we have a six-headed, or six-faced, hero. Greece supplies none such, but India does. And it would not be difficult to find a Puranic legend, bearing directly on a riverside amour, where Kali-ruhi, or the fair-faced, and the six-faced Kartikya, act principal parts.—One of the names of the last-mentioned hero is Skanda. If, as has been noted, the Skamander of the Troad has proved a topic redundantly poetical, so has the six-faced Skanda of Hindu Puranics. He is intimately connected with the six (or seven?) Pleiades, and the seven stars in Ursa Major: they having been his wet nurses.

But the Hin. Pan. is a more fit place than this for the discussion of such endless poetical (and astronomical) legends; and thither the reader, desirous of such information, is referred. See Kartikya and Kritika in the Index to that book. I shall say nothing of Sehmuni and Cimon. Let us make an end of what we have to observe on the engaging subject of Callirhoe, by another quotation from the same "Letters," connecting that sweet fount with its kindred stream of Castaly, and its poetical source Parnassus.

"If the founders of oracular imposture wished to select a spot whose wild and desolate seclusion would deter such an influx of visitors as might endanger a detection of its mechanism, they could not
have chosen a happier situation. *Parnassus* is for the most part a savage moss, with scarcely any vegetation to relieve the rugged surface. The fountain of *Castalia*, stripped of its fanciful embellishments, is a small spring issuing from the chasm which rends the cliff from its base to its summit.” _Lett. from Pal. 356._

Here are all the elements of a site of Hindu superstition. I will not say that superstition and imposture are synonimous—but both are prone to take refuge among the blindest of its votaries; to fly from the neighbourhood of rival superstitions; and still more from the scrutiny of civilization and inquiry. Thus, *Joanna-Southcotism* could not long exist in the philosophical neighbourhood of inquisitive, bustling _London_. It flies to the nervous, sedentary occupier of the monotonous loom; and takes refuge among the melancholy mechanics of _Manchester._

A savage, rugged-surfaced moss; a conical mount like *Parnassus*; and above all, a stream issuing, *Ganges* like, from a cavernous chasm rending a cleft from base to summit, are, as is above said, the very elements of Hindu fable. Such a site will, in all its particulars, be soon allocated to appropriate deities, and suitably peopled by mythological inhabitants.

*Castalia*, or *Castaly*, may be traced to a Hindu source. *Cas* or *Kas* means pre-eminent—hence *Kasi*, the first of cities—*Benares*, or *Varanasi*. _Tali_ we have noticed in a preceding page. In Indian dialects _tal_ means also _head_, or _source_. The source of the *Kaveri*, the river which surrounds _Seringapa-
in Greece.

is named Tul-kavery, situated in the hills to the westward of Mysore.

Kastaly may therefore mean a choice, or sacred mount, or stage; or the most revered elevation, or perhaps, pinnacle of such a hill—and such is applicable to Parnassus. This name may be also traced to a Sanskrit source—Paranasa; the trifling alteration being merely to suit the common Greek termination.

Paranasa, like Helikonda, will in Sanskrit connect itself with solar holiness—as Parnasian and Heliconian legends do in Greek. Parnassus¹ is of course consecrated to the Sun, or Apollo; and "to Bacchus, because it produced excellent grapes—

—— Mons Phœbo, Bromioque sacer."

Lucan. Phar. v. 73.

The natural fountains of Parnassus, Castaly, Helicon, Aganippe, &c. furnish the Greek and Latin poets with endless fables—as do those of Meru, Kailasa, and others, to the poets of India.

The reader will please to bear in mind that clefts, fissures, caverns, chasms, wells, &c. (fonds) are especially dedicated to Parvati—one of whose names, by the way, is Para—so are hills and mounts. Another of her names is Durga; meaning, according to Sir W. Jones, "difficult of access"—applicable to the "mountain-born" Parvati, in her relation to inaccessible peaks of hills, &c.

We will now proceed to notice some more Hindu-

¹ Dr. Clarke's Travels, iv. 704.
isms; connected, more or less, with Parnassus and its neighbourhood.

"The little village of Castri stands partly on the site of Delphi. Along the path of the mountain from Chrysso are the remains of sepulchres, hewn in and from the rock. A little above Castri is a cave, supposed the Pythian, of immense depth. On the other side of Castri stands a Greek monastery: some way above is the cleft in the rock, with a range of caverns of difficult ascent, and apparently leading to the Corycian cavern mentioned by Pausanias. From this part descend the fountain and the 'dews of Castalie.'"  Note 1 to Canto I. of Childe Harold.

The 60th and other stanzas, Lord B. tells us, "were written in Castri (Delphos)—at the foot of Parnassus, now called Λιακούρα, Liakura."  Ib. note 13.

"The Curtian lake, and the Ruminal fig-tree in the forum, having been touched by lightning, were held sacred; and the memory of the accident was preserved by a puteal, or altar, resembling the mouth of a well, with a little chapel covering the cavity supposed to be made by the thunderbolt."  Ib. note 41 to Canto IV.

Mouths of wells we have shown to be mysterious, on account of their form. One made by a (real or supposititious) stroke of lightning or a thunderbolt, or a tree scathed (by Indra they would say), would have been peculiarly venerated by Hindús in their best days—and perhaps now, for they are non-mutant.—Such mythi have been viewed and treated, at Benares, pretty much as they are described to
have been at the "Eternal City." The circular orifice or cavity of the thunder-born well, has been perhaps covered with the "little chapel" by the mystics of a more modern religion. It ought to be, and perhaps was, dedicated to "Our Lady of the O." 1 At Benares—the Rome, the "eternal city" of Hinduism—it would have been dedicated to her Panathenaic sister, Parvati of the IoNi. It is really surprising how, in hundreds of instances, the superstitions of ancient and modern Rome and of Benares go hand in hand—proving that man is indeed the same animal every where, merely modified by position and education—

"Caelum, non animum, mutant qui trans mare currunt."

We will return to Walpole for a few more extracts:

"Near the point of Scyllæum, where the Saronic gulf enters the Ægean sea, is a small island called Calaurea, 2 where Demosthenes ended his life by poison." Travels, 552.

At such a point, such a sangam, or junction, which would naturally be sacred to the terrific or black god Kala, or to his consort Kali, and be probably called Kalaurea, a Hindu would commit "merito-

1 On this, not very familiar, distinction of the Virgin, I have a little article, which I hope to find room for.

2 "On classic ground, also, is the Calaurea of Apoll. Rhod." Elton's Specimens, i. 327.

"Libynthus vanish'd distant to their right—
Honied Calynne faded from their flight."

Ovid's Icarus, Ib. ii. 327.
rious suicide”—as, indeed, I have too frequently seen.

"A gently swelling hill, probably Callicolone, seen from Athens." *Ib.* 561.—"This stream is called in Dr. Hunt’s Journal, Kamara Sou."—"The modern castle of Koum Kale." 570.

Here are numerous Kalicisms. The reader will recollect the interchangeability of letters. Callicolone I should write Kali-kaloni—or if Kali-kal-*ioni*, it would be ultra-Kalic. Kamara is a name of Kali—and so are Kamala, Komari or Koumari, and Sukali—all referring to her beauty or virginity; and all of which are closely cognate in sound with the Greek names in the preceding extracts: which conclude what I purposed taking from Walpole’s Travels.

"It is well known," says Lord Byron—note 88 to Canto iv. of C. H.—"that the sacred images of the Capitol were not destroyed when injured by time or accident; but were put into certain underground depositories, called *favissa*."—I have scores of Hindu images that appear to have been long buried, and mutilated by time or accident. Several images have been given to me by Brahmans; but never, I think, a perfect one. Thus superstition works every where alike—from the true cross and reliquary trumpery of the Papists, to the ape and onion-arians of Egypt and India.

But Dr. Clarke’s vast volumes, where they de-

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1 This name occurs, with the epithet *steep* prefixed, in Elton’s translation of Homer’s Battle of the Gods. *Sp.* 1. 35.
scribe Greece, almost describe India, as far as relates to names, legends, and usages. I have run my eye rapidly over them; and, as briefly as may be, have interpolated, parenthetically as it were, observable coincidences.

In his preface, p. viii., the Hindu trisula ψ, is ingeniously made to appear the origin of the Ionie volute; or to be intimately connected with it. Nos 24, 25, 26 of Pl. 2. of the Hin. Pan. will show the Sanskrit identity of the symbol. See also line b. of Pl. v. of this little book, for the same symbol—on which, with the subjects of that Plate, it is intended to say something in a future page. Dr. Clarke adduced it in proof of the frequent resemblances between ancient heathen superstitions and modern usages. His speculations hereon, although apparently without any acquaintance with the fact, argue strongly for their coincidences with Hindu fables and romances. In page ix., describing Minerva, he describes a Hindu goddess; as she certainly is. Spitting into one's own bosom—1. 7.; "votive gifts, dona votiva, of human hair"—ceremonies attending sneezing—8.; as mentioned by Lucian, Pausanias, and others, will find their parallels in the usages of India.

"Between Marathon and Athens is Mount Pendeli." 11. Pendeli is Hinduish. "The mountain Kulingi." 12, 38. This word is eminently so—reminding us of the linga of Kal. "An ancient paved way, now called Shuli." 27. Siva's suli, or trisula, is often called Shuli. It is precisely the figure given above, as the Ionie volute. The linga,
suli, and Ion of Siva and his consort, are all-pervading. It has just been called trisula—descriptive of its tridental form: being strictly as Neptunian as any thing in or about Athens.

"The ancient Tricorynthus, on the road from Marathon to Rhamnus." Ib. Tricor, Mara, and Rham, are Hindu sounds—not so the Greek terminations. "Plain of Tanagra." 39. "Bridge of Yakindi"—"village of Skemata"—"village of Nacra." 43. These are Hindi—terminations and all. "The Albanians, like the ancient Greeks, will neither eat a hare, nor touch it after it is killed, nor remain in the house with it." 75, 358. This feeling is paralleled in India, but I am not sure if fully among Hindús. The hare is, however, with them, a mythological and poetical animal. See HP. 293, 294. I have a note on superstitions connected with the hare, raven, &c. which I hope to append.

"An eagle devouring a serpent is an invariable type of the medals of Chalcis"—"of Boeotia, a trident." 87. These passages are strikingly redolent of Hindi allusion. Between the man-eagle Garuda—the vehicle of Vishnu, the Indian Jovr—and the tribe of naga, or serpents, is a perpetual enmity and conflict. One of Garuda's names is Devourer of Serpents. Chalcis I am disposed to spell Kalki—rejecting, where practicable, c hard, and not much regarding local terminations. These words will recur. The trident (or trisula of the western and eastern Neptunes) is on the Boeotian medals. Why? Bhu is the earth, in Sanskrit. Neptune, in his celebrated contest with Minerva at Athens,
smote the earth with his trident. I cannot parallel the upspringing horse in Hindu fable; but my ignorance is no proof of its non-existence.

Returning to Dr. C.—"approaching Mount Helicon, the names Panaja and Sagara occur." iv. 94. Sagara again in 109, "or Sacra, whence the mountain (Helicon) receives its modern appellation"—"The deep valley in which Sagara is situated—being entirely surrounded by high rocks and by the summits of Helicon." Ib.

In Sanskrit, Sagara is the sea—HP. 337, 8.—as well as the name of an important mythological personage—and historical, perhaps; but the legends connected with that name are outrageously extravagant. Sakra, Sekra, and Sukra, are also Sanskrit names and words. Sakra is a name of Indra, the Hindu Jupiter pluvialis. Sekra, among other things, means crowned with—or bearing—similar to dhara. Chandrasekra, or moon-crowned, is a name of Siva, and of some lunar mountains. Gandhara, Ganges-bearing, another—that river, or, personified, the goddess Ganga, being seen in, or flowing from, the folds of his hair—a fable dwelt upon in the pages and plates of the HP.: meaning (I may have said so before) the Himalic or snowy origin and wanderings of that "blessing of Bengal," before she issues from the cleft rock at the Cow's-mouth—gaomuki—in Nepal. Sukra is a name of the Hindu Venus—not of Venus marina, as before observed, but rather of Venus Urania. Generally Venus is masculine in India, and was, and is, sometimes in Europe. When a morning star, she
was **Lucifer** and **Phosphorus**—names derived from her brilliancy. Hence, perhaps, the bearded **Venus** of the Greeks. When "the star of eve," she is **Vesper**.

Asiatics, Mahomedans as well as Hindus, call any very large piece of water the sea:—such as the **Ganges**, or **Indus**, or **Brahmaputra**, where widely spread—or a great lake. Now, the size of "the deep valley in which **Sagara** is situated—entirely surrounded by high rocks and by the summits of **Helicon**," I am ignorant of: but it is exactly descriptive of some Indian valleys, which yield strong indications of having formerly been great waters. Such as that, now **Kashmir**, "that garden in perpetual spring;" and that of **Nepal**, called, after the capital, the valley of **Khatmandu**. May not the "deep valley," bounded by the "summits of **Helicon**," have formerly been a lake, or sea, or sagara? It may be here noted that the **cavity**, or **cavern**, or **hollow** of the ocean, is called the sea—**sagara** or **samudra**—by Hindu sacred writers, independently of its waters:—as appears to be the case likewise in our Scripture—"as the waters cover the sea."

Such deep concavity is, of course, received by Hindu mystics as a mighty **urgha**, or **Oni**—typical of **Parvati**; with her sectaries the **medhra**; or womb of nature. In her virgin character she cor-

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1 Or **Cashmeer**, as some write it. Our little English lakes are pretty extensively, I believe, called **meer**; in **Suffolk**, generally.

2 Qu. Is **sa-mudra**, the sea, connected with **medhra**, the womb?
responds, as we have seen, with Diana and Minerva—and she is also consorted with the tridented deity of the waters.

In the next page, 111, of Dr. C., occurs "Panaja, or the all-holy virgin"—and "Ascra, believed to be the origin of Sacra or Sagara, the modern name of Helicon." 114. Ascra is the supposed birth-place of Hesiod—suited for him who wrote the Theogony; amidst all the subjects of his fabulous poetry. "Here," continues Dr. C., "we found the true hellebore." 1 Ib. "It is now called

1 This black vegetable, rather new to England, is extensively connected with the classical or poetical, as well as the medical, legends of Greece and Italy—I know not if also of India. Our present line of inquiry has reference mainly to the black or terrific deities of India—Kal and Kali—"the gods of tears and lamentations," as they are there called. In the idle or busy visions of poets, they associate all sort of simulative objects. The name hellebore in Greek is derived from θεῖα, to kill. It is associated with mania as well as with mortality. Siva is sometimes a maniac. It abounds chiefly on mountains—Helicon, Athos, Ætea, Olympus, Parnassus. It is among the most poisonous as well as the most beautiful of shrubs. The black deity Kal, or Siva, is more especially connected with poison than any of the Hindu Pantheon. He swallowed poison. The roots of the h. niger partake of its black character. Some of its botanical characters would be profitably noticed by Hindu poets—"flowers, cup-shaped"—here is the patra or black-blood-receiving cup of Kali:—"antlers, erect"—therefore, like all erect, aspiring, obelisical things, referrible to Siva. It is trifoliate and triflorescent—(I hope this word is not of my coining)—and by one botanist has been called triphyllus. Siva is three-eyed—and as such, one of his (Sanskrit) names is Trilokan; exactly equivalent to the name Triophthalmos,
by the Turks Zagara, from the great quantity of
hares found on it.” *Ib.*—from Wheeler’s Journey
into *Greece* in 1682.

An allowable transposition will give Sacra from
Ascre—and in the changeableness of sound in lan-
guages, Sagara and Zagara may easily succeed.

“From the summit of Helicon is a view,” says
Dr. Clarke, “which, in the grandeur of its ob-
jects, and in all the affecting circumstances of his-
tory thereby suggested, cannot be equalled in the
whole world.” 115.

This glorious mount ought to bear a solar name.
In Sanskrit, Heliconda means *hill of the sun*. It is
nearly the same in Greek—and is surrounded with
places and things bearing Sanskrit names and allu-
sions, as numerous, nearly, as if it were near Be-
nares or Oujein.

Dr. Clarke notes “Kotumala, near Helicon—
most beautiful.” 116. This is a Sanskrit compound
—*mala* is a garland—but I cannot place it exactly
on Kotu: on Kuta I can: of which something pre-
sently. “Panori—omne video.” 117. True—but
it has also a very Hinduish sound. “Parnassus
given, for the like reason, according to *Pausanias*, to an
image of Zeus. He has several other names indicative of
his, and his *sakti’s*, *three-fold* nature: of which a note here-
after. Here I shall only farther remark, that the name of
the black, beautiful, poisonous, fetid herb, might be—(forci-
bly?!)—derived from *heli*, the sun—in Greek and Sanskrit—
and *bhu*, the earth—it flourishing most in very elevated re-
gions; between, as it were, both. Other coincidences might
be pointed out—but I fear being set down as having (etymo-
logically) “a head no hellebore can cure.”
universally bears at present the name of Lakura.” 138. In a preceding page, spelled by Lord Byron Liakura (Λιακύρα). And by Dr. Clarke, in another place—p. 211—Lugari. All are Sanskrit-sounding. In that page he writes the name of the poetical mountain Parnasso—approaching near to my ideal Paranasa. Para is a name of Parvati, the mountain-goddess—and some orientalists write the Sanskrit termination su as well as sa.

Near Parnasus or Parnasu we find the “mountain Tricala”—and “the village Kallidea.” Dr. C., p. 203. In pages 242. 3. 5. preceding, this village and plain last named is written Callydia, on the authority of Walpole. The pronunciation will be the same. This I note to show that in Grecian names having the initial hard C, the K may be indifferently, I think profitably, substituted.

As to the “mount Tricala,” it is pure Sanskrit—and a name or word of frequent recurrence. It is not only a name of Siva, and with the feminine termination of Parvati—but is given also to an inspired person. It then refers to Time—seeing, alike, the past, present, and future—a mystical chronic triad.1

Parvati, like her double, Juno (Ιονό) or Diana, or the “triple Hecate,” has many names derived from her triple energy. Tri-kuta, trifurcated, three-peaked. I should expect, if it be my

1 An illustrative note or two, on these Tri-hal-ic points, is intended.
good fortune to visit the poetical regions of Parnassus, to find it, or Olympus, the tri, rather than the "bi-forked hill." It savours more of poetry and mysticism.

Another of the names of the "mountain-born Parvati" is Trikalidevikumari—the triple-maid—or the triform-maiden Kali-devi. That of Trinetri she shares with her Triophthalmic spouse.

"Arracovia," 204—near Parnassus, may be fancied Haracubya. Hara is a name of Siva—and cubya in Sanskrit means crooked—and may have other meanings more applicable. A striking instance of the exchangeability of v and b is on a Thessalonian coin or medal of Theodosius, which bears Orvis for Orbis: of which I may have occasion to take farther note. K and G are also of frequent substitution.

Hereabout Dr. C. observed "the plant Galacorta." 204. Admitting this word to be Greek, it may be added to the number coincident nearly in both languages—with the allowable alteration to Kalacurta. In p. 206, "Helicon, Parnassus, and Tricala," occur—but not, perhaps (for I have not so noted it) in combined triplicity. I have no immediate access to Dr. Clarke's most instructive Travels.

"At the enormous elevation of Parnassus the shells entrochi are found; and all over the mountain." 207. These mysterious remains are alone sufficient to mark and arrest admiration and wonderment. Their conchological legends and fables are
endless. A book the size of this would ill suffice to contain them. *Chank* is the generic Sanskrit name, hardened into *couch* by westerns. The species *entrochus* is deeply mystical. It has been a question whether such zoophitic remains were mineral, animal, or vegetable; a question which science may now answer—but it has been a question; and the *E. ramosus* has been called the "the rock-plant." The *E. pyramidalis* is of very mystical form. Shells are more connected with *Vaishnava* than with *Sivaic* legends. A great hero of the first line, immediately connected with the fables of *Rama*, had twenty arms; the *E. ramosus* has as many rays—its body is pentagonal, and has five rays; a mystic number—divaricated, the number of heads of the just-mentioned hero, and these half the number of his hands. This will seem trifling, but it is *Ramaicantly* mystical. *Entrochi* have also a stellar cavity, some a sacred one in the centre. This savours of the *salagrama*, of which slight mention is made in p. 88. preceding.

"Priests called *Caloyer*, a name," says Dr. C., "probably known in *Greece* long before the introduction of Christianity." p. 212. Very probable; and in *India* likewise. These Grecian priests still exhibit Hindu mummery, as described by the accomplished traveller, in p. 113. In p. 245 preceding these *Caloyer* are mentioned. I have called them *Kaliya*, priests of *Kali*; *Kalaya*, of *Kala*, would do as well. In p. 245 some mention is made of *Kaliya*, and the word demands no more at present.

"Thiva or *Thebes*, where the *Cachules* falls into the," &c. — "The river *Cachales* is still
called Cacha-rami, and Cachale. Cachi-rami signifies evil-torrent, so named because it destroyed Thiva."
p. 215. In the first name the indifferent use of \( r \) and \( b \) may be again noted, and its being a spot where two rivers join. Such junctions we have seen are especially mystic and Siraic. Thiva is so like Siva, particularly when we recollect how extensively \( Th \) is shibboleth, that a passing notice of it will suffice. The equivocal pronunciation of \( c \) and \( ch \), as well as the usage, before mentioned, of travellers to give their own plurals to foreign names, is vague and embarrassing. I conjecture that the river Cachales or Cachale may be allowably written Kakali: it is conjecture; but, if allowed, the pronunciation is similar and unequivocal. It may then be taken either as of Kalic or Ramaic allusion. Kaka, in Sanskrit, is a crow. Rama, from a fashion he had—not much unlike some less heroic folk of this day—of wearing his hair bunching or flying out over his ears—has an epithet or name meaning Crow-wing-bearer—Kaka-paksha-dhara. But I know not if this have any thing to do with the Greek. Names of Comaic origin are not absent from the local mythologies of both races. Apollo is named Crinitus, and his twin brother Krishna, Kesava, from the beauty and fashion of their hair.

One word more on the river Cachale. If pronounced soft Catch-alé, we have a Sanskrit word and story corresponding. Katch, in Sanskrit, or Katcha, or Katchwa, is a tortoise, still appertaining to Ramaic and Vaishnava legends, as does the Cacha-rami of Dr. Clarke; write it, or pronounce it, how you
will. The legend of the destruction of Thiva by this last-named river, I have not met with. It sounds sufficiently Hinduish. But we must be detained no longer by this tortoise-like, slow-moving discussion.

"—— that eminence of the mountain which bore the appellation of Callidromos, probably from the astonishing beauty and grandeur of the prospect." p. 230. That Calli has a meaning of beautiful in Greek is no bar to my speculations. It had the like, probably, long before in Sanskrit, as well as the more common reference to Kali and Kala.

"Heraclea is now called Platamonos." p. 301. "The plain near it is called Kallidea or Kallitheia, but to what circumstance of beauty it owes its appellation it is difficult to conjecture." p. 306. Just so. This is the same plain as was, in an earlier page, written, as quoted, Callidia. Kali and Calli are of course the same; and dia, dea, thea, of the Greek, are equally godlike with the deva, devi, or deo, of the Sanskrit.

"Hereabouts we crossed the Malatri river by a bridge." ib. Malatri, or Trimala, would refer, in Sanskrit, to a triple necklace or garland, or something embracing, encircling, or convolving. A river very tortuous might be so named. Of Heraclea, which I conjecture to be Harakala, or Hercules, something occurs in another place.

"Where are the remains of Dium situated, near to the Haliacmon?" — "Dium, D'Anville says, is now known by the name of Stan-dia, in which a
preposition of place precedes the proper name, according to the usage which, in later times, had become prevalent in this part of the Roman empire.” p. 309.

Thus Dr. C. connects Dium and Stan-dia. I notice this to show an authorized stretch of etymological deduction, far exceeding, I think, any licence that I have occasion to ask indulgence for. Stan is an Eastern termination; rarely, if ever, a precedent in a place’s name. Dium, dia, deo, devo, are fair substitutions, one for another.

"A very elevated, snow-clad mountain, called Malashiro." ib. Or Malasiva, perhaps, in days of yore; which, in Sanskrit, would mean the garland or wreath of Siva. This deity is, however, in India extensively called Shiva. "A Khan, called Kunarga." p. 403. The hill of the Argha?

In p. 413 Dr. C. indulges in some speculation on the derivation of Bucephalus. May Bucephala, or as it would be better spelled, Bhu-sheh-phala, be admitted? It means in Indian languages ‘earth-of-six-flowers,’ but I do not see how to apply it to the poetical horse. The modern name of Sepoy, now of a foot-soldier, has been seriously derived from sehpai, six-footed; for it is said to have formerly been the designation of a mounted man. Until lately, indeed, foot-soldiery have been scarcely taken into the estimate of the strength of Eastern armies. Nor were they in Europe generally much thought of two or three centuries ago. But I confess I have

\[2 \text{ Stanu, or St’hanu, is a name of Siva.}\]
deemed this rather a forced derivation. I may have occasion to say another word or two on it in a future page.

In p. 419 Dr. C. resumes his speculation on the word in question; and a town named Cavallo, which other writers have attempted to derive from Bukephalus, is said to have been also called Chalastra. Kalastra brings us again to words of Sanskrit sound and meaning. As-wa, a horse, I shall lay no stress on.

"The termination bria, so common in this country," (between Thessalonica and Constantinople) "answered, in the Thracian language, to the Celtic dunum." p. 476. In my ignorance of Sanskrit I know not if bria or bri, in that language, has a meaning connected with hills or mountains, as dunum or dun appears to have, extensively. The termination is confessedly of no value. Hence perhaps Cala-bria, Caledonia. But I will first finish what I have to extract from, and observe on, Dr. Clarke, and then endeavour to show how extensively dun, in the name of places, is connected with hill — from the Ganges to the Po, the Thames, and the Frith of Forth.

"Denuded mountains, called Karowlan. The rivers Kuru-tchi, Mycena, Kalis, and Aksee. The villages Kallia-Gedari, Achooria; Gallipoli, the ancient Callipolis; Malgara, a village, thence five hours further to a place called Devili or Develi." pp. 429. 30. 31. 39. 56. 62. Who would not suppose this to be taken from an itinerary of India? 

"A fountain still held sacred by the Greeks, and
called Balculi, which marks the spot formerly occupied by the church of the Virgin Mary." p. 518. The Virgin, with probably her divine infant; who in Sanskrit would be, as the infant Krishna is, called Bala; or, in composition, Bal. Balculi, or Bal-kuli, is a very probable name for an Indian village; although I do not immediately recollect one so named combinedly: either word, separately, is not uncommon.

"We visited the site of Chalcedon, and the rock where the light-house is situated, called the tower of Leander. The Turks call it Kez Kalasi." p. 519. "A village called Hrieler," near "Kannara, another village." p. 548. Chalcedon may be Kal-se-dun or Kalkidun, for the substitution of the hard C or K, for the C soft, is found to be very common in many regions. So is the interchange of the sounds produced by c, ch, sh, and k. On which a word, perhaps, hereafter. Heri-cler reminds us of Hericala, a combined name of Vishnu and Siva. If Harikula, of Parvati and Siva. Kannara, is the name of several well-known mythological caverns, and of existing places in Western India: and Kalasi weaves easily into the same web of nomenclature. Near Persepolis is a cave called Kanararah by Ker Porter. I. 571.

In Dr. Clarke's third volume; or in what he inconveniently calls Part second, Section second, some names occur, which invite remark: — "Tricala, an ancient town and temple of Thessaly." In a late page, 265, we have seen the classical name of Trikala
applied to a mountain near Parnassus. The remarks
there offered may suffice at present on this, and cog-
nate Sanskrit, and Greek names and legends.

"Three leagues eastward of Alexandria, on the
sea-shore, are the ruins of very superb and extensive
buildings. It is imagined these formed part of the
city of Taposiris. Here are also, cut out of the
solid rock, a number of places which have the ap-
pearance of baths." 304. Taposiri, or, as I should
prefer writing it, Tapusri, is a Sanskrit compound,
applicable to a sacred place, to which such baths or
cells would be a probable, not to say a necessary,
adjunct. Tapusri, or Tapasri, means, I think, a
place of pilgrimage; the sacred pilgrimage, or rather,
perhaps, of penance or austerity.

In p. 426 we are told of the "town of Syra,
built upon the summit of a lofty hill, so remarkable
for its conical form that it may be compared to a
vast sugar-loaf covered with houses." Such a hill is
never viewed by a Saiva unmoved by such a noble
type of the object of his adoration. The hill itself
would indeed be such, as a Linga; and Sri, or holy,
would be the appellation which he would bestow on
it. Syra is but a trifling alteration in sound or
spelling. "This town was anciently called Syros."
The Hindu goddess Sri is in one case called Srīs;
hence Cēres, Tapo-siris, Syros. Here (at Syra or
Syros) grows, and here almost exclusively in Greece,
the pre-eminently beautiful and aspiring Dianthus
Arboreus, surnamed ΔΙΟΣ ΑΝΘΟΣ. It is, how-
ever, found elsewhere. Where? In Seriphos. The
special locality of a sacred or beautiful flower would
suffice for the affixture of a name by a Hindu. He would call such a place Sri-phol. This word is, to our ear, as euphonic as Sripados—to mine, hating sibilants, more so; and I should have thought likewise so to the fastidious organs of the ancient Greeks.

"The Eleusinian women practised a dance about a well which was called Callichorus, and their dance was accompanied by songs in honor of Ceres. These songs of the well are still sung in other parts of Greece as well as in Syra." p. 430.

It was my intention to incorporate with this Head of my Fragments, or to interpolate, an article on "Cones, Clefs, Fissures, Wells, IO, &c. Hindu mythi," as well as the other before mentioned on Durn; and, perhaps, some others not altogether irrelevant or unconnected with the various Kali-cisms of this Head. But—waving them for the present—proceed we to a continuation of our remarks on Dr. Clarke's Travels.

"In the Saronic Gulf, among the islands, is that of Calaurea." p. 454. Here are described remains of temples in which we may fancy Kala to have been propitiated. It is to him, or to his terrific consort Kali, that human sacrifices were offered, and to whom self-immolation was acceptable. A temple of Neptune is known to have existed at Calaurea, for Demosthenes, as mentioned in p. 257, fled thither and swallowed poison. Siva, or Kala, is the Hindu tridented, but the Greeks did not bestow on their more modern Neptune all the Sivaian attributes. Among them is poison. See p. 263.

Calaurea is a very ancient name. Chandler
found among the ruins of the city and temple an inscription—"To the god and to the Calaureans," Travels in Greece, p. 212. Oxford, 1776. If Hindús wrote that inscription, it would probably run—"To Mahadeva and to the Saivas."

"The tortoise, or testudo, is a common mythological symbol. Among the ruins of Ægina, the most ancient of Grecian ruins, are still found rude medals marked with the tortoise. These are the earliest of known coins." Clarke, p. 605.

The tortoise is a very common mythological animal, or symbol, among Hindús. The second of Vishnu’s avatara, or descents, was in that form; of which abundance may be found in the pages and plates of the Hin. Pan. See also p. 268 preceding.

"In Greece the Arbutus Andrachne is called Komaros—in some places Cuckoomari: at Constantinople it is called Koomaria." 613. These names seem to be the same with the Kumari of Sanskrit legend. It is a name of Parvati in her virgin character, as has been already noticed.

The inhabitants of Peloponnesus still retain the tender aversion from killing serpents, like the Hindús. 628.

In p. 647 mention is made of those "offerings to all the gods which were made by the ancient Greeks upon the summits of high mountains." A spot still the most appropriate to similar offerings by the Brahmans—to Visvadeva, "all the gods."

In India all gigantic works whose origin is lost in antiquity, are usually ascribed to the Pandava, or the Pandus; as we usually, giving our own plural
termination, style the five brothers, sons of Pandu. In Greece such works are similarly ascribed to the Cyclops. This similarity is brought to mind by Dr. C.'s remarks in p. 649. He thinks the taste for that kind of architecture, called by the Greeks Cyclopean, was cradled in the caves of India. And he combines Stonehenge, Elephanta, Memphis, the Pyramids, Persepolis, &c. in our minds, while discussing this point.

The propylae of Mycenæ, given as the vignette to ch. xvi. surmounted by a triangular aperture, is very similar to the trilithal doorways so often seen to temples in Western India. The lions or tigers denote the Grecian work to be of the Siva-ian class; as does the column, or stelé. A lion is appropriate to Parvati or Devi. In one of her characters she is seen, full armed, in vigorous assault of a demon, mounted on a lion or tiger. One name applies to both animals, in several languages of India. In this character she is called Vyagra-sahi, meaning tiger or lion mounted. Her consort, Kala, like his brother Hercules, is often seen clothed in, or sitting on, a lion's or a tiger's skin. "Near the mountain containing the cave of the Nemaen lion in Peloponnesus, is a town called Cala-verti." 764. It is in Attica and Ionía that I expect, more especially, to find relics of Hinduism.

Terra cotta vases and implements, dug up in the neighbourhood of Argos, are described by Dr. C. p. 661. "Fig. 1. of his plate is evidently a patera; but for what particular use this vessel was designed by the Greeks, is not so conspicuous. Pateras are some-
times represented in the hands of female Bacchantes." So likewise in India; there called patra.

"The blood of victims was received in such vessels; and it is highly probable that their form was originally derived from the top part of the human skull, used by the Celtic tribes in drinking the blood of their enemies, and as a drinking-vessel. A bumper¹ in Norway is still called a skool. Upon the subject of pateras, Gale in his Court of the Gentiles has the following observations: 'The Levite having killed the victim, received the blood in a vessel, which Moses, Exod. xxiv. 6, calls Aganath,' 661. This is found to be the same which the Latins called patera, used in a similar ceremony." Now Aganath, or classically expanded Arghanatha, is a name of Siva, the Hindu deity especially connected with the ceremonies in which the sacrificial utensils argha and patra are used; and to whom indeed the name of Arghanatha, or 'lord of the boat-shaped vessel,' is especially applicable. Few points, it is believed, would be found more strikingly similar in the Hindu, Greek, Keltic, and Latin names, usages, legends, &c. than those which are traceable in relationship with the patra and argha. In p. 263 preceding, without any advertence to the coincidences of this, mention is made in the note of 'the patra, or black blood-receiving-cup of Kali.' In Pl. v. of this book, l. F. Nos. 17. 18. Hindu patra are represented, in common with divers mystical things, taken from Pl. 2, and 86. of the Hin. Pan.: and in p. 393.² of that book

¹ Au bon père? ² And in pp. 387 to 390.
will be found, more appropriately than here, where such matters can be only glanced at, some speculations; sufficient, perhaps, on the 'boat-shaped' pu-
tra, and on the 'Lord of the boat-shaped vessel'—
ARGA-natha—so similar in sound and legends to
the heroes of the golden fleece.

"The Lectisternum, or the custom of giving a
supper in a temple to the gods, may have originated
in the funeral feasts at tombs." 665. This was com-
monly monthly among the ancient Greeks; as the
similar custom of Sradha, or observance of funereal
obsequies, still is among the feeders of Brahmins.
In the H.P. much is said on the copious subject of
Sradha. Its ceremonies are highly important, in a
priestly view—feasting being essential. For al-
though the clergy, with whom we westerns associate
in these intellectual days, care as little about the
vulgar operations of eating and drinking as their
neighbours; the creature-comforts were conspicu-
ously prominent in the sacerdotal doings of early
days, throughout the uncivilized world: and, indeed,
are still too much so in a less restricted purview.
An allusion to the Hindu ceremony of Sradha oc-
curs in p. 179 preceding. This custom of feasting at
funerals existed in the days of Homer, and still
exists in nations descended from the Kelts—including Ireland, Scotland, England, &c.; and, like the
Hindu months'-minds, &c. are not out of usage.
Dr. Clarke decides the custom to be of much
earlier date than any thing purely Grecian; and
asks, "whence the custom originated?" May we
not answer, from India—where it still exists in all
its masticatory vigour; under, as far as I can com-
pare them, the same ceremonials which the learned traveller describes to have been in old times so extensively existing elsewhere.

"Plutarch believed (Themist. 87) that the fabled contest between Neptune and Minerva for Attica, was an allusion to the efforts made by the ancient kings of the country to withdraw their subjects from a seafaring life towards agricultural occupations." 765—"the fables transmitted from one generation to another concerning the contests between Neptune and Juno for the country, as between Neptune and Minerva for the name, of Attica, may be regarded as so many records of those physical revolutions which gave birth to those fertile regions; when the waters of the sea slowly retired from the land; or, according to the language of poetry and fable, were said to have reluctantly abandoned the plains of Greece." 1 684.

"Near Eleusis are two streams of salt water, called Rheti by Pausanias." 779. A Hindu poet would have called these Rheti-khoud—bitter tears flowing from the faithful Rheti, mourning her severance from her Kama. Several Koonda or pools in India have such origin, of which something may be said hereafter. Possibly something of the same sort might be traced in the fables of Greece; for

1 These passages are extracted here, as being in regular continuation of what we have to take from Dr. Clarke. It is intended, in a future page, to refer to them, and to offer parallel poetical legends, and geographical facts, in Hindu regions. This applies partly also to the next passage, and to several following pages.
there is a good deal of mysticism connected with the spot and its history, beyond its mere contiguity to that grand magazine, Eleusis. But it is curious that Cupid, the same with the Hindu Kama, is not once mentioned by Homer, though so many occasions invited it. Nor—and this is curious too—is his twin-brother Kama mentioned in the older of the Hindu sacred or poetical authors. The popular Cupid and Kama seem creations of a later day. Neither does Hesiod mention Cupid. A few remarks on these, and other important omissions, may occupy a future page.

In continuation of what I have to offer from Dr. Clarke's instructive volumes, and on such passages, we turn to the famed obelisk of ON at Heliopolis—"the only great work of antiquity now remaining in all the land of Goshen." On this pillar are seen many hieroglyphics; unknown, as regards Egyptian and Grecian research, but which are still in current repute and usage in India, where their meanings or allusions are pretended to be understood. Among such are these $\equiv \equiv \equiv \equiv \equiv$ and perhaps $\equiv$. These figures are given, to suit a future, as well as the present, purpose, in Pl. v. of this Vol.—wherein they are thus distinguished—Nos. 5. 6. 10. 14. of the marginal line F—1 of line G, and 12 of line A.¹

¹ Please to observe, that, where not otherwise indicated, Pl. v. is to be understood as referred to in these pages, though, in avoidance of repetition, not expressed. Where the line A, or B, or C, &c. are not expressed, the line last
I will first touch, and afterwards descant more largely, on that last given and referred to A. 12. This, I must confess, I do not at this moment recognize so pointedly as a Hindu symbol, as, from its extensive prevalence among other ancient people, I had expected. Besides the above, the obelisk of ON bears other things, such as circles, crescents, serpents, a goose, &c Hinduisms that I shall not stop to notice farther.

The first of the above ☑ F. 5, 6. is common in several forms and positions, on both Egyptian and Hindu monuments and subjects. Among the several scores of "Sectarial marks or symbols" given in the 2d Pl. of the Hin. Pan. is this, variously diversified—as it is also in 4 to 8 of line F of Pl. v. before us. It marks perhaps lunar phases, and other matters referring to the sol-lunar pair Kala and Kali, whose emblems or symbols cross our eye and path, turn them whithersoever we may.

Of triple hieroglyphics there is no end. ☐ on the obelisk of ON, F 10, may in Egypt be supposed the triple leaf of the lotos; as it may also in India: for that lovely and triple-tinted plant is equally the

expressed is to be understood. Reference to the lines A, B, C, &c. is in upright capitals—to figures A, B, C, &c. in sloping capitals.

In India, loti are white, blue, and red; for which mystical variety many beautifully poetical legends exist; some of them, like the origin of the crimson rose of Venus, not to be explained—

"Trickling from that delicious wound,
Three crimson drops bedew'd the ground."

Joh. Sec. Bar.
subject of poets and mythologians of either country. With both, one in three, and three in one, are alike

Kama is fabled to have been first seen floating down the Ganges, on a lotus leaf. The Kamalata is a delicious flower, by whose rosy blossoms the heaven of Indra is perfumed. It is the Ipomoea. It means the "granter of desire"—"the consummator of wishes"—and is trivially called "Love's-creeper."

The fable of the white lotos of the N. of India having been dyed red (the red lotos is not seen in the S.) by a drop of Siva's blood, which fell from heaven when that ardent, angry deity was wounded by Kama, is another of the Puranic legends alluded to. Siva, by a scintillation from his central eye, reduced to ashes, or rather to an incorporeal essence, the mischievous archer: referring, as is said, to the progressive purification of the passion; from grossness to refinement. Kama, a name implying passion or desire, is hence called Ananga, the bodyless—or incorporeal. Shakspeare could not have heard of these Kama-ic fables; and yet we read of them in his incomparable extravaganza the Midsummer-Night's Dream Oberon's beautiful speech to Puck—so complimentary to "the fair vestal throned by the west," at whom the western Kama took his aim,

"And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts"

is too long to quote;

"Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound.
—Fetch me that flower—

—and be thou here again,

Ere the Leviathan can swim a league.
—But who comes here?—I am invisible."

What a pretty little volume one might fill with Kamasana! the sayings and doings, the aims and ends, of "Him of the flowery bow—who loves Reti—who springs from the heart—of him, by whom Brahma, Vishnu, Siva, Indra, are filled
favorite mysticisms. In *India* it is moreover a mystical compound, of which  is the fount, or unity, and is the **1O1n1**. See **fig. A**—not **line A**—of Pl. v. The triune type is in Sanskrit styled **tr1O1n1**—a mystical triunity—(read the *i* as in Italian)—of which, and its fount, and the **pedma**, or lotos, and the goddess **Pedma**, legends and fables, and mysteries, so abound, that a volume like this might soon be filled therewith. **Kamala** and **Pedma** are goddesses named after the *gem* of beauty, the lotos; and in a hundred ways bear allusion to it. Possibly the "triple leaf" of the poetical *shamrock*, and other **trifolia** of *Britain*—(in Sanskrit **trifola**)—may be hither, or hence, traced. If I have space to allow of much dilatation, this topic must be resumed—here just noting that St. **Patrick**, in his conversion of the Emeralders, illustrated his doctrine by exhibiting the one-stalked-triple-leaved shamrock. With that lively people such an illustration was more likely to make an impression, than more recondite logic.

Of the next, 14 of line F, from the **ON-ian obelisk**, I may almost say the same, as to Brahmanic copiousness—a volume might be filled with its details. It is a **Linga 0** in an **Argha 0** surmounted by sol lunarian, or **Kalic**, or bisexual symbols **O —or 0.** To show its immediate Hinduism, its with rapture"—as is at some length detailed in the conclusion of the *Hin. Pan*. It is in *India* that

"Every flower has some romantic tale
Linked with its sweetness."
next No., 15 of F, is a rude representation or type of the rudely shaped Jagannath, taken from Vol. viii. of Asiatic Researches, p. 62, 8vo ed. I have several plaster figures now before me of Jagannath, made on the spot, at Puri, which in their outline exhibit at a little distance a form like 15 of F.

This ० obeliscal form is, equally with the pyramidal द, Siva or Kala. Every thing obeliscal or pyramidal, or spiracular, or erect, as I too often have occasion to repeat, are his emblems—or is He, or Nat’ha. Nat’ha in an Argha, or boat-shaped vessel, form a combination of vast profundity. As given above from the obelisk of ON, and in Pl. v. 14, 15 of F, the component parts, or elementals, are ० ० ०—deep, in their separate potencies—wonderful in their combination. Ill would one volume serve to develope and explain them. One hint here may suffice. In this Arghanat’ha, or “Lord of the boat-shaped vessel”—Nat’ha is a generic name for lord or deity—have been recognized the name and origin of all that has been said and sung of the Arga-naut-ic expedition to Colchis—that is, say some, Kalki)—and all that thereon hinge, of mythology, chronology, history, fable, and fact. To these a page or two is devoted in the Hin. Pan. A simple type of the Hindu Arganat’ha may be thus given ०—a linga in an argha—the one a boat; the linga the mast—inverted त—varied ॥ the trisula of Kala, the Hindu Neptune—combined ო the caduceus of Mercury or Taut, whose symbol or initial is त, little else than another form of त, the inverted argha-linga. The
eye cast over the low and high numbers of line A, and along line B, will discern into what a variety of compounds—each fertile in historical allusions—such elementals branch. Farther including, among others, several of lines E and F—if not, in fact, every subject of our copious Plate v.—so intermingled and comprehensive are mythological mysteria.

This beautiful monolithic obelisk of ON—or, as some may think, of OM—rears itself, about 65 feet, out of a vast sheet of water. "So stood the column which adorns the world" when Dr. Clarke saw it. His plate—in Vol. v. p. 143, 8vo edit.—is the only one before me of this fine subject. Norden, and Shaw, have engraved it, but inaccurately. Now Siva—obeliscal Siva, being Fire, and Vishnu Water—here is another copious volume-filling source and series of allusion and profundity—here are the elementals of all that your Plutonists and Vulcanists have written or fancied. The sea—or any expanse of water, is an argha—and Nat'ha erect in it, is Ι. Or here is pyr-amidal fire Δ—it always assumes that ascending form—and the descending aqueous element Ψ, or Vishnu—in combination, or union, or junction, Ξ. Union, or junction, or sangam, are with Hindús most mysterious: of these lini, profoundly so: and so widely, as to have reached, through Egypt, Greece, and Rome, to England; where this, among our sapient Freemasons, Δ is "the Light shining in darkness—and the darkness comprehendeth it not."

What I offer here is intended as introductory to my proposed explanations of Plate v. Meanwhile I
cannot help interpolating the remark, that if almost every one of the hundred, and upwards, of subjects therein crowded, would, in itself, furnish matter for half a volume of, not I think unprofitable, discussion, is it not (or is it ?) to be regretted that such subjects should not be elucidated while yet they may, by examination and exact copies of what still remain of antiquity in Egypt and India? Such things must be historical. They carry us back to the time, not merely of the Arghanat'h-ic expedition, but to the times and places of the Pharaohs, the predecessors of Solomon—to the days of Joseph, of Moses, and Abraham—to the sayings and doings, and thoughts and feelings, of those who

"— hob-a-nob'd with Pharaoh—glass to glass—
Or dropp'd a half-penny in Homer's hat—
Or doff'd their own, to let Queen Dido pass."

Such "imperishable types of evanescence" should not be allowed any longer to "play dummy." The necessity is ceasing, if it have not ceased.

If, happily, the munificent and really noble 1 Lord who has lately and laudably devoted so much time, talent, and wealth, to the illustration of Mexican antiquities, had directed them to the development of those of India and Egypt, what a rich return might they have yielded!—Can the things of Mexico yield much? Whatever one may wish, one may allowably fear not. And it may also be feared that no other such laudable direction of the abundance of those "who stand high," may be witnessed in our time.

1 Kingsborough, it is understood—albeit his name is not given in his magnificent work.
If comparatively barren, Mexico hath yielded matter for some hundreds of plates and seven volumes "Kraken folio," what may be done with the truly fertile regions of Egypt and India? Certainly much beyond the reach of individuals to collect or produce. National efforts would be well directed to the conservation by the pencil, graver, and pen, of what yet remain. What masses have perished! If France and England would unite in such an amicable exploration of those inviting fields; or separately send the successors of their Denons, Champollions, Youngs, Clarkes, and other lost worthies; what rich harvests might yet be reaped! We have already discovered a key to, at least, to the hieroglyphics of Egypt—and therefore, if not to all, to much of "the learning of the Egyptians;" and possess still more of the means for the exhibition of all that India has in reserve.

To return, briefly, to the beautiful obelisk of ON, or O'M, or of the Sun—or of "that still greater Light"—as its pious authors probably intended: It is said there were formerly three, and that two of them were removed to Rome. They stood before the vestibule of the grand temple, called in Scripture "Bethshemesh, that is in the land of Egypt," Jer. xliii. 13; rendered by the LXXII Ἀλουπέλαιος, the city of the Sun, as is also the name of ON. "And Pharaoh gave Joseph to wife Asenath, the daughter of Potipherah, priest of ON." Gen. xli. 45. Asi-nath is Sanskrit as well as Hebrew. Of Potiphera, or Potiphar, or Phre, or Φοπεί,
slight mention is made in a recent page, 208. And, as touching Beth-shemes, it is rather the house or temple, than the city of the Sun—in the original text—so in Arabic بيت الشمس or شمس بيت. Some travellers write this solar termination schemps and shemps: but whether it be شمس or شمس شمس or shemsh or shems, there is no authority in either Hebrew or Arabic for the p; and with us the c is worse than useless.

— Hereabout also was the famed well of Matarea, with which history and superstition have been closely connected. The latter relates, in the Hindu style, how, in the flight to Egypt, the Virgin here thirsted and rested; and out sprung the grateful fluid. The modern Egyptians call it, as of old, “the fountain of the Sun” — of “that greater Light,” perhaps—عين الشمس عينا لشمس. They gather much, even now, from the resort hither of pious Christian pilgrims. The water of this healing fount is described as miraculously delicious as well as salubrious. “Faith—dear faith” will alter the operation even of the senses. Here is still shown a sycamore tree, which opened to receive and secrete the holy fugitives from the persecution of Herod.

I have prepared an article—a Fragment—on Holy Wells, Cleft Trees, and similar superstitions, still extant, and of old existing, in India and England, and hope to find room for it; and that it will be somewhat curious. It could easily be expanded to a volume. But let us return to the I-ON-I-an obelisk.
This figure † we have seen is on it. A circle, in every mythological language, is a symbol of eternity—and hence of The Eternal—having equally no beginning nor end, &c profundities. And the cross, in various forms, was a mystical figure long anterior to Christianity, in many and distant parts of the world; of which some instances will be given: see, meanwhile, fig. D (not line D) of Pl. v. We may hence see why a monogram, comprehending both, should be venerated by many and distant mythologers and polytheists.

The speculations on the crux ansata connect themselves closely with this compound; whether in the form of ☁ or of ☁, or ☁, or perhaps of ☁ or ☁. Kind reader, please to open the doubled Plate v. and cast your eye along the upper line A. It contains a variety of those forms, deduced from their supposed elements in the early Nos. of that line. In an earlier page, 133, we have seen No. 8. ☁, the globe and cross of our Coronation ceremonies, in which the A Linga, also—3 of G—has been recognized, though less pointedly.

Isis has declared that she "is all that was, or is, or will be—and that her veil no mortal had been able to remove." She is not so positively prophetic. The inquisitive ingenuity of our day threatens her with exposure. The farther light that may be thrown on her darkened mysteries by the (smoking, but scarcely) living torch of Hindu mythology, promises much. This conceit is dimly prefigured in our Frontispiece.

In Volume V. 8vo. ed. of that most accomplished
of travellers, Dr. Clarke, are many ingenious speculations on the obelisk of ON—his own and compiled. A few of them, as bearing on what I have here and elsewhere to offer on some of its characters, I will now notice, as briefly as I may.

Jamblichus thinks the crux ansata was the name of the Divine Being. 1 Sozomen, and other Christian writers, conceive the whole figure, or at least the cross, to be expressive of "the life to come—" deriving this opinion from the explanation given of it by heathen converts who understood the hieroglyphics. Sometimes it is represented by a cross fastened to a circle ☥—sometimes with the letter T surmounted by a circle ☥. By the circle, says Kircher, is to be understood the Creator and Preserver of the world; as the wisdom derived from Him which directs and governs it, is signified by the +T, the monogram, as he farther considers, of Mercury, Thoth, or ΦΤ, Ptha. "It is very extraordinary," says Shaw, who has collected almost every information on this subject, "that this crux ansata should be so often seen in their symbolical writings, either alone or held in the hands, or suspended over the necks, of their deities. Beetles, and such other sacred animals and symbols, as were bored through, and intended for amulets, had this figure impressed on them." Shaw farther considers it to be the same with the "Ineffable image of Eternity" mentioned by Suidas.

Jablonski deemed this figure, the cr. an. "nihil

1 I do not refer to the passages—in avoidance of the apparent affectation of unpossessed erudition—an appearance not always avoidable.
aliud esse quam phallum," &c. The women of Naples wear an ear-pendant of an equivocal shape and name,¹ bearing allusion to a key. And the original of this much-discussed type is supposed to have been a key in the shape of a cross or T. But why should such equivocal allusions be attached to it? Athenæus has an observation where the T is deemed obscene. A key of this shape, fastened, or appended conveniently, to a ring ♂—and such is found on ancient and modern subjects—might seem to form a reasonable origin. The more simple form might be still more convenient for a key; and it does appear oftenest in the hands of Egyptian statues, and among their hieroglyphics.

Dr. C. reasonably considers that every Egyptian monogram had its archetype in some animal, or instrument in common use,² and that the original of the crux ansata was a key. Hence, he thinks, the

¹ The shape may pass—the name chi-were is a metaphorical verb in their language. The initial hard gives our key. The commonest name in India of a key is chavé, the initial sound soft.

² Thus the Bishop of Clogher:—"As to the crux ansata, which hath so puzzled the learned world, &c., it is no more than a setting-stick for planting roots and large seeds." Or. of Hierogl. And thus was I, while pondering on these matters, amused by seeing in the hands of the conservators of the city of London, vulgarly called Turncocks, an implement almost exactly resembling this classical concern of antiquity. It is the most convenient form that the tool can assume in the hand of that class of men, in their round of daily exercise, on the banks of the Thames, of their useful occupation. And so
allegorical allusions to a key in our Scriptures:—referring to a future state of existence.

But if a key be in itself a plain useful thing, as is hinted in the last note, it may, in its variety of forms, and in the vagueness and figurativeness of language, and in the proneness of unassisted man to find mysteries and admire them as profundities, easily become a mythos: and if it assume the form of a cross, such is almost a necessary sequence. It is well known that the supposed mystery of the Cross is not merely modern. Its frequent recurrence among the hieroglyphics of Egypt excited the early curiosity of Christians. Converted heathens explained, as has been hinted, that it signified "the Life to come." In connexion with the O—itself a profundity among both heathens and Christians—(see p. 257. preceding)—we find it the crux ansata, Τ. This, as we have seen, Kircher says is a monogram of ΦΤ, Ptha, or Mercury, "the conductor of souls"—referring immediately to "a state of existence after death," or "the life to come."

We have seen in an earlier page—229—what use a superstitious race can make of texts of Scripture, in

it was, probably, in the hand of an equally useful class, who had charge of the Nilometers, and other matters connected with the rise and distribution of the waters of Egypt. Our turncocks call their tool a key; and so, perhaps, did the turncocks of the banks of the Nile, &c. One of ours lost, and dug up finely incrustated, two hundred years hence, may sadly puzzle the antiquarians of the day of discovery.
the explication of a figurative key. That of Isaiah, xxii. 22, "The key of the house of David will I lay upon his shoulder," admits also of perversion. In Rev. xx. 1. an angel bears the "key of the bottomless pit," which the perverters of Matt. xvi. 19. give to their pontifical Peter. In the sublime prophecy of the second Advent of the Messiah "the keys of hell and death" are displayed, Rev. i. 18.

"From the time of Ruffius, of Socrates, and of Sozomen," Dr. C. continues, "this triple hieroglyphic, the crux ansata, has occasionally exercised the ingenuity of the most learned scholars. The jewel of the Royal Arch among Freemasons, is expressed in this manner □□□ —a sign consisting of three taus joined by their feet at right angles, thus completing the monogram of Thoth, or Taaut, the symbolical and mystical name of hidden wisdom, and of the Supreme Being, among the ancient Egyptians; the θεoς of the Greeks. 'Numen illud'—says Jablonski (Pan. Aegypt. iii. 170) 'erat ipse Phthas, Vulcanus Aegyptiorum, Spiritus Infinitus, Rerum Omnium Creator et Conservator, ipsorumque Deorum pater ac princeps.' "It is amusing," Dr. C. continues, "to trace the various modifications in which this type of hidden wisdom is expressed. Sometimes as the sun in the lower hemisphere (see Jabl. i. 235.) it appears in hieroglyphics under this sign ☯. At other times it was written thus ☯: and hence we plainly" see

1 It may be allowed to Dr. C., in his just confidence in his own powers, to write thus—in this passage and in that quoted
what is meant by an ancient *patera* with a knob in the bottom of it. The other principal varieties were ΠΤ + Η Η. Upon Greek medals we find the last monogram written thus, Π.

As bearing on the subject of some preceding, and probably on some future, pages of this book, I must indulge here in another extract from Dr. Clarke’s instructive *Travels*. In the Appendix to his 3rd Vol. 4to ed., remarking on the discovery by Colonel Capper of the existence of ancient pagan superstitions on *Mount Libanus*, he notices “the numerous instances of popular pagan superstitions retained in the Greek and Roman churches; and as in our reformed religion a part of the Liturgy of the Romish Church has been preserved, so it may be said that certain external forms, and even of the prayers in use among the heathen, are still retained.” 808. “A Roman Catholic prostrating himself before a wooden crucifix, or a member of the Greek Church making the sign of the cross, will not readily admit that the figure of a cross was used as a symbol of resurrection from the dead long before the sufferings of our Saviour.” *Ib.* Dr. C. quotes and refers to authorities in respect to the vilifying comparison of the “death and resurrection of our Saviour with the annual lamentations for the loss, and joy for the
supposed resuscitation, of Adonis: which latter, although afterwards the foundation of detestable and degrading superstition, originally typified nothing more than the vicissitude of winter and summer—(Macrobi. Saturn. lib. i. c. 21.)—the seeming death and revival of nature; whence a doubtful hope was occasionally excited of the soul's existence in a future state."

"This expectation so naturally results from the contemplation of such phenomena, that traces of it may be discovered among the most barbarous nations. Some glimmering therefore of a brighter Light, which was afterwards fully manifested by the Gospel, must naturally have occasioned indistinct traces of similitude between the heathen mythology and the Christian dispensation. It was owing to such coincidence that St. Paul proclaimed to the Athenians, "That God, whom ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you." In viewing these occasional resemblances, whether or not we be permitted to investigate their causes, the fact of their existence is indisputable. No one duly considering the solemnities observed at Easter by the ancient Saxons prior to the introduction of Christianity, or viewing at this day the ceremony of the Greek Church, particularly that of Moscow, when the priests, as described in Vol. i. of the author's Travels, are occupied in searching for the body of the Messiah, previous to a declaration which ushers in the festivities of a whole empire, but must call to mind the circumstance related by Gregory Nazianzen, of the manner in which pagan rites were made subservient to the
advancement of the Christian faith—(Orat. de Vitæ Greg. Thaum. iii. 574.)—as well as the remarkable fact—(vid. Jul. Firmic. de Err. Prof. Relig.)—that on a certain night in the same season of the year the heathens similarly laid an image in their temples; and after numbering their lamentations according to the beads upon a string, thus ended the appointed days of privation and sorrow: that then light was brought in, and the high-priest delivered an expression, similar in its import, of resuscitation, and deliverance from grief. In tracing such resemblances, the celebrated Middleton, writing from Rome, observes, "We see the people worshipping at this day, in the same temples, at the same altars—sometimes the same images, and always with the same ceremonies—as the old Romans." 1 810.

1 In connexion with the preceding extract, it may be noted that our Candlemas has much puzzled western antiquaries. Our Church is, indeed, happily purified of such superstitions as have been just mentioned: tracing them back, we stumble on Popes blessing the candles with which the pious illumine certain ceremonies, adverting, they say, to "a Light to lighten the Gentiles!" we find certain similar lustrations, and other points in common with them and their predecessors, that may be compared without irreverence. Farther back we arrive at striking coincidences in the seekings of Proserpine for her lost daughter Ceres, and in those mysteries may fancy the source of such modern observances. But we may go still farther—from Greece, as usual, to Egypt and India. Hindús have ceremonial lights, and losses and seekings, though I cannot describe them particularly, marking a community of legend. Lights were, indeed, and are, common to many ancient and existing ceremonies of people,
In page 97, 98 preceding, are a quotation and some remarks and references connected with Astaroth, Astarte, Eostre Easter, &c., with which the following is immediately connected, and from which it seems to have been disjoined.

"Nothing," continues Dr. C., "tends more to elucidate and simplify heathen mythology than constantly bearing in recollection the identity of all those pagan idols which were distinguished by the several names of Astarte, Astaroth, Ashtaroth, Asthoreh, Astara, Æstar. To which may be added other less familiar appellations of the same Phœnician goddess, viz.: Atergatis, Juno, Isis, Hecate, Proserpine, Ceres, Diana, Europa (Cic. de Nat. Deor. lib. iii.) Venus, Urania, Dercetis (Ovid, Met. lib. iv.) and Luna. The Arabians call her Alilat, and still preserve their Alilua. Among the Chaldeans she was called Militta. It was from the Phœnicians and Canaanites that the Israelites learned this worship. "The children gathered wood, and the fathers kindled the fire, and the women their dough, to make cakes to the queen of heaven." Jeremiah,

whose religion was, or is, chiefly ceremonial. Such are still found in considerable variety in India. The Chinese burn holy tapers before, and on, several of their deities and altars; and one of their great festivals is that of Lanthorns.

Brand (Pop. Ant. pref.) says that "Papal Rome has borrowed her rites, notions and ceremonies from ancient Rome—the greater number of the flaunting externals which Infallibility has adopted as feathers to adorn the triple cap, have been stolen out of the wings of the dying eagle."
sense of death is meant to be indicated: the initial of \( \text{तायत्व} \). If Dr. Clarke were to turn his well-stored mind to a consideration of Hindu literature, including, of course, their mythology—for in that cumbrous garb half their literature is disguised, and to which more than half their poetical allusions tend—including also the myths fancied to exist in the Sanskrit alphabet, and in numbers—comparing them with similar mysticisms that would occur to him among the Hebrews, ancient Greeks, and Christians, he would elicit many striking coincidences—curious and interesting to those who amuse themselves in such innocent, and not useless, recreations.

We may be assured that not one Egyptian or Hindu hieroglyphic, or sectarian mark or symbol—be it ever so complicated or monstrous—was without its meaning or allusion—historical, mythological, religious—or in some bearing or other. Not even a line or a dot—simple or compound—straight or wavy—was meaningless. The position was also of import. And if any important truths or matters be cut or written, in such wise, on such stones, metals, papyri—and, who would laboriously so cut subjects of no moment?—they surely deserve development.

1 This passage, and most of what precedes and follows on this immediate topic, was written soon after the appearance of the volumes of this amiable and accomplished traveller. It does not, alas! now apply—to him. I esteemed his loss to his University—and not, of course, so restricted—the greatest it has sustained within my knowledge and recollection.
The meanings, if dead in Egypt, live in India. May we not hence marvel at the indifference shown at the attempts to unravel the tangled clue of Hindu mythology?—the mythology, or religion modified, of half, or more, of the whole world.

I have a few—I hope but a few—lines to add on another subject, that will, I think, on investigation, prove common to Egyptian and Hindu hieroglyphics—the _Hieralpha_. It assumes this form $A$:—and appears to be compounded of the mysterious Greek letters $A \Delta A$. This curious monogram _Plutarch_, _Kircher_, and others, think alludes to the initials of _Agatho-Dæmon_. (They do not include the $A$). An _Ibis_, in a particular attitude, is fancied to be represented by them. An _Ibis_-like bird is equally sacred with Hindús. As all things pyramidal are, with that symbolizing race, emblems of the phlegrean _Siva_, those letters, probably before they became Greek on the shores of the _Mediterranean_, were so symbolical on the banks of the _Ganges_ and the _Nile—in_ the depths and deserts of _India_ and _Egypt._

The monogram in question is seen on Egyptian monuments—held by gods or men, demigods or kings. Considering it as _Sivaic_ or _Lingaic_, a trifling elongation of one limb—be it accidental or mysterious—will produce it from the ordinary _Lingaic_ form. Kind reader, open again the double Plate v, and cast your eye along lines D and E, and you will see the elements of this monogram, as well as the figure itself, in its elongation, and inverted: on which, as a _Lingaic_ subject, I will here say no more.
But taking it out of that very comprehensive line, it may refer to another classification of Hindu legends. One of the three Rāmas holds a plow, shaped like the symbol in question. Kircher has been ridiculed by some antiquaries for suggesting that the subject seen in the hands of Egyptian idols, may have been intended for a plow; while they admit the first Greek letter to be in form like the Theban plow. It is not unreasonable to consider this useful implement an object of high respect by the earliest of cultivators. The introducers of it, in the simplicity of their ready devotions, may have been deemed gods or demigods; and to have had it dedicated to them, and placed in their hands as a suitable sceptre or attribute. We are told that the Emperor of China still holds the plow.

“Ye generous Britons! venerate the plow!”—sings Thomson;—but I fear me that, in this particular, your looms, and your keels, and your steamings, have materially abated such generosity and veneration.

One of the three Rāmas was, it seems, eminently agricultural—and the plow is his attribute or sceptre. In some cases he holds also a domestic implement, called musal. It is merely a large pestle for beating rice out of its husks. He is hence named Musali: and Haladhara, or plow-bearer, and Halayudha, plow-armed. This was Bala-Rama. See Pl. 51. and p. 194 of HP. for many particulars of the three Rāmas. The important implement, hala, the plow, borne by the classical figure there repre-
sented and described, is given in miniature, 4 of D. I confess it does not much resemble its neighbour the Hieralpha. A Linga Λ, with a limb elongated, will assume this form Λ: and, slightly varied, these Λ —in connexion with some of the figures in lines D and E—and perhaps it may be thought, if not strikingly like, not much unlike, the Ramaic plow.

Orientalists are sufficiently aware of the mighty truths hidden in the extravaganzas of the mythological fictions called the Avatāras of Viṣṇu. From the Noetic ḍ deluge they regularly trace the progress of man to his social and moral re-establishment and destiny. Allusions to these descents of the Preserver, are in perpetual flow from every poetical pen and mouth. Their names are "household words." Among the Mahrattas they are thus, vulgarly enough, pronounced—Mutch—Kutch—Var—Narrsing—Waman—Ram—Būd—Kal. To assist the memory, as it would appear, in the arrangement, succession, and character, of these ten avatara, they have been metrically strung together in this form—and the stanzas have been attributed to an Orientalist, the earliest and most eminent of his distinguished class:

1. The Fish denotes the fatal day
   When earth beneath the waters lay.
2. The amphibious Turtle marks the time
   When it again the shores could climb.

1 In the older printing of our Scriptures, NOAH is called Noe. The Hindús have Nu, and Menu, in their arkite legends.
3. The Boar's an emblem of the god
   Who raised again the mighty clod.
4. The Lion-King and savage trains
   Now roam the woods or graze the plains.
5. Next Little Man begins his reign
   O'er earth and sky and watery main.
6. Ram with the axe, then takes his stand—
   Fells the thick forest—clears the land;—
7. Ram with the bow, 'gainst tyrants fights,
   And thus defends the people's rights;—
8. Ram with the plow, turns up the soil,
   And teaches men for food to toil:
9. Budha for reformation came,
   And formed a sect, well known to fame.—
10. When Kalki mount his milk-white steed,
    Heaven, Earth, and All will then recede.

   — The beads of Papacy are also a remnant of ancient times. In p. 65 we have seen a Mahommedan "teller of beads" emphatically pointed at. Hindús, and other elders, also used, and use, rosaries in their devotions; reminding us of the Axes and droppings of the modern Romans. See a very ancient rosary and cross—fig. D of Pl. v. A subject very similar is a Phœnician medal found at Cition in Cyprus, given as the vignette in the 4th vol. of Dr. Clarke, 8vo edition. He mentions another of Sidon, whereon "a cross is carried by Mi-

1 Immediately after having been torn from the witcheries of Bahia, of which mention has been made in an earlier page—121—we plunged through the great deep into far Southern latitudes. I had then read of the enthusiastic vision of the companions of Vasco de Gama, when he and they first saw the glorious constellation of the Southern Cross— the Crux Australis. I think I had also then read of it in
NERVA in a boat." This would be at once recognized by a learned Brahman as a specimen of Argha-nathics.

the beautiful Lusiad of Mickle. My recollections, and feelings recently excited, were still vivid—kept so by a rosary with an appended cross, given me by the damsel with the black eyes at the attractive grates of Bahia. This I idly wore next my heart for a long while—perhaps years—until laughed out of it as another piece of tom-foolery. I note this to gain an opportunity of saying, that on the first burst of that constellation I can recollect that I myself felt a portion of that enthusiasm; and was more affected than by any other astral spectacle, before or since. Several times in after years, gaining and losing sight of that "victorious sign"—as those years called me again and again round the Cabo da Tormentados, as the baffled navigators christened the bold promontory more felicitously re-named de Bonne Espérance—those earlier feelings were less and less vividly awakened. In those after years, having delighted in such superficial readings of astronomy as a soldier may indulge in; and, in the currency of long voyages, having become an amateur in the manipulations of nautical astronomy, one's feelings were of course sobered down, and less childish than those of very early date. But I can assure you, kind reader, that altogether losing sight of the Great Bear and other boreal signs, whose risings and settings have for years been the objects of your nightly admiration, shining as they inter-tropically shine with a lustre unknown to those fixed far North—losing these, one by one, as you wend your Southern way, and nightly seeing other new, or half-forgotten, glorious constellations rise out of old Ocean, are sights almost worth wandering so far for. Then turning again round the vexed, weather-beaten Cape, northward, your old firmamental friends returning to your ravished eye and mind—"re-visiting the glimpses of your moon"—excite deeply enviable; and I think profitable, feelings and reflections.
I here most respectfully take my leave of Dr. Clarke's instructive volumes. But one lingers in Greece—ancient Greece, I mean—and I cannot yet tear myself from a farther protracted glance over the Hindi-Hellenics of that interesting land. I proceed to skim my notes on Hobhouse's Journey through Albania, &c. as farther confirmatory of the prevalence of Sanskritisms in those classical regions.

I find so much matériel for the article, "Sanskrit Names of Places" in Greece, Africa, Ireland, &c. and indeed almost all the world over—including what I, for want of better, term Kalicisms, Lingaics, Ionics, Sivaics, &c. that I scarcely know how to arrange them. Do what I can, I fear my article or articles, or Heads of my Fragments, on those topics, will not be found very methodical, either in arrangement or mode of handling. But the poetical nature of the extracts from the classical travellers before us will, in some measure, I trust, relieve apprehended deficiency on my part. Proceed we, then, without farther preface, to Hobhouse:

"Mulacasi—Tricala."—p. 62. The first name is a Sanskrit compound—mala, a garland, casi, pure, prime, pre-eminent; a name of Benares. Of Tricala, something is said in a former page. "IONI—Lingon—ancient names of mountains, now called Sagori; the name also of the city."—160. 161. Here are indeed IONI-c and Linga-ic sounds. "Paramithi, a district," in which are places named Aidoni, Sulli, Arta, Loru, Fanari, and "Laka, on the top of a conical mountain."—Sulli is also called Mega and
Kako Sulli. "Below Sulli is Tripa, the cavity." Suli or Sula, a tooth or spike, is a name of Siva—and Trisula, from his character of the tridentated Neptune. Cavities are sacred to his consort Trisuli—types of her as goddess of the Ionii. "Klysaura."—171. Qu. Kalisura?—a fair Sanskrit compound. "There are other villages," says Hobhouse; "all of them on the top of formidable mountains."—172. It is in such regions that Siva-ian names abound, all the world over. Almost all the names given above—and almost all, with little or no alteration—are of that description—i.e. Siva-ic, Linga-ic or Ionii-c. To continue—"Makala, a village on a hill."—199. This, strictly Mahakala, is one of the names of Siva—maha meaning the Great. "The mountains of Tricala." ib. "Gouria, a village near a fruitful region, formerly called Paracheloites." 201. Gouri and Para are names of the mountain-loving goddess of the Ionii. "Connected with which is a mythological allegory of its having been torn from the Achelous by Hercules, and presented by him as a nuptial gift to the daughter of Oeneus." 202—savouring of the poetical extravaganza of a region farther East. "At the mouth of the Aspro is port Petala. Port Candeli is in a deep bay to the South of the Gulf of Arta."—206. A deep bay would, in its form, be deemed a vast Argha:—a mystical union of the Linga and Ionii. The other names I shall not comment on. They are Indianic. "The extremities of the mountains of Chalcis—near these was the village of Lyceirna, from which to Culydon is," &c. "Next to the hills of Chalcis
were those called *Tappiasus*. One of these presents a very singular appearance. It is a large red rock, and is rent from top to bottom with a huge chasm into the bowels of the mountain."—210. Reading such passages, one is almost disposed to fancy that Mr. HOBHOUSE was traversing the mountains of Nepal, rather than among those of Albania. The country and chasm just described, "a large red rock"—a *Linga*—type of the only Hindu deity with red hair—"rent from top to bottom with a huge chasm into the bowels of the mountain"—a *Ioni*—type of his consort—are combinations, or unions, precisely adapted for Hindu contemplation and enthusiasm. On such a red rock, so rent, would such a character perform *tapas*, or austere devotion; and be called—not perhaps *Tappiasus*, as above, but—*Tapaswi* such penance there would be highly efficacious. Of Chalcis and Calydon, or Kalidun, something occurs in an earlier, and something farther must be offered in a future, page.

"*Maina. Mountains of Maina.*"—232. "The Mainotes continued the worship of pagan divinities 500 years after the rest of the Roman Empire had embraced Christianity. They were a very savage, robbing race. BUONAPARTE is surmised to be a descendant of a family of that race, named, like him, Kalomeros, that early emigrated from Maina to Corsica."—231. 233. In India, *Mena of Mahina* is a goddess particularly connected with mountainous regions. She is, indeed, the mortal mother of PARVATI, "the mountain-born."

The beautiful view given by Mr. (now Sir J. C.)
Hobhouse, at p. 246. of "the village of Castri, and the Castalian summits of Parnassus," would inflame a Saiva of taste and feeling. It is composed of elevated cones; exactly in keeping with his enthusiastic rage for types. Chasms and rents, too, abound—cones and caverns—Linga and Ion. Parnassus, as it is, I believe, before hinted, may be traced to Paranasi—and Castalia, to Castali or Casital—tal, the head or source—like Talkaveri, the source of the Mysorean river Kaveri. Kasi denotes pre-eminence—and is thence the name of Benares, "first of cities." "The vast range of hills named Parnassus—for it is not confined to one mountain—is dedicated to Bacchus"—251—the Sira of Greece: one of Siva's names is Bagisa.

About Thebes, and in other parts of Boeotia, the following names occur. But I will first note that in p. 267. preceding, it is shown that "Thebes or Thira" occurs—and how easily Thira may be from Siva—and may not Bo-Iotia—forcibly, I admit—be traceable to Bhu, pronounced exactly like Bo, the earth—and the oft-recurring vowelic diphthong? If so, here is again a conjunction of Linga-ics and Ion-ics. Bhutiya, or Bhuiyiya, sounds very Sanskritish; and is likely to be a terrene compound. These are some of the names of places about Thebes. "Tunagra"—Tana, means a town in Southern India; sometimes the garrison or soldiery of a town, or a garrisoned town. Graha are the (nine) planetary spheres. One sees no reason for such a name—but here are Sanskrit or Indian words of meaning. Has the name of the town a meaning in any other language?
It "is situated under a hill called Cerysius."—277. Cery is nearly the same as Sri—holy, revered; as has been before said. "Aganippe,"¹ if written Argha-napi, would furnish scope for ingenious conjecture, which I am not able to pursue. "Haliartus," I should judge to be of the same parentage as Helicon, before mentioned, meaning hill of the sun. "Mount Tilphosium—" Til and tal with final vowels, are common in Indian names. "Kamari on a hill."—282. Kaumari or Komari is a Hindu goddess; immediately of Siva's mountain-ranging family—the wife of his son Kartikya. Kaumari, like Juno, rides a peacock.

"Tridouni." Hearing that name, or Triduni, in India, I should expect of course to find a triforked, or three-peaked, hill. Is the Hellenic Tridouni so? "Carababa—Talandios—Kanavari—Seripoo"—these names occur of places in the mythological region of Boeotia, p. 283, and remind one of Indian names of similar sound; and are significant; but I shall pass them by. Sri-poo is strictly Indianic.

At Athens we read of a custom still prevalent with both Turks and Christians, that reminds us strongly of Hindu prejudice and practice. "Towards the Areopagus," says Hobhouse, "is a smooth descent, which has been worn even and slippery by the effect of a singular persuasion among the females of Athens of both religions. The married women conceive that by sliding uncovered down this stone they

¹I am not sure if this name be correctly placed here, as from Hobhouse—and I have no ready means of examining.
increase the chance of bringing forth male children. I myself saw one of them at this exercise, which appeared to me not only disagreeable, but rather perilous.”—315. This is the same feeling and hope, and nearly, though not exactly, the same practice, that dictates, and is seen in, the Hindu ceremony of pradakshina—the circumambulation of a conical stone—Linga—or of a tree of a peculiar species and character, or of an image, &c.; and of the transit through a cleft rock, on which I purpose an article hereafter, of, as I think, and as indeed I have said, a curious nature.

Again—A custom still exists among the Athenian maidens, desirous to learn their hymeneal fate, that reminds us of one similar in India; but I am not sure if from the same desire. On the eve of the new moon, Athenian and Hindu girls expose on a plate—or patera in Athens, patra in India—some honey, salt, and a cake. The cake, in the shape nearly of a ball, is called pinda in India—what in Greece I know not. It is on a particular spot on the banks of the Ili-sus, near the stadium, that this ceremony is most efficacious. Query—Is it at a junction or sangam, or union? The Greek girls are said to mutter some ancient jargon. I should like to know the exact words or sounds. They may possibly be like the jargonics on the uplifted Eleusinian veil of the Frontispiece to this volume. Fate or destiny is thus propitiated, and a good husband may

*I have neglected to mark whence I have taken this Athenian custom.*
result. On that very spot, or the banks of the Ili-
sus, it is ascertained there once stood a statue of
Venus. Thus has a religious observance been
continued from antiquity, until, as in many other
instances, it has degenerated into a superstition:—
in this case, perhaps, harmlessly.

I have in the preceding par. marked the initial
of the poetical river. Ili is the name of a Hindu
goddess, with whom are connected various obser-
vances and superstitions referring to maidenhood.
In another page I shall endeavour to trace several
such to Ili-ac sources.

"This spring still preserves its ancient name of
Callirhoë."—323. I shall here offer nothing farther
on this poetical fount, in addition to what has been
before said. On the above passage in Hobhouse's
Travels, I find the following note:—"The frontis-
piece to this interesting work—described, though
not referred to, in its 331st page—representing
Grecian subjects—would answer nearly as well for
Siva and Parvati, and their attributes. We see
a serpent, balls, and pyramidal cakes. These a
Brahman would at once call naga-linga-pinda: of
which several may be seen in plates 83-4-5-6. of the
HP. The pateræ in the hands of the figures are
also in character, both in India and Greece, under
the same name, putera or patra."

"The Erechtheum was sacred in the eyes of the
ancient Athenians, and may be still regarded with
veneration by the modern traveller, as being the spot
where Minerva contended with Neptune; and the
triple building must appear, even to us, in some degree
sanctified by the superstition which believed that each portion of the Temple retained some undoubted evidence of that memorable event. The heaven-descended statue of the protectress of the city was religiously preserved in her own fane; the mark of the trident, and the salt fountain from the cleft whence the horse issued from the earth, and where the murmur of the sea was often to be heard, were long pointed out near the altar of Neptune.”—Hob. 347.

I have fancied that of the current mythological fables of Greece, there are few in which so little Indian relationship is found as in that of the Neptunian terraqueous horse. The tridental stroke, and the salt-fount-producing-cleft, are sufficiently in unison with Linga and Oni-isms. I do not recollect any equestrian legend connected with Varuna, the Hindu Neptune; nor with Siva, who, in some other points as well as the tridental, corresponds with the Grecian ruler of the waters. A horse is never, I think, an attribute of either. A horse’s bust is, indeed, a common “figure head” on boats. The ferry-boat at Poona and at Panderpoor are so suited; and a horse’s head is sometimes seen peeping over the crowns of the ten-headed tyrant Ravana, of Ceylon. Why, I do not know.

The contest for the Protectorate of Athens may be variously explained. The wise Athenians are said to have determined that the gift or introduction of the olive—not only so useful but also an emblem of peace—was preferable to that of the warlike horse. For neither in those days, nor in these, was or is that
noble animal made very "useful" in Eastern regions. Neither in Greece nor in India is he yet applied to the purposes of agriculture, and rarely to draught of any sort.

A swamp skilfully drained—any aqueous difficulty overcome—may have been the prosaic origin of these mythological contests. The erection of Strasburg Cathedral, in earlier times, might well have been so poetically commemorated. It is built in water, and its foundations and crypts are still submerged. The same may be nearly said of Westminster Abbey. Its site was formerly a swamp. But the days of Neptunism, as well as of chivalry, are past. To return to Hobhouse:

In p. 356, we read of Kervishia, the ancient Cephisa, at the foot of Mount Pentelicus, and Callandri, in the same quarter near Athens. The first two are Sanskrit-sounding. Pendélé, as the famed marble-producing mount is otherways called, is a Sanskrit name; so is Kalandri. Sepolia and Patisia, in the next page, are thither traceable—Se-pala and Patisa, or Vatisa.

The port of Munichia—the Munychian promontory—the villages of Menithi and Keratea, are named in p. 364. Deep bays and bold promontories are profundities in India—concavities and projections are Argha and Linga. Thither pious Muni resort, as favorable to contemplation; and such places would probably be called Munika or Muniki. The other names I shall not notice farther.

"Two or three brackish rivulets, oozing through the sand, which Wheeler and Chandler call
the Rheti, or salt streams, consecrated to Ceres and Proserpine, are supposed by Pausanias to find a subterraneous passage through Boeotia and Attica, as far as from the Euripus of Chalcis." In this passage great scope is afforded for Hindu comparisons. "Ceres and Proserpine," or Sri and Parasapana. Boeotia, from Bhu, as before hinted, or from Bhuti, or Bhutiya—Chalcis, or Kalki. Many names beginning with EU, I hypothetically, when I have a choice, write IO, of similar sound—the initial of IOI—on which I have much, perhaps too much, to say hereafter. Attica has often occurred, and I have made no remark on it. Ti, or tee, and tik, and tika, and antika, are Sanskrit words of many meanings—and A is privative, as in Greek. Atika, a scholar would make much of.

But, passing these, it is the consecrated salt streams of Rheti that a Hindu enthusiast would revel in. Two of these joining, is a dear union, or sangam—and these, with a third subterraneously, is the mythos of mythi! Ablution here is triply purifying—suicide is ecstatic and meritorious. Hither resorts the youthful widowed Sati, or Pure, rejoicing in her approaching liberation from the trammels of the flesh—and the aged to sigh their last, in the way of nature, or by hastening their arrival in the world of spirits. The Hindu poets call such tripo-
tamic union Triveni, or the three plaited locks. The geographical fact of the divine Ganga and Yamuna joining visibly near the site of the modern city of Allahabad in Bengal—modern as to name—and, as they assert, subterraneously with their holy
sister Saraswati—(the meandering consorts respectively of Siva, Vishnu, and Brahma)—is metamorphosed by the most poetical and amorous sect, and admired and sung by all, into Krishna, braiding the musky tresses of his delightful Rhada. The Greek stream is called Rheti. The rapt Hindu would say that it flowed from the tears of Rheti, the Psyche of the Hindu Pantheon—the goddess of pleasure, consort of its Cupid, Kama. Her tears, when widowed by a flash of fire from Siva's central eye, which, reducing to ashes Kama's mortality, rendered him an incorporeal essence (a pretty origin of the divine EPOS of the Greeks) in punishment for his audacity in wounding Siva by one of his impassioned flower-tipped arrows—her tears on that sad occasion flowed most copiously; and her tender lamentations fill a book in a delightful poem by Kalidas, called Kumara Sambhava, or the Birth of Kumara. We must not here indulge too much in these tempting topics of mythological fiction; but be content with observing that Rhada's lamentations, when severed temporarily from Krishna, were also very lachrymose. Her weepings, as well as those of the bereft Sita, spouse of Rama, gave origin and names to lakes and pools. Such are named Rhada-Khoond, or Sita-Khoond, or Reti-Khoond, according to the personality of the fables.

The saltiness of the streams, like those of the Rheti of Greece, would not be lost on the Hindu fabulist. The musings and "oozings" of that class of writers are not always repeatable.
"The sacred way leading from the Thriasian gate across the Rheti, and the Thriasian plain to Eleusis."—Hob. 374. Triasi is Hindui. I have used the word a thousand times as the number 83. It is not unusual in India so to name places. Chourasi is a district about Surat, meaning 84—from having, or having had, as it is said, that number of villages or towns. Salsette, as we call the fine island close to Bombay, the natives called Se-ashter—86—because, they say, it has or had so many villages. I know not if this line of naming obtained in Greece—or if the names of places there are at all so traceable.

"Not only Athens but Attica," says Hobhouse, after Hegesias, "was the handy-work of the gods and ancient heroes."—359. So are Kashi and Varanasi—Benares, city and province: the Athens and Attica of India—which, like Naples (and Calabria?) are said to be "a piece of earth which tumbled from heaven."—Athens and Attica seem to abound in Hindu names almost as much as the city and district of Benares or Kashi.

"A path branches off from the main road by the sacred way to Athens, a little nearer to Eleusis than the Rheti, or salt streams, and leads to Caliva, a village; and to Casha, through the opening of the hills."—375.

Kaliva, Kasha, as well as Rheti, I should rather have expected about Benares than Athens.

"The mountains of Kerota" occur in the same page—and Megaris, Corydallus, Salamis, Pharmacusa, Megala, and Micrakira—names of more East-
ern sound, and significance. Some of them are also significant on the spot. "Mount Pentelicus is now called Pendele, and sometimes Mendeli."—391. These sound more like the ancient and Eastern name, than the softened and probably more modern Pentelicus. This mount and that of Hymettus, Τύμητος, (= haima, snowy =) are the sites of endless mythological legends. "The latter had on its summit an image of Jupiter; and has now fifty chapels, or consecrated caves."—Ib. This is strongly Oriental—Siva, the Indian Jupiter, reigns paramount in Haima-laya—so is the account of the cave of Venus, Colias. One could fancy it on Salsette—that island of cavernous mountains—bating the Greek inscriptions. Nor is the Nympholeptic foolery unmatched in India. "The credulity of the religionist, adorned by the fancy of the poet"—is sufficiently conspicuous in both regions.

"Kalivia Kouvara, a small village."—409. "Vrisaki, Thascalio, Kake, Thalasa, small fishing harbours between ports Therico and Raphti."—423. The last is the ancient port of Prasia—"one of the Pandionis; well known as the place whence the mysteries of the hyperborean Apollo were annually carried by the Athenians to Delos."—424. These names, some of them slightly altered, are mostly pure mythological Hinduisms, combinable with the Oriental, as well as with the hyperborean, Apollo. On some of them earlier remarks have occurred. Kaliva, Kuvero, Vrisaki, Daskala, Kaku, Talasa, Parasi, Pandu—would be the method of writing the names of such places or persons in India,
according to the excellent system laid down—based on Italian pronunciation—by Sir W. Jones, in the As. Res., and generally followed by me in the HP. in which most of the above names occur, as Indian.

By Rhamnus, in a valley, is "the village of Vraona, celebrated for the worship of Diana."—429. Query, Varuna?—for in the next page it is connected with water, as are the rites of the Indian Diana, in her characters of Durga and others—"An island formed by the torrent which flows from the valley of Vraona."—430. Varuna is the Hindu regent of water. "Here," continues Hornhouse, "is a square marble, looking like a pedestal; and in a pool of water in the same island, is the headless statue of a female, sedent, of fine white marble, and exquisitely wrought."—Ib.

"Near Stamati is the village of Cervishia." 437—and near it is Charootika." 440.—"the mountain anciently called Brilesus, in the region of Diacris, to the north of the high mountain of Parnes—to Casha—to Calamus—an hour to the S. of Oropo—the powerful city of Tanagra."—442. "The village of Scimitari, near a spot called Gremetha; answering tolerably to the site of Tanagra; and the hill above may be that once called Ceryslius."—460. "A spot named Castri—on a height above, we saw Mavromati—through that part of Baeotia called Parasopia."—461.

Of the preceding names much of Greco-Hindi connexion might be traced by a competent writer. I pass them; though I could trace some.

"There is among the ranges of Mezzo or Pin-
dus, at no great distance from a han called Kokoulin-tiko, the supposed site of Gomphi, a high rock with nine summits, called Meteora. It lies in the road leading from IOAnina to Tricala and Larisa." 465. From this page we are referred to p. 62, where we find the road leads over a river that flows to Arya, then over a mountain to Malacasi, a village; then crosses a stream that falls into the Salembria, or river Peneus." We then read again of Tricala or Tricca, of Cassiope, the hills of Sagori, Mount Tomaros: the districts of Paramitkaia, Parga, and Sulli."—62.

An Orientalist may conceive with what reverence a Hindu would approach a hill with nine peaks, containing, or environed by, places distinguished by the names just quoted. The most poetical of Hindu mythological mountains, Meru, has usually three peaks—I cannot speak to the fact of nine or its absence—and has places on or near it, distinguished by some of the above names. Such a hill as the Greek Meteora, would in India be the resort of pilgrims and ascetics—Saniasi and Tapaswi—as well as of divinities. See Pl. 31. of HP. for exactly such a hill so peopled. And approaching it, most persons, with any poetry in their composition, would feel some Parnassian emotions. Let us see what Hobhouse says and saw hereon.

He first chides his predecessor Pouqueville, for being too poetical on a similar occasion.—"But though the license granted to the fancy of his nation may suffer him to wander through the Elysian fields, and sport with the Grecian muses on their favorite
hill, still he cannot be permitted to profane with conjecture the venerable shades of *Dodona*. At a village four leagues to the N.E. of *IoanNina* begin the hills of *Sagori* and the forests of *Dodona*. But these groves are not to be distinguished from a thousand woody recesses that shade the mountains of *Albania*; and the prose of the traveller is less sober than the poetry of his harmonious countryman:—

"*Ce sont passés ces temps des rêves poétiques*
*Où l'homme interrogeoit des forêts prophétiques,*
*Où la fable, créant des faits prodigieux,*
*Peuploit d'êtres vivants des bois religieux,*
*Dodone inconsultée a perdu ses oracles,*
*Les vergers sont sans dieux, les forêts sans miracles.*"

**Delisle—Tr. Reg. de la Nat.**

**Hobhouse** tells us, p. 465—"That on each of the nine summits of *Meteora*, which are in a cluster together, is a monastery. The monks of these aerial habitations have contrived to secure themselves from all surprizes or unwelcome visitants, by cutting down those ridges of the rocks by which they first ascended them; and all the monasteries are now inaccessible, otherways than by baskets let down from the summits of the mountains to the highest landing-place, perhaps a hundred feet below. The monks thus leave and return to their habitations for the occasional purchase of provisions," &c.

"One," continues Sir J. H., "may surely be at a loss to guess what charms life can have for a Culoyer of *Meteora*¹—a prisoner on the ridge of a bare rock.

¹ In *India*, "a Kaliya of Miti-ora" may be expected to be heard or read of. Of Kaliya something occurs in pp. 245, 7, 8.
Security is not acceptable on such conditions. Yet from amongst the varieties of human conduct we may collect other instances of voluntary privations, equally unanswerable, and produced, independent of habit or control, by original eccentricity of mind. A monk confessed to me, that he had never in his life felt an inclination to change his place; and, having from his childhood belonged to his monastery, had seldom wandered beyond its precincts. For four years he had not passed beyond the grotto in the grove, and might not, perhaps, in the next four. 'Some of us,' he said, 'prefer travelling. Hadji, there, has been to Jerusalem. For myself, I do not wish to remove from this spot.' One of these monks passed his whole time with the oxen of the monastery, and would suffer none else to look after them. He never spoke to any one.'

1 "Hadji"—somewhat strange to see such a name so applied. Had the wanderer been to Mecca, he would, in Mahomedan countries and company, have been of course so distinguished and addressed. But I should not have expected it in a Christian monastery, in Christendom.

2 The masterly author of the book of Ecclesiasticus had probably such a man in the eye of his deep-searching mind, when he penned these passages:

"How can he get wisdom that holdeth the plow, and that glorieth in the goad—that driveth oxen, and is occupied in their labours, and whose talk is of bullocks? He giveth his mind to make furrows, and is diligent to give his kine fodder."

The above was happily applied at the period of high debate on Lord John Russell's motion for Reform—referring to an apprehended undue preponderancy of the agricultural interest—not much flattered by the son of Sikach.
The reflections of Sir J. H. on the follies and madnesses of men, especially of men associated on principles contrary to common sense, and regulated according to a system in strict opposition to the general habits and nature of mankind, apply as well to the Boskoi, or grazing saints, of Mesopotamia, as to the ascetic Brahmans, and others of the Hindús; and not better.

I may note, as connected with this subject, that in a retired, shady vale, on that beautiful part of the beautiful island of Bombay, called by the English Malabar Hill—I know not by what name by natives—is a fine tank, surrounded by temples and terraces, and trees and buildings, constituting a village: if I ever knew its name, I have forgotten it. There resided, in my earlier day, Brahmans and contemplative Hindús, many of whom had never in their lives been in the city or fort of Bombay, though only three or four miles distant. And many more of the English living there, had never, I dare say, visited or heard of this cool, quiet, happy "Brahman village"—its usual designation when spoken of. It was a favorite resort of mine; and I became tolerably well known to some of its sober philosophers—and I have sometimes, when tired of the heat and turmoil, and vexations and excesses of business and society, been more than half disposed to envy the peaceful inhabitants of "that shady blest retreat," the life they there led, and seemed to love.

Since the time of which I speak, this village, then unapproachable except on foot, is probably no longer secluded, or inhabited by the same description
of people. The Hill has become studded with villas—the Point, a bold sea-chafed promontory, where the fine temple once stood, from the blasted and ruined foundations of which I dug out and brought to England, the ponderous triune bust represented in the cubic pedestal of my mystical Frontispiece—that Point has become the marine residence of the Governor—roads for horses and carriages intersect the Hill—and ere as many more years elapse as have passed into the ocean of eternity since I first wandered, and chased the hooded snake, over it, steam coaches may, for aught I know, traverse it on iron roads.——But to return to Greece:——

In Attica we find the village of Cockli. In India it would be called Cokli; or, as I should write it, Kokli, or Kukli. I think I recollect a village of that name in India. In Greece “it is near the plain of the Calivia of Kaundouri.”—468. Attica itself, as well as the other names in this par. would, with little or no alteration, come into the list of Sanskrit sounds and names.

“A spring is shown in this valley of Eleusis:—this is the flowery well where Ceres reposed; and the valley is the Rharian plain—the path to Athens then strikes off over the Thriasian plain.”—486. Ilī and Ila are names of a Hindu goddess—but not Eleu, nor Eleusi. Of Ceres and Sri and Triasi, something has been said in a recent page. On the foregoing passage I have therefore only to add, that Rhari, or Raree, is the name of places in Western India.
"The country inhabited by the Southern Valachi comprehends Edessa, Kastoria, and Larissa."—491. These words are Indian; and the people inhabiting those places in Greece are avowedly "of remote, obscure, and ambiguous origin."

"The ceremonies of the Athenian Greeks at childbirth, where the attendant is always a woman, are very mystical. A lamp burns before the picture of the Virgin during labour, and the candle is adorned with embroidered handkerchiefs, jewels, and coins, as presents to the four fairies who preside over the infant. When born, it is immediately laid in the cradle, and loaded with amulets. A small bit of soft mud, well steeped in a jar of water, properly prepared by previous charms, is stuck upon its forehead, to obviate the effects of the evil eye: a noxious fascination, proceeding from the aspect of a personified, though invisible, demon, and consequent upon

1 A man-midwife is a thing unheard of in India—in Asia probably. Such a thing cannot enter into the imagination of a Hindu. And as to a Mahomedan!—let such of my readers as are acquainted with Mahomedan gentlemen fancy, if they can, the effect of such a proposition. A Hindu would receive it probably with mingled astonishment and meekness. The feelings of the Mussulman I can scarcely analyze. I should not volunteer the suggestion of such an attendant in any case, however urgent, within reach of his scimitar.—(Qu. Smiter?)

2 A relique of the reverence to Diana, under her name of Lucina—the protectress of suffering females in this interesting predicament. Her double, Parvati, assumes the like character in India.

2 A consecrated bougie, most likely.
the admission of an incautious spectator. The evil eye is feared at all times, and supposed to affect people of all ages, who, by their prosperity, may be objects of envy. Not only a Greek, but a Turkish woman, on seeing a stranger look eagerly at her child, will spit in its face; and sometimes, if at herself, in her own bosom. But the use of garlic, or even the word which signifies that herb, σκότος, is considered a sovereign preventive. New-built houses, and the ornamented sterns of Greek vessels, have long branches of it depending from them, to intercept the fatal envy of every ill-disposed beholder. The ships of the Turks have the same appendages. In fact, there is a great uniformity of practice between the two nations.”—507.

Had I read the preceding—a few words altered—as descriptive of births in India, I should have made no remark. The evil eye is equally feared in India, by Mahommedans, Hindús, and Christians. It does not occur to me that I ever made any memoranda on that subject; and I shall not trust my memory now to record any particulars—farther than to note the recollected prevalence of the fear. A nurse of my own—an aged papist—used to be very angry at encomia on my children; and I think I have a recollection of her spitting, in cases of apprehended emergency.

In Hobhouse’s map of the western part of Hellespontine Phrygia, we see “the ruins and river of Callistatli, probably of Ilium”—“Karantik”—“Marromato”—which is said to mean “black eyes.” Most of these names are applicable to Kāla.
One of his names is *Kalantika*, or Time-destroying. *Ili-um* might, by a stretch of etymological conjecture, be traced to the same sounding *Ili O'M*—and *Mahavromati* sounds more like Sanskrit than Greek.

The mountain of *Parné*, or *Parnes*, has been before mentioned as a name of *Pindus*; and *Pandu* has been hung upon it. The Greek town of *Keratea* is near it. The mountain contains excavations and profundities, natural and artificial, that would delight a mystical Hindu. There are clefts and holes in rocks that a *IONijah* would delight in. If this mountain were examined by one reasonably read in the mythology of *India*, it would, I am disposed to think, yield testimony to the identity of the myths of both regions. I expect that *Linga-ic* and *IONi-ic* vestiges would, without any stretch of imagination or credulity, be discovered in some abundance.

The mountains of *Kerata* and of *Keratea* have also been mentioned. In the HP. p. 448. it is related how *Parvati*, the mountain goddess, having parted in anger from her spouse—they had quarrelled at gambling—assumed the alluring semblance of a *Cirati*, a daughter of a mountaineer, to win back the lost affection of her wrathful consort. I know not the correct initial sound of the last-marked word—probably soft: but soft and hard *C's* and *K's* are for ever interchanging. *Cirati* I take to be feminine—and that *Cirata*, or, as the reader may discern my drift, *Kirata*, or *Kerata*, seem alike in sound, and all connected with mountains.

The *Marathon*—*Mycale*—*Salamis*—of Greece, sound Hinduish.
A Sanskrit scholar—a distinction to which I have no pretension whatever—should such peruse my humble lucubrations, may fancy me tripping in some of the Greek words, or names, or sounds, which I select, as being, or like, Sanskrit. But it does not follow that the Greeks, though they borrowed so much of the more ancient and more Eastern language, borrowed from the most classical sources. Like me, they had, perhaps, access only to the vulgar tongues. If such Sanskrit scholar were to wend southward from the Ganges to the Krishna—say from Benares to Mysore—his classical ear would be invaded by, what he would call, vulgarisms. He would hear, and perhaps read, of Mahdeo—Deodar—Gungader, &c.—instead of what his fastidious organs have been Gangetically gratified by—Mahadeva—Devudara—Gangadhara, &c.

By the way, Sir W. Jones, in his pretty, lively little poem, "The Enchanted Fruit, or the Hindu Wife," partly sanctions the use of the colloquial deo. This is, however, merely a metrical conveniency:

"And there—no sight, young maids, for you—
A temple rose to Mahadeo."

But he—in his chaste mind, and all the pure young maidens of his acquaintance—might have visited, as I have, five hundred such temples, and have seen nothing to sully the purity of their minds or thoughts. In fact, nothing objectionable meets the eye. The inquisitive may draw forth explanations which will require the veil of charity—such as is kindly flung over them by the same amiable writer in this passage—extracted from the HP. p. 155.
In the character of Bhavani, Sir W. J. sup-poses the wife of Mahadeva to be, as well the Juno Cinxia or Lucina of the Romans (called also by them Diana Solvizona, and by the Greeks Ilithyia) as Venus herself:—not the Italian queen of laughter and jollity, who, with her Nymphs and Graces, was the beautiful child of poetical imagina-tion, and answers to the Indian Rhemba, with her train of Apsaras, or damsels of Paradise; but Venus Urania, so luxuriously painted by Lucretius, and so properly invoked by him at the opening of a poem on Nature:—"Venus presiding over genera-tion, and on that account exhibited sometimes of both sexes (an union very common in the Indian sculptures) as in her bearded statue at Rome; and, perhaps, in the images called Hermathena, and in those figures of her which had a conical form—'for the reason of which figure we are left,' says Tacitus, 'in the dark.'"—"The reason," continues Sir W. "appears too clearly in the temples and paint-ings of Hindustan, where it never seems to have entered the heads of the legislators or the people, that any thing natural could be offensively obscene: a singularity which pervades all their writings and conversation, but is no proof of depravity in their morals."—As. Res. 1. 254.

I cannot but wish that the last member of the above passage had been somewhat qualified. The word all is, I presume to think, too comprehensive. Mountains and rivers, I have before observed, retain their original or ancient names the longest of any objects. In them we may best hope to discover
the remains of ancient nomenclature and language. They are the stable and ever current vertebrae and arteries of the earth. In this view it is much to be lamented that discoverers of regions and their early and late followers, have not noted, and do not carefully note, where practicable, such names from the mouths of natives. The philosophy of language might hence derive important aids. In the vast spread of Australia, for instance, we might expect to find, as in Java have been unexpectedly found, traces and remains of Sanskrit, and temples and images, and various Hinduisms—evincing, indeed, the existence there, at no very distant period, of a magnificent Hindu empire. And I expect results something similar in the currency of exploration among the vast and numerous islands farther North and East—such as Borneo, Luconia, Papua, &c. &c.

While the names of mountains and rivers are transmitted unchanged, or but little changed, from generation to generation, those of towns are easily altered by the caprices of conquerors or rulers. Natives, of themselves, rarely, perhaps never, change the name of their towns. Mahommedans bestow Arabic names whithersoever they go paramountly. In the Spanish peninsula—including Portugal—their remains may still be traced. Alhambra, Alguazil, Alcaid, Guadalquiver, Trafalgar, perhaps, and many others easily recognizable.

In America what fine names might probably have been found and left of the vast lakes and streams, and hills, which ennoble, beautify, and enrich those extended regions. How poor and uninstructive are
the Hudson, the St. Lawrence, in comparison with Niagara—pure Sanskrit I suspect—Powtownack—Mississippi (this name is, I confess, too sibilant and mimini-pimini for my liking)—the Alleghany chain—Lake Michegan—the great river Kanhawa—the Athabasca lake—the snowy mountains of Orizaba—Canada—but I shall have to bestow a few pages on American Hinduisms hereafter—and shall here only ask the reader to compare the foregoing names—quite refreshing to geographical students—to Cape Dods—Cape Mobbs—Pittville, &c.

Perhaps if our early voyagers to Australia—(what is the native name or names for that fine fifth portion of our earth?)—perhaps if they had noted from the natives the names of their noble mountains and rivers, we might now be tracing them to the Heliconia, and Meru, and Nila, and Ganga, of more poetic regions. Is it still too late? Or must we be content to read of the mighty masses and magnificent waters of the novel-named world, by the unpoetical appellation of the Lachlan, the Macquarie,¹ the Blue Mountains—(is it too late to learn their native name? Kal, something, perhaps, or Nilgheri)—the Hawkesbury, the Swan, Botany Bay, &c. instead of possibly Ionic, or Lingnan, or Solar, or Lunar—Heliconian or Parnasian, derivations?—such as Paramata, Morambidji, or Morumbaji, the fine name of a fine Australian river. The accidental retention of a

¹ Fine names too—and of a very old and much esteemed and lamented friend.
few, makes us the more regret the probably studied absence of so many.

Let us hope that the fine series of mythological baptism found among the glorious range of *Himala*, will never yield to the personalities of English adulation. *Himalaya*, the snow-crowned — apt appellation—crowned by the snows of ten thousand winters! *Dwalgiri*, the loftiest pinnacle of our great globe; *Gahumuki*, its most sacred cavity, "whence famed *Ganga* springs"—how fine! compared with *Mount Smith*, or *Thompson's Peak*, or such temporal trumpery.

No disrespect can, of course, be intended toward any of the worthy individuals who may bear such names as these; and with them wear the local honors of the day. But one has scarcely patience to see them supplant the useful, godlike, appellations of antiquity—appropriately bestowed.

It may be of less moment in botanical, than in geographical, science. But even there I am disposed to prefer the fine significant native names of Indian plants: *Camalata, Jatamansi, Sitaphala, Tulasi, Champaka*, &c. all perhaps derived from mythological legends, like *Daphne* and *Laurus*, and other Ovidian elegancies. How preferable even to the deserved immortality of *Jonesia, Banksia, Rafflesia*, &c. of English substitution.

I may, perhaps, remark here, as well as any where else, that if the *Sanskritisms*, or *Kalicsms*, noted in this Head and others, be deemed striking or curious, they may, with due inquiry, be extended
to almost any length. The whole world almost is overspread with them. I have not sought them for the purpose of upholding any hypothesis; nor have I, in fact, sought them at all. I am not aware that I have ever read a book or a page in such search. They forced themselves on my notice in the course of a desultory and confined range of reading and observance. Any one qualified, and so disposed, may multiply Kalic, IONIC, Lingalic, coincidences; lingual, synchronic, geographic, to a very unexpected extent.

We must linger a little longer, somewhat moremiscellaneously, in Greece, for the purpose of noticing some more of the coincidences mentioned in the preceding paragraph. I have accidentally run my eye over DOUGLAS’s “Essay on the Modern Greeks,” whence I have culled a few flowerets that invite transplantation into my Kalic parterre.

On “Tricalla, a village,” p. 12. something has been said already, and we pass on to “the remarkable village of Ambelachia,” 13. “Holy fountains, or wells, were called by the Greeks, agiasmata; agiasma in the singular——γίασμα. To these fountains multitudes will flock to invoke the saint, the genius loci. The sick are brought to drink the waters; which, destitute of all medicinal qualities, owe their influence entirely to the patronage of some superior being: and it would be thought great impiety and ingratitude in those who receive, or fancy they receive, his help, to neglect affixing a lock of hair, or a strip of linen, as the votiva tabella, at once to record the power of the saint and the piety of his
votary." 61. References are made to many such usages of antiquity. Intending a short article on Holy Wells and Fountains, I make here no farther allusion to them.

"Three girls, otherwise of the most bewitching forms, but with the feet and legs of goats, are believed to circle, in an eternal dance, the point which towers above the village of Scardamula." 83. The fiction related of this poetical peak, probably furcated or conical, is very Hinduish, as well as the name of the village.

In a neat little book, entitled "Naples and the Campagna Felice," 1 we read (as we may in a hundred other pretty books) of "Venus Kallipygia," 15. by others written Kallipiya—of "old Vesuvius, detached from its parent, the mountain of Somma, or rather, rising from out of its bosom"—17. "the hot vapour baths of Tritoli," 40. "the romantic convent of Camalauli," 75. "Calphurnius, founder of the temple of Jupiter, now the cathedral of Puzzuoli." 88.

Here we have Hinduisms in abundance. The Kalic appellative of Venus we will pass. Mountains seem less liable to be nick-named than even rivers. "Mountains of the Moon," "Montes Parvedi," as such a range is named in ancient geogra-

1 "Campagna Felice!"—Is it true that with thy most sublime mount, and beautiful bay, and gay city, and innumerable fascinations, thou art indeed, as thy natives call thee, "that piece of earth which tumbled down from heaven?"—But art thou, indeed, what others call thee,—"Un Paradiso, habitato per Diavoli?"
phy, and by the Arabians, "الكَلَّار Alkomari," are but literal translations of the Chandragiri of the Sanskrit: a mere change of name; not, indeed, all applied to the same range. Parvati is the best mode of writing the name of the Hindu "mountain-loving Diana." It is otherways written Pravadi, Pervedy, Perveti, by Western geographers. A lofty conical hill near Poona, with a fine temple of the goddess on its summit, is there usually corrupted into Parbutty. In the operations of the Russian army in their last approach to the capital of Turkey, one of the ghats, or passes of the Balkan, was called Pravadi in the papers. In such a range of mountains I should expect many other Kalicisms; and where I find Kalicisms, I expect to find them connected with hilly regions.

Chandragiri, in Sanskrit, means a lunar hill. Parvati, in one of her characters, is Chandri, in the feminine; her spouse is Chandra. Poetical interchange of sexes enliven this line of Hindu mythology, which is more fitfully touched on in the Hin. Pan. p. 289. A male moon is not very uncommon, Ib. p. 292.; nor, among other seeming incongruities, a bearded Venus, even in Europe! That beautiful planet is in India personified in a male—Sukra.

We have just read of "Mount Somma, the parent of Vesuvius." Soma is another Sanskrit name, masculine of the moon. An etymologist might make something out of these names, but not out of Latin or Italian. What is Vesu, or Vesuvii, or Vesuva? The unmeaning local suffix we may leave. Write it
Vasu, and you have a collection of Hindu deified personages, of whom Agni, the Ign-eous deity, is the fiery chief, and a suitable person to give a name to, and preside over, such a Plutonian region. "Mount Somma" is, therefore, but another name for Chandragiri, and may be well applied to one of Earth's most wonderful and stupendous spectacles.

We are still in the Campagnia Felice; quitting Soma, and his offspring Vesu-vius, we may observe, in our last quotation, "the hot vapour baths of Tritoli." Such surprising natural phenomena are justly viewed with wonderment by reflecting Hindús; and pilgrimages are commonly made by them to very distant founts of hot water or of flame. The latter are happily burnt out in our own fortunate island; but who can look unmoved on the wonderful smoking spring of Bath—yielding as it has yielded for thousands of years, such a copious issue of heated water, of the same temperature summer and winter? Tritoli, if written -tali, would come under the remarks made on Tintali, in p. 249. : tuli is also a Sanskrit word. "Camala uli" is the name of a romantic convent. Kamala, as I write it (some write it Camala), is a name of the Hindu goddess Lakshmi, in one of her Venereal characters. Camaldoli, the fine hill near or in Naples, may, or may not, be the same with Camalauli. Of Camalodunum, something occurs in another place. Kamaldoli would in India mean the vehicle, the palky, or perhaps the rest, of Kamala.

The temple of Jupiter, now converted into a papal cathedral, may have been, in still older times,
converted from a temple of the Hindu Jupiter, Siva, or Kala. Its founder's name, Calphurnius, comes as near as may be to Kalipurna; associating him with both Grecian and Hindu legend. Kali-purna, and Ana-purna of India, and Anne-perenna of the West, have attributes and fables in common. See Hin. Pan. p. 158.

About temples of Jupiter, and Minerva, and Venus, I expect to find more or less of Kalic, Lingaic, or Ionic matter; and do usually there find, of such, more or less. If what is now known of Eleusinian and Bacchic mysteries, as left us by ancient writers, were closely examined with the commentaries and explanations of moderns, and compared with the images and superstitions still existing among Hindús, under a striking similarity of names, we could scarcely withhold belief in their identity. Such examination I am altogether unable to make with any competency of skill. A few particulars, found floating on the surface of that line of literature, I may endeavour to throw together in a future page. In this I shall give one or two instances.

Proclus says, in Theol. Plat., "That according to the theologists who have delivered the accounts of the most holy mysteries of Eleusis, Proserpine abides on high, in those dwellings of her mother which she prepared for her in inaccessible places, exempt from the sensible world. But she likewise dwelt beneath with Pluto, administering terrestrial concerns, governing the recesses of the earth, supplying life to the extremities of the universe, and
imparting souls to beings of themselves inanimate or dead.” p. 371.

The above is a description also, as far as it goes, of the Hindu Proserpine; who, I think, but I cannot at this moment refer to my authority, is named Prasarpana; she abides in high places, and is then named Durga (in common language Droog, in which word many hill forts in Western India terminate) meaning “difficult of access.” She also dwells beneath with her consort Yama, the Hindu Pluto; she is then called Patala-devi, or Queen of Hell, as before mentioned, and is employed pretty much as her double is above described to be by Proclus.

May not the mysterious Cala-thus, mentioned by Clem. Alex. and others, as used in the sacrificial ceremonies of Eleusis, be connected with Cala or Kali? The Calathus and Cista, vessels of capacity, were very profoundly mystical. The former, according to Taylor, was a vessel of a conical shape; and the cista, small cups or bowls, sacred to Bacchus. We have said in a former, and intend to explain farther in a future, page, how every thing conical is, with the Hindús, symbolical of Siva or Kala. I know of no engraved representation of the Eleusinian cista—small sacrificial cups are used in Hindu ceremonials. I have two now before me, that have been so used, of silver. One may just glance at the seemingly indecorous stories related by ancient authors of Baubo, and note that they may be exactly paralleled by those still current of Devi or Kali, among Hindu mythæ.
Arnobius relates those stories in pretty plain terms, at which Clem. Alexan. is much scandalized; and justly, if the fable be taken literally. But Jamblichus (de Myst.) shows that they must not be so taken; and offers strong reasons in favor of their purity and propriety:—which are, indeed, adopted with some complacency by Warburton. As to Taylor—"Pausanias Taylor," as he is sometimes designated—he says, that "the doctrine," as laid down by Jamblichus, "is indeed so rational that it can never be objected to by any but quacks in philosophy and religion." Pamphleteer, xvi. 468. A position of the learned gentleman more savouring of dogmatism than decency.

To Cala or Kali, many, if not all, of these fables may, I venture to think, be traced. Her poet, Calli-machus, in his Hymn to Ceres (Sri or Srīs, names of Kali) describes the contents of her Cala-thus.

This mythological poet, Callimachus, bears a name which may be suspected of being of Kalic derivation. It was he who wrote the original poem on the ravished locks of his patroness Berenice, consecrated by her in the temple of Venus. The poem is unfortunately also lost, but it still serves to immortalize the pious dame; the astronomers, consoling and flattering her still more, having placed her votive hair among the constellations: another instance of the mythological and poetical use made of that beautiful and interesting appendage.

In the name of Callimachus may be fancied
the Sanskrit compound Kalimuki, fair-faced; black-faced, too, it must be confessed. But are beauty and a black skin incompatible? I say, No.

"No Athenian," says the Hon. F. S. N. Douglas, in his book before quoted, "quits the Piræus without presenting a taper to S. Spiridion, on the very spot where Diana Mynychia received her offerings; indeed no voyage is begun, no business undertaken, without some offering at the favorite shrine. Even the papas sacrifice on the altar a lock of their hair."

Diana's name of Mynychia, is traceable, no doubt, to a Greek origin; but such origin may have been a sequence. I should be disposed to go farther back to the Hindu Diana, the consort, under another form, of the Muni Siva—p. 58. 314. I must stop to dilate a little on the Pir-æus. It was a harbour with a pharos, and was named from fire: which assuming necessarily a pyramidal form, is a symbol of the same pair. As before observed, Siva is also the tridented Neptune of India, to whom departing sailors would, probably, make votive offerings, as the Greeks did, and perhaps still do, at their Piræus.

It would be too much to couple poor S, S-pir-idion, with deities of fable, merely on account of his name. But if we designate him, as is usual among his own sectarists, or church, as they term themselves, SPIRIDION; and fancy the initial S to have been mistaken for a sanctifying prefix, papists, glad of a new saint—they might then possibly have
wanted one to make up 365—may not have scrupled to admit him into their kalendar on the strength of their faith in such prefixture. Extravagant as this may seem, it is matched by the asserted and received fact of S. Oracte being an accidental sanctification arising out of a mistake touching Soracte, as mentioned in p. 226.

I am equally ignorant of the history of both these sanctified personages, and so possibly may be my reader, but I will endeavour to learn something of them. If of dubious, or extremely obscure origin, as to odour, &c. I shall deem my suspicion of their far Eastern nativity as somewhat strengthened. Meanwhile I call my friend Piridion, or Pir-id-Ioni; and connect him with Siva and Parvati, in their characters of Fire, and goddess of the Ioni; with pir-aux, pyr-a-mid (Δ) a Lingaic symbol as well as is everything in the form of flame, and erect or 'spir- ing; not forgetting the saint's erect, votive, flaming, farthing candle.

Equally unpardonable with the preceding extravaganza, if the reader will have it so, it may be to give here, avowedly no wise connected with our subject, a piece of aristocratic wit, which happening now to occur to me I will relate; in relief, as I hope, of the apprehended dryness of my subject.

1 Kal (endar) as connected with Time.

2 Soon after the murderous catastrophe at Benares, in which our Political Resident, Mr. Cherry, and others were killed by Vizier Ali, Mr. Davis, one of the survivors—I believe the only surviving Englishman—dined at the R. S. Club. He obligingly yielded to a special request, and
"Nor," observes Mr. Douglas, on another occasion, "are flowers the only offerings placed by the simple piety of the Greek women upon the tomb. Cakes made of honey, flour, and oil; or the Colyva, a pudding formed of boiled wheat, honey, and almonds, still unmeaningly occupy the room of the "mellitum far." the propitiatory repast of Cerbura; or the cake ἡλανος, used by the ancients on the same occasion."

The offering of flowers thus made by the simple piety of Greek damsels, reminds us, of course, of the equally simple piety and offerings of Hindu females, who are among the most innocent and interesting of Heaven's creatures. They also present cakes, called pinda, made of honey, flour, and oil. The Colyva, Mr. Douglas calls the Greek cake offered to Cerbura.1 Of the "Colyva" I know nothing. Such related the extraordinary particulars of that appalling and interesting event; and in doing so described, of course, his own most surprising and almost miraculous escape. In the early alarm he seized a hog-spear, as he described, and ran up a narrow spiral staircase. There he most manfully defended himself, and successfully, until relief came, a fearful length of time, against a host of sanguinary and infuriated assailants. In his animated relation of these strange events, he had, of necessity, occasion to repeat very often the name of his weapon, the spear, as well as the spiral stair. "Aye, aye," said Lord Mulgrave emphatically to the gentleman next him, "dum spir-o sper-o."

1 I have so copied the name, but I am in some doubt if correctly, and have no immediate means of seeking. It is of little moment. Cerburus may be the more usual mode, and would answer my purpose nearly as well. Few will cavil at the rejection occasionally of the termination s or us in Greek words.
offerings might on some occasions be called in *India Kaliva* or *Kaliya*, and especially if offered to *Serbura*, the Hindu hell-dog. Like his own brother, or himself rather, of *Greece*, he has three heads, and is hence called *Trisiras*. Mythology as well as poetry—they are nearly identical—delights in triads. *Isis, Osiris*, *Horus*, the prime deities of *Egypt*—*Jupiter, Neptune*, and *Pluto*, the three brethren of the Greeks—*Siva, Vishnu*, and *Brahma*, the trio of the Hindus—the Furies, the Graces, the thrice three Muses, the three Judges of Hell, and a thousand other instances that I have collected, but spare the reader here, dance in eternal triads before the inquiring eye; as well as the triple head of this infernal dog.

We have noticed the name of *Calphurnius*, as the founder or builder of a temple of *Jupiter*. We may, in the same line of allusion, notice the grand temple of *Minerva*, the *Parthenon*, on the *Acropolis*. Though *Ictinus* has usually the glory of having constructed this edifice, some authorities make *Callicrates* a sharer in such glory. *Wilkins, Athenensia*, p. 94., refers on this point to *Plut. in Peric*. From the remoteness of these times the connexion of the Hindu *Kalice* deities may now be but obscurely applicable to the *Kalice* buildings, and places and fables of *Greece*. Thus, in lapse of time the sharer in the glory of the temple is supposed to have been the architect, and not the half-forgotten deity to whom the temple was dedicated. Or the founder of such a temple in honor of *Kali*,
may well have been prone to assume a name like hers.

Hard by, was another glorious edifice to Jupiter Olympus. "The foundation of this structure having outlived all record at the time Pausanias visited it, vulgar opinion regarded it as a production of the age of Deucalion."—Ib. 156. That is of Deo-Kali, or Dev Kali, or Kaldeya.

The same author, Wilkins, tells us, that the "Female Bacchus of Athens is called by a learned and accomplished traveller, Dr. Clarke, 'the Indian Bacchus,' under the impression that he could discover part of the beard lying in the bosom, the head having perished."—Athen. 181. Combinations of male and female moiety are common in India: as I have had occasion to state and show in another place. — See HP. pl. 24. When half man, half woman—half Siva, half Parvati—they are called Ardha-nari. See pp. 244. 329. preceding.

"The Romans, on one occasion, set up the image of Venus-Barbata, with a comb in her hand, and the masculine appurtenance to the countenance."—Letters from Palestine, 159. A female Bacchus, and a bearded Venus, are de mauvais goût. But the last, as is noticed in another place, is matched by the male Hindu Venus, Sukra, and their male Moon, Chandra. But the Moon is sometimes—every other fortnight indeed—Luna, or Chandni. These transformations of Chandra and Chandri are poetically and astronomically accounted for in Hindu poetics. Western heathens have also Deus
Lunus, and Dea Luna. Some of these legendary fables are duly noticed in HP. p. 290, &c.

But to proceed in Greece. Mataranga is a village in the neighbourhood of the ruins of the ancient city Cierium, in Thessaly; in which city Neptune was the deity held in the greatest veneration.—Art. IX. of the 1st Report of the R. S. of Lit., by M. W. Leake, Esq. Neptune, he says, was worshipped there under the name of Cuarius, from that of the river, which flows by the site of Arne, as Cierium was also called.

Ranga is a name of Siva, as the god of tears and lamentations—and mata has a meaning terrifically applicable to that tremendous deity. He is the trident-bearer of India—Sri Ram also bears a trident. May the very ancient city of Cierium have been hence named; and its neighbouring village of Mataranga? Sri Ranga is also named Gauri—his consort at least is, and that is nearly the same. Neptune we have just seen called Cuarius, after the river of that name. In India Gao, Gauri, Govinda, have relation to kine. I believe the river Cauveri in Mysore is thence named: not very unlike Cuarius.

Rivers and kine bear legendary relationship in Greece and in India. Govinda, the pastoral deity, gives his name to the Krishna.

The classical Clitumnus is famed for white oxen; and is triply Sivaic. In its name may be recognized the Kali, the Tum or Toom, and the Yamuna; as if their names and elemental sounds had been used in
combination to form that of Cli-tum-nus. This poetical river turned white the kine which laved in its sacred wave. Such were peculiarly dedicated to Jupiter Clitumnus. 2nd Geor. vs. 146. So they are to Siva—who rides a white bull—but I do not know—others may—any Indian river having a similar power of blancherie. The temple of Jupiter Clitumnus—(or of Kalitumna?)—was on a conical hill, near Spoleto. It was equally famed for beauty of architecture and of site. Pliny the younger gives a rapturous description of it. B. 8. Ep. 8.

The Grecian city Callirete is, perhaps, the same as Sir W. Gell and others call Calavrita. Both are Sanskrit compounds. Of Reti, something occurs in another page. Siva is called Vritrahan, from having slain a bull.

"Calliphae, one of the Ionian nymphs." Walpole. On which a word hereafter. "Kalivia is the name of a hamlet, or summer residence, of a tribe of Greeks called Tza-cummOte." Ib. This is rather a barbarous name for a Greek tribe—the name of their residence, in Turkey, the euphonic Kalivia, they probably brought with them.

Dr. Clarke mentions the villages of Ambelakia; and Caldurita, in the Morea, and Heraclea—the last has before been supposed to be Hara-Kala. All are of Sanskrit sound.

A tribe of Turkoman are described by Pococke, called Begdelee; as wanderers, levying contributions. Tribes, or parties of half a dozen or more, so far
similar as being wanderers and levying contributions in various ways, are seen all over India. They are sometimes wrestlers—and I have heard them call themselves pelhivan, implying heroic, prize-fighter, &c. May not the Begdelee of Turkey, be Bâgdili, or Baghdili (the three are pronounced nearly alike) mean, in Turkish and several other eastern tongues, lion-hearted, heroic, &c.—in farther similitude with their brotherhood of India? The gypsies ('gypts?) are similarly seen all over India as all over England—and nearly all over all the intervening regions.

It was, I believe, to gain an opportunity of offering a note on our gypsies, that I introduced the preceding and the following passages.

"We could not help remarking," says Dr. Clarke, "a very great resemblance between the Albanian women of Zeitun, and those of India, whom we had seen with our army in Egypt. They resemble that Indo-European tribe called Gypsies in England, whose characteristic physiognomy no change of climate seems to affect." IV. 253.

Various have been the speculations on this extraordinary race of man. Their home, or aboriginal region, is still a problem—real home they seem not to know any where. England designates them after their supposed Nilic cradle. France calls them Bohemians. Neither nation, when christening them, seems to have tracked them any farther. The Russians call them Tzengani; Germans, Zigeuner; Italians, Zingari. These names, which may have
been corrupted by transcription, seem of the same origin. M. de Rienzi, as I have seen in a periodical, supposes them the posterity of the ancient nomadic tribe of the Tzengaris, or Vangaris; a branch of the Mahratta pariahs who supplied the Mahratta forces in former times with provisions."

It is not easy to know exactly what a writer may mean by "former times." A tribe called by Mahrattas and others Vanjari, or Banjari—sometimes Banjara; but never with a hard g—are, and probably were, "in former times," the suppliers of the Mahratta and other forces with provisions—grain chiefly. But I should not reckon the Vanjari a very low class or caste—not so low as that called in Europe, and perhaps in India, pariah; but I do not recollect that I ever heard the word pariah out of the mouth of a native, untaught by us foreigners. In Bombay natives will, after us, talk of pariah, or piar dog, &c. but beyond our tuition, would not, I think, apply the term to a man of a base tribe.

I should not reckon the Vanjara so low a tribe as the Mahratta, but I speak vaguely. They are a race of stout brave men, and of hardy virtuous women. If M. de R. grounds his similarity of tribe on any supposed similarity of name, I think he is in error. Nor can any two races of men be much more unlike, bating itinerancy, than the Vanjari and the wandering Zingari of India. The latter word, as Zingar, means a saddler. All leather-workers in India are base. In the Mahratta countries
saddle and bridle menders must, with such an equestrian erratic people, have been much employed, and of necessity also wanderers. I have forgotten the appellations by which these wanderers are called in different parts of India. Wherever I have been, I have, I think, seen gangs of them, four or five or more in number, of males—women and children to correspond—and have ever been reminded by them of the gypsies of England. Here they are mostly tinkers; in India, cobblers.

As curiosity seems never to be altogether dormant in England touching this singular race of our fellow subjects, it might be acceptable if some one would collect the various names by which the corresponding, if not identical, race are called in India:—say, from Point de Galle to Lahore, and from Sind to Assam; which might be easily done. Among them would be chumar, cobbler, or leather-worker; from chumari, a skin. They are rather menders than makers; although zingari may imply the latter. Dehr would be another name—but this applies to an extensive sect, of which the one in question is probably a subdivision. Of bhungi, or night-man, the same may be said. Mahommedans call the last named tribe halalkhor, base-feeder, eater of forbidden food. The two latter names are applicable to a lower tribe than the zingari, or chumar. By Brahmans either would perhaps be called chandala or dehr; but a Brahman would not give either of those appellations to a vanjari; nor perhaps to a zingari. The dehr or chandala, or outcast, he, in his semi-divinity, would deem doomed to such baseness by
sins in a former existence—and altogether unworthy of spiritual comfort. A Brahman, under ordinary circumstances, would rather die than touch one. It has been said that the shadow of one passing over the person of a Brahman, would be an offence to be lawfully expiable by the life of the too near approaching outcast. But I have never heard of such an expiation. I have, on the contrary, been associated with Brahmans and Dehrs in such deep distress as to have witnessed their hands dipped at the same moment into the same puddle, impatient to raise a portion of liquid to their parched lips.

It has been supposed that the persecutions of the Hindús by Timur, about the year 1400, caused the voluntary exile of many. But such persecutions would have exiled, if any, various tribes—that is, individuals of many;—and it cannot be supposed that all would, even in the lapse of three or four centuries, have become so homogeneous, in regard to personals and principles, as the widely spread race under our notice. There was then, and is still, plenty of room in India for emigrants from the seat of war—even of Timur's wars. I should judge the wanderers to be of much older date—although they may not have reached Western Europe, or have been noticed on record, earlier than the dates assigned. These seem to be in Bohemia, Hungary, and the German states, in 1417; in Switzerland and France, in the following year; and in England the time of Hen. 8. is that given for their first appearance.

Their gross number has been—(I should, without professing to possess any good data for it, guess
greatly over-) estimated at five millions. Of this, one million have been reckoned in Europe; a half in Africa; one and a half in India; and two millions throughout the rest of Asia. Spain is supposed to have sixty thousand of them.

Greeman has shown a great affinity between the Gipsy language and Hindustani. My late worthy friend, Matthew Raper—a V.P. of the R.S.—abridged and translated Greeman's large work. It has become scarce. A new edition, in 8vo., with notes adapted to the present day, would, I think, be well received. Many years have elapsed since I saw Raper's 4to., and I have forgotten all the lingual affinities. Some years ago, I recollect, among other things, asking a black-eyed, black-haired, dark-skinned, white-toothed, handsome gipsy woman, what she called this? showing her a knife. "Chury," she said: exactly as half the inhabitants of the great Indian range above indicated would have answered—from Indus to the Brahmaputra. I have forgotten the rest of our colloquy.¹

I may have occasion in another page to say something on piscine worship and mysteries, so extensively observable. I find a reference to Buckingham's Mesopotamia² on that subject, having

¹ I received the same answer to the same question, from a like person within a week of my writing this note—May 1833.

² Of the same meaning as Doab in India—between-rivers. Mesopotamia is the ancient Chaldea; or, as I contend, Kaldova.
connexion with what I have to say, in conclusion, on the attractive subject of Callirhoe—or Kaliruhi. In that country it was that Venus, flying from the wrath of Typhon, was metamorphosed into a fish. Dag, in the language of that country, is a fish; and Dagon, in the mythology of the Chaldeans, was the fish-formed Venus. To this day there are sacred fish kept in the pool of Abraham at Ur, or Orfa.

Dag, in some oriental languages, means dew; as it means, also, in the current dialect of Suffolk and Norfolk at this day. (See Suffolk Words.) Venus was formed from the sea-foam—(or dew?). Om is one of her many names. Uma is a name of a corresponding goddess in India. Om and On have been deemed the same.1 Ur, Pliny says, is Callirrhoen—an easy dialectic transition from Callirhöe, or Kaliruhi. Ur appears to have been a seat of the true religion in days of old; and of mythic superstition in later times.

Of Calliope—or, as it would suit me to write her name—Kaliopia—the coryphee of the Muses, presiding over eloquence and heroic poetry, I will interpolate the remark that she seems to correspond most with Saraswati—"sweet grace of Brahma’s bed"—the goddess of eloquence, writing, music, and the creative arts—whose "sighs are music, and each tear a pearl." Calliope, if written Kaliapa, or Kaliyapa, would farther connect

1 Speculations on o’m and on—leading to o’m-nya in the East, omnia, &c. in the West—might be profitably pursued.
her with Sanskrit sound and significance. The etymology of Calliope is probably the same as I have surmised of Kaliruhi—Kallos, beauty, and ψ, countenance or face.

There are, as may be supposed, many celebrated females named Calirhoe. One was daughter of Nione. Legends connected with both the Greek and Sanskrit Kaliruhi, run parallel:—a fatal necklace; fatal to, among others, Hermione, who received it from Europa, she from Jupiter—denial of connubial rites—proceedings of a very tragic and ensanguined nature, denote some striking analogies in their respective histories.

A name of Kali of Parvati, is Sati; meaning transcendent purity. It is the word so often in English mouths and types, as Suttee. In one of her adventures, in rage and revenge at not having been invited to a wedding or a funeral—I may have forgotten which, but it was a feast—(every event with Brahmanas, as much as among Englishmen, is begun and ended with a feast; it is, as it were, the necessary alpha and omega of all ceremonies)—in rage and revenge, she flung herself into the fire and was consumed. She became Sati or Pure:—for, as Menu says, “Fire is the great Purifier.”^1 This is the origin of the name and practice of Suttee. She was consumed, not destroyed; changed, not annihilated. Being immortal she was merely regenerated. A poet would perhaps say she was

^1 Whether it were a wedding or a funeral, the presence of fire is essential. There is a mysterious triad of fires—the nuptial, the funeral, and the sacrificial.
embraced by Agni—the igneous god. I have a picture of Sita in the flames, sustained by the two-faced, three-legged, six-armed, red-skinned Agni. All these attributes are extensively and profoundly significant—of which see HP.

So the interesting young female, of exquisite beauty, distractedly beloved by a Bacchic high-priest of Calydon—(mark Kalidun, or Mount Kali, and hence, as hinted in another place, Caledonia)—named Caliope, of Kalirui, as I say, became a Suttee, or Sati. Her igneous immolation was decreed by an oracle, in consequence, or in punishment, of her frigidity. But even the inquisitor of that day, relenting at the sight of her beauty—her Kalirœ, or Fair-face—and, smitten with remorse at such contemplated enormity, destroyed, not her, but himself. And Kaliruhi—as I choose to call her, followed his example. She became Sati—but whether by solitary suicide, or by concremation, is not stated. Hindu females still commit the sad act both ways. With the body of the husband it is called Sahamarana. Without, when he have died at a distance, it is Anumarana, or post-cremation. The latter I have never witnessed. Concremation I have, too often—and, having taken notes at the time, and collected some materials thereon, could, I think, concoct an interesting Fragment on the suicidal subject of Sati.

In former pages, 245, 7, 8. we have seen Kaliya, a Greek word, in supposed connexion with a like Sanskrit name. So Calliope and Kaliyapa, may be fancied similar. The last word in Sanskrit means
silent meditation on Kali: a species of worship, or propitiation, much pressed in Hindu precepts. Yap is thus, and otherwise, used on several occasions. Ask a Hindu astronomer the name of the constellation which we call CassiOpeia, and he will immediately tell you Kasyapa; and give you the legend of the exaltation to astral honors of the important historical personage, who bore that name on earth.

"— So the Muses, aye
In-dwellers of the Olympian mansion, used
To sing:—the chiefest of them all Calliope,
For she alone with Kings majestic
Walks."—Elton's Hesiod. Theog.

—Connected with Kal, in the relationship of fire, heat, blackness, darkness, &c. we may notice ἱλπ. caeleo, to grow hot. Here we have the root, in immediate combination with the ever-recurring sound, IO. Our coal, has also the root, and sense. It used to be written col and coll. Junius, Etym. Ang., writes it cole. In the Mid. N. Dream we read, "like lightning in the collied night." And in Othello, "And passion having my best judgment collied," II. 3. So in a comedy called the Family of Love, 1608—"Carry thy link t'other way—thou colliest me and my ruffle." "The word, I am assured," says Steevens, "is still used in the midland counties. In the northern counties fine black clay or ochre is commonly known by the name of callow or killow"—(mark the immateriality of the initial, and the interchangeability of the vowels). "It is said to have its name from kollow"—(Kallo ?)—"which in the N. means the smut or grime on the
back of chimneys. *Colly*, however," he concludes, "is from *coal*, or *collier*.

In *Suffolk* we have a little black troublesome louse which infests the top of growing beans, which we call *collier*; and when the plants are so disfigured and injured, we say "the beans have got the *collier*.

To show the farther extension of this root, in sound and sense, I will venture on an extract from my C. P. B.—wherein I find this entry: "*Colchicum*—what is this plant?—whence its *Kal-ic* name? Is it black, or conical, or triform? or has it any attributes that may be twisted into Kali-cisms?"

—And I find the following appended, by way of answer: "This plant has been so named from its abounding in *Colchis*, in *EUbaea*. It is otherwise named *IUnci* and *IOncacei*—why?—Here we have not only the root *K—L*, but its intimate *IO*, *EU*, or *IU*—for in sound they differ immaterially—and *bhu* *(bo)*." "*Ess. char.*—calyx, a spathe—*cor. six-cleft—tube*, springing immediately from the root."—perhaps in this form ṣ which is but a combination, a junction, a union of *IO*—"*cap. three*, connected"—(triune)—"*root*, bulbous, abounding in milky juice," like the most mysterious and sacred *somalata*, or moon-plant, of the Brahmans—the acid *asclepius*.

The preceding may appear trifling—so may what follows, on *Colchis*, and its Kalicisms. But let us recollect that it is the very cradle of fable and mystery:—all connected with it, its golden fleece, its Argo, and Arghanat-ics, and a hundred others, savour of mystery, in connexion with dates older than
Jason, and with countries, perhaps, still more remote.

The characteristics or attributes of the Colchicum, above enumerated, would mark it as a mystical plant, in the eye and mind of a Hindu classifier. The nearest cognate eastern Kalic sound that occurs to me is Kalki. Kalki-kama is a Sanskrit compound, but not, that I know, applicable in this instance; unless Colchicum be of aphrodisiac tendency. Its poisonous quality farther denotes it Kalic. Siva, as has been before noticed, p. 263 is a poison-swaller. 1 It stuck in his throat, and gave it an external blue tint; as is seen in pictures of him. He is hence named Nilakanta, or the blue-throated: and his ardent followers stain their throats with sanctified ashes and indigo. Ashes, as being the result of fire, are a very mystical substance, the immediate product of that great agent—that great changer of forms—or Siva. I have known individuals named after this azure fable; usually called Neelkant—spelled differently perhaps. A Hindu poet, complimenting a beauty, whether a goddess or a mortal I have forgotten, avers that it was "in despair of obtaining such peerless charms that the disappointed consort of Parvati drank the poison which dyed his neck azure."

Hindu poetry, and, indeed, all their writings, so abound in mythological allusions, that an acquaintance with that species of their learning, as they

1 In chemical hieroglyphics θ is arsenic.
call it, is necessary to the comprehension of any author.—

One of the attributes of the black, terrific goddess is a cup, wherein to receive the blood of her victims. This containing vessel is called, among other names, argha, and patra. With us a cup is variously called cal-ix, cal-ice, and chal-ice—but he might be deemed an incurable or outrageous etymologist who would endeavour thence to trace relationship; or the dolorous initials of such words as cala-mity, chol-era, &c. to a like source. Kali, and IrA, and Isi, would, in combination—when one of two medial vowels is mute—produce like sounds: but, although these are severally names of the goddess, I cannot say that connectedly—KaliR, Kalisi—they are then so. She is, however, the deity propitiated in times of pestilence, to avert her anger.

I have somewhere recently read of "SmaSIN Kali, as the consort of Kala, in her character of goddess of cemeteries. Images of her under this name and form"—(the form I have not seen or heard of)—"have been made and set up and invoked in various places about Calcutta, and other towns in India, in the hope of checking the cholera, which has of late years so extensively afflicted those fair regions. The ceremonies are said to commence at the new moon."

1 What a number of English words of dark, dolorous, chronic, fiery (all Kalic) meanings, might be collected of this initial sound; among them, calcine, calculate, caldron, cal-ify, calid, caligation, caloric, calx, kalender, kali, kiln, &c.
The above I appear to have taken from some periodical; and appended to it, is a note of inquiry. “Smasim? Sema—Sami?”—which is thus answered. Sami is a name of Kali, connected with cemeteries, in as far as under that name she is invoked as the goddess of the Sami tree—the Adenanthera aculeata—of the pure wood of which, by the mysterious friction of two cones, of occult Linga-ic and Ionî-c forms, Brahmans are, under particular circumstances, required to kindle an unearthly fire—for the due performance of the tripartite ceremonies of their nuptials, the sradha or sacrificial duties in honor of departed ancestors, and for their own funerals.

Another of the names of this goddess of cemeteries is Rami; and another Sami-rami. Under the latter she has been found to correspond, in legend, as well as in name, to the Semiramis of the Greeks. The Ion of that race was named Samia, from Samos, her reputed birth-place, under the shade of an agnus-castus, or chaste-tree; common on that island. The Hindu Sami is annually recalled to life by ceremonies performed under the pure shade of the Sami tree; a spot peculiarly sacred to her. Some of the leaves of that holy tree, and some of the earth of that consecrated spot, are carried away and kept till the festival of the ensuing year. Samos also produced a peculiar kind of earth called Samia terra; but I know not how much superstition may be attached to it. Juno is declared by mythologists to be the same as Ionà—and as Selene, from an arkite relationship. Her image at
Samos stood in a lunette, crescent-crowned. In
Laconia, a statue was styled Venus-Junonia.
Bryant. "The name of the dove was Ionae; often expressed Ad-Iona. DioNe is Venus
Aphrodite." Ib.

Trees, as being among the most beautiful pro-
ductions of Nature—and, I was going to say, among
the most wonderful, but that all her productions
seem when duly examined almost equally so—have
become all the world over the immediate objects of
poetry, fable, enthusiasm, and superstition. Some
instance will appear casually in this volume, and the
subject might be greatly extended.

Whence cemetery?—from ξωπαω, as some have
said, meaning put to sleep; oblivion, forgetfulness? Is
not this almost as far-fetched as Sma, Sema, Sami?
And why may we not be allowed the endeavour to
trace cholera, colera, to Kalira—as the consort of
the choleric god (and she herself, as we have re-
cently seen, is IUno-like in her anger) may be
well called, by the mere union of two of her names,
as has just been shown. Such is the case in Sami-
Rami. I do not say that she is named Kalira,
nor know that she is not.

Let us say something farther on the poetical
country of the Colchicum. Colchis or Cholcos, had a
noted city named Cyta. Sita, we have seen in
another page, is an interesting personage in Hindu
epics—the faithful wife of Rama, "of cerulean
hue;" like Krishna, who is sometimes black, as
well as blue. All the rivers of Colchis run into the
Eurine sea. Here is the usual mysterious junction
Kal 10—which would be hieroglyphically expressed ḫ or ḫ or perhaps τ: as is intended to be shown when we come to explain the upper line A of Pl. v. Nos. 5. 14. Herodotus says that the Colchians were originally Egyptians, and were black: Sesostris having left part of the army with which he invaded Scythia in Colchis, to people it. They had, he says, woolly hair, and were of a dark complexion. This description applies to many of the Abyssinians—Habshi, as they call themselves—natives of Habesh. Bryant supposes the Colchians to have been one of the most ancient colonies of the Cuthites—one of their principal cities, he says, was Cuta: the Caucasian range of mountains ran through their country; named, after their ancestor Chus. Faber, in his Cabiri—i. 266—says that "the snaky locks of Gorgon, and the Colchian dragon, equally relate to the solar superstition." I should expect to find in Colchis—if any archaic thing remain—the site or ruins of a temple or temples heretofore relating to the more eastern Kali, and mountains from their forms, and rivers, bearing Kalic names. I infer that the name and colour of the abode and race of the Kalki-ans—another mode of writing it, but pronounced sufficiently like Colchians—have reference to the black goddess of India; in like manner as in India, Habshi or hubshee is applied to black things—grapes for instance—from their colour, more than from supposing them natives of Habesh: who, as we have recently seen, are so called.

From a passage in the preceding par. we might be reasonably led to expect Hinduisms in that fine
range, the *Caucasus*. After noticing that the *Arghanathic* expedition has intimate connexion with *Colchis*, and that the Colchians have been just mentioned in connexion with *Caucasus*, let us run a rapid eye over those mountains, and see if they retain any vestiges of Hinduism. If *Caucasus* were written *Kakasu*—and how valueless the final sibilant is in many languages no one will deny—meanings may be found for that compound in Sanskrit, which abhors such finals. *Su*, means beautiful; and *Kaka* (*cauca* would do nearly as well) is a *crow*; but not perhaps so restricted. The eagle would be a more befitting associate for the scenery of that glorious range.

Its highest summit is called *Kasi-beck*. K. Porter’s *Travels*. *Kasi*, in Sanskrit, denotes pre-eminency; and is a classical name of the Hindu “eternal city,” *Benares*, as hath, I think, been before noticed. “*Titridshkali,*” according to the barbarous redundancy of consonants in the Russ, is the name of a mountain torrent of that region, flowing from *Kasi-beck*, in a style described by Porter—i. 86—as likely to arouse the feelings of a mystic Hindu. It would remind him of his own *Ganga*, and the scenery of *Nipal*. “*Kristawaja*, or mountain of the cross,” looks and sounds more like Sanskrit than Russ or any other language: so does “the mountain god, *Gara.*” i. 90. The description of these mountains and *cleft* passes by Porter, would suit almost equally well for the similar scenery of the *Himalaya*.

Approaching the sacred and poetical regions of
Ararat, a town named Goomri, a river Akhoor, and a monastery Kotchivan, occur. i. 170, 1. The last is good Mahratta Sanskrit, meaning the vehicle or support of the tortoise:—on which mythological, terraqueous, animal, Vishnu and other arkite deities are seen. I know not if Ararat can be tortured into Sanskrit, or if it require any such torturing. The final rāt, or rat'h, is a vehicle, or support, or rest, in some of its dialects. "Anni" is a place in that neighbourhood—172. "We crossed the Akhoor near a spot where a boiling spring issues from the ground, accompanied by volumes of steam." 177. The city of "Nagchivan"—179—compounded of nag, the great mythological serpent, and van, its vehicle or rest. Vishnu is often seen reposing on that "thousand-headed"—"Ophiicus huge;" and otherwise connected with it. Nag is the king of the serpent race—an endless source of Hindu fabulous legend. "Talish," 181—"Karakala," 198—"Makoo,"—(q. Mahakoo?)—"Sheroor—Sevan," 202—remind us strongly of Hindu names of places. Again—"Devaloo, Ounjary," 210—"Kalagan," 214—and others, which the curious reader will find described by Porter in the neighbourhood of Ararat, would induce a belief that the Sanskrit tongue and Hindu superstition once had sway in that region. In i. 571, he mentions "Kanorah," near Persepolis.

More such names might be found in the neighbourhood of Ararat. But, few as these are, it may be doubted if so many so closely allied to a Hindu language can be found in all France or England. In Ireland, Scotland and her isles, they abound; as
we hope to show soon. We must now take leave of Sir Ker Porter, with whom I had the pleasure of a slight acquaintance, lamenting the loss of so accomplished a gentleman. We have slid, as it were, out of Greece for a while; not quitted it abruptly—and must now return thither to notice a few miscellaneous gatherings, before we finally quit that seducing country. Considering the ultra-poeticalities of Olympus; I am disappointed at the unyielding Greekness of its name. The "biforked hill," if this be it, promised something Hindoish; identifying or connecting it with the Kailasa, the terrestrial paradise of Siva; or with Meru, the Olympia, in every thing but name, of Hindu poetics. I can make nothing of it under the name of Olympus. What other names has it? Its immediate neighbourhood yields a little. Olympia city is at the foot of mount Saturn, washed by the river Cladeus, which soon intermingles with the Ionian sea. This city was among the most celebrated of antiquity for sacred groves, trees, &c. mysteries. We may here trace some Kalacisms.—Kal, like Saturn, is Time—in Cladeus, we may fancy Kaladeo, or deva. But leave we Olympus and

"— the Olympian maids—
The daughters they of aegis-bearing Jove—
Whom, to the embrace of Jove, Mnemosyne
— bare of old in the Pierian mount—
Thrice three nights did Jove embrace her.
She, some distant space from where
Olympus highest rears its snow-capt head,
Brought forth the thrice three maids—whose minds
Are knit in harmony."—Elton's Hesiod, Theog.
Of Cassandra, I can make but little. Kasi and Indra offer some speculation in sound: but I am unable to connect them by any common legend. The many daughters of Priam and of the Puranic Daksha; and Saturn and the Apsarasa mermaids, might perhaps be brought into relationship by an initiated hand. But I neither know their names; nor where to find them, or their histories—

"Then embracing earth,
He fashion'd the great Thaumas,
And blooming Ceto—
From Nereus, and the long-hair'd Doris, nymph
Of Ocean's perfect stream, there sprang to light
A lovely band of children, goddesses,
Dwelling within the uncultivable main—
They from the blameless Nereus sprang to light:
His fifty daughters—versed in virtuous tasks."—Ib.

The name of Calypso is also prominent—but here again I am in ignorance. If Kalapsara were admissible, something might be said connecting the poetical personages of the preceding par. and quotation: — "goddesses, dwelling within the uncultivable main."

We read of the "gulf of Bhagena, or Colokythia, near the channel of Cerigo"—the southern point of the Morea: a promontory, probably. Such are in India symbolic of Siva. Bhaga and Bhagi are names of him and his consort. In Colo we have the root of Kal; in Cerigo, Srigao. Cerigo I have noted as in connexion, if not identical, with Cerigotto, but have omitted my authority. Srigao may
in Sanskrit mean holy kine; and Srigat, a holy gate, or pass.

Candia, the modern name of Crete, is said by an anonymous writer to be derived from Khunda, the Arabic name of the capital. Capitals rarely give names to countries—and I should be rather disposed to say, from the Sanskrit Kunda, a hill, or Kund, a pool or lake. Is there any noted hill or lake near the city, likely to have afforded a name to it, or to the island?

"Macronisi, or the isle of Helen," noted in history or fable for amatory scenics, reminds us of Kama's piscatory symbol Makara; or of one of his names thence derived, Makari. Isi, it may be recollected, is a name of Parvati; but I am not aware of its having any direct reference to the freaks of the Hindu Cupid, one of whose names is Kandarpa. As may be supposed, his names and attributes and legends are perpetually alluded to by all Sanskrit writers; whether poetic or didactic. When Krishna in the Gita, is likening, or rather identifying himself with the first of every thing, he says, "Among fishes I am the Makar—I am the prolific Kandarpa, the god of love." And in explanatory reference to a passage in p. 355. I may add "I am, amongst worships, the yap."
IN AFRICA.

Those of my Readers who may be classed as Orientalists; who have watched the progressive development of the cogniscence of the Sanskrit and Greek mythology and languages; may not, perhaps, be much surprised at what precedes—touching chiefly geographical nomenclature connected with such mythology. No one must expect to dip into Greek or Sanskrit literature without ever-recurring allusions to that all-pervading subject. "There gods meet gods, and jostle in the dark." But what is to be expected in the Cimmerian regions of Central Africa? Who looks thither for poetry or polish? And who may not feel some surprise at finding the rivers, mountains, towns—things which usually receive appellations least liable to change—bearing Sanskrit (and Greek?) names; almost as commonly as the rivers, mountains, towns, of India or Greece?

The following few pages contain some of such instances as have occurred in the currency of my very limited reading. I do not recollect that I ever read a volume, or a page, expressly in search of such things; in reference to Greece, Africa, or any other region. They are of incidental occurrence and notice. Those referring to Greece, and most of those referring to Africa, were noted many years ago.
Some of the latter were published in the Asiatic Journal of 1817. Wishing to throw together the Greek and African coincidences, I will here note the latter, substantially in the form in which they were communicated to that Journal—although at the risk of some repetition.

The similarity in the usages, customs, &c. of distant regions and remote ages, have amusingly and profitably attracted the notice, and employed the pen of many writers. The same may be said, in perhaps a greater degree, of affinities in the languages of people geographically and chronologically remote. Such similarities and affinities are sometimes very striking and unaccountable; and have given rise to various speculations—curious, learned, profound, extravagant. But I do not recollect any writer attempting to amuse or instruct the reading public in a branch of coincidence—so to speak—that appears to me as curious and striking as any of those above mentioned; nearly, indeed, related to them—and which as naturally gives rise to speculations that, if pursued, might ramify into all the descriptions just enumerated. I mean in the Names of Places—such as cities, towns, hills, mountains, rivers—which may be generically classed under the Head of "Geographical Nomenclature."

I have little pretension to the ability of instructing the public: but perhaps some readers may condescend to excuse this attempt to contribute to their amusement, by pointing out sundry coincidences in India, Grecece, Africa, America, Britain, and other
parts of the world; between which it may not be easy to discover any ready channels of lingual intercommunication.

I will now show that many of the towns, hills, rivers, &c. of Africa—even deep in her interior—have Sanskrit names—or names sounding very like that language. What their signification may be in the dialects of Africa, if any, I have no means of ascertaining. Some may sound like corrupt Arabic—but perhaps have no local meaning in modern language.

Let me here observe, that although in all parts of the world all names of places (and of persons also) may reasonably be supposed to have been originally significant in the local tongue, yet in the lapse of time the sounds have altered; and the sense has been forgotten, in so many instances, that etymological research has been often put to the test, and not seldom whimsically extended, in the attempt to trace such varied sounds and meanings up the tortuous stream of ages back. ¹

¹ A stranger to the languages of Europe, or even an uninstructed Englishman, would not easily recognize the names of Our Saviour in the mouths, or from the pens, of nations half a dozen leagues or hours to our eastward. The French pronunciation cannot, perhaps, be better expressed by our letters than thus—ZSHASOO KREE. This may serve to show the difficulties of etymologists, in this line—and what licences may be taken and allowed, when ages and oceans have rolled between the regions thus attempted to be lingually re-united. And let it be farther observed, that when I write of Hindu-
In hilly and poetical countries — most hilly countries are, or have been, poetical — mythology, the religion of the day, has lent its extensive aid to geographical nomenclators. This applies strongly to India, where the Pantheon of the Hindús is found to have been the grand magazine whence such persons have derived and applied their varied appellations: a very great proportion of which is thus easily traceable by any one moderately skilled in the dialects of India. And as the sacred language of the Hindús and their mythology are little or nothing altered in the lapse of many centuries, in India we may run and read in the features of nature, and in the early works of man, the origin not only of local nomenclature, but the names of places very ancient, and distant from this supposed source. Through what channels, lingual and geographical, the current of connexion may have run, is not evident; and has been the subject of the speculations above described.

With these premises I invite the Reader to remark the following names of places which occurred to me in a recent perusal of Park’s last mission, as coming within their purview:—

Jonkakonda — Tendiconda — Kootakunda — Tatti-isms in Greece, Africa, &c. I do not mean to be restricted within precise geographical, or even historical boundaries. "In or about," — "in such neighbourhood;" or under such influences, now, or at some earlier period, may rather be understood.

On this class of names what I have before said, touching Kunda, a hill, and Kund, a pool or lake, applies here and may suffice. Such terminations are common in India, and are almost always, I believe, found attached to hills or pools, or to their immediate vicinity. Some instances I will note: — Golconda; or, as I conjecture, Kalkunda — Gurumkonda — Ganeskunda — Kailkunda — Inaconda — Miconda; (perhaps Mahékunda) — Nargound — Noulgoond — Penekonda — Curacunda. Many others might be added. Whether these terminations be spelled like Park’s konda, conda, kunda, caunda; or like those of India, which are as varied as Park’s, with the farther difference of gound, kendi, ken, gondy, &c., I am disposed to refer them all to the Sanskrit kund or kunda. The same sound in India is found initial in Condapilly — Cond — Conjeveram — Condatchy — Cundapoor — Cundwah, &c. Whether these be all, or chiefly, names of hills, I have no present means of ascertaining; but suspect so. Park has omitted to mention the description of places bearing the name of Konda in Africa: but I suspect them also to be hills, or connected with them.

I had here, and in the names, &c. hereafter given, referred to the pages of the several authors whence I have taken them — as I have generally done, precedingly, in respect to Sanskritisms in Greece: but considering the little probable utility of such minute references, I have now, to save room, mostly omitted them.
Let me here (again) observe that in names of oriental places, persons, or things, vowels must not be supposed to stand for much. A substantial reason will be—or has been?—given for this in another place. Consonants are the bones and sinews of isolate words. A substitution of these important vertebræ of vocables may be allowed to a certain extent. I shall, however, require these indulgencies in a very limited degree: not exceeding, perhaps, the allowable interchange of a $b$ and $v$—or a $y$ and a $j$—or a $k$ and $g$.

With a little of this licence where wanted, and it may be, and is, allowed to others, as well as to distressed etymologers, let us try to turn Park's African names into Hindi. Jonnakonda may be Jënekkunda, or the hill of Janeka. I know not, it is true, of any such hill in India—but Janeka and his daughter Janeki, commonly called Jënky, are important mythological or historical persons well known in India;¹ and may well have given their names to a hill or river there, as well as in Africa.

Tendiconda and Tandacunda, of Park, are, I imagine, the same place, or the same name. And although here again I have no knowledge of any such compound name in India, yet tanda is a Hindu word, and the name of a town in Bengal; where, indeed, there are few or no hills to fix it on—that country being chiefly alluvial and flat. I should, therefore, expect to find there few or no Kunda as

¹ And, of course, noticed, with some of the fables connected with them, in the HP.
names of places—and the hilly country of the dékkan to abound in them. A town in the Carnatic is named Tondi. In some dialects of India, tanda, or tunda, or tund (vowels are of no moment, the root is tnd) means cold. And although we may not, at first view, expect a reason for its positive application in the interior of Africa or in Bengal, yet comparative degrees of cold exist every where — and perhaps in very elevated spots positive too.¹ The "Hill of Cold" may not unreasonably be looked for and found within the tropics, though not so obviously, as within the polar regions. Mountains covered with the snows of a thousand winters are in sight from Bengal.

The Kootakunda of Africa may be also traced to India. In modern dialects—though I do not say that such dialects are derived immediately from the Sanskrit, the prime radix perhaps of all language—Koota means a dog: and it farther means short, or low of stature. It is found initial, final, and sole, in

¹ Nor need we ascend or move extra-tropically for positive cold. I have known it so cold in Bombay that the troops could not parade at the usual time, day-break. It was put off till the sun was high. Travelling once to Poona—accompanied as is mentioned in p. 148.—we pitched our tents the first night—it was Christmas Eve—at Panwell, near the tank. It was a bitterly cold night. We moved at day-break next morning—and my gallant, and noble, and shivering friend pointed my attention to the thermometer hanging on his tent-rope. I write from recollection, but I am within bounds when I say it was under 40°: and that on coming to our new ground, the same thermometer in the same position, in the shade, stood upwards of 100°.
the names of many places in India. The name occurs in like manner in Africa. I should judge kuta to be Sanskrit, and to mean a town, from finding it applied to places spread all over India. Perhaps Calcutta—(Kalikut?) Calicut—Devicotta—Palamcotta—Gooty—Dunderguttee—Milgotta—Kota—Teekotta, &c. may all contain it. The Kootakunda of Park may therefore be set down for a compound Indian word.

Of Tattikonda the same may be said. Tatti, or Tatta, is a word current in Indian dialects; and is a name, and part of a name, of Indian places and things.

The same as to the Baraconda of Africa. Bara is an Indian word of several meanings. Applied to a place, it would perhaps be more classically written Vara or Varaha, a name well known to Hindu mythologists. It is as often pronounced Bara.

"Seesekund," Park says, "is the same village with Kussai, the inhabitants having changed its name." Seesu or Sisu is an ancient Hindu name of persons and things.

"Tambakunda" is Indian. There are Tamba-cherry, Tamracherry, Tambah, Tambekhan, &c. In some dialects tamba is copper. If we drop the b, tam or tama would mean darkness, blackness, &c. and has extensive applications. Of "Mariancounda" and "Mauraconda," I shall only say that they have Indian sounds. A hill on which we have a fort a mile or two inland from Tellicherry, is named Mor
kuna — where I have passed many a day — but I believe this termination in Malabar is from a source different from kunda.

"Fatteconda" is an Indian compound. Fatté or Futteh is more immediately Persian. I do not know indeed that it is at all Sanskrit, although used in some dialects deduced therefrom. Fatteconda in India, like Fattyghur, means the hill or fort of victory. The latter would be, perhaps, more correctly spelled Fattehghiri: but I am not sure whether ghur may not, like poor, or pur, or pura, or puri, or poorce, as it is variously written and spoken, mean distinctively a town or fort — and ghiri, or giri, restrictively a hill. Fattehpur, Fattehabad, &c. occur in India — meaning the town and abode of conquest.

On Koonda, or Kondy, or goond, or Kendy, or Ken, I may here note, that near Poona, on the road to Bombay, is a hill and village named Ganeskondy, sometimes called and written Gunnisken. There is a temple on the side of the hill, looking eastward, in which is an image of Ganesa, the elephant-headed son of Parvati; said to have been miraculously developed there. This miracle happened, like some others at Poona, I think, in my time. I have passed the temple a hundred times, and almost as often vowed to visit and examine it; inquire its history, &c. But, as usual, what one can do any day is often not done at all — and so it is with me and the temple at Ganiskundy. A miraculously discovered, or heaven-descended, image, is as common in India as in Italy. The consequential endowment of a fane is a matter of course — a temple,
a priest, a town—perhaps priests, a city and see. The similarity of the legendary histories is, as perhaps, has been before said, surprising.

Having been thus diffuse in the notice of this first class of African names, I shall hasten through the others selected from Park’s last mission, to exemplify my speculations. Samee—(Sam is a name of Parvati, as before noticed)—Kutijar—Wallia, creek—Madina, Tabajang, Jambero—Manjali, Tabba Cotta—Jullacotta, Maheena, Tambico: “Samakara, woods and wilderness”—Mambari—Sambankala—(Samba and Kala, personages of the Hin. Pan.)—Tambaura, mountains; Toombijeena, a pass through them—Serimanu (Srimana, a name of Kartikya)—Neelakalla (words strictly Sanskrit, and ever recurring in every mythological or historical inquiry)—“Kullalie, a very high, detached, rocky, hill.” (Such hills in India are typical of Kala)—Gangaran, (Ganga, the Ganges)—Secoba—“Sankaree, a high rocky hill, which rises like an immense castle from the plain.”—(Siva, the spouse of the mountain goddess Parvati, is named Sankara.)

Sabooseera—Jeena—Wangara—Nemansana—Kooli—Chekora—Koonteela—Doomba—Tancranwally—Yanimarou—Talimangoly—Mousala—Samicouta—Chicowray—Jyallacoro—Soobacara—Tacoutalla—Bancomalla—“Yaminna, or the river Joliba.” The Joliba is the Niger. In the more euphonic Sanskrit it would probably be Yalava. If it should mean black or blue, like niger, and nila, it would be curious. The name of Yaminna, con-
nected with the Niger, reminds one of the river Yamuna of India, called "the blue daughter of the sun" in Hindu poetics—meaning, perhaps, that she is the offspring of Vishnu or the sun, by his melting operation on the snows of Himala.

The following are taken from the map prefixed to Park:—Kakundy, Kolar, Jeogary, Bady, Konakury, Malla, Kolor, Koolar, Tallika, Koikarany, Samakoo (river), Mouri, Tambaoura, Sarola, Lingicotta, Mallacotta, Korankalla, Manickoroo, Sanjeeccotta, Kandy, Sampaka, Sami, Jarra, Toorda, Satile, Seco, Comba, Dama, Nyamo, Ghungerolla.

Now let me ask any oriental reader if he can peruse these names of places without fancying them taken from some map of India, instead of Africa? Many, and of what follow, are actually names of Indian places; and most of them could be easily traced to their several sources in the languages of India, by any one moderately skilled therein. It may be doubted if all France, Germany, Russia, England, and Italy, could furnish so many places with Indian names, as may be gathered from Park's short journeyings in Africa; and from his necessarily meagre map. Very many of these names, be it remembered, and of those which follow, occur in the depths of central Africa; where, until lately, neither Hindu nor English man was ever seen, or perhaps heard of. Can any one, with a knowledge of East Indian dialects, read them, and deny, or doubt, that a race once inhabited those
regions, with whom some of those dialects were current?

This may be to some a tiresome topic; but deeming it not incurious nor unimportant, I am disposed to trespass a little longer, and give some more Indian names from a work entitled "Proceedings of the African Institution." 2 vols. 8vo.

Bishna—(Vishnu is sometimes seen so written, and Bishnu and Bishen)—Wooll—Fittayeraboy—(a place where there are hot wells is named Vizeraboy, a few miles S. of Bombay): Kirisnani—Coniakari—Sooma—(Soma, the moon)—Comoroo—Coomba (Komara and Kumba are Hindu mythological personages)—Kuraleejango—Talica—Gunggadi—Semegonda, near Wangara—Walli—Koobarri—Demba—these two are names of men. Siratik.—Sira, and Sidatik are names of towns in the Dekkan. Tikri is a hill in some East India dialects.

The following are from Horneman's route on the map:—Siwah, Terane, Rhamanie, Sakra, Sidibishir. (Sidi is a name of Siva—Vrisha, whence bishir may be allowedly derived, is part of a name of his—Vrishadwaja, he who rides a bull.) Tripoli, and Temissa, may be from the Sanskrit Tripala and Tamasa.

These are from the line of Park's route on the map:—Downie—Jinhala—Kamalia—Ganga—Yamina—Calimana. The last four places are close to each other on the Niger. If found on the Ganga or Yamuna (Ganges, or Jumna) they would have
excited no observation; but in the interior of Africa, they yield a greater confirmation of my hypothesis of that region having been formerly inhabited by a Brahmana race, than any thing I have elsewhere met with; and I deem the proof very striking. These also occur on the map:—Fooliconda—Massakonda—Worada—Bali—Sitaloola—Koomukarry—Sididooloo: on which I shall only observe, that they are all either partly, or wholly, Indian words.

That the interior and remote Africans have, to a great geographical extent, been Hindús, I am, from these premises, disposed to suggest: and I expect, when we shall become better acquainted with those little known regions, to find my view confirmed by the discovery of Hindu remains, in architecture, excavations, sculptures, inscriptions, or some equally unequivocal evidence, in addition to that of names. Something similar, though not at once so striking and convincing, to what has recently\(^1\) been developed in the interior of Java; and what farther researches may bring to light on Celebes, Borneo, Lucomía; and others of the vast, remote, and little known of the eastern isles—regions as vast and as little known as Africa.

The preceding appears to have been the substance of what was communicated to the Asiatic Journal.

I must indulge in a quotation of a passage by my lamented friend Major Rennell, in the conclusion of his account of the map prefixed to Park’s last work:—“The hospitality shown by these good

\(^1\) This was written nearly twenty years ago.
people” (interior Africans, especially the Mandingo tribe,) “to Mr. Park, a destitute and forlorn stranger, raises them very high in the scale of humanity; and I know of no better title to confer on them than that of the Hindús of Africa.”

Since the preceding was written, and in substance printed, other books have passed under my eye, whence I have taken some more names, tending, as it appears to me, to confirm my aforesaid hypothesis touching Hindi-Africa. At the risk of being very tedious, I will give many of them, as briefly, however, as I can. From Denham and Clapperton’s discoveries, these:

Angala—Loggun—Mandara—Merly. These are names of mountains in vol. i. p. 143. I have noted no names earlier than that page. The reader will not fail to remark Mandara as a mountain in the interior of Africa. In the same page is a place named Sankara, a name of Siva; and in those subsequent, the following: Deoga—Sogama—Dagwamba—Mora—Conally—Karowa—Kora—Makkery, hills—Adamowa—Mona, or Monana—Raka—Gambarou—Dowergo—Munga—Lada—Muggaby, lake Musgov—Koorie, and Sayah, islands in the lake Tchad—Shary, river—Babbalia—Begharmi—Gourie—Wara—Waday—Mesurata—Kaka—Kattagum—Wajah. From vol. ii. these:—Joggahab, island—Dagheia—Kala—Gambalarum and Gurlya, rivers—Maou—Mendoo—Molee, river—Katunga—Bilma—Kaleeluwha—Omhah—Tegerhy—Digoo—Boogowa—Katungwa—Nansarina—Girkwa—Sockwa, river—Duakee—Raka—Ongoroo—Gedanae, or
Katania—Duncamee—Ratah—Kagaria—Dugwa—
Kukabonee—Mugacvin—Barta, wells—Koka—Kutri
Burderawa—Gondamee, lake—Tagra—Kalawawa—
Kulee—Miwa—Eatowa—Kaffondiege—Takvoor—
Ghoowary—Ghoondar—(how if here were a lake on
a hill? Khundara)—Atugara—Kabi—Yarba—
Ghoorma—Banbara—Ghoongo—Sooma—Malee—
Sanghee—Bhargo. Thus far Denham and Clap-
perton. They speak of "Dumbojee, the name
of one of the Gadado’s officers"—"Moodie, the
commander of our escort"—in the very interior of
Africa, where a white man or a Christian, was never
before seen.

Hastily skimming the Travels of the more fortu-
nate Nigerian Lander, I notice the following—and
add interpolations in view to brevity, and omit refe-
rences:—Anamaboo—Badagry—Accra—Asinara
(in India, asi is 80, nara a man)—Gwendiki—Ma-
loo—Jaguta—Boohoo—Eetchoolee—Katunga, the
capital of Yariba—Moussa, a rivulet—Kakafungi—
Coobly—Bhoosa. The chiefs of Niki, Wowow and
Kiama—"Engarsaki, a rugged and romantic range
of hills, is called from a country of that name"—
Yavorie—Koolsu— Guarie—Warrie—Koroko—Buoy
—Sandero.—Kingka—Loogo—Pundi: these three,
with other states, form the extensive kingdom of Boorgo
—Catsheena, also a kingdom—Zaria—Zegzez—Mar-
die—Hausa—Gonia—Comassie—Melalite—Comie—
Layaba—Bajeibo—Lechee—Madjie—Belee—Da-
canie—"Gungo, an island in the Quorra, or Niger"
—Coodonia, river—Cuttup—Egga—Kakunda—the
countries of Jacoba and Adamowa—Boiqua.—Abu—
zacca—Tacwa—Kirrie—(Three rivers of considerable magnitude join, of which the Quorra is one. Of this something is intended to be said in another page).—Bonny and Calebar, rivers—Cameroon, mountains, 13,000 feet high—(Kamr, the moon, or the full-moon, in India—of this something elsewhere) and a river so named—Laya—Rabba, a large and flourishing town, with, alas! a slave-market—“from the river Kirrie to the mouth of the Nun”—“a country called Settra-Krou.”

“Mount Kesa,” otherwise spelled Kesey,—“an elevated rock in the midst of the Niger, rising abruptly; its appearance is irresistibly imposing, and majestic beyond description. It is greatly venerated by the natives”—(so it would be if so rising, Lingaically, in any river of India)—“and favours the superstitious notions attached to it. Its legends are of a very interesting nature.” Some of them are warmly given by Lander; which might, seemingly, have applied to a rock in the Ganges, where the rock might probably have been called by the same name; Kesa being a name of Krishna and Vishnu.

A plate is given of “Mount Kesey”—and it is certainly a very striking object; and would be so considered any where, by any race, the most enlightened or the most barbarous. It exhibits this form Q. Its sides are “almost perpendicular and naked.”

In another place we find this fine aqueous obelisk—springing, like the famed obelisk of ON (p. 285.) out of a great expanse of tranquil or gently moving
water, noted as 300 feet high. I wish Lander had given us the full native name—not Mount Kesey. It may, haply, be Kesa-Kund, or some such.

I also find this note on the mention of the Cameroon mountain and river by Lander. The "Mountains of the Moon" of modern geographers, "Montes Pervedi" of the ancient, are likely to be called Cameroon by Mahommedans from Ṣ Kmr, the full moon. Roon is an Indian word, applied to rivers—the Coleroon in the Carnatic, I should rather write Kalirún, but its orthography is too established to allow of alteration without the appearance of affection. Pervedi, I believe I have before said, is probably Parvati, the mountain goddess of India; and the moon, then named Chandrī, consort of Chandra, otherwise Soma, the male moon. Soma, or Somma, be it remembered, is a name of Vesuvius; a truly Siva-ic mount—or rather of its parent; for Vesuvius is by some authorities reckoned the summit or cone only—Soma as the base, and the older name. In Sanskrit Soma-bhava would mark the parental relationship; and such is the name—currently altered to Sambawa—of one of the most active and energetic of existing volcanoes—one of, perhaps, ten times the potency and terrific extent of destructiveness of Vesuvius. I now speak of Sambawa, as described by Sir Stamford Raffles and others, in the eastern seas, where this lunar parentage seems extensive—including, perhaps, Sumatra.

The mighty cone, the Cameroon, Lander ap-
pears to describe as "dividing the embouchures of the spacious rivers Calebar and Delrey, from the equally important one of the Cameroons on the east." Here is, indeed, a mythos! Such a cone, dividing three fine rivers before they join the sea would be made much of in India. Delrey is probably a modern name.

In Adams' Sketches of Africa, these—King Cootry—King Pepple—King Cole. These may be nicknames—but if African, they have Asiatic sounds—Kutri, Pipala, Kuli, or Cooley. These occur as names of tribes—Bejulapat—Sustra-cundy—Calavapore; require little or no alteration to make them Sanskrit compounds. These, as names of places—Teghery. This, in Southern India, means Fire-hill. I should perhaps write it Tighiri; pronouncing it the same.—Kishbee—Ashanuma—Dirkee—Bilma—Lari—Mandara—Bhagermi. "Mora, the capital of Mandara, situated in a valley, at the foot of a noble chain of hills"—where Grazzias, a central-African name for plunderers, reminds us strongly of the Grassias of the hilly regions of central-India, of the same habits. (The above, mentioned by Adams, appear to have been taken from the Qu. Rev. of that work.)

In a newspaper review of "Caillie's Travels to Timbuctoo," are these names of places, in the kingdom of Fauta Dialon, far in the interior:—Kakondy—Kankan—Sambatikala—Cambaya—all Indian names and words. In another place I find these—Haco—Tamba—Bailunda—Icalo—Golungo—
Adongo — Cunhinga — Kisama — Ambriz — “lake Maravi, a dead sea; an Asphaltis.”

I find another long list of Hindi-African names, taken from Bowdich’s Ashantee. Deeming this portion of my Fragments as not a little curious and interesting—being, as far as I know, the opening of a new branch or channel of inquiry far from unimportant—I must here add many of them, though tiresome, probably, to some readers:—omitting those names which may have been noticed by others, earlier quoted:—Gungaddi—Jing—Busampra—Paraso—Fohmani—Dumpasi—Dadawasi—Moodjawi—Dankaram—Mankaran—Birrim—Korraman—Dunsabow, river—Azabimah—Soubiree—Sekoree—Prasso—Anijabirrum—Cootacomacasa—Payntree—Anamaboe—Amparoo—Abikarama—Sesee—Kiradi, river—Bonasoo—Dankara—Yami—Bhupi—Salaga—Yahndi—Degomba—Karthala—Saraka—Lako—Kawree—Calanna—Koonkoree—Doowara—Hwollia—Quolla. It is not so noticed, but the two last are probably rivers, or a river. Hwolla, or Woola, is a Dekkany name for a river; or the river, as I suspect it is also in Africa. Gange—Yum Yum—Bagarimee—Shuee—a—Matchaquadie—Gooroma—Gunhadi—Dogondhagi—Todonkaralee—Kallaghi—Barrabadi—Mallowa—Kashala—Gooroijie—Koomba—Tombea—Goodoobere—Cormante—Cheendul—Mooonda, river—Sheekan—Kalay—Ohmbay—Samashilee—Imbekeel—Oondamee—Bolaykee—Shaibee—Bayhee—Wola, river.—Query—the same as Hwolla and Quolla, above mentioned?—Adjomba—Inkajee—Erringa—Okota—Ashdera—Okandee—Sappalal—


The above are the chief, but not all, of what I find extracted from Bowdich: to many of the names I
have annexed such notes as these, "several omitted," &c.—"many not extracted"—"p. 192-3-6-9, many not extracted"—"p. 482 to 85, and to 492 and 505, many." So that copious as is the preceding list of Hindi-African names,¹ I might have made it much more so from the same work, and from others; but I will abstain, giving only one more instance in Africa.

Calabar, the sad mart for slaves. Of Cala enough has been said for our present purpose. Bar or bara, is also Hindi—and var, vara, and varaha:—war also, and wara. The last means a division, or district, or quarter. It is also the common termination of the days of the week; like our day; postfixed in the same manner to the name of the planet. Thus Bud-war, is Wednesday—Bud, or Woden's day. Som-war, Monday—Soma being the moon; and so on, as with us:—a curious fact, when first developed. Poona is divided into districts or quarters, so distinguished. Calabar, at that city—or Kalawar—would mean, the street, or division, of Kalá. But I do not recollect if any be actually so called. It is not unlikely; for it is a very mythological city—the metropolis of the only region ruled by Brahmans. That holy race, it is well known, is forbidden, by severe denunciations, from degrading itself into the rank of kings. And in fact Brahmans never do so. Royalty is the exclusive right of the

¹ "Namaqua, a tribe far inland from the C. of Good Hope." I know not whence I took that note. Maqua is a fishing tribe on the coast of Malabar.
military tribe. A Brahman-Rajah—notwithstanding an illustrious instance in our eye—is a positive anomaly—a contradiction—an impossibility, I had nearly said. It is very well for a traveller; but would be reprobated by an orthodox Theologist.

More of these Hind-africaniæ might be given; but I must stop here. Seeing to what a length this Head of distant Sanskritisms has extended, and must farther extend, I must quit Africa. So copious is that Head, that had I begun the volume with it, I could have spun the tedious tale to this high page. But though I endeavour to diversify it a little by less tedious interpolations, arising, however, out of the subject, I fear to be tiresome with such lengthened monotonics.

IN ENGLAND.

Having so lately mentioned some of the Hindipoetics of Ireland, I am tempted to pursue the topic into that prolific land; but I will keep it a little in reserve, and see first what England will yield in that line. It is not, however, from her number of Hindi examples that England claims the first place in the triple union of Britain. I have, indeed, but few to offer; and those, perhaps, not very striking. I could, I dare say, collect more; but I am alarmed at the length to which this line of my Fragments has already been spun out, and mean to be brief, and cannot be otherwise than desultory. Although amusing and
interesting to me, it may not be so to my (numerous?) Readers.

In Devonshire are the villages of Claypiden, Colyton, and, I think, Uffculm—and in Suffolk we have Claydon—of KLic root. Near Carlisle is Caldewgate. This may mainly, no doubt, be derived plausibly from a homelier origin: but such a name occurring on the banks of the Ganges, or as a pass in the rugged ghat mountains, would, as a matter of course, be at once set down as Caldewghat, or Kaldewghat; or, as more classically written, Kaladevaghath—the landing place, or pass, or road, or way of Kala-deva. Ghat, whence our designation The Ghauts: meaning thereby generally, the precipitous range of the Dekkan mountains, which run from Cape Komari (Comorin) northward beyond Surat, means a pass, over or in those mountains; as well as a landing place, or a passage over, or a way to, a river. Our word gate has been hence, and perhaps not very wildly, derived: for it had anciently a different meaning. Our Saxon ancestors by gate meant a passage, or way, or street, or road. The word is still so used in Scotland. And in the Scripture gate occurs in a sense less restricted than in our common usage. The Sublime Porte admits not of translation into our language in the ordinary sense of door or gate. “Lift up your heads, ye everlasting Gates”—in the original language and sense, is doubtless more striking, and powerful, and lofty in allusion, than our translation of it implies.

Camalodunum of the Romans has been supposed
to have occupied the site of the fine old town of Colchester in Essex. The name of the town is now, of course, traced no farther than to its neighbouring river Colne, with a common Roman suffix, castra. But I am disposed to go farther. Kamala-dun, the hill of Kamala, is traceable to India, where it is a name of Lakshmi, in a character corresponding with the mother of our Cupid—Kama or Cama being his Hindu name. Tacitus, however, favors the surmise that Camerton, near Bath, is the site of the ancient Camalodunum. In the neighbourhood of Colchester and the Colne, the existence of some vestiges of Sanskrit legends has been suspected beyond their own Kalic names. Cala is not an uncommon name for a river in regions very distant from each other—meaning, where a meaning can be traced, black. The river Blackwater runs near Colchester. Maldon is a town near it. Written Maladun, we have a Sanskrit compound. But I am not able, thence or now, to throw any light on this matter. Cala and Caldew are Scottish rivers; of which something presently. Kala-nadi, or Black-river, is in Bengal. A word on Stygian rivers occurs in pp. 242-7-8—and of Camalodunum in p. 336. We read of “the Camaldoli convent in one of the wildest and most beautiful of the Tuscan Apen- nines.” There is also a Calimaruzza in Tuscany. Kali-marut is pure Hindi, as well as Kamaladoli.

In this paucity of Hindi-English, I will bestow a few lines on another range of our country names. Some speculations on names beginning or ending in
dun are meant to be offered in another place. Duni, doney, downy, pronounced alike, may be thence derived. D and T are so easily convertible that I am sometimes inclined, especially where connected with a hill, to suppose ton to be cognate: although, no doubt, town is, on many occasions, a more probable derivation. Lisdowney, the pretty name of an Irish parish, may, or may not be E. Indian. It reminds me of Paiduni, a pretty name that used in my early day to be given to a part of the great village or town, commonly called Dungaree—(Dunghiri, probably, from a neighbouring fortified hill)—on Bombay. It was where a streamlet crossed the high-road. Paidoney, as otherways spelled, means Foot-wash; and it may, peradventure, be by this time the name of a great village; or it may, with its streamlet, be altogether lost.

Newton-toney, in Wiltshire, near the hospitable seat of my much-lamented friend Sir Charles Malet, not far from Amesbury and Stonehenge, is prettily washed by a rivulet. Newtowen or Newton is, to be sure, the very antipodes of archaism: but toney or dun may have been the appellation of the spot long before the prefixure.

I know not if any writer has endeavoured to trace, to any extent, the names of places—of cities, towns, mountains, rivers, as to their meaning. It would be easy to trace such names in India. If Hindi, they are mostly mythological—if Mahomedan, personal: both, especially the first, a good deal corrupted in pronunciation. The Coleroon, in the Carnatic, is
probably Kalirun, or Black-river. The Caveri, her sister, from Gauri, perhaps, a name of Parvati, meaning white. Or it may be from Kauveri, the consort of the sordid Kuvera, regent of wealth. Colour is thus a copious source in the nomenclature of waters; as will readily occur—the red, the black, the white, the yellow, rivers and seas.

In England many names of towns and places explain themselves—those ending in ford, or bridge, or brig: and perhaps, in chester, or meer, or wich, or wick. The last I surmise, in preference to the Saxon and Latin vich, to have been given to places producing salt; or somehow connected with that mineral, in production, manufactory, or mart.

But there is one termination of very frequent occurrence on our island that I do not remember to have seen handled in any way. It is that of ham. No doubt, it may, in some cases, be an abbreviation of hamlet—but not apparently in very many. In Suffolk only we have upwards of a hundred towns and villages with names ending in ham. It would be tiresome to enumerate them. Now if one characteristic feature be found to accompany all, or most, of them, and only one—and if that one do not extensively apply to others, we might reasonably infer that such singularity of appellation was uniformly derived from the similarity of characteristic. As far as my knowledge and inquiry have gone, all such towns and villages are characterised by a run of water, through or near them. I hence infer that current water and ham have an intimate relation-
ship, in some tongue older than our own: although I am not linguist or antiquary competent to show or conjecture how.

Most places—except your Johnstows, Kemptowns, Pittvilles, &c.—had names, probably, before they had buildings. The earliest name of a vill is, most likely, taken or given from some naturally or pre-existing thing—if near a hill, dun?—a rivulet, ham?—a salt-spring, wich?—or ford, or woδ, or tree, or field, or rock, or stone, &c.

Being a maritime county with an extensive seacoast, Suffolk has, of course, many rivers, rivulets, brooks, creeks, &c. We have hence several places with the termination ford, as well as with wich or wick. Few, perhaps, are aware of our claim to the appellation of the land of Ham. I know not if any other county have it at all equally. I imagine not.

We have upwards of 90 towns and villages ending in ton; more than 20 in ford; 13 in don or den, for ours is a flat county; 4 ending in wich or wick; I know not if all saline; 5 in brook; 6 in burgh; 1 in borough; in grave 6, implying fields of battle? I am acquainted with only one parish so terminating—Kesgrave, in which are many tumuli; and an extensive heath, on which early strategists—

"As if at home they could not die—"

might choose to combat. We have a hoo, a hoe; and of holt, 2. Some have fancied these connected with hill.

1 Thus Ipswich, Nantwich, Droitwich, Dunwich, Walberswick, Sandwich, &c. I conjecture to be, or to have been, places connected with salt.
But, dropping this line of investigation, let us turn to Scotland, which we shall find more prolific in Kali-dunia-nisms.

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IN SCOTLAND.

In Scotland I could find many Kali-cisms; as the recent spelling of Cale-donia may lead us to infer. I have before hinted that Kali-dun is the hill of Kal: Caldew, a name of Siva; Cala, another—

"Through richer fields, her milky waves that stain,
Slow Cala flows o'er many a chalky plain."


eyden's Scenes of Infancy.

Milky and chalky are appellations that may not seem to bear out my black or dark hypothesis, as connected with Kala: but being comparatively darker than its occasional admixtures, the river Cala may still have received its name from that source. Besides, we have shown that of all the Hindu male deities, Siva alone is white;—and, as Gauri, his consort is also fair. So a union of Cala's darker waters with the occasional chalky, milky stains, described by Leyden, may, in a poetical eye, be a union of those mythological beings. So chalky, this river, like the classical Clitumnus or Kalitumna, of p. 345, may have the property of blanching the kine that lave in her "milky wave."

On the banks of this Kaledunian river Kala a monstrous serpent was slain, as is related by Leyden, in a style very correspondent with the legends
of similar Hindu exploits; and written, I believe, before that accomplished and lamented scholar went to India. Krishna, the blue or black, slew a pythonic serpent on the banks of a black river, as is mentioned in pp. 247. 8.

Glen Calader is a grouse-producing spot—surrounded by hills perhaps. Slightly altered to Kaladara it is pure Sanskrit. It would be pronounced Kalader, or Calader, in Southern India; and applied to a conical hill, or to one cleft, or in any elevation peculiar, the name would be expressive. It would mean Kala-bearing, or crowned with Kala, or his seat. It is not an unusual combination. Siva bears the female moon—Chandri—on his head, and he is consequently then called Chandridhara, or Chandrisekra, moon-bearing, or moon-crowned. He has likewise the Ganga, or river Ganges as we call it, “a wanderer for thousands of ages in the mazes of his red-clustering locks;”—and is hence named Gangadhara—Ganges-bearing. Stripped of its poetry, it means simply that the river is produced by the rippling melting of the snows of a thousand winters among the summits of Himala—the throne of Siva—from whose head she is seen flowing in a score of pictures in my possession; as may be seen in several of the plates of the Hin. Pan.

"Adieu, ye mountains of the clime
Where grew my youthful years—
Where Lochnagar, in snows sublime,
His giant summit rears."—BYRON.
Nagar, sometimes written nugger, is a very common East Indian termination. "The heights of Dunbar"—dun, as usual, connected with elevation—if written Dunvar, or Dunvaraha, would come at once to a Kali-duni-anism.

As before hinted, I am disposed to trace to Kalic sources the origin of the names of places beginning or ending with Kal, Col, Kil, &c. having the root K-L. Caledon, Culloden, Calender, Coll, Colonsay, Kilnemer—"The legendary three-peaked Eildon," a conical and very poetical hill—the Trimontium of Agricola, is one of the most picturesque in the South of Scotland—and many others of the like root, as well as other Sanskrit sounds found scattered over Scotland, that for the present I shall omit farther mention of.

1 Stepping, a few days ago (May 1832) into the British Institution, I noticed a pretty picture, which seemed to represent something Lingaic, or Kalic. It was an abruptly elevated, taper, solitary, rock, uprising several yards; like some of the monoliths at the Hindruidic assemblage at Stonehenge. Such a stone in India I should have expected near a temple of Siva, or Kal: that is, rather, such a temple would be found so placed; for such a stone is, probably, immovable. Referring to the catalogue, I found it described as "A Druid's grave on the island of Colonsay." This may not be so decidedly Hindi as Col-O-M—the root of Colomb, Colomba, Il-cilm-Kil, &c.: but is, to a certain extent, confirmatory of the spread of the Sanskrit root K-L; in remote connexion with something Kal-ic. A farther spread to Druidic Kalicisms I may not now venture the attempt to show.
Dun—Done—Doon—Dune—Dene.

Connected, more or less, with the subjects of several passages of this volume, I find a note on the word Dun, which I will give here. It was intended for earlier insertion; but may come in, not inappropriately, in the neighbourhood of Kali-dun-ianisms.

Mr. Roberts, in the work quoted in p. 200, gives a stanza from an old Welsh poem, and thus translates it—"I beheld the spectacle from the high land of the Done." The pronunciation of the word may be considered, like its spelling, as variable. My theory is that the word, written or pronounced differently perhaps, but all containing the consonantal root D-N, conveys very extensively a meaning of a mountain, hill, or high land.

Our dun cow is probably the dùn, as in Italian; or doon, or done—(I mean the varied spellings to signify the same)—cow: that is, the mountain cow, slain by Guy on Dunmore heath. Mr. Roberts seems to think the epithet referrible more to place than colour; and that the cow was worshipped as an arkite symbol. The celebrated Hindu mythological cow Surabhi may be extensively combined in fable, and matched in mystery and potency and prolificality, with any of her race. Another of her names is Kamdenu, granter of desires. Of her I shall say no more here: Q. S. occurs in the Hin. Pan.

A list of names occurs to me having the root in question—initial, final, or sole—which will, I think, on the main, bear me out in my theory. Of several of
the places I know nothing but the name; but I deem them connected, more or less, with altitude. Dundee, Dunkirk, Dunchurch, Dundalk, Downs, Denes, Dunmow, Dunghiri, or Dungaree in Bombay, Dungarvan, Dunira. Dun-e-din castle, the seat of the D. of Athol, in Scotland, is oriental as well as boreal. I dare say the castle "stands high o'er the plain," though it has not been my good fortune to visit it. "Dunsinane's hill" we have all read of—and so I have of the "heights of Dundee," since I put that "bonnie toune" into my random list. "Dunottar castle stands very boldly," I have quoted, but have not noted where—perhaps in Scotland, for that region abounds in hills and dun.

"And to an elfe queen I me take
By dale and eke by down."

Rime of Sir Theophas—prefixed to that delicious poem "The Bridal of Triermain." "Dule upo dun," is referred to as a whimsical anecdote in Roby's "Traditions of Lancashire."—2nd Series.

Caledonia was not, in old times, applied, as it is now, to all Scotland. That name was more properly confined to the mountainous regions of Angus, Perth, and Fife shires, and the N. E., up to the Moray frith. The inhabitants of these regions were farther called Deucaledonians—or, as I have hinted in another place, Deva-Kali-dun-ians.—See p. 344.

Siva or Kala is in conversation, and perhaps in writing, named Deocal. Cal, in the Wallachian dialect, is a horse. It may not have a like meaning in the Sanskrit—but Kal is time—both yesterday
and to-morrow—and is so far connected with a horse, that the next and last great incarnation, or descent or *avatara*, of the *renovator* is to be equestrian. This is predicated of *Vishnu*, apparently somewhat anomalously; but he, being also the Sun, is also a modification of Time—and is to be then *Kāl-Ki*. He will—like *Him* of our *Apocalypse*—be mounted on a white horse. He will destroy *Kāl* or *Time*—

"And swear by *Him* that liveth for ever and ever
"That *Time* shall be no longer."—Rev. x. 6.

Whether the *Maha-pralaya* of the Brahmans is to be of Vulcanic or Neptunic origin, I do not recollect. But in fact all cataclysms of that great sort must be of igneous origin.

We may not stop here to dilate on the extensive profundities of the word *Kal*, as applicable to *Time*. They embrace in fact boundless metaphysical and mythological speculations. The compound *Trikāla*, or *Tricāla*, has called forth earlier notice. *Tri*, as a prefixure, seems to bear a meaning of great import—and, in its root T-R—to be the parent of a very extensive race of mysterious words cognate with *Trinity* and *Truth*. It is intended to postfix an Index to this volume, wherein some instances of this will be referred to; they having, unsought, occurred in it. Of *Trikāla* I will just add that it comprehends the past, present, and future. The name was given to a celebrated bard *Chanda*, who

"With a master's hand and prophet's fire
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre—"
in the Court of the Raja Prithvi, about 1200 A. D. "forcing ages unborn to crowd upon the soul." The Sanskrit Barda or Bardai, corrupted in the western dialects to Bhat, seems to be the origin of our Bard. Their avocations were alike. Of this some extended mention is made in my volume on "Hindu Infanticide."—pp. 15. 78.

—Loch Lydon, in Perthshire, is surrounded by mountains; as I have read—some of them probably dunic in name. May not the "donjon Keep" of our old castles, have been "on turret high," and not cryptic, like our modern dungeons? "Dunes of the N. coast of France and Holland; of Norfolk, Cornwall, and Moray." Those in Norfolk are, at Yarmouth, called denes. "The Downs" I take to be the same word—of the root $n$—from the comparatively high land hard-by: likewise "The Dens of Yarrow."

Dungate in Cambridgeshire—though apparently of less dignified derivation—ought to be Dùn-ghât—the pass of the hill. I marvel if its locale tends to strengthen this notion, which I hazard, never having seen the supposed ghat, or gate, or pass.¹—See p. 335.

In some Greek dialects, $bri\alpha$ is said to mean a hill: it would strengthen my theory if dun were there

¹ So I have supposed Calcutta to be Kalighat; and perhaps Kalikut, or, as we write it, Calicut. The final has, however, a different meaning. Our word Calico is from that ancient city of the Samori, or Zamorin, as the Portuguese have taught us to call him.
found to have a like meaning. Cala-bria, and Cal-
edon-ia, would then seem less fanciful when written in
my (amended) way—Kala-bria, and Kali-dun-ia.
"The Eildon hills, which raise their triple crest
above the celebrated monastery of Melrose." Scott's
Dem. and W. 132. A suitable abode for poetry and
superstition; and there they have abounded. "Dun-
shi, a fairy mount in Scotland."—Ib. 65.
In a long list of designations of witches, warlocks,
and hobgoblins, given in Reginald Scott's Dis-
coverie of Witchcraft, Calecars occurs among the
various incubi. Of this term Reginald's illustrious
descendant, Sir Walter can make nothing. May
he not resort to the kal and car of India, for some
clue to it? India is, perhaps, the cradle of half of
such nursery tales—and, saying no more of them at
present, I will just remark that car, or kar, is there
a much used word, meaning worker, performer—or
works, performances; having reference to potency
or manipulation.
The Druidic Hu, as the Sun, corresponds with
Vishnu. The Druids had also Ceridwen, the
goddess of Death; who, in their metempsycholog-
ical system, was likewise the goddess of the renova-
tion of life. This is strictly and strangely Hinduic
—if Druidic and Brahmanic coincidences still seem
strange. Siva, or Kala, is rather the changer of
forms, than, as commonly understood, the Destroying
power. The Brahmans are too philosophical to ad-
mit of destruction, in the sense of annihilation :

"Look Nature through—'tis revolution all—
All change—no death.—All to re-flourish fades."
As in a wheel, all sinks to re-ascend.
No single atom once in being; lost,
With change of counsel charges the Most High."

Young.

This is their doctrine, as well as that of pagans and Christians.

Now Ceridwen, as the Welch write and pronounce it, might as well be written and pronounced Sridun; which would then, in India, as I contend, mean the holy-hill. I do not recollect such an application to the mountain goddess Parvati, albeit so myrionymous. But it may well have immediate reference to her; not only in that character, but as the Sakti, or active energy, of Kala, the changer of forms; or, as the Welch term Ceridwen, the goddess of the renovation of life.

IN IRELAND.

Turn we now to our green sister—an island distinguishable by many contrarious epithets. But we are now to notice her only, or chiefly, as she exhibit, among her most endurable features, traces of Hinduisms—of having in her earlier day, like, as I contend, many other distant parts of the world, been inhabited by a race who had a language very similar to that found now to be known in India only.

In an earlier page we have been seduced into two
or three Hindi-Iricisms. A few more we now proceed to give without much attention to arrangement. Brevity is now of more importance:

Toomevara, a town. Toom is the common name of the Tunga river in the S. of India.—It joins its name and waters with the Budra, and is then usually called the Toombudra. These, in their joint course, commingle with the Krishna; and lose their name in his. Their several junctions are holy places. In another work I have related how my old Mahratta Brahman General Purseram Bhow, hazarded national interests to make a movement, with the immense army under his command, to the confluence of the Toom and Budra, that he and his holy brethren might be purified from an unhappy taint which they had unwittingly incurred. The Bhow was duly washed, and weighed against grain, clothes, and metals; which were given away in charity. I shall note these effects and cause no farther than just to mention that the extended taint originated in one of his holy mess having forgotten his semi-divinity in regard of a base-born comely cobbler's wife.—The termination of Toomevaru, has been before noticed as being similar to vara, or varahu; meaning a boar—one of the avatara, or descents, commonly called the incarnations of Vishnu. Var, or vara, is also a region, or quarter.

Caladuff — Ballaghy — Maghera — Killoscully — Ballina, with the river Moy near it "well stocked with fish." Mahi, sometimes pronounced moy, is a fish in some Indian dialects. The river Ban, near Coleraine. Ban is a rocket in India; and is not an
unlikely appellation for a rapid river. If the initial were changed to V, as is so common, it would have another eastern meaning.—Ballyshannon—Ballinasloe—Ballimany—Ballenagar—Ballinacally—Ballyneale—Ballyghadareen—Ballycallan—Balligorey—Ballynahinch—Balligowley—Ballyjourney.

These are names of places in Ireland. What bal or bali may there mean, I know not. In India, bal, or balu, is an infant;—Bali is a proper name. Hindús and Papists are equally attached to divine children: the first, to Krishna particularly. His infantine miracles and tricks are endless. I have scores of casts and pictures of him as a child—then called Balkrishna—some of them palpably papistical;—that is, would answer equally well in Balasore, Bally, or other Indian places so commencing, as in Ballimany, or Ballaghadareen, or Balligowley, in Ireland. See plate 59 of HP. for Balkrishna and his mother Devaki, which fully bears me out in this notion.

Gowley is a milk-maid in Krishinaics: what it may be in Balligowley I cannot tell. Balligorey is also Hindi—referring to gao, kine; or to Gauri, a name implying fairness.

Bambino is a name in Italy for the infant object of adoration. A bambino wooden image at the church of La S. M. in arca caeli, on the Capitoline hill at Rome—what different feelings arise from the ancient doings of the Capitol and the Bambino—works great miracles at this day. It was brought from heaven by an angel, &c. &c. in the usual style of mendacious audacity, that Hindús even, with
their heaven-descended wooden image (not I believe called Bambino) of Krishna at Jagannath, may not exceed. I am ignorant of the Italian word bambino, otherwise than as a sort of endearment. Possibly our ham, and bamboozle, may be derived from it.

The poetical banks and neighbourhood of Killarney, we have noticed in other places as abounding in Hinduisms. There are, farther, Ballydowney, and the river Galway, and Aghadoe, near by. In India such names would pass without notice; triflingly altered, perhaps, and perhaps not, in conversation, to Kalarni, Balidun, Kalava, &c. Maghery, a village in Armagh, would probably be Mahagheri in India, but pronounced as in Ireland, and would mean Great-hill. It seems to be near the river Blackwater. I wish I knew the name in Irish. It might sound, perhaps, like Kalinadi, or Krishna, or Kalirun—Indian rivers; having, like the Nile and so many others widely diffused, a blue or black meaning.

Tincurry is an Irish town. Tin or teen is very currently and extensively three in India; what it is in Irish I know not. Of curry I am doubtful, in the more immediate sense of the excellent dish, commonly so called by the English, in both countries. I may err, but I do not think the said dish is any where in India known by that name, out of the reach of English influence: that is, among untutored, unsophisticated natives. Kalis, or Kullis, is, I think, a common native name for a stew, and perhaps of a curry. But doubtless in the great refinements of Indian cookery—the Brahmans fancy
none can cook but themselves, and the Mahommedans are also justly proud of their attainments in that important branch of gastronomies—among, I say, such refinements, they have, doubtless, a sufficiency of discriminative appellatives for their varied viands. I was long in possession of a book on Cookery, said to have come out of Tipoo's kitchen. It was given to me by an old and much respected Seringapatam friend, Colonel Johnson, C. B. of the Bombay engineers, who obtained it on the spot. I long meditated a translation—but becoming less and less competent, I put it into the hand of an able friend, in the hope of getting it thereout for the uses of this volume. But it is not so. He has returned to India, and I have almost lost sight of him. If the Irish Tincurry were Tingurry, I should handle it differently. Curry, and Kurrie, occur in the names of places in India.

If I were to run my eye over a map of Ireland, I have little doubt but I could pick out scores, if not hundreds, of names of hills, towns, rivers, &c. looking and sounding very Hinduish. But I shall not do so now. The following, I observed, with two or three of the foregoing, in one Irish newspaper;—Anadown—Moycullen—Kilmoor—Kilaspuglanaru—(Kilas—pugli—naru are Indian words familiar to me)—Kicummin—Killiany—Seskeriam—Bulnagare—Kinvara—Adragool—Garrunina—Killala—Tonadronin—Kilerohan—Ringana. These names are very Indian.

At Kilcullen and Kilkenny, are two of those very curious round towers, the origin and uses of which
have so baffled the researches of antiquaries. I have not the means at this moment of ascertaining the number or position of these towers.¹ Those mentioned are the only specimens that I have had opportunities of examining; and very beautiful they are. If, on farther inquiry, they should all, or mostly, be found, like these two, connected with towns or hills, bearing KaLic names, it would be a somewhat curious clue for a farther line of investigation. Such things in India would be deemed Lingaic or Sivaic.

The first that I saw was that at Kilcullen, county Kildare. I was struck with its KaLic form: nor probably were other KaL-icisms overlooked—Kil-KuLlen—Kil-dare—or Kaladara? It reminded me of a similar erection on the fine island of Durma-putam, to the north of Tellicherry, on the coast of Malabar. To that, in early day, I have paid many social and festive visits. I was, I believe, the first—(and am, alas!—the only one left)—of the merry set who achieved the ascent to its summit. It was not very difficult to an expert and enterprising climber, and less so to my followers; as, in ascending, I picked out finger and (shoeless) toe-holes, for their accommodation. I have no notes of its size, or of any particulars connected with it. I was no noote-maker in those days, since which nearly half a cen-

¹ I have since found this note—Kilkenny, county, boasts of five of the round towers. They are at Canice—Tulloherin—Kilree—Fahretag, and Aghavillen. That at Kilcullen, near Kildare, (Kalada?) is about 50 feet high. Some are said to be more than 100.
tury has passed away. But its name—Katchaparamba—floats in my recollection—and that it was nearly solid at bottom, and for some yards up; perhaps to a half of its height or more. Some steps led down to a sort of cellarage or magazine, abounding in bats. The Irish towers are hollow from the ground to their open top, like slightly-tapering enormous round chimneys; or small, hollow, Martellos. Katchaparamba is near the S. E. angle of the river which divides the island from the land of Mayalavar, or Malabar. We considered it, from its commanding position, near the river, and its magazine, as of military origin.

Ireland abounds in dun, or don, or down, as the initial, final, or sole, of names of places: Dundalk, Doneraile, Downpatrick, County Down, &c. Near Killarney are Dunlo and Dundag. This I have deemed to be extensively connected with hill or mountain; and something has been, or is intended to be said, thereon, in another page.

Bumatty, and Ardnaree, occur as Irish names. Bhumati looks and sounds strangely Sanskritish: so is Ardnari, meaning half-man, or half-woman—a name, or Ardhanari, given to the mystically conjoined half-and-half persons of Siva and Parvati, of which representations are given in Pl. 24, and a history in p. 98 of the H. P. The one-breasted, Amazonian figure so conspicuous in the Elephanta cave is supposed to be Ardnari.

In a legend ascribed to Ossian, mention is made of a hero who was treacherously slain at an assemblage met to worship the Sun. "His wailing
dirge was sung, and his name is inscribed in *Ogum* characters, on a flat stone, on the very black mountain of *Callan.* This black *Callan* is about nine miles from *Ennis;* and to this day "a Druidic altar" is shown on it.

That the mysterious Irish *Ogum* characters have connexion with the mysterious *O'M* of the Hindús, I hoped to have shown in these pages, but fear I cannot. *O'M, Ogum, Ogham,* and *Agama* are closely cognate in radical sound. The last means, in Sanskrit, occult, obscure, mysterious, cryptic. The *Agama Sastra* is a portion of the Hindu Scripture which treats on those dark matters. In a former page, 151, I hinted that our doxological *Amen* and the Hindu *O'M,* might perhaps be found to assimilate. The Jews have an adage, that whoever repeat *Amen,* energetically, with all his might, opens the doors of *Paradise."

Lord *Monboddo* maintained that the ancient languages and mythologies of *Ireland* and *India* were much alike. In several, perhaps many, instances they certainly are. His Lordship may not be deemed very good authority: a better—one who was however deceived, not deceiving—traces, among many other coincidences, *Hibernia* to the Sanskrit *Juvernia,* the land of gold. But, dropping these topics, I will here offer a connecting link of Irish and Indian poetics, in the legend of the tri-union of the "three sisters of *Ireland, *" and the "three-plaited locks," the *Triveni,* of *India."

In earlier pages allusions have been made to the mysterious sanctity of *junctions*—of waters
especially,¹ in India called sangam — and to the ultra-mysterious holiness of the spot of union of three rivers. Only two of such potomaic tri-unities, I have noted as having occurred to me — but since such restrictive note was made, another, if not two other, Triveni, has occurred: in Africa and in South America. I will put the names of all in juxtaposition here — although I may confine myself, on this occasion, chiefly to the first two of these aqueous mythi—

In India— the Ganga, Yamuna, Saraswati —

Ireland— Barrow, Nore, Suir—

S. America— Cooiony, Massaroni, Essequibo —

Africa— Calebar, Delrey, Cameroon.²

The rivers of the upper line join at or near the city, which bears the modern Mahommedan name of Allahabad — the residence of the Most High. It is by Hindús called Prayaga, the union; and Devi-prayaga, the union of the goddesses. Allahabad is the capital of a province of the same name; which contains also the sacred city of Benares — and these two cities are still the most noted places of Hindu pilgrimages. The two first named rivers join visibly — the third, the Saraswati, somewhere under ground. Endless are the poetic and mythologic allusions to this Triveni, or "the three-braided locks."

¹ It is intended to add an Index — thither the reader is referred, if desirous of connecting the dispersed mention of matters in this volume.

² In p. 382 preceding, is a glimpse of another African Triveni — but I have not noticed sufficient of it to warrant farther remark here.
Three rivers joining must strike even an unpoetical or unsuperstitious observer or people, with some admiration—a junction of two is, indeed, not to be seen unmoved. And it is not to be supposed that so imaginative a race as the Irish, any less than their brethren of India, would let such phenomena remain unsung. We accordingly find the *sangam*, or *prayag*, or union of the rivers of the second line—the *Barrow, Nore*, and *Suir*—the “three sisters,” the *Triveni*, the “three-plaited locks” of *Hibernia*, near *Kilkenny*, her *Devi-prayaga*, duly celebrated in Hibernian poetics.

It is very probable that fables connected with this uncommon spectacle may be current among the Irish; not hitherto made known to a mere English eye or ear. Those of *India* are more easily accessible—Sanskrit is more studied than Irish. I should be pleased to be the means of directing the attention of any inquirer into the poetical histories—the “Faëry Legends”—of *Ireland*, to this probably fertile source:—and still more pleased if it tend, more and more, to identify the language and mythology of ancient *India* with those of ancient *Ireland*. We may, perhaps, find an Irish *Krishna*—(be it observed that *Krishna* in Irish as well as in Sanskrit is the Sun)—mysteriously twining the triple locks of his divine *Radha*. Of this attractive

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1 Thus Scott:—“And from the grassy slope he sees
The *Greta* flow to meet the *Tees*;
Where, issuing from her darksome bed,
She caught the morning’s eastern red.” —Rokeby.
subject I have seen many, and possess several, drawings and models.

The sources of the Indian and Irish rivers are, alike, contiguous: — and, after great divergence, alike mingle and unite their waters. The "Three Sisters of Ireland"¹ have been happy enough to number SPENSER among their tuneful admirers. He traces their birth to the embrace of the giant BLOMIUS — (had it been BUMIUS it would have suited us better) — with the nymph RHEISSA (would it had been RHADA)—and thus glances at their course and confluence in their wanderings towards the omnivorous deep:—

"The first, the gentle Shure, that making way
By sweet Clonnell, adorns rich Waterford;
The next, the stubborn Newre, whose waters gray
By fair Kilkenny and Roseponte board;
The third, the goodly Barrow, which doth hoard
Great heaps of salmon in her deep bosome—
All which, long sundred, do at last accord
To join in one, ere to the sea they roam:
So flowing all from one, all one at last become."

SPENSER composed his Faëry Queene in Ireland— in part, perhaps not all — in his abode at Kilcolman, near Doneraile. In that immediate vicinity are seen the hills of Ballyhoura, called by him "the

¹ The Hindu Tryveni, or conjoined river goddesses, is suitably represented in fig. 2, pl. 75. of the Hin. Pan.—a triple-headed-six-handed-one-bodied female, bestriding a fish. A nimbus surrounds the heads. It is from a very pretty subject, with appropriate tints, attributes, and symbols; as described in p. 429. of that work.
mountains of the Mole,” because, perhaps the river Mola or Mulla, which passes his abode, issues thence. The mountains of the Nagle are also in sight. Hindi names are here. Mola is a river of India, running past Poona. The remains of Spenser’s castle Kilcolman—Kalkalmani?—still “show high on the hill.” His great work is still justly appreciated by the family of Althorpe as “The glorie of their noble house.”

Let us here note a few more names of places in Ireland, looking and sounding like Hind-Irish-ia—Mullingar—Ballimacue—Ballycar—Bosmanagher—Dunkery, cavern, at the Giant’s Causeway (q. Dun-giri?) is a most mysterious and impenetrable fond; the entrance is by water only, under a natural pointed arch.

I recently read this announcement of a marriage in an Irish newspaper:—“At Kiltala, A. B. of Aglia, to C. D. of Ballingumboon.”—Ballangumboon!—what a fine name!—There is none other such name in Europe. In India some are very like it: Ballunbangam, for instance, among the Eastern Islands.

But with such fine old names as Ireland abounds in, such is the whim of our brethren there—as well as in America, and elsewhere—that we hear of places called Johnstown, Johnsonstown, Castle Blarney, or Blaney—I write rather at random. And, by the way, Blarney is not amiss.

Not, however, gentle reader, that you may expect a town or a castle, as the result of a visit to a place with such a handle or tail to its name. Arriving
late one evening at the mansion of a respected friend, living in such a town, as I supposed, I soon imbibed a high idea of the refinement and hospitalities of the inhabitants from the nature of my reception and entertainment at dinner, bed, and breakfast. And as I neither followed my friend’s noble pack of fox-hounds, nor sought any of his game, I expressed a wish for an opportunity of examining the antiquities and curiosities of art and nature with which ——’s Town might haply abound. But, as Yorick, hastening to drop a tear on the tomb of the hapless Amandus and Amanda, found, when he got thither, no tomb to drop it on—so I, at Johnstown, found no town to examine. My friend’s was a lone house: no other within a mile or more. It had, I learned, been built, but not—as I could perceive—quite finished, by his father: whose name, and my friend’s, was John. It is in the centre of a fine estate, and a noble house. The guests had little room to regret the lack of antiquities, or the absence of any thing desirable. I have not since drank better (nor more; aside) claret, champagne, or whiskey punch: nor met a heartier welcome from the natives of any town—good luck to them.

——— Ireland is, and has for ages been, essentially poetical. It may seem extravagant, but I can fancy the traces of Brahmanal language and usage spread widely over the surface of her territory and feelings. A gifted Hibernian neither thinks, nor speaks, nor writes like his more sober neighbours. Write or speak he on statistics,
his figures are tropes, not arithmetic—eloquence mingles with his calculations—the wild graces of poetry are mixed with the lucubrations of science. So in India—her history, physical, and natural, and moral, is intimately intermixed with her mystical theology; and all, even her numerous works on mathematics, and other branches of science, are composed and preserved in anapaests, dactylys, or dithyrambs.

Many of the lower Irish—a great many of them—are observed to be more intelligent, or—shall I say?—shrewd, than their compeers of England. May it not, in some wise, be attributed to this—that a great proportion of the Irish learn English? This is, of itself, an intellectual step, even when unconsciously taken. The mere acquisition of a second language, though imperfect, is a mental effort; and it may not stop there: it is one among the many materials in the composition of thought. The Irish are also, as I have said, more imaginative. I conclude their language to be more figurative, poetical, mythological, than mere English. This speech of a Dublin fishwoman to her neighbour, led me to think that in her native tongue a word exists equivalent to the Sanskrit argha, or rim of the Io ni—perhaps in sound as well as in sense:—"Lend me," said she, "your rim-o'-the-world, while I skreech half a hundred of oysters."—"Rim-o'-the-world!" this was a sort of sieve. Its circular form, and the containing property of its concavity, seemed to give it a relationship, in the familiar figurative flourish, to more remote and recondite things. The testaceous heroine
with her sieve, assumes, in one's imaginative eye, the attitude of a _Danaide_—another fifty-daughtered piece of poetics—(see p. 365.)—in which haply some more Eastern, if not Irish, fables might be found to coincide.

The religion too of the lower Irish tends to render them more imaginative. Lutheranism and Calvinism are more prosaic than papacy. We have few, or no, poetical legends; no recent miracles; no saint-ampoules; no tender adoration of the Virgin; no ladies of _Loretto_ or _Radna_; no gorgeous paintings, nor mysteries, nor processions, and all the fine eye-and-ear-tickling pageants and poeticalities of papacy.

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**IN NORTH AMERICA.**

Of North American places and persons, bearing names savouring of Orientalism, I have noted a few. We may first observe,—and lament if we list,—that the languages of the earliest races, who stood perhaps in the highest rank of uncultivated man, as well as those aboriginals themselves, have become nearly extinct. I know not where to seek N. American existing lingual archaisms. The few words which have occurred to me as names of places and of that description, are so fine, and Oriental in sound, as to cause regret that more are not accessible. Having in another page said a word on N. American names, intermingled with others, I require less prefatory
remark here—and have indeed but little to add thereto.

"The plains of the Saskatchewan,"—how Sanskritic!—*Sasa* (or *Sasin*) a hare—*Katchwa*, a tortoise—*van*, a vehicle. *Nootka*—*Ontario*—*Canada*—the river *Unjigah*—the heads of the *Miami*—the valley of the *Juniata*—the waters of the *Ohio*—the river *Scioto*—*Niagara*. The red men of the *Arkansa* and *Missouri*—the tribes of *Wyandoh*—*Delaware*—*Pownee*—*Osage*—*Michigan*—*Chactaw*—*Chickasaw*—*Collapisa*—*Mohican*—*Mohawk*—*Ottawa*—*Cherokee*—*Mohegan*—*Seneca*—*Kayuga*—*Oneida*—*Winebago*—*Saukie*—*Potawatomy*—*Maqua*—*Naragansett*—*Massawomakeh*—*Adirondack*—*Onandaga*—lake *Candaigna*—the rivers *Potapsco* and *Youghihogeny*—the towns of *Wapaghkenetta*—*Shubencadie*—*Pairaba*—the provinces or regions of *Kentucky*—*Alabama*.

*Maranon* is the native name of the river *Amazons*—*Madawaska*, that of *St. John's*—it runs through the finely named *Tamaskwata* lake before it loses itself in the Atlantic. *Kamoursaka* is the ancient native name of the country and river between *Quebec* and *St. John's*: and thereabout is the town formerly called *Michilimackinack*. Trivial alterations in the vowel sounds of these names will convert them into Sanskrit-looking, and Sanskrit-sounding, and Sanskrit-meaning words: and this remark applies to a very great majority of the words extracted with the corresponding view throughout this book.

As names of noted men these occur:—*Muscata*-miskakatch, or *Black-hawk*—*Wabukie*
sheik, or White-Cloud—Garangula—Pontiac—Tecumsah—Saguoaha—Pocohontas.

A few of these American names might lead one to suspect that a modern hand may have been at work on them: but, with very few exceptions, they are decidedly East Indian; some pure, admitting, with little or no altering, of ready translation—and all of them so fine in sound as to cause regret that so little of languages containing such fine words should have been preserved.

Arkansas—a river and territory. The red men of the Arkansa are before mentioned—and America has a red river; perhaps this. It is probable that colours would be found, if the meaning of American names could be traced, to be the source of many. I have not discovered a black water there—no Acheron, or Styx, or Kalanadi; so common in other regions. Sing-Sing, a state prison on the magnificent banks of the—Hudson!—What a bathos! What a name for such a river! Mrs. Trollope says, that "the Hudson can be surpassed in beauty by no river out of Paradise." In India sing or singha, is a lion.

The falls of Packagama, on the Mississippi—of Cahoons, on the Mohawk—of Ottawa or Ottawa-see—of Shuwenagan—of Housatonick—of the Potomac or Potowmac—the cataracts of Tequendama and Shenandoah—the last named river joins the Potomac, and affords some of the finest scenery in the Union.

America may be proud of such fine names—but we are compelled to read also of "Brownville on the beautiful banks of the Monagahala!" We may not so much reprehend the worthy citizens "Brown,
Smith, Jones, and Robinson," and others, giving their own suitable names to log-towns of their own creation. It is the nick-naming such ennobling and magnificent features of the fine country which has fallen under their prosaic sway that one is disposed to lament. It is a happiness that Niagara has not sunk into Smith's-falls or Tivoli.

The name of Kaleirama may at first startle one's eye or ear, seeking Sanskritisms—but it may be only a little display of classic lore on the part of the proprietor of a Belviderean spot near Washington. The last name ennobles any place any where. But we may be allowed to smile at some Uticarians and Cincinnatarians.

It may, however, with a race having nick-naming propensities, answer the purposes of village creators to give fine names to the sites of their huts. "We passed," says an anonymous traveller, "among a succession of places of minor importance, Rome, Syracuse, Canton, Jordan, Byron, Montezuma, Lyons, Palmyra—flourishing villages; but bearing no more resemblance to their namesakes than the meanest hovel to Windsor Castle." It were unreasonable to expect they should. The observation of the traveller might have been spared, and so may mine, that if one class of Americans see fit to sink the fine old names in their fine country and substitute mean ones, another class seems disposed to make some amends by introducing among them the titular grandeur of other regions.

An old map of America coming recently in my way, I have picked out the following; and think I
could thence, and from early gazetteers, pick out a hundred more of the same fine oriental sound:—
Schenectadi—Oswego—Tuscorora—Temiscaming—
Chomenchouan—Outagami—Paniasa—Nasoury—
Tamaroa—Caligoa—Imahan—Cadodakqui—Naniba—
Kalaoochi—Kallamak, river—Appomatok—
Metchigami, island—Alucapa—Kalamouchi. Such
names of places and rivers are not, perhaps, pre-
erved anywhere but in such old maps and gaz-
etteers. They have been erased, like those who
named them, from the geography and face of those
fair regions.

IN SOUTH AMERICA.

We will also quit them and descend to their southern neighbours; and glean first a few names of
a similar description from Temple's entertaining
"Travels in Peru." How few of the following
would, if they occurred in a map of India, as some
of them may, be suspected of being also Peruvian or
S. American. "The rapid river Tula"—"Province
of Cochabamba"—"Rivers Bermejo and Parana"
"The port of Arika"—"The extended lake of Ti-
ticaca, in the province of Puno, eighty leagues in
circumference, is situated in a high range of hills—the
hills of Cancharani and Laycacosta."—On
the eastern shores of the Titicara, in the district of
Larecuña, grows timber of the largest dimensions."—"The city of Chuquisaca," as spelled Spanish
fashion, is pronounced Chokisaka, and is pure Hindi. It is said to mean in the Quichua language, where it is written Choque-chaka, “bridge of gold.” The riches of the Incas, in their golden age, passed that way by Cusco.

“The romantically situated Indian village of Yocalla — here we saw rocks and mountains of more curious appearance, and more fantastic forms than any I had yet observed.” At any place, named Olokau, in whatever part of the world, I should expect to find such rocks and mountains: cleft, conical, spirocicular — with rugged chasms, fissures, and other “curious and fantastic forms”: whether in Peru, Greece, India, Africa, Scotland, or Ireland. But to proceed with Temple:—

“The port of Anacato” — “The town of Ourorú, famed for its mines of silver and tin — hence perhaps its name.” — Perhaps — but I know a village in India named very like it. “Sicasica, formerly a neat and respectable town.” “The stupendous Ilimani, the giant of the Andes.” Ili is a name of the mountain goddess of the Hindús, and mani is closely connected with another of her names — see p. 308. Ila is her sposo — “The giant of the Andes” is sometimes named Ilamani.

“A cholo of Cochabamba.” These female cholo, the original natives, are described as delectable creatures. I know not if they are called chuli, in the feminine: that word, in India, is peculiarly so. “The

1 How strangely this term, Indian, has been, and is, ban-died about!

2 N
province of Chayanta.” I should conjecture this to be, or to have been, well wooded. Chaya is the Hindu personification of shade. No other people have been so extensively poetical as to deify this greatest of all intertropical luxuries. Even in our boreal latitudes, what can sometimes exceed this source of enjoyment? I can scarcely refrain from giving a legend or two of this interesting goddess. Her adventures with the sun, are very charmingly narrated in Hindu poems. See some mention of her in H.P. But I have never seen any image or picture of her. Her name, changed sometimes to Sayeh, is extended through many eastern dialects; including Persian and other Mahomedan languages. Sayeh perwer means one “nurtured in the shade”—in obscurity—unintellectual—one on whom the sun of intelligence has not shone. Another compound, similarly derived, is sayeh miohn; meaning, perhaps, in the shade, or shade-caster. It is an awning, supported on poles, and stretched by ropes in front of, or between, tents or houses; or sometimes by itself—affording in all cases the luxury of shade. I have heard it called seminiana. Returning to Temple, we find in his second volume—

“The Corregidor of Tungasaca.” A complete Sanskrit compound. “The provinces of Paria and Tinta.” “An Indian named Thomas Calisaya, a native of Tiquina, arrived as a Canari, or special messenger, from Tupac Catari the Inca. He spoke no other language than Ayamara.” “The town of Sorata.” Our famed city, usually written Surat, is pronounced Sōrāt by natives. “The
curate of Pucarani." If this last name sound like Italian or Spanish, it sounds also Malabaric. "Itali
que, Moronoro, Collona, Colioni." Kalion, as remarked of other regions — Sanskrit and Greek.
"River gold from Chuyanta—native iron from Atacama—a vein of solid iron, barra—the town of
Salta."

"The province of Tarija" is described as little known out of S. America. Bones and skeletons of
enormous animals are found there; and until lately have been supposed and concluded to be human.
"Bones of the ancient giants of Tarija," are familiar words. Garcillaso, and others, gravely de-
scribe a race of giants, all males, on the borders of Atacama. Having excited the wrath of Heaven,
they were destroyed by thunder and lightning. Temple ii. 320. 1.

This race would have suitably matched the war-like inhabitants of an E. I. island, all females—
hence called Humazen. They are also called Striraj—or ruling women. Mention is made of them in
my volume on "Hindu Infanticide," p. 82. there supposed to have near relationship to the one-
breasted Amazons of the westerns, in that feature, as well as in name and fable.

Some speculations have been indulged in touching the supposed peopling of the S. American provinces
from the East. Temple would have fancied the natives of Chiriguano Chinese, had he seen them in
England. (His description is rather of the Malays.) "A circumstance," he says, "which supports the
theory that these parts of S. America were originally
peopled from the shores of the Eastern world.” 378. Whatever support such theory may hitherto have found, yet stronger will, I think, be derived from a comparative consideration of the remains of the earlier languages of both S. and N. America, still extant in the old names of rivers, mountains, towns, &c.

If one were to skim Mexico and Peru with this view, many confirmations might occur—I will here just note one—quoting from myself: — "Rama is also found in other points to resemble the Indian Bacchus. He is, notwithstanding his lunar appellation of Rama-chandra, fabled to be a descendant of the sun. His wife's name is Sita; and it is very remarkable that the Peruvians, whose Incas boasted of the same descent, styled their great festival Ramasitoa. In a charge delivered by Dr. Watson, afterwards bishop of Llandaff, to the clergy of the archdeaconry of Ely in May, 1780, are many curious and shrewd observations on oriental usages. He notices 'a string of customs wholly the same amongst people so far removed from each other as the Egyptians and Peruvians. The Egyptian women,' he says, 'make sacred cakes of flour, which they offered to the queen of heaven at their principal solar festivals called Raymi and Citua: the Peruvian women did the same.' Almost all the customs described as common to those distant people, the Egyptians and Peruvians, as well as that quoted, are Hindu customs; ancient and existing." Hin. Pan. Having mentioned the faithful Sita, one of the most interesting females in Hindu poetics, I will here note — though confessedly not much in place — that the alike interesting Sitti Maani, so pathetically mentioned by the traveller Pietro della Valle, and described as an Assyrian girl, would, from her name, lead one to think that she must have been a Hindu, rather than a Mahommedan—though she is said to have been born at Bagdad. Sitamaani, is Hindi.
"The village of Tolapampa." "The battalion of Ayacucho." "The village of Muyokiri." "The single hut of Mainara." "The wonderful valley:—from beyond Humuguaca to Jujui, a distance of nearly one hundred miles, the road continues in a deep and narrow channel that must have been scooped through the rocks and mountains at some remote period of the world, by means of an irresistible flood, of the power of which the human mind can form no conception." 420. Such a strait, so cleft by some violent disruption, would be dear to a mystic Hindu. It would be peopled by mythological inhabitants—and every cone and fissure would have its fable.

"——— There breathes no sound,
There waves no grove, no fountain music plays,
No river in the march of waters joys;
But Superstition lends her willing ear
To hail her fancied God."

"Thus Neptune in his ocean car appeared—
Apollo gloried in the realms of light—
And Dian, with her starry nymphs-begirt,
The Virgin soon inspired——

——at length Idolatry,
In sycophantic homage, knelt and prayed."—
The Messiah.

"The port of Yala." "Oran, on the river Vermejo—The post of Bajoda—The small hamlet of Simolar—The excellent port of Sinsacate." Thus far Temple's amusing "Travels in Peru."

Another writer mentions the "deserts of Huasco, Capiapo, Atacama, and Calama, and generally
between Coquimbo and Puyter”—all, I think, in Peru; but I have not noted the position nor the author.

I have lately seen a book announced by this title "Captain Andrews' Journey through ——— and Salta to Potosi—thence by the desert of Caranja to Africa."

"The desert of Caranja," in connexion seemingly with Peru, and the name of Oran occurring, as above, as the name of a place in that country, reminded me of the island of Caranja, forming part of the eastern side of the fine harbour of Bombay. Caranja is its common name among the English; and I have no doubt of its being a native word, although I can recollect no other place in India of that name, and I know no meaning of the word. But Oran is the common name among the natives; and is also the common Hindustani and Mahratta name for a desert; or a ruined, unfruitful, deserted, region or place. Oran is not, I believe, a very productive island—but it does not, I think, altogether deserve the name of desert. I know not if the neighbouring Mahratta continent be deserted, or infertile, or unpeopled. But here are the names of Caranja and Oran connected with the sense of desert, very closely and widely. There is also an Oran, a large town, of Algiers, in the province of Maskara: but not, that I know of, in any way connected with a desert: excepting, indeed, that when that town and fort have been, as they now are, held by a Christian power, the country beyond, and in the neighbourhood, has been so laid waste by the
Moors, as to be no way so well distinguished as by the name in question. When Spain held Oran, all its provisions and supplies were furnished by sea.

Conquerors, discoverers, and other innovators, of course, let their personal feelings operate in the substitution of new, for the old, names of places. Venezuela, or Little Venice, sounds not so much amiss as some of the substitutions of the Spaniards. Still its aboriginal name, Kokibakwa, which fortunately has not been lost, is, as Lt. Lismahago would say, more sonorous. The Spaniards, in their awkward orthography, write it Coquibaqua. I will here interpolate a name of a place near Venice—Malamoco—whose fine sound would do credit to either or all of the Italic, American, or Sanskrit languages.

Kalamarka, a ruined village in Peru, and Calaboda in the Caraccas, and Parana— are also Sanskrit, or Sanskrit-sounding names. Chimborado, I conclude to be also native. What a fine name for the glorious summit of S. America—sister to the giant of the Andes, Illamani. On the hilly, holy, island of Salsette, near—now, indeed, joined to—Bombay, is a beautiful spot named Chimboor. These names occur also, miscellaneously, as of S. America—Rio Colorado—Tulcahueno—Para—Colares—volcano of Antuco—Chamacasapa, in Mexico, has a series of mountainous caverns, through which subterrene rivers pass and re-issue. This last name is almost pure Sanskrit—Kama—Kasyapa.

A sangam, or junction of rivers, has been before
mentioned as mystical and sacred, with Brahmans and their followers: of three, profoundly so—see pp. 251-7. and pp. 409-12. I have there said that I knew of but two such—one in India and one in Ireland. But I now find a note of another such junction in S. America, and of a fourth in Africa; written, perhaps, since. Such triple junction is called in India, Triveni, or the three-plaited-locks. It is in the province of Guiana that the American Triveni is found, in the union of the Coioony, the Massaroni, and the Essequibo. At their confluence the Dutch had once a capital city, named after the last river. Her two first-named sisters join her—lovingly kiss her—or intertwine their locks—as they would say in India—about one hundred miles from their mouth. It would be curious if the natives of Essequibo—the Allahabad of America—were found to regard their triple junction with any feelings of superstition. I think it not unlikely. Such feeling would not, of itself, perhaps, be confirmatory of intercommunication, at some time or other, with their distant communities in India and Ireland; but coupled with other coincidences, although little else than lingual, it would go far to prove it, to minds not unreasonably sceptical.

The names of these S. American "three-plaited-locks," may not, as some think, materially aid my hypotheses. But I am disposed to think differently. The first—Coioony—I choose to spell Koloni; and it strikes at once. I should expect such a river or mountain in Malabar or Mysore. Massaroni, or Massaroni, is more like Italian, and I shall not attempt
to make much of it. I may note, however, that the smooth liquid sounds of the Italic are found extensively spread. If written Mahasaroni, it may pass for an E. Indian, as well as for a S. American, or an Italian name. Of Essequibo I shall attempt less. It is probably pronounced Askibhu: on which something Sanskritic might be hung. But let it pass. Also the plain of Corazan, blazing with a volcano, and watered by the Cauca.

In Guiana I have farther noted these few E. Indian sounding names — the province of Cumana — mountain Tumucurang—(Rānga is a name of Siva). The rivers Maroni, Paramaribo — (Para is a name of Siva's consort)—Arawary, Mana, Yapura, Guaviari, Caroni.

Since the preceding was in print, a few more fine E. I. sounding names in Guiana, have fallen under my notice, which deserve to be retained, as trivial; even if we insist on a classification Greco-Romaic. Most of the following refer to Nat. Hist. — the parentheses are interpolations of a slightly altered orthography to render the names more strikingly Oriental.

"The maipoori (mahapuri) manati, or river-cow, grazing on the leaves of the Caridor (Karidur) tree." — "The jaguar—the black hannagua—the mighty-billed toucon—the mighty camoodi—the aboma, or boa." "The laburri is nearly as poisonous as the conacoushi, horrible reptile. The hideous pipa, or guinea frog—the paco, a delicious fish, of the same
genus as the cartaback, and waboory; and omah or perai, deservedly dreaded by swimmers. The wurwureema is a tetrodon. The cayman—the sweet scented hyawa—logs of ducolltubola, rivalling mahogany—the bouracourra, or letter-wood—the tough hackea—cassava bread—the querryman, a fish—(kerimani)—the worali poison—the harmless liquor pywarree. The melancholy note of the houtou—marabuntah, a wasp—the roots of the water-poisoning hyaree.”

The preceding are taken from the early pages of Alexander’s Transatlantic Sketches: wherein mention is made of the three rivers joining their waters about 100 miles from the Atlantic, and of Bartika, at their confluence.

The large town of Paramaribo seems to have retained its fine old name throughout Batavian influences—also the lake Tappacooma. The tribes of Arrawak—(Wallabanari, an Arrawak chief)—and Accaway, Carib, Wurrow, and Macoushi, deserve also this transient notice: so do the fine rivers Oro-noko and Atchasalaya: the last I believe is N. American. Nor will I aver that, in other instances, I may not, through ignorance or inattention, have misplaced towns or rivers. Neither will I here claim for the following extract the most appropriate place. But coupled with the submergent junction of the Saraswati and Ganges, before mentioned, a similar phenomenon is recorded of the Alpheus and Arethusa,

1 Intended chiefly as a peg, on which to hang an Alpheusian note.
in the 8th Idyllium of Moschus; thus rendered by Elton, in Valpy's edition:

"From Pisa, where the sea his flood receives,
Alpheus, olive-crowned, the gift of leaves
And flowers, and sacred dust, is known to bring
With secret course, to Arctusa's spring:—
For plunging deep beneath the briny tide,
Unmix'd and unperceived his waters glide.
Thus wonder-working Love, with mischief fraught,
The art of diving to the river taught." Clauss. Lib. xxx.

IN NEW ZEALAND.

A few names of places, persons, &c. of the like connexion with the foregoing, spread widely over the surface of our globe, I will, somewhat more miscellaneously, notice, in conclusion of this subject, and Head of our Fragments. From Nichols' voyage to New Zealand, these:—TARAPEEDO—TURREEGUNNAH—DUATERRA—KORAKARA—TARA—WARAKEE—names of men. Wytanghee—Wycaddee—Wye-mattee—rivers. Wy, Wye, Wahi, pronounceable, I suppose, nearly alike, seem extensively applied to rivers. Of places, these names occur in New Zealand: Cororadikee—Kororadika—a port and district; perhaps the same name—Mooreree, lake—Wangerao, harbour—Tudukacka, a district—Eoracky, a landing-place—Rangeho, a village. Hevee is a bone. The New Zealanders are said to have the legend of the formation of the first woman from a rib of the first man. Their supreme deity is MAWHEE-RANGA-
Ranga. Ranga, we have before seen, is a name of Siva, and Maha as a common prefixure (meaning The Great) to his name. Sri Ranga, I have, on another occasion, surmised to be the origin of Seringapatam or Srirangapatam, the town of the holy Ranga; and Ranghi is his consort. Under these names and character, they are the deities of tears and lamentations, as is emphatically noticed in p. 345 preceding, without advertence to this. Now mark—"Heckotoroo, god of tears and sorrows, with his wife, form the constellation Ranghee," among the New Zealanders: but which that is, Nichols has not said. Teepockho is their god of anger and death—(Tripura is so connected in Hindu mythology)—Towackhee of the elements—Mowheemooha of the earth—Mowhee-botakee of diseases.

IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS, &c.

Of the Sandwich Islands I find this note—"the towns of Honoruru, Hawai, Oahu, sound Hinduish. The

And, among some miscellaneous matters, in the form of queries, these:—Trasalgar?—May not an orientalist find in these three syllables reasonable tracery from the farther east? Tra, or tre, or tri—ful, or phal, or phul—(flower or fruit)—gar, ghar. Triphalghar may, I think, be so traced to a meaning. Bucephalus?—of the "Macedonian madman"—may it be from Bhuesphal? Will the Spanish or Greek yield such etymologies as might be found in India? A horse may,
religion seems to border on Hindu legends: they have a god Taroa, of whom some Krishnaic stories are related. He assumed a polyandric character, as he, in his ubiquity, wandered, wiving, from island to island, lived in a shell, &c.

indeed, be thought to take a name rather from kine than fruit. Bu is bucolic, both in India and Greece;—and I admit that Bukephalus partakes more of Greek than Sanskrit;—but it partakes of both. Ox-headed is a likelier derivation than any florescent source. Aksa, in Sanskrit, is an ox. "Whence Hymettus?"—Some one has said, "from the blood of Python;"—but I know not who or where; and I am not learned enough to trace whence. The honied hill may not be sufficiently lofty to warrant a derivation, in that region, similar to the Haimala of northern India; which is supposed to be from haim, or huima, snow, or snowy. Strongly or mildly aspirated, ancient and modern Greek may perhaps furnish words—Khima?—Khion?—of nearly similar sound and meaning. "Arcadia?" Arghadia, or Arghadeva? the holy or divine Argha? a word implying a mystical union of the Linga, IOni, and their receptacle—not readily explainable, nor, it is admitted, very applicable. "Cleopatra?" Kaliya-patra, or putra? If the first, or Kaliapatra, we may note that patra in India is almost synonymous with patera in idolatrous Europe. Patra refers also to a leaf, of which the earliest of such articles were probably made. Leaves of the plantain, and of the banian tree, and others, are still used in India as plates for eating off, and for many other culinary, and even sacred, purposes. If putra, the word means offspring, children. Here, again, not very applicable—by me. "Will the Scandinavian regions yield any thing in this line of conjectural etymology?" I have not sought—and do not expect that many Hinduisms would turn up therein. In Sweden, Upsala, IOnkoping, Calmar, might be noted.
IN THE TONGA ISLANDS.

Anamooka is described as a town in Tonga-tabu, one of those islands: Mataboole, a counsellor, companion, and chief minister of state. These words are East Indian. The name of the island is said to denote a holy place—one devoted to divine purposes. In India, tonga means strong, and we have seen it, p. 403.—or Tunga, as the name of a river in the Dekkan. Tapu is so near Tabu, as fairly to claim close relationship, if not identity. It has, I believe, some connexion with tapas, worship, adoration,—see p. 273. and Index. Tapu is said also to mean island, in Sanskrit; and that Tapu-rawan is another name of Ceylon—the island of Rawan. The ten-headed, twenty-armed tyrant, king of that classical island, was so named, or Rawena; whose rape of Sita, the Helen of the Ramayana, is the theme of that epic, as the rape of Helen is of the Iliad. From Tapurawan some have derived Milton's

"—utmost Indian isle, Taprobane."

IN ABYSSINIA.

From the work of Mr. Salt I have taken a few names and subjects connected with mine. I have noted that his work was not searched narrowly, and that fewer such occurred than I expected. Here are some—Antalow—Bora—Salowa—Saharti—Cali
—Chelicut, p. 347. Gorura—Agora, 354. 9. "river Wadi, near the town of Gullibudda"—Garima, 399. The preceding are names of places. "Gomari is the hippopotamus," 354. At p. 341. are some characters cut in stone, in "fragments of inscriptions found at Yeeha, amidst the ruins of the monastery of Abba Asfe." Among the characters are No. 4. of line D. of Pl. V. of this volume, which, in pp. 302. 3. 4. preceding, has been called the Ramaic and Theban plow;—also 5 and 16 of line A,—Hindu sectarian distinctions. Also 2 of B. the trisula or trident of Siva, inverted, as when Neptune "the illustrious earth-skaker," — the "tamer of horses," who is sent by Homer to "Ethiopia's sons"—struck the Attic soil with his. As well with 2 of B., that extensively classical subject is more or less connected with 5 to 18 of that line; 20 of A. and 10 of E.

In the two next pages, 342. 3. of Mr. Salt's work, more of these characters occur, cut in and raised on stone, which are still mystic in India. I shall here note only another inverted trident, such as B. 16. with the middle limb elongated. Mr. Salt supposed them to be "part of an old Ethiopic^1 alphabet.

^1 If it should prove correct what has recently been said, that discoveries have led to the conclusion that the Brahmins (of India and of Egypt?) had in days of yore eighteen languages, each appropriated exclusively to one line of subjects; of which we have hitherto learned only one language, viz. that devoted more particularly to mythology, or religion;—if this important fact should be confirmed, a very wide door will be opened, through the mastery of such lin-
bet; some of them being precisely the same as are in use at the present day; and others exactly those met with in the inscriptions at Axum." But the page is approaching when our Pl. V. must be more particularly described.

"To the north of the 'Shiho," says Mr. Salt, "are found people called Mara, Boja, and Manda. Beyond these are the Juma-jum, and the Beja-rubroo. Other tribes are distinguished by the names of Batmala, Karob, Barrooom, Adamur, Subderat, Ummara, Barea, Hallingataka—a road leading to Gella Guro and Hamazen—northward lie the Kót and Saharan,
gual vestibules, to an extent of investigation which may, in its results, develope very strange, curious, and important things—and, let us hope, among them, historical and other truths.

'Siva is, in the southern, western, and, perhaps, other parts of India, corruptly pronounced Sheo, and otherways Seo, Seu, and Siv. A conical hill, among the highest, on Bombay, and the most northern is (almost of course) named after this elevated family. Natives generally call it Seo or Sheo—very nearly the Shiho above. The Portuguese built a fort on it, which we keep up. It used to command the passage between Bombay and Salette, and served as a check on the Mahirattas of the latter island. We always write it Sion, and pronounce it as we do the name of our "holy hill." It was probably so called by our predecessors. The Abyssinian river Shiho may be Sheo, and, like the Nile, named from a colour. Hence Niger, Negro, Nila, Kala, Blackwater, Behr al abaid, or White river, the Euphrates, and other well-known waters—the Red river, Blue river, &c. of North America—of which I have not learned the native names—the Yellow river of China—and others, denoting a very extensive spread of such potamic baptism. Of this something has occurred before. See Index.
stretching towards Dobarwa—the burning regions of Tehama—the districts of Hamazen, Kote, Seakh, Serawe, Mahwalla, Halai, Tsama—the river Mun-nai.” 441.3.

“The following names of districts in Amhara, mentioned by Ludolf, were recognised by intelligent people at Chelicut:—Anbasit—Barara—Daj Demah—Makana—Zaramba—Wara—Wudo—Wainadga.” 492.3.

“A species of falcon is named Godie Godie, which I believe to be nearly allied to the Sacre.” App. xliii. “The Abyssinians entertain a singular superstition respecting this bird.” Salt describes it, and adds—“from this, and its resemblance to those so frequently met with among the hieroglyphics of Egypt, I am led to suspect that this species may answer to the sacred hawk of that country, so venerated by the ancient inhabitants.” Ib.

That the Godiegodie of Habesh, and the Garuda

1 Of another Hamazen, see something in p. 423.

2 Mani is an alligator in Malabaric. I have somewhere an account of the killing and eating an alligator in Malabar—in which exploit I, in my early day, was a principal performer. I have a vivid recollection of the feat; and of making a hearty supper off its tail and tongue, which were very good. Lately eating, for the first time, roasted sturgeon, I was strongly reminded of the alligator rump-steaks. It was at Morakona, a fort and post where I commanded in 1787, near Tellicherry, a region abounding in alligators. The four or five festive associates in this exploit—the most exhilarating in which I was ever engaged in the sporting line—are all food for other reptiles: “Eat and be eaten” is Nature’s grand law.
—commonly called Garoor or Gorora—of India, the Ibis, or sacred hawk of Egypt, and the mythological Eagle of western pagans, are one and the same bird, the coincidences of name, character, and legends, amply testify. Not perhaps the same species, but all of the falco tribe. With the exception of the serpent, no other genus of animal has, probably, spread itself so widely over the surface of superstition—the religion of feeble minds—as the eagle.

Concluding this long Head or series of my Fragments, very much longer than I had anticipated—intended to exhibit the great extension of Hinduisms—lingual and legendary—I desire to repeat that such coincidences might be collected; and many, no doubt, stronger than are here given, to an exceeding great amount. Such as I have noted have occurred, unsought, in the currency of desultory and confined reading. The mass of miscellaneous matter crowded into this third series of Fragments might have been variously divided and headed: but such arrangement would have caused greater expansion, where typographic condensation is found more expedient.
FRAGMENTS—FOURTH.

DESCRIPTIVE ACCOUNT OF THE PLATES IN THIS VOLUME.

The little history of the Plate given as the Frontispiece is this:—I had been some time thinking of having a conceit, heraldic, perhaps, or allegorical, engraved as a distinguishing mark of the volumes on my book-shelves—I may not use the language of the great, and call my room by the dignified name of "Library." But, through the kind, long-continued courtesy of literary friends who have obligingly presented me with their valuable and duly esteemed works—some of them condescending to accept my poor things in very inadequate return, save of courtesy and good-will—from this source, and from that of being a reviewer of some forty years' standing, and an occasional contributor to periodicals (and not on such occasions receiving money but books) I have, without buying to any extent, become possessed of a good many volumes. While concocting something to paste into them for the purpose mentioned, the pretty tail-piece in p. 103 of the curious little volume by M. Ouvarooft—"An Essay on the Mysteries of Eleusis,"—met my eye.

It struck me as being nearly what I wanted; and I waited on the spirited publisher, Mr. Rodwell of Bond Street, and asked his permission to have the idea of the Goddess and Cube lithographed, to suit (with, probably, some alterations and additions) my said purpose. Although an entire
stranger, personally, to Mr. Rodwell, he very politely presented me with the plate, to do what I pleased with.

But, after every search, the copper could not be found. My sense of the courtesy and liberality is, however, the same; and I take this occasion to return my due thanks to Mr. Rodwell.

I proceeded then to have the impression re-engraved, with certain alterations; retaining, indeed, little else than the conceit of the Cube and the goddess—say Ceres, or the Genius of Grecian Literature, removing the veil which has so long hidden the secrets of Egyptian and Hindu lore. On two sides of the lithic cube, forming the seat of Ceres, are represented in M. Ouvakoff’s plate, the now well-known colossal triune Elephantine bust, taken from Niebuhr (Voy. in Arab. ii. 25)—and the head of Isis, from an ancient Egyptian brick, of which Count Caylus has given the figure, in his Recueil d’ANTIQU. IV. p. xv.

When I had proceeded some length in my engraving, being well pleased with the conception and execution, I determined, not only to place it in my books, but, in the hope that it may also please my readers, to give it as a Frontispiece to my unpretending volume.

Kind Reader—if you will take the trouble to turn to our Frontispiece, you may see the Genius of Grecian Literature, if you please, or Ceres, or Isis, or Sri—the goddess—revealing the hidden things of India and Egypt. She is uplifting that veil which has hitherto obscured them. On its hem are written those barbarous and unintelligible words which some writers on the Eleusinian mysteries say concluded them, by being whispered into the ear of the terrified aspirant.

If a solution of these words be sought, it must be in the languages of India; where also must be sought—extended to Egypt and hidden in her hieroglyphics—an explication of the mysteries themselves:—and where, I am disposed to believe, more of Christianity will be also found—as well historical as doctrinal and mystical points—than has hitherto been suspected.
For the central word in this mysterious trivetal phrase कोने ओम हाँ, the reader will perceive I have substituted the Hindu mysterious triliteral word AVM. He may well be alarmed, if the fact be new to him, that on this almost in-essible word—best expressed in our letters by AUM, but in our spoken language by O'M—volumes have been written. I will relieve him by asking leave to write only a few lines thereon.

It is called emphatically the monosyllable. "I AM," says Krishna, in the Gita, "of things transient, the beginning, the middle, and the end: I AM the monosyllable among words: amongst harmonious measures I AM the Gayatri."

As the Gayatari will be presently noticed as forming a portion of our Frontispiece, I will, in the quotations or allusions respecting O'M, include some mixed up therewith. These from Menu—"A Brahman, beginning and ending a lecture on the Veda, must always pronounce to himself the syllable O'M."

"Brahma milked out, as it were, from the three Vedas the letter A, the letter U, and the letter M, which form by their coalition the triliteral monosyllable—together with the three mysterious words, bhur, bhuma, and suer." (These words mean earth, sky, heaven.)

"From the three Vedas, also, the Lord of creatures, incomprehensively exalted, successively milked out the three measures of that inessible text, entitled Gayatari."

"The triliteral monosyllable is an emblem of the Supreme; but nothing is more exalted than the Gayatari." Inst. c. ii. v. 74. 76. 83.

Among the many curious results of investigations into the mystic religion of the Hindus, may be classed the fact that "the barbarous and unintelligible words," in the mysteries of Eleusia, are in fact Sanskrit.

Kanscha, काण्छ, signifies the object of our most ardent wishes. O'M—ओम is, as we have shown, equivalent (and connected with many other things) to our Amen. Paksha, हाँ, signifies change, duty, fortune. The last word, paksha, is pronounced vaksh and vact in the vulgar dialects; and from it
the obsolete Latin word *vix* is, as Mr. Wilford says, obviously derived. From this gentleman's Essay, Art. XIX. in the fifth vol. of *As. Res.*, this notice of the Sanskrit *Kansa* *O'm Paksha*, as the manifest source of the *Konx Om Pax* of *Eleusis*, is taken. The words have in Sanskrit many other separate meanings—connectedly perhaps, not much. It was not for their meaning that they were selected by the Hierophant of *Eleusis*; but probably as being barbarous and unintelligible—"*ignotum per ignotius*.

We will dismiss this copious subject with the remark that the monosyllable is equivalent to, if not identical with, the *Alpha* and *Omega*—the *IAM*, *IAMD*, and other mysticisms of later Westerns, as has been before hinted in p. 151, and as are variously represented in line E of Plate V.

Of the revealing figure *Sri*, or *Ceres*, or *Isis*, and her mystical veil, and its heretofore unexplained triveral phrase, including its ineffable medial triliteral monosyllable, we shall here take no farther notice. She has declared that she "Is all that is, or was, or shall be"—O'Mnia—"and that her veil no mortal had been able to uplift."—See p. 289.

We descend to the cubiform seat of the goddess. Around one of its sides we read the ineffable, the holiest, verse of the *Veda*—the exalted *Gayatri*. It is called the "Mother of the Vedas." It occurs several times in those venerated books, addressed apparently to different deities. That addressed to *Surya*, or the Sun, appears to be considered as the principal, or most profound. It occurs in the *Sama Veda*, as revealed to the great sage *Viswamitra*, and has been thus translated by Mr. Colebrooke:—"This new and excellent praise of thee, O splendid Sun! is offered by us. Let us meditate on the adorable light of the divine Ruler—may it guide our intellects." Another version enjoins meditation on "that divine and incomparably greater Light, which illumines all; delights all; from which all proceed; to which all must return; and which alone can irradiate our intellects."

This text must not be articulated, even by a Brahman. It must be meditated in solemn silence. The fine conclusion of
THOMPSON'S Hymn would find a ready echo in the breast of a pious Hindu—

"I lose myself in Thee—in Light ineffable—
Come then, expressive silence, muse His praise."

Such silent musing a Brahman, as mentioned in p. 366. calls Yep. This must suffice of the Gayatri.

We proceed now to the three-headed bust, so ineffably surrounded. NIEBUHR, I believe, first exhibited an engraving of the Elephantine Colossus to Europe, in his Voy. en Arabie, &c.—Amsterdam, 1780. It may seem strange that the English should have remained possessed of the island on which is the wonderful cavern temple, containing this subject, many years without (as far as I know) publishing any engraving or description of it. The island, named by the Portuguese after a gigantic elephant rudely detached in stone, is in Bombay harbour, six or seven miles east of the town. My old and learned friend, MAURICE, copied it from NIEBUHR, as the Frontispiece of his first vol. of Ind. Antiq. and descanted on it very profoundly. It has since often been engraved and described.

My visitings to it and the fine cavern, of which (among hundreds—may I not say thousands?—of other figures) it is the main and most conspicuous object, have been frequent—beginning with 1784, and ending, I think, in 1804. I have wandered socially and alone, through every part of the cave, and pored and pondered on every subject. I have painfully circumambulated the island at the water's brink; and, as I believe, found excavations on which no European eye had before rested. I have, within the cave, written descriptions of each group, and almost of every figure; and have returned to read my expanded notes, before each, to verify them. I have examined the Colossal bust with NIEBUHR's plate in my hand, and a note therein marks my opinion of its inaccuracy and insufficiency.

In such moods I have farther resorted to a ruined temple
at the apex of a sea-chafed promontory, on the other, or western, side of Bombay, called by us Malabar Point. Such promontories, or tongues, are mystical, being of the form of a Linga, or delta. This Point, and the subject to which I am about to call the reader’s notice, are mentioned in p. 324, preceding.

On one of those occasions, removing, with the assistance of half-a-score stout men, the ponderous stones thrown ruinously about, as blasted in early days, by the idol-hating (!) Portuguese, I was delighted at the turn-up of a beautiful model of my favorite study at Elephanta. It was, like its gigantic type, considerably mutilated. I, of course, brought it away triumphantly—not much considering what right I had to do so. But it had lain buried long before our time; and my “Eureka!” was not to be damped by “considering the matter too curiously.”

I brought it to England—and, after having been some years deposited in the museum at the East India House, it now surmounts a four-sided pyramid, at my humble abode in Suffolk. Diminutive as my pyramid is, compared with its archetypal Sveagptic Lingi, my miniature bust is no less so in reference to its gigantic original. It is however, I conjecture, a ton or more in weight; and it is more mutilated than is indicated in the plate. It is a fine specimen of—or subject for—the mythiarchæology of India.

My rural pyramid supports also, imbedded in one of its sides, another stone, similarly raised to light, from beneath the ruins of the same temple. It is a full-length; sedent—four-armed—three-headed. The bust is given in No. 4. of line H, of Pl. V. of this vol.

Of the nature of these triunities, of their histories or allusions, I shall here say little. They have been extensively discussed elsewhere. In former pages, the words Trimurti, Triform, Trienei, of nearly like meaning, have occurred;—the first, a visible union of the great powers, or attributes, of Creation, Preservation, and Renovation;—the last, of their active energies, personified as rivers. Under those words in the Index which it is intended to append to
this vol., references to what may occur on those subjects in its pages will be found.

On the Egyptian side of the pyramid-containing-cubic-throne of SRT, I shall here be all but silent. I have, indeed, made a poor attempt to say something connectedly on the subject of Hindigeptic hieroglyphics; but not satisfactorily to myself—and I spare my reader. Of the pyramid comprehended in the square, containing the eternal sol-lunar symbols and aspiring scarab, with humanity strangely prostrate, he will think what he please.

It remains to say a word on the smoking, not burning, mashaul or torch beneath the cubic pedestal: and I shall only say that the composition having been originally intended for a library distinction, the reader may not, it is hoped, be disposed to be severely critical. He will not suppose that the humble wight whose name is there, or elsewhere, scarcely distinguishable, presumes to think that he can raise the torch that is to relume the obscure subjects above him. He can, at best, be the mashalji, who may haply serve to light the path to others; himself obscured and bewildered in the smoke. This must suffice as to the Frontispiece.

Pl. I. p. 6. and Pl. II. p. 13. are there sufficiently described; and so is Pl. III, in pp. 22 and following, as far as No. 8 of that plate. Nos. 9, 10, it is said, in p. 34, would be farther noticed. I have now, therefore, to add that No. 9 of Pl. III. is a fac-simile of a sard in the collection of Sir Gore Ouseley. It contains the name of the Deity, اللہ Allah in relief, on a dark ground. Within the letters which compose that holy word, the whole of a venerated text of the Koran is most minutely, but clearly, cut.

This text or sentence is well known by the name of Ait ul Kursi, or "the verse of the throne." It occurs in the 3rd Sect. of the 2nd Sura, or chapter, entitled Al bakrat, or "the Cow." It is such a favorite as to be worn more, perhaps, than any other of the Koran, on the persons of Mahommedans, as a talisman or phylactery—either written on paper, or engraved on stones and gems.
The *Ayat al Kursi* is deservedly a favorite. The original is said to be unsurpassed as a magnificent description of the Divine Majesty. It is thus rendered by Sale—disclaiming equality with the dignity of the original:

"God!—there is no God but He.—The living, the self-subsisting. Neither slumber nor sleep seizeth Him. To Him belongeth whatever is in heaven and on earth. He knoweth that which is past, and that which is to come. His throne is extended over heaven and earth; and the preservation of both is no burthen to him. He is the High—the Mighty."—I. 47.

The *teshdid* at top contains the initial sentence of the Koran, and of all its chapters—save one—as is noticed in p. 28. preceding, where the sentence is given at length, with some observations. The text is continued and completed in the other limbs of the name Allah: and in the concluding part, or zamama, on the left, are inscribed the same name, and the names of the "holy family," as given in p. 25. No. 9 of Pl. III. might, perhaps, have been made to contain as much as the sard; but if we had so crowded in the whole, no ordinary eye could, unassisted, have read it.

No. 10 of Pl. III. is from the same Collection. It is a fine red cornelian, on which the words *Ya Ali* are raised; and in the letters is cut, in very minute Arabic, the whole of a text known to Mahommedans by the title of *Nad i Ali*—its first words. Its finals *O Ali* are on the stone. In the two dots under the *Ya* is the date of the engraving, "1207 of the Hijri," as I find it written by my right honourable and respected friend.

Orientalists, who see that to complete the invocation two more dots are in strictness wanted, will be aware that although on stone such completeness may be looked for, yet, in writing, the dots under the *ye* final are seldom seen. As a final they are not required; that letter being then so unlike any other. As an initial *z* or a medial *z* it is so exactly like others—*z*—*z*—*z*—*z*—*z*—*z*—equivalent to our *b*, *p*, *t*, *n*, and *th*, as to require the diacritical di-
tinction. But in current writing the points are omitted or misused, to the great perplexity of students and unpractised readers; and must doubtless give great scope to the varying readings of important words in languages—including the Hebrew, and all? which you read from right to left—where a dot, or two, or their position, entirely alters the whole sense of a word, and of a sentence.

The Nad i Ali, or "Praise of Ali," will come again under our notice. And this must suffice of what I had to offer in addition on the curious subjects, as I deem them, of Pl. III.

The top subject of Pl. IV. is an antique flat Egyptian pebble of the same size; well cut, and in fairer preservation than the ill-worked—though well-engraved—stone indicates. It represents two Ibis' with their necks crossed, in a billing attitude. Loti, probably, in bulb and stalk, in different stages of efflorescence or expansion—minutia equally dear to Egyptian and Hindu mystics—compose, with two stars, the contents of this subject. This is the only lithograph in my volume. It has been done some years. But the dissertation, or Fragment, that this pebble was meant to illustrate is not ready: and if it was I could not find room for it.

The central subject, the seal of the Fraternity of St. Lazarus of Jerusalem, at Burton Lazars in Leicestershire, has been already described.—See pp. 76 to 80. The "something hereafter" of pp. 79, 80, on the position of the Saint's fingers, and the ovals and cones of the middle and lower subjects of Pl. IV. will be briefly noticed presently.

Pl. V.—This uncoth-looking plate was got together to illustrate, among other things, a Fragment expressly on the matters more or less connected with the form and sound of IO—extended to IOai. This has been hinted at in earlier pages; and a peculiarity in the printing of those forms and sounds will, probably, have been noticed. But it has been easier to fill the Plate, than to finish my Essay. The latter I have not done at all to my satisfaction. It is too long,—and must be severely abridged. But even in that—not easily acquired—form it would be far too long for admission in this
volume; whose end I am, somewhat unexpectedly, but not unwillingly, approaching. I cannot omit the Plate, as it has been often referred to. Another subject which it was intended to illustrate was a comparison of the early Christian Gnostics, with their congeners namesakes, the Nastikas of India. The similarity of their tenets and proceedings—some of them abominable—is striking. It can now be noticed, if at all, but incidentally.

As in Pl. 2 of the Hindu Pantheon I crowded together nearly a hundred subjects of Hindu mystagogy, connected with their various "Sectarian marks or symbols"—so in Pl. V. of these poor Fragments, I have collected half as many more—strange-looking things, haply—Indian, Egyptian, Grecian, Christian—not bearing exclusively on any one topic, but still connected more or less with each other. For, indeed, all mythological subjects or allusions tend immediately to, or are derived from, the sun and moon; or rather the sun only. Beyond this it is religion—and a portion of the true religion. It is "That Greater Light, whence all come, whither all tend—which alone can enlighten us;" the sublime substance, as we have recently seen of the most venerated text of the Veda.

We have seen it hinted in earlier pages how extensively prevalent the sound IO is fancied to be—lengthened into IOai, and varied in IOnia, IOuno, and a hundred other instances. And it seems to be as mystical as prevalent. Some speculators write the lengthened sound Yoni, and it may be the best way. Others differently; but all are pronounced, perhaps, nearly alike. It has suited an hypothesis of mine to print it IOai; with the view of connecting the sound, and, more or less, the sense or allusion, or obscure relationship, as well as a certain form or hieroglyphic, with an extensive range of words; a few of which have occurred and are typographically indicated in this volume.

This vowelic sound, variously terminated, I have fancied to have travelled from India to Egypt; and that it may, duly investigated, furnish some clue to the hieroglyphics of Egypt; whence, through Greece it has made its way to
Europe—to England;—leaving, like the meanderings of a snail, intermediate traces: those traces, in form and sound, having a cognate tendency, as well as uniformity of origin.

I shall here scarcely hint at the suspected source of all the mysticism of this figure, as represented rudimentally and combinedly in line A of Pl. V. in all its numbers, save perhaps 17—in other lines also of that Plate. Ignorant persons are prone to imagine profundities where obscurities only exist. This may be the case with me and my Plate, and its supposed sources—and were I to expati ate on it as I once intended, I might, perhaps, add to the list of failures in those who, inverting the Baconian rule, substitute hypothesis for induction.

Let it be understood that where not otherways expressed, Pl. V. of this vol. is in reference—and that upright capitals A, B. C., &c. as seen in the margin, refer to the lines of numbered subjects on their right; and sloping capitals A, B, C., &c. to the separate subjects so marked at the bottom of the Plate.

All forms must be composed of A 1. Do what you will you can produce only a straight line and a curved one. The address of the Hindu sect of Siva—worshippers of Siva and Parvati—in ascribing all straight, erect, spiring, pyramidal, obeliscal forms to him—E 1 to G 1, 2, 3, &c.—and all curves or concavities to her ( ) O = A 2. D 17. fig. A—several of F and others—may account for the all-pervading nature of their symbols or types. A 2 is a mere modification of its precedent, a reversed duplicate of 1—approach them, 4 is produced, which is merely 3–10—in another form. It is a Hindu sectarial symbol, as seen on the foreheads of several deities given in the Hin. Pan., and in Pl. 2 of that work. All the other numbers of A—save, perhaps, 17 and 19—are merely varied forms of 3 or 1. Though diverging into an infinity of meanings or allusions, they admit of reunion—they mythologically resolve themselves into one—the Sun—typified by O—and theologically into “that Greater Light,” of whom this vast globe, and more vast sun, are infinitely inadequate symbols or manifestations.

I shall merely hint that A 1, 2, are the initials in modern
and ancient Christianity of the Great Captain of our Salvation—the Alpha and O'Mega of every thing—the IAM—the AVM—the IAU—as seen in E 5 and 11—and in all the numbers, elementally and in combination of that line; and in 15, 16 of D. As something on this subject and sound has occurred in earlier pages—151. 441—I here drop them. But will repeat my belief that in India and Egypt, more relating to a common Faith may eventually be found—now, if seen at all, seen through the darkened and darkening media of hieroglyphical and mythological rubbish—than has been hitherto suspected. Whether Europe derived certain mysterious and sacred things from India, or the converse, or both from a common source, I do not presume to say. I am disposed, with humble deference, to incline to the last conjecture; of some sources common to all.

The important initials adverted to—A 1—are seen in fig. C—a subject introduced for a different purpose. The mystical importance of initials is very extensively cognisable.

In line A of Pl. V, the reader will see sundry old and some new subjects—acquaintances, perhaps, as regard astrology, astronomy, mythology, metaphysics, and religion. But as something has occurred in earlier pages on that line, I shall here be brief. What is said in pp. 289, some preceding and following, though there meant to be only introductory to my descriptive account of Pl. V. must nearly suffice as to lines A and B; although in reality I have written, and have to say, much thereon. But it may not be said here.

A 16, a combination of 3 or 5, has been before noticed. It is a distinguishing mark of the Hindu Krishnaic sect of Gokalast'ha—as seen in Pl. 2 of the Hin. Pan.—on an Abyssinian obelisk at Axum, among Egyptian hieroglyphics, &c. A 17 will be recognised by westerns as our zodiacal sign Taurus, and as a letter of the Greek alphabet. It represents also the Egyptian Scarab; the strange symbol of eternity with that strange race. See the contents of the Pyramid, or Līṅga, in the cubic pedestal of our Frontispiece. With that race it was Īsīs, or Lūna—at new and full, or sexually, Īsīs and Osīris; a conjunction, like Sīva and Pārvati—of the
sun and moon—Sol and Luna, or Lunus and Luna; as has been before intimated, p. 344. In the mysterious compound as before given in p. 283, it is Sol in Luna—a variety of the often seen Hindu symbol 7 of line F. A 17 is Luna or Sol.

There are few fables which have more employed the fanciful pens of mystics than that of the very ancient one of the sun crossing the ocean in a golden cup. This cup was lent to Hercules for his voyage in the Mediterranean. The type above given would be called by a Brahman a pedma in an argha—in a word, probably, pedmargha. It is seen surmounting F 15—which, and 14, have been before noticed in detail and combination, in pp. 280. 3, 4, preceding. See also p. 293. The "ancient patra with a knob in it," mentioned in the next page by Dr. Clarke, is equally mysterious in the Hindu patra, as shown in F 17, 18—reduced from the Hin. Pan. Pl. 86. Argonautic fables are mere crypts, in which are concealed historical or astronomical truths. Of these something has been said in pp. 277, 284, and others. Nos. 7, 8, 14 to 18 of F, have connected reference to such Hindihellenic fables.

As well as the Bull, whose butttings at the mundane egg, with sundry corresponding chaotic, cryptic fancies, have so much occupied the pens and pages of early and late mystagogues, our zodiacal sign Taurus, A 17, is likewise the Sanskrit figure 4. Quaternions, next to triads, are held in most profundity by those who revel therein, whether of India, Egypt, Greece, or England. Our trine Δ and quartile □ are traceable to the same sources as the mysterious thing so figured in our Frontispiece. Of triads and quaternions I meant to have said more, as has been hinted, but must abstain.

A 18—a combination of 9, with a crescent, or 17 with a cross. It is the type of our planet Mercury, as 9 is of Venus. 19 and 20 are slight modifications—why introduced I do not now offer an explanation. A 8 has been before touched on; see p. 289. It is seen on Egyptian monuments,
as well as A 12, 13, 22, and others of Pl. V. which I also must pass over.

Venus, I have somewhere read, has as many as three hundred names, or forms. Siva has a thousand. Considering the almost infinite variety of forms, names, and characters in which such deities are identical, it is difficult, if not impossible, and perhaps useless were it otherwise, to fix a limit to the legends and fables—all probably containing some latent astronomical fact—to which such variety has given rise, or whence it has proceeded, or both. A momentary reference to p. 297 preceding will serve to show some of the appellations of the multiform, myronomous Diana or Luna, or Venus, or, &c, &c.

B 1—what is it?—a modification or complication of A 1, 2; still more complicated in A 20—and varied in C 9, simplified in C 10, modified in 11. (Please to keep Pl. V. opened, if you mean to follow me.) A 18, our type of Mercury, is in close connexion with these forms, which slide into the caduceus of that deity—or Thoth, or Phtha—expressed, as we have seen in p. 290, by Φτ—C 15, and B 20—solar symbols, ancient and existing,—the first immediately compounded of I and O, like so many of A, and of other lines of the Plate before us: sol-lunar—Sieric—Isis and Osiris, &c.

B 2 is the trisula or trident of Siva and of Neptune. On this something has been before said—“introductory”—in pp. 285 and following; see also pp. 312, 13. A 20 is a combination of B 2 and C 15. The Greek ψ has been before, p. 299, likened to B 2. That mysterious letter is also, and more, like B 5, 9, 11, 14; and these are in immediate connexion with B 6, 7, 15; and altered in position, with 16, 17—18, is but 17 conjoined back to back—Janus-like. B 19, the famous digamma, and its followers on that line, more simple and more complex, we pass—having already bestowed some attention on them; see pp. 293, 4. Repetitions of B 15, 16, are seen in D 15 and E 13—varied in E 9, and of which E 8 and 10 are other slight variations.
These latter are portions of the very mysterious compound IAω, so often seen on "Early Christian coins and gems," as is shown by the Rev. Dr. Walsh in his curious little book with that title; and as seen in sundry forms in lines D and E of the Plate before us. Thus are these—all these?—things, brought into immediate tridental, trisulic, trinitarian, or triune relationship, if not Identity—extensively spread, as they are, over India, Egypt, Europe, England. B 3, 4. 20 to 23—varieties, but in their allusions extremely ramified—have been by ancient and modern mythologists extensively discussed, and deemed vast profundities, of which a glimmering may be discerned in pp. 290, 3, 4 preceding. Fig. C, introduced for a different purpose, exhibits the simple and compound forms of B 20, 23, and of the many others connected with them.

If we combine in our eye—how easily it is done—A 20, or 19, or 16, or, indeed, almost any No. of that line very slightly modified, with B 1, 2, 3, 4, 5—we become entangled with B 6, 7—tridental, trisulic, as before. These last-mentioned are merely the mysterious Hebrew ς, supposed and shown by some western writers to be archetypal—Trinitarian. Among them, my old and learned friend, the author of Indian Antiquities, stands prominent. But, although within my easy reach, I have not for many years consulted his lucubrations thereon, nor any other; desiring rather to outwork the explanations of my uncouth Plate in my own way, and having little space for the speculations of others.

We sometimes see, among Trinitarian emblems, three nails joined at their points—sometimes five are so seen. The ς, though joined differently, has been supposed to foreshadow the nails used at the Crucifixion. Sometimes the triune combination is in the form of N—perhaps D 1 may have a like reference; or C 16, or B 15, 16, 17, and the other things already blended in significance with them—including E 8 and 10.

On a bronze medal of the large size given by Dr. Walsh, in his work above mentioned—No. 1—is a bust of our Saviour corresponding with the description in the letter of
Lentulus to Tiberius. Behind the head is what Dr. W. deems to be αλεφ, which is also a triune mystery. But to me it appears more like the nail-headed N above given—not N in any usual form. In front, almost touching the nose, is יא, “the Jewish name of Jesus”—p. 12. Now though three nails are usually taken as the number used at the crucifixion—one through each hand, and one through the overlapped feet—and the mystical ψ may not inaply represent them; may not the five similar heads of the mystical letters in the above holy Name have similar reference to the “five nails” of other writers and actors?—whence, haply, the “five wounds,” as well as the impious assumptions of S. S. Francis and Dominic have taken their origin. These have been adverted to in an earlier page. But probably such impurities were the invention of their own zealous sectarists, rather than the actual assumptions of those celebrated personages. Of fancies on mystical numbers there is no end. Papists still dwell on “the five afflicting mysteries,” “the five joyful mysteries of the Virgin,” “the five glorious mysteries,” as well as on “the five wounds of Christ.”

Ancient medalists take great liberties with the forms of the Hebrew letters. Writers probably did the same, as is now done by the Arabians and others who use letters of equivalent powers. The ي as above written requires a very trifling alteration to convert it into a form mystical in another sense. If ي were admissible, and it is nearly as mystical as יא, it would have the additional merit of being alike, backward and forward; a conceit of sufficient triviality, viewed as we now and here view such things; but which we have seen has been and is, elsewhere, thought of very differently. If to the five were subjoined the character B 20—one of the most mystical in the whole range of mystery—being, among other things, the THOTH or TAT already mentioned—the five would assume the same form as B 7 does in reference to the three, or ψ—its immediate precedent B 6. And what of that quintuple form? It is precisely the five-branched candlestick of the Ark of the Covenant—that endless
source of archetypal mystery;—no where perhaps to be
now seen, of undoubted or very good authority as to ac-
curacy of representation, except on the Arch of Titus at
Rome.
My Plate V. has been so long filled up that I could not in-
roduce either the outline of that candlestick, or of the three
or five nails joined at their points, which, had I space, I
should have been disposed to do. The three—as if three of
A 6 were so joined—are not unfrequently still seen as a
Trinitarian emblem. The five are also, I think, still seen in
sacred places; but I have not noted where. Both are her-
aldic distinctions.
B 8 is a Hindu argha, as having a containing form and
property—like 17, 18, of F, taken from Pl. 86 of the Hin.
Pan., where they are given on a large scale from originals
out of temples:—"boat-shaped vessels"—Argonautic—as
described, and commented on at some length, and more ap-
propriately in that work. In earlier pages of this volume is
some mention of them. The next No. 19, of F, represents
an article which I very recently saw nailed externally under
the threshold of a mean house in an obscure street in West-
minster. On examination it proved to be a worn horse, or
donkey, shoe; reminding me of a similar charm that, in my
younger day, I had not very unfrequently seen and heard
of in Suffolk. I have myself been one of a gang of urchins
who nailed a donkey shoe in a similar position, under the
threshold of a poor old woman who had the reputation of
being suspected of sorcery. We fancied it would avert the
exercise of her craft, by confining her all night within doors;
as witches cannot cross iron. For the same sapient reason
demonologists furnish them with broomsticks for vans or
vehicles. I know not now where, save in Westminster, to
look for an anti-fiendish-horse-shoe; and there it is placed
probably to keep sorcery out.
In Suffolk witchcraft long lingered—nor have we, indeed,
wholly forgotten these poetical fancies. Witches, still more
wizards, are nearly out of date; but the relics of ghosts and
fairies still occasionally haunt us. The latter we call *Pharisees.*

See *Suffolk words.*

I can well recollect when that word occurred in the Scripture readings at church, &c., always connecting it somehow or other with the gambollers on the green; and supposed the "Pharisee rings"—(annular fungi) the results or scenes of such frolics. And I have little doubt that to this day children, and possibly some of those of "larger growth," do still so associate them on similar occasions. I will relate an anecdote of recent occurrence: a gentleman-farmer, in the neighbourhood of Woodbridge, had a calf to sell, and happened to be by when his bailiff and a butcher were about to bargain for it. The calf was produced, and was apparently very hot: "Oh!" said the butcher, "the *Pharisees* have been here; and, 'stru's you are alive, have been riding that there poor calf all night." My friend had not been so much among rustics as I have, and knew not the import of the word; at first confounding it with that of Scripture: but, listening, the butcher very gravely instructed him how to avert such consequences in future: which was, to get a stone with a hole in it, and hang it up in the "calves' crib," just high enough not to touch the calves' backs when standing up: "for," added the compassionate man of knife and steel, "it will brush the *Pharisees* off the poor beasts when they attempt to gallop 'em round." This was a master-butcher—a shrewd intelligent man, in 1832.—It accounted to me for the suspension of a stone, weighing perhaps a pound, which I had many years observed in my farm stable, just higher than the horses' backs. And although my men more than half deny it, I can discern that they have heard of the Pharisaeic freaks, and more than half believe in them. I deem it to be a link in that very extensive superstitious chain which, on the topic of clefts, or perforations, in stones, trees, &c., connects *India* and *England*, unaccountably, but strikingly:—on which I have much to say, in addition to what may have occurred in this volume, as pointed to in the *Index*—under *Cleft.*
B 8—as well as an argha, as already observed—and as similar to F 17, 19, is also an inverted O'Mega. The following numbers, in line B to 14, partake of the same relationships; and so do the preceding 2, 5, 6, 7. These are tridental or trisulic; and are seen in mystical allusions on both Hindu and Grecian fanses. 15 to 18 of the same line are also cognate, differing in position; and are seen on early Christian coins and gems, and on Egyptian monuments. They farther connect themselves with 15, 16 of D, and with 8 to 13 of E; and less directly with others of Pl. V, that I shall not now point at. But they vary so little in form, or in their variations slide so easily into each other, that, admitting the mysticism of one, a mythic relationship must, apparently, exist between them all. What then is the body of the central Sistrum? Is it sufficiently of a like form to be brought into the common family? or, if the handle be added, will its connexion extend to its neighbours, 9 to 16 of G? And with its "rattles," as they are called, and its cat, what an ocean—an argha—of mystery is the Sistrum! We may not stop to examine, if in fable as well as form it be any way related to some of the articles in line A, such as 22, 12, &c.

In the immediate Hindu trisula, B 9, 10, 11, Dr. Clarke saw the elegant Ouate volute, on which he pleasingly descants; and in which he found so much mystery as well as beauty. Combine two arghas, B 8, or O'Megas, or the astronomical dragon's head and tail (Rahu and Ketu of the Hindus) and you have B 13—with the erect attribute of Siva, 14—with which so many trisulic subjects of this manifold, but all-connected, Plate V. have been, if not identified, brought into relationship, more or less remote.

We have dwelt too long on line B, and will only add that 12—a section of 14—is the form of the crook—an old and existing nomadic, or pastoral implement; and of yore connected not only with Apollo, Krishna, and the Sun, but, varying in name and form, crook, crux, cross, crozier, is seen nearer home—our own episcopal staff and emblem: allusive to its origin in the "Great Shepherd"—that "Greater Light." B 14 is the fulmen of Jupiter, and the Vajra of his brother
INDRA, who is also named VAJRA-PANI—"grasper of the swift blue-bolt."

No farther noticing the prolific items of line B, except as in relationship to others; the tre croci of C 1, I have to observe, have been before mentioned, p. 166. They probably have some reference to the three crosses of Calvary; and so may various combinations of a triune cross, such as C 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 21. And with B 18, 21, 22, 23; fig. C, and other subjects of Pl. V, in which the single T tau, B 20, or the three taus combined, 21 to 23, are variously seen; all, haply, modifications of that mystical form, foreshadowed from very early days; seen miraculously by CONSTANTINE;—a meridian sun surmounted by a cross of fire—and in a form like A 8 or C 21, adopted by him as the sign of his faith and hope. It differs but little from the globe and cross of our coronation—A 8. A change in position, not of elementals, produces A 12 and 21—seen again in fig. D—struck long before the time of CONSTANTINE—and, in different degrees of relationship, in many of the subjects of the Plate before us. It is the expressive emblem which surmounts the papal tiara, the crown assumed by NAPOLEON, and that of our own and other royal families of Europe.

C 16, 17, 18, 20, are mysterious things in the eye of the Jaina and Buddha races of India. I had intended to endeavour to correct them with sundry items of that and other lines; but shall here refrain from exhibiting the results of such intention. C 19 is from an ancient gnostic gem—as are 7 and 8, and others of line C, given in Dr. WALSH's book.

So are all of line D, with the exception, I think, of 4 (the Theban and Ramaic plow before spoken of) 13, 14, and 17.

1 In Indian legends there are two BUDDHAS, which dissertators would do well to consider distinctly and separately—one altogether astronomical, the other historical: their names are written and pronounced differently—BUDDHA and BUDDHAI.
The supposed history of some of them—9, 10, for instance—by whom adopted, and why, might be related. But most of them—all perhaps—are buried in hieroglyphic mystery. D 2 exhibits the elements of B 15, and many others similar; of A 6, and many others of that form, in a combination sufficiently obscure. D 3 is combined of A 14, 15, and C 16. I will just glance at one line of elucidation that I may not now pursue, touching such complications as D 3. Its lower limb, A 14, I have surmised may depict the issue of a river—say the Nile—out of a lake—say Dembea. In two meanderings or turns it is joined by another river—C 16, or D 11, and at length joins the sea, or indented bay—A 14, 15. Such delineations, in the absence of alphabetic writing, have been found and fancied, in the hieroglyphics of Mexico and Egypt. D 6 is a triplicity of A 5, 6, &c. &c. D 7, of the same, combined with C 19. D 8, a dual combination of the earliest elements of Pl. V. in the apparent form of crossed keys: if A 12, 13, 21, &c., have been truly called keys: (See pp. 291, 2.) D 9 is a trinitarian mystery, thrice or oftener repeated—three arrow-heads, on three staves, thrice crossed. —10 (not very accurately engraved) is of a like Gnostic origin and nature—supposed to be an anagram of chi and rho—ΣΠ—the initials of the name of Christ. D 11 is compounded of 3, 12, and C 16. Of D 13, 14, mention has been before made, pp. 301. 3: also of 15, 16, which will occur again in connexion with line E. D 17 is the immediate and direct type, symbol, hieroglyphic, or whatever it may be best denominated of Parvati; seen again in line F, and in fig. 4, in varied combinations.

Line E is wholly of one subject—elementals in its early numbers, carried on to their compound completion. The same are 15, 16 of D, which have before been connected, more or less, with other subjects of Pl. V, as well in this description of them, as in earlier pages. In 151, and in some recent pages, almost as much has been said on O'M—E 11, or AVM—the fount, as I surmise, of the issues Ogham, IAM—IAW—E 5, 6, IAM—E 8, &c., as I find it expedient to say. E 7 and 9 mark the mystery of three in one—a tri-
literal word—the last letter has three pyramids, or lingas. E 10 is modified from a component of 8, and is then trisulic, in like manner that B 7 is, in reference to its next preceding neighbour. Most of these varieties of ΙΑω—including the various positions of the final, and the Ω—O'Mega—in D 16, are found with others on the Gnostic coins engraved in Dr. Walsh's work.

In E 9 we see an anagram of ΤΑ—the initial answering to both limbs of the final, and producing ΤΑΤ or ΤΟΘ. Some oriental languages have a letter equivalent to our th, and the Greek theta.

Something on this triune, toghraic, or backward and forward fancy, has occurred earlier; and we must now be brief thereon. A great many of the numbers of Pl. V. might be shown to exhibit this characteristic, or property. In this class, as well as the words just given, may be reckoned ΟΝΟ—τωθ—ΑΤΙΤΑ—and others. With some organs, some of these words would be shibboleth—and the simpler sounds, initial and final, would be substituted. ΤΑΤ is a very profound mystery with Brahmans—as the like sound, represented by Τ—(3 or 20 of line B)—or Taut or Thoth, a name of Mercury, was among several early people—the Phoenicians and Greeks, and others. We shall not again dwell on, but merely allude to, the psychological profundities connected with that symbol, either alone or combined; or connected with the non-beginning non-ending circle—12 or 21, and other numbers of lines A and B, and other items of Pl. V. There seems no end, no bottom, to their extent and fancied depth.

Alphabetic mysticisms were of old much sought and venerated. The initial of all alphabets, it has been said, is A. Jews, Gentiles, Christians, are found to have had these "thick fancies."—"Among vowels," says Krishna in the Gita, "I AM A." Hence ΤΑΤ—possessing all the elements and properties and combinations of toghraic trinity—like ΑΥΜ—a trilateral monosyllable, &c. &c., may, without having in reality much, if any meaning, in any language, have been thus mystically contemplated. "I AM," says
KRISHNA, "the monosyllable among words." These may furnish wherewithal for mystae to chew a lengthened cud of cogitation. Whether initial, medial, or final, such contemplativists could find mental food; in the position of letters, especially if they could be tortured into trinity. "Of things transient," saith KRISHNA, "I AM the beginning, the middle, and the end." As there may be no farther occasion to quote the self-exalting assertions of KRISHNA, I will here add one or two more. "Among computations I AM Kal" (or Time); "among floods I AM the ocean; among rivers the Ganga,—I AM all-grasping death—and I AM the resurrection."

The importance and luxury of shade in intertropical regions has been before noticed. The forms of B 3 or 20 are the most usual for the implements which bestow shade, by arresting the solar ray. Most of the numbers of that line are complications of those simple forms. None in the far east but kings, or their royal race, or those to whom the envied distinction is especially conceded, could, in days of yore, arrest the solar ray, by using shade-bestowers, or sun-stoppers, of a particular form—B 3. 20. Such forms are symbols of something royal as well as solar: in as far as royalty and the sun's golden splendour are extensively associated—if not "from Indus to the Pole," from the Brahmaputra to the Po.

Some races of Raja, and of Brahman, are still deemed of solar, some of lunar, and some, I believe, of sol-lunar parentage—Surya-vansa and Chandra-vansa—as the kings and priests were likewise deemed in the happier days of Mexico and Peru:—of which slight mention has been made in p. 424.

The luxurious implement assumes in India the form also of C 15. It is not then held over the head of the honored person—except, indeed, the sun be vertical, or nearly so; and then somewhat inconveniently—but is slantingly interposed between the glorious orb and the assumed glorious head. The straight limb must be supposed to be elongated downwards, to seven or eight feet. It is sometimes gaudily
painted and varnished; sometimes of silver or gold. The circle is about two feet in diameter; of velvet, or silk, embroidered; with loose flowing garniture all round, usually of silk, gathered, petticoat-fashion. These two forms—C 15, and B 20, ΦΤ—we have before seen, in immediate and occult combination, in a way that till now I little thought of thus reintroducing—pp. 290. 2—as Πθθα, or "Mercury, the conductor of souls," from the realms of day to those of shade; where the tridented Rhadamanthus—(Yama with Brahmas, also tridentiferous?) with his three-headed dog Cerberus (Serbura and Trisiras, the three-headed, with Brahmas) receives them into those unsunned dominions.

The emblem of royalty, and nobility, and splendour, and of royal favour, and by construction the bestower of shade—among the greatest of tropical luxuries—B 3 or 20—is often seen on Persopolitan remains; and, perhaps less frequently, among the purer hieroglyphics of Egypt—a relic of royalty, probably, in both. In the other form, C 15, it is also seen in Egyptian remains, as well as in the form of the Hindu and Abyssinian symbol A 16. As an aštalghir, the usual name in Persia and India, or sun-arrester—the upright limb is not in fact seen as piercing the circle, as in C 15, but only lengthened below, and short above it—(more like A 16)—the pole being there covered by the drapery. What would a mystical Hindu see in the symbol C 15? Probably he would, connecting it with several in line A, see the symbol of Parvati pierced by the solar Śiva—by a perpendicular or equinoctial ray—or if solstitial, or extra-tropical, he might fancy such union more fitly symbolized by A 7. All originating in, or divericating from, what has been fancied a primal vowelic sound and symbol 10—expanding into an almost infinite variety of 10nic mysticisms in line A; which in combination with KL or IC—(A 1, 2, &c.)—represent Śiva and his active energy Parvati, in a great variety of sounds, senses, meanings, histories, allusions, &c.; touching which, comparatively little has been said, though I may fear too much.

"May your shadow be extended" is still an Eastern adu-
lation; i.e. may you be exalted; that, by inference, all the world may there find shelter and protection. "May your shadow be enlarged." Orientals have a distaste for leaness: and among some, absolute obesity seems desirable. Where kings and great men annually, or occasionally, were weighed—as they used to be more commonly than in these days—against gold, silver, clothes, grain, &c. (equipoising nine several articles was very generous; three, liberal and fortune-promising)—to be given in charity, there was sense and benevolence in the wish for such increase, and may have given rise to it. The more fat the more good. Thus bloated monsters may have been flattered by the gaping courtiers; and by such adulation reconciled to their encumbrance.

Hoping soon to close our superficial notice of the lines preceding F of Pl. V., let us once more look at A 16—a Krishnaic or solar symbol—and as being also on the obelisk at Axum, and found spread over many Egyptian antiquities, with its relatives in the same line—12—and other Nilic, Isiac, Sivaic, or IOnie, closely-connected subjects. As a modification of C 15—itself a modification of A 12, 13, 14—we have already seen it; and in another, perhaps a fanciful, line of relationship, I find, among scattered notes, that subjoined—written as a hint for enquiry, which it has not been found expedient to pursue. It is on a phrase already given in p. 146.1

1 "Bacchus amat Colles." Colles—Chalice—Kali? The s and the ce may be called mere western terminations. Chalice, a cup—a patra, or argha—such as are sacred to, or borne by Kali. Such cups, formed out of the cones of fir or cedar, and other coniferae, are Bacchic; and Sivaic, as being Kali. Siva in some other points, as well as in his name Bagisa, corresponds with Bacchus. Have the tigers, the common attribute of both these drinking deities, any reference to their names?—in India and neighbouring regions, bagi or bang is extensively the tiger: the tiger and lion have several names in common. The Bacchic thyrsi are cone-crowned wands. Bacchus is the Sun—so is Siva.
As well as the heretofore supposed unmeaning *konxomphar,* of which something has been said, the almost equally unmeaning word *ABPACAE* is found in situations of mystery. This word is seen on several Gnostic coins, in common with *IAWI,* in several of the various forms of Pl. V.—and might, haply, be also, like the other, traced to a meaning in Sanskrit. The last given trilateral word is by some supposed a corruption merely of the tetragrammatic *YHWH*—*IHVH* without points—or *Jehovah,* as best expressed in our letters. But the letters being so different in Hebrew, such forced substitution of a triad for a quaternion, can

Such symbols are solar (A 16. C 15): and *Sivaic*—spiracular, obeliscal, erect. The top of the pole or wand of the flat *otabgir,* or parasol, above mentioned, by which it is held and elevated, is commonly surmounted by what resembles a pine-apple, or a pine-cone; but I never, I think, heard it called by the name of the fruit. It is commonly called *Kullis.* I recollect no other name. This I have heard and used very often. It is, I believe, a *Hindi* word. The *Kullis* resembles very closely the crown-cone of the Bacchic *thyrsus.* I am not aware of any farther connexion between the word *Kullis* (as I find the word written by me—and I never saw it otherways written) and *Siva,* than *Kailas,* a summit of the mythological mountain *Meru,* which is the terrestrial paradise of *Siva.* Such hill, or mount, being conical, may be connected with the more familiar *Bacchic* and *Sivaic* symbols before us. Both deities are equally mountain-loving. The cone is especially sacred to *Bacchus.* *Kullis* might as well be written according to the accepted, and my usual, style of orthography, *Kalis,* of which *Kailas* would be a derivative—but I have not chosen to alter it to suit my speculation. This may suffice, on the hills which *Bacchus* and *Bagisa* love. A *Fragment,* on the mysterious (the poetical, or mythological, not the mathematical) *cone,* must be omitted. It is, however, in form and fable, so prevalent, or intrusive, as to have frequently come under incidental notice in earlier pages. See Index.
scarcely be admitted, unless mere sound was all-prevailing. As Dr. Walsh suggests, surely \(\Lambda\omega\) was intended for the \(\text{Alpha} \) and \(\text{Omega} \) of Revelations—more especially as it is not unfrequently seen \(\text{A}\Omega\). See lines D, E. With the prefixture \(I\)—(but sometimes it is a postfixture, sometimes a medial)—the reverend and learned gentleman deems the triune word to mean \(\text{Jesus} \) the Redeemer—the first and last;—supporting such supposition by this passage—"The initiated replies,"—(I omit the previous matters)—"I have been confirmed, and I redeem my soul from this \(\text{Eon} \), and from all that shall proceed from it, in the name of \(I\text{A}\omega\)."

P. 42.

Dr. Walsh—p. 71—remarks, that much remains yet to be discovered in the interpretation of those singular remains—the subjects of his curious little volume. "The very essence of the gem was its mysticism, and its efficacy was supposed to be lost when its meaning was generally known. The greater number of the words were fabricated by themselves, and had no meaning in any language except that mysterious one which they themselves annexed to them. It has been suggested, that many are Hebrew and Oriental words corrupted and disguised in Greek characters; and that many more are the names of the 365 angels who presided over the world, and who were invoked by the amulet."

The preceding paragraphs are retained—though much more thereon is not—for the purpose of hinting at the probability that other of the "barbarous" and "unmeaning" words which have found their way into the mysticisms of western people, may be traced to their sources in the languages of the farther East. For if it be true that Europeans have yet learned but one of many Brahmanal languages—(rather, perhaps, dialects)—it is not easy to fancy what may not be in time developed. It will be found, probably, that, as in the Greek, particular dialects were adopted, almost of necessity, for particular or different purposes;—in the drama, the Attic; the Ionie, in elegiac poetry; for pastorals, the Doric:—so, in Sanskrit, the dramatic dialect is as inap-
 applicable to the historic or the epic, as would be the *Iliad* in the *Doric*, or *Pindar* in the *Attic*, form.

Now, Courteous Reader, if thou beest, however courteous, a plain matter-of-fact man—a utilitarian—who, after the manner of Jeremy-Benthamism or Harriet-Martineauism, ask "Where's the good?"—whose character or properties may be thus expressed, $2 \times 2 = 4$, and no more—if such thou beest, I fear that for the last half score, if not many more, pages, I may have been a sorry companion to thee—assuming that thou hast indeed so endured my company—and may, for some following, but I hope fewer, pages, continue to be so. But if, on the other hand, thou hast read—or, embued with a portion of poetic feeling, may suitably read— the mystical effusions of Orientals—including herein, though of various degrees of merit, the sublime Song of the Son of Sirach; the Odes of Hafiz, among so many Mahommedan Sufis; the *Gita*, and the *Gita Govinda*, and other Vedanta works of the Hindus—colaborateurs of our own Berkeley, albeit unknown to his episcopalian mind, fraught with ideology—if thou canst complacently peruse such writers, where so much more is meant than can reach any—save the mind's eye and ear—thou must, haply, tolerate even these few poor pages of lucubration; extracted—disjointed shall I say?—from a great mass. Then thou mayst pore over my Plate V.—and, if in extended comparison with the hieroglyphics of Egyptians, Hindus, and Christians, and their manifest and occult allusions, be surprised at their similarity, and bewildered in thy speculations. A Sanskrit and classical scholar—(it is unnecessary in me again to disclaim all pretension to that class)—pursuing such speculations, might more and more develope unexpected, and not unwelcome, results.

Deeming line E to have been sufficiently noticed for our present purposes, we proceed to the next—F. Some of its numbers have also come incidentally under our eye—I hope to travel rapidly over that line. No. 1 is the simple, almost universal, character expressing eternity—without beginning or end. It cannot be wondered at that all mystics, however
widely spread, concur in their notions of this expressive unity. An Ophite sect saw the like in the conceit of a snake with its tail in its mouth: and hence, fortified by an erroneous view of certain passages in *Genesis*, has spread, almost all the world over, such a series of mythological mysteria, as is scarcely predictable of any other personification. As usual, truth and fable are here almost inseparably intermingled. From the allusion just made, to the extensive poetics of the Hindu *Naga, Sesha*, and interminable *serpentarii*—taken up by the Egyptians, as is seen ever-recurring on their lithic obscurities—adopted by the Greeks in their proneness to borrow and embellish, it mingles with the reveries of astrologers, and with the constellations of their successors. C 6, 7, 8, 12 are the elements and expansions of this type. The last is from a Gnostic subject—a serpent with a crowned head. The two next are modifications of it. Of C 15 something has been before said—and it is not convenient now to recur to it farther than to hint at the fables connected with *Oph*—the *Ophites*—*Ophi-ucus*, &c. and their probable connexion with *ΩΦ-ΟΦ*—with 9, 11, 13, 14 of B, 16 of D, as well as with the early numbers of the line *F* now more immediately before us.

No. 2 of that line is more especially a Hindu attribute—seen also on Egyptian remains. Independently of its circular form, its mystical duality of light and darkness—or its trinity and concentricity—it represents a missile called *chakra*; a *discus* seen very commonly in one of the four hands of *Vishnu*. It is whirled on his forefinger, and has been said to be a symbol of centrifugality. Fire is fabled to radiate from its periphery, destroying worlds by its potentiality. Such a thing, usually of polished metal, nine inches or a foot in diameter, is still sometimes seen on the persons of itinerant saints of that sect, with a sharp circular edge: and I lately read of such a missile being still in hostile use among some races in Central *India*. In the HP. I have—perhaps mistakenly—surmised it to be but little formidable, hurled from a mortal finger.

The concentric triunity 3, and its bi-section 4 of *F*, I pass:
5, 6 are also lunar phases, or perhaps dual or trine matters; in immediate relationship, however, with the profoundly mystical D 17—in its elemental form—and with the varieties 8 to 12 of F—and fig. A, in its combinations, or union. The other numbers of line F have been already noticed—as far as I can now afford—in pp. 280 to 85—and in some more recent passages in this Description of our Plates.

Line G—like lines A and E—begins with elements and ends in mystical combinations. The early numbers of G—1 to 8—connect themselves with the early elemental forms—pyramidal, conical, deltaic, lingaic, &c. of E—of which something—probably sufficient—has been said. Among them we see the circle comprehended in the triangle, and the converse—6, 7, 8—and again, below in fig. B—the junction of triangles—G 4—or lingi, or delta, or of Fire and Water, or of Siva and Vishnu, or of Vulcan and Neptune, &c. &c. G 5 is their more intimate union or junction—astral perhaps—as earlier hinted—to which fig. C and F may also bear allusions. Of such mysticalities there is indeed no end—a mode of phraseology frequently applicable to the subjects of our Plate V. Those of line G connect themselves, or are readily connectable, with the higher, as well as, more evidently, with the low numbers of E—but how we may not here attempt to show. Glimmerings of such connexion may have been discerned from earlier notices, as well as from the forms themselves. G 5 is like that polygon on some occasions called pentalpha.

The other numbers of G, on the right of the Sistrum, are more or less of the same impress with those on the left—being conical, or pyramidal, &c.—and some of them, moreover, combine the Ionic mysticisms of line A, and some of D. No. 15 of G should have been reversed, to bring it, and its neighbours, into more immediate relationship with 2 and 3 and 5 of H. How far the forms 9 to the end of G—more or less sistrum-ic—may be congeners to that central subject, in legend or otherwise, as they are to the eye, I am not able to say. Line G comprises Hindu, Egyptian, and Gnostic
subjects. I find it expedient to say nothing at present on the *Sistrum*. Mine is taken from one in the British Museum.

On line H much, indeed, may be said; but I hope I shall not be seduced into any thing very lengthy. It is desirable to me not to seem prone to intermix matters really sacred in the estimation of many of the good and wise, with those which, if they excite the curiosity—the not illaudable curiosity let us hope—of many likewise, cannot still be seen or discussed with the like respect. This feeling moved me when I was writing about the elements of A 21, &c.—and occurs again touching line H—wherein we shall again see an intermixture of Paganism and Christianity.

The cursory observer might take 1 of H to be a repetition of what is seen in the cubic pedestal of *Sri* in our Frontispiece; or nearly of 4 of H. But not so. 1 of H is not Hindu, but Christian—a perversion or corruption, no doubt. It is taken from p. 86 of Hone's *Mysteries*—a curious book—whence also is taken this extract:—"But whatever *Holy Trinite* was *lemenyd* on the Pagent, it is impossible to suppose," &c. "There is, however, a figure which may have been on their Pagent. It frequently occurs." They in their churches and masse bookees doe paint the *Trinitie* with *three faces*: for our mother the holie Church did learne that at Rome, where they were wont to paint or carve *Janus* with two faces. And then further, it is written in 1 John v. 7. "that there are three in heaven which beare witnesse—and these three are one"—then, of necessitie they must be painted with *three heads* or *three faces*, upon *one necke*."  

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2 "Beehive of the Romische Church. *Lond*. 1579, 8o, p. 191."
"I insert"—continues Mr. H.—"an engraving of this Trinity, in all respects the same as a smaller, an initial in the Salisbury missal of 1534." p. 85. It occupies the next page. My H 1 is taken from it—the auricolum or nimbus being omitted. The triune bust appears over 2 of H—a hand, with the thumb pointing upward, rests on each of the upper circles of 2. Under it Mr. H. adds:—"The triangle in this cut, 'a Trinity argent on a shield azure,' was the arms of Trinity Priory, Ipswich, and is figured in Mr. Taylor's Index Monasticus—(Diocese Norwich)—1821, p. 96. May not the triune head have been originally suggested by the three-headed Saxon deity named Trigla?—There is a wood-cutt of a triune-headed Lucifer in Dante—Venice, 1491, fol.—copied by the Rev. T. F. Dibdin in his Ædes Althorpianaæ, ii. 116."

The above subject from the Salisbury missal has the appearance of the cover of a book—such as are seen in old libraries—of wood covered with leather: sometimes, as at Holkham, covered, partially, with a thin coating of silver or gold, with gems imbedded. It has three niches, formed of smaller, over the figure; and the top is composed of three pinnacles, each surmounted by a cross, formed of three triangles joined at their apices—or if there be a fourth—or what is called a Maltese cross—or a C paté or C fiché—the lower limb forms the top of the pinnacle—a dupliciture of G 4. Embellishments similar to other subjects of Pl. V. are seen—or may be fancied, probably accidental—in Mr. Hone's cut from the Salisbury missal—B 3, D 5, F 10, 11, among them.

Thus we have the Saxon Trigla, the Papal "lemnyng on their Pageant," the Lucifer of Dante, and the Trimurti, as seen in our Frontispiece and in H 4, converging from a wide extent into a similarity of conceit. The latter—H 4—is taken from the only Hindu subject that I recollect to have seen of three heads on one body—not a bust merely, but a whole length. This subject—a heavy stone—was dug out, under my eye, of the same ruins as its fellow-bust hymned in our Frontispiece: and it also ornaments my bust-crowned pyra-
mid; being embedded in its sunny side. It is a sedent figure, with a rosary in one of its four hands, and a globular pot in the palm of another; having two of the fingers pointing downwards, in a singular, and no doubt significant, position, as is shown in Pl. 82 of the HP. The front face only is bearded. The three faces of H 1 are all bearded. The three of the Frontispiece are all imberbis; as are those of the Elephantine Colossus. Globular pots or vases are very commonly seen in the hands of Egyptian idols.

Another triune head is before me—an impression of a curious copper seal, of the size of a half-crown, bearing this legend in plain Roman or English letters:—"SIGILLUM * OFFICII * LIBERTAT * ELIENS +." This seal was found—dug or plowed up, I believe—nearly a century ago, at Rendlesham, near Woodbridge; and has almost ever since served, as it now serves, for the seal of office of the coroner of the liberty of St. Ethelred—a jurisdiction formerly, it is said, as extensive as the present episcopal see of Ely. The liberty now comprises Woodbridge and several circumjacent miles.

This seal is, I believe, inedited. If it had occurred to me in time, I would have made room for it in one of my Plates.

The saint, if supposed to be he, has a radiated glory; and the appearance of expanded wings over his shoulders, but not joining them. Two fingers and the thumb of the right hand point upwards, and the left holds a globe (not unlike the globular pot in the unseen hand of H 4) surmounted by a cross, in the fashion of A 8. All the chins are bearded—the front one furcated. The bust only of the saint is on the seal. His super-tunica divides at the beard, in the form of H 5, bearing three crosses on its perpendicular limb. Heralds call H 5 a cross pall.

This must suffice of the copious subjects of H 1, 4, E, F, and I, of the same Pl. V. have three heads on one neck. Of them a word presently. We come, in course, to H 2 and 3. The first is seen in Mr. Hone's cut, under, as has been described, H 1, from the Salisbury missal; and is given in Taylor's Ind. Mon. as the seal of Trinity Priory, Ipswich.
That establishment, ecclesiastically and architecturally, is no more. On its site stands the noble mansion called Christ Church, the seat of the Rev. William Fonneroeau, in the parish of St. Margaret, north of the town.

Gipps describes the arms of the Priory, like Taylor—\(ax\):—a Trinity \(aw\):—by Trinity he means the external lines—without the inscription—of 2, 3. Edmonstone gives the representation and legend exactly like Taylor.

In the parish-church of Preston, near Lavenham in Suffolk,—where was a very fine church, now no more—a Trinitarian emblem, outline and legend, like Taylor’s, is still seen in stained glass. The prior of the Holy Trinity, Ipswich, had a manor at Preston, which may account for his arms being found there.

But they are seen elsewhere extensively in Suffolk—more so, probably, than were his property and power. In the fine church of Woodbridge the subject is brightly stained in glass—\(ar\):—field azure—as represented in outline in H 3. It is high up the east window, and near it are the figures forming 1680—but not in that series.

As the subjects now before us are in miniature, and not, perhaps, very clear to ordinary eyes, I will give the reading of the inscription in the Woodbridge Trinity—filling up the abbreviations:

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Pater} & \quad \text{erquo omnia} \\
\text{Spiritus} & \quad \text{sanc tus in quo omnia} \\
\text{Filius} & \quad \text{per quem omnia.}
\end{align*}
\]

In the centre circle \(Itus Deus\)—not, however, very clear—and the last name is repeated at length in each of the limbs leading from the central to the external circles. These last contain the names of the Three Persons—as in H 2, but arranged differently. The inscriptions otherwise are also very different.

I have seen no other such subject in colours or stained glass. But the outline, or “emblem,” without inscription, of H 3, is widely spread in Suffolk. My learned and respected
friend, D. E. Davy, Esq. tells me that the emblem, without legend, is in glass in Rendlesham church, and in several of the clustering windows of the fine church of Long Melford. The emblem, cut in stone, he has noticed on the font in the beautiful church at Framlingham, and on the spandrels of the arched porches, or steeple, at Marlesford, and St. Nicholas, Ipswich. Coddenham had it on its church-porch, but it is defaced. It is also in the porches of Dallingho and Shottisham, near Woodbridge. (Mem.—Since my speculation on the common termination of ham to so many of our Suffolk towns and villages was printed, I have somewhere seen it said to be equivalent to manor.)

On the few remains of our once numerous sepulchral and other brasses, another representation of the Trinity is still seen—but only in one or two instances. "It shows," as Mr. Davy informs me, "the Father sitting in a chair with the Son on his knees, and the Holy Spirit, as a Dove, on his breast." This is on a mural brass in Orford church.

I have observed the Trinitarian emblem in outline, similar to H 3, in good preservation, on a spandril of the porch of

1 Whose "Collections" for a History of Suffolk are of great extent. When may the public hope to be benefited by them?

2 At the present day pious persons dislike to see awful forms irreverently mixed in common situations. Our ancestors had, and indeed the church of Rome now seems to have, no such propriety of feeling. I shall merely note one instance of the exceptionable nature of such things. It is in an impression of a priory common seal in Norfolk. "Large, oval, of black wax. Under an arch the Virgin and Child—seated—treading on a dragon. On each side a monk, praying, with hands erect. Over this a representation of the Trinity:—the Father in the form of an old man, seated, with arms extended, supports the cross on which is Jesus; and a Dove is hovering about the ear of the former." Taylor, Ind. Mon. 28.
Orford church—and again on its stone font. Parts of this church are very ancient. In the other spandril of the arch are a spear and sponge-staff, crossed, with a scourge and nails. In a like position on the rather curious porch of Snape church, near Aldborough, is the T. emblem, and the spear, &c.—including here a pair of pincers.

I have been farther told of the T. emblem at Freston church, near Saxmundham, and at Brandestone. In Davy and Coltman's antiquities I notice it on the spandril over the door of Beccles church—(all the named churches are in Suffolk)—and on the south porch of St. Nicholas at Lynn in Norfolk, and on the Erpingham gateway leading to the cathedral at Norwich.

The T. subject, or emblem, as shown in H 2, 3, is not confined to East Anglia. I have, however, noticed or known of only one beyond that limit. This is at the fine cathedral at Peterborough; on the deanery-gate set up by Robert Kirton, or Kirktun, a monk of that abbey, about 1508. A church on a tun, and other ornaments, mark his name and influence. Among such carved ornaments, or devices, appears that in question, in very old style and letters; but exactly, in regard to the legend and its arrangement, the same as H 2—though differing in its abbreviations. It was kindly furnished to me by a learned and much-respected friend living near that cathedral:—and had not my Pl. V. been already too full, I should have been induced to copy it.

There is no end of Trinitarian and Triune emblems. Many of them, in our eyes, worse than whimsical or ridiculous: and how they could ever have been looked on otherwise, seems strange. On early Christian coins and gems, Dr. Walsh has exhibited many—composed of animals, or words, or letters, or lines. Line G 10 to 16 are some such—as are E, F, I—though not all thence taken. On one gem engraved by Dr. W. is a fig. compounded of a cock's head, human body, and hands holding a scourge and a shield. The legs of this triform monster are writhing serpents, having between them the oft-recurring ΙΑΩ. On the reverse a sort of ABRACADABRA. On another similar gem—also
in Lord Strangford's collection—is a fig. nearly similar, holding a scourge and serpent, and having, suspended as it were, between its diverging snaky legs, a subject similar to G 16, which, like G 14, 15, is compounded of A 7, triply filling up: little else than triplicates of A 5.

The last-mentioned gem bears also the not infrequent word Soumarta: "supposed to be the name of one of 365 angels in Gnostic mythology." W. p. 53. I should like to know where to find the names of the others. Soumarta is Sanskrit. Another eagle-headed man holds in each hand 13 of G—a tri-union of mystically combined triangles. This is on a basalt.

On another small ruby blood-stone is a nearly similar compound of cock, man, serpent; and, on the reverse, a finely-formed-standing-full-length-nude female, and the toghraic word Atita, before mentioned—supposed to be of Isis. The trisyllabic word, as well as the compounded monster may be supposed of Trinitarian allusion. The letters are three—each composed, in a mystical eye, of three members. The medial I stands for unity—which, as well as the backward and forward sameness, is mythic.

Isi is a name of a Hindu goddess. In one case it would, I think, be Isis. I know of no authority for reading isi or isisi as the name of the Egyptian deity; nor Itati for Atita—but I am disposed to think such words may be found—unmeaning perhaps—but, if existing, of the mystical tendencies already alluded to.

It is noticed in the Hin. Pan., that some sects of Hindus—who would perhaps be stigmatized as Nastika—make offerings and pay seeming adoration to naked women and idols, as personating deities. These sects are named Sakta and Gokalastha. I have metallic images to which such adoration may probably have been offered—be it Isiac, Atitaeic, 10nic, Sakiac, Nastikaic—or what?

Dr. Walsh's plate, marked No. 10, described at p. 60, is a three-legged Mercury, one leg unwinged: the only three-legged figure he had seen. This was probably a Gnostic
mythos of a debasing kind—an intermingling of heathen mythology with a religious tenet—one (unwinged) in three (feet). And whence the notion of Mercury tripodal? Was it from the three-legged Agni, the igneous deity of the Hindus?—of whom—his two fiery faces, biforked tongue, seven hands, three legs, and other expressive attributes, several representations are given in the Hin. Pan.—and of whom, and of a sacred triad of fires, to which his three legs bear reference, a word is said in pp. 336. 53, 4. 9. preceding. The pedal wings of the equivocal deity Mercury—being classically termed Talaria, and being so connected with many Argonautic fables—may, considering the many Hindi fables hinging on the name Tala, afford scope for identifying speculations:—in which I shall not now indulge.

No other three-legged deity occurs to me. The Manx arms—if such terms may be allowed—are three thighs and three legs on three feet—standing on one foot—H 6. What connexion this may have with any of the already noticed triune subjects, or triple-triplicities, I know not. This subject would have been more like its neighbours on the same line—2, 3, and 5—if the supporting leg had been more perpendicular. Much mythological mystification has been supposed—and I think not altogether groundlessly—connecting the Isle of Man and the East. Three toes on one foot—(Dodsley’s Collection of Old Plays, I. 88.)—three candles on one stand, and other truniopodic things might be mentioned; and I have seen a Hindu subject—I think from a very elaborately ornamented temple in the Carnatic—having three three-headed bodies on one leg.

Of line H, No. 5 remains to be noticed. This is, I presume, also a Trinitarian emblem, being similar to the interior of 2, 3—of 3 especially. In the original—or rather the cut from which I have taken 2—it is more like 3 than in my plate:—the circles are complete in both. As well as being of the same form as the ornamented front, or pallium, of episcopal robes, diverging over the shoulders, H 5 is part of several of
our English and Irish episcopal and archiepiscopal armorial bearings; and, as has been said, is called cross pall, by heralds.

The four croisette looking subjects in some of the arms are heraldically described as crosses patée, or patée fiché. Some have only three, some five. Why, I know not. They resemble the cross called tau by heralds—also St. Anthony’s cross; he bears it on his habit; being the Greek and Hebrew T and Π. Some of the Masorah and Talmudists have supposed the latter to be a token of security or life, prefigured in the denunciations of Ezekiel ix. 4, 6, where he is commanded to set a mark on the foreheads of those who repented—and who were thereby saved. The Greek letter is supposed to have been that which, in later days, distinguished the names of the living, after a battle, &c. from the dead, whose names were marked with a Θ. This letter, it has been before observed, indicated death. So tau was a symbol of life; and any thing bearing the form of T, or B 20, &c. had a like reference. Marking foreheads with such symbols is and has been a usage of much extent. In Revelations, and other parts of our Scriptures, it is frequently mentioned.

Finding that I must omit certain notes that I intended to append, I will here add a word on p. 439—where I have mentioned kind presents of books, and being a reviewer, periodicalist, &c. of long standing. Let it not for a moment be understood that I ever so received a book in view to such critique. Not one did I ever so receive: nor was I ever, but once, asked by a friend to review his work; and then I declined it. That author is long since dead. Nor—so often as I have been reviewed—did I ever know, or enquire, who were my—critical—friends or foes: and only once, to the best of my recollection, did I ever know. This was in the case of a lady of high repute in the literary and social and moral world—who informed me that she reviewed my ——— in the ———. This led—although her article was not uniformly commendatory—to an acquaintance, or correspondence, or friendship, of an interesting, and to me very pleasant and profitable, description.
On a more recent page, 454, I wish here to note, that in reference to the name ψη, which occurs there more than once, I have some doubt: not as to the non-pointing of the medijal, but to the initial and final. Referring from the learned Divine's page to his Plate, I observe the name is more like ψη.

Of all the subjects of Pl. V. I have not, that I am aware of, taken any directly from any Egyptian remains;—and only one, A 12, indirectly. But many of them are found among the hieroglyphics of that strange race. Of such I may currently note a few that are accidentally before me. No doubt many others would occur if sought. Line A 5, 6, 8, 12 to 17, 22. B 16, 17. D 13, 17. (and in reference to the frequency of this last, and of another in immediate mystical connexion with it, still more obtrusive in Egyptian monuments, and seldom offensive in those of India—see pp. 328, 329—the superabundance of comment by ancient and modern authors, from PLUTARCH, PAUSANIAS, and LUCRETIUS, to this day, may be noticed in passing:—such reveries have arisen from contemplating and symbolizing the active and passive elements of nature, or production) E 3, 4. F 1, 2, 3, 5. G 10. Others decidedly among Hindu sectarian, significant distinctions, I do not notice, as not being immediately under consideration—nor, for the same reason, that some are seen on Jewish shekels, or coins, supposed to be very ancient.

This must suffice—but a small portion, however, of what has been scribbled—as to lines A to H of Pl. V. The figures below, A to I, remain to be noticed. A—a double cone in double ovals, appears also in Pl. IV. and has been mentioned in p. 79. A lengthened dissertation has been prepared on this mysterious figure—in its mystical, not mathematical, relations. But a comparatively short account is nearly all that will be here given, from a note in my C. P. B. made many years ago.

Turning over some of the volumes of Archaeologia, my eye was arrested by fig. 9 of Pl. XXXII. of Vol. xvi. I was very much struck with the unexpected appearance of such a figure; and marvelled not a little to see it among a
series of diagrams illustrative of Gothic architecture. I beheld a most mysterious Hindu hieroglyphic, comprehending another equally mysterious—and in their combination vastly profound: in short the Šaṅků and Linga—the symbols conjoined of Parvati and Siva—and my curiosity was highly excited to learn what it could mean. Testing it by compasses, I found the common apex of a double cone the centre of four concentric circles, segments of which, by their intersection, produced the mysterious form so familiar to me, and to all who dabble in Hindu mystagogy. My surprise was not lessened, when, turning to the Essay, I read as follows:

"There is reason to believe that fig. 9 of Pl. XXXII. formed by two equal circles cutting each other in their centres, was held in particular veneration by Christians from very early times. It appears to have had a mysterious meaning, which I do not pretend to explain; but I believe a great deal might be pointed out, as to its influence upon the forms of all sorts of things, which were intended for sacred uses. Possibly it might have some reference to the symbolical representation of Christ, under the figure of a Fish, the \( \varepsilon \sigma \tau \varepsilon \)-which contained the initials of \( \eta \sigma \omega \xi \chi \rho \sigma \tau \delta \xi \Theta \varepsilon \iota \zeta \zeta \tau \varepsilon \varepsilon \). And this is the more probable, because we are told that it was called Vesica Piscis." (Dueri—Inst. Geom. lib. ii. p. 56. He uses it as a name well known, and familiar as that of circle, triangle, &c. "Designa circino invariato tres piscium veritas.") "But however this may be," continues the Rev. and learned antiquary, Mr. Kerrich, "and whatever ideas of sanctity might be attached to the thing itself, we may remark that in the painting as well as sculpture of the lower ages, we find it almost constantly used to circumscribe the


2 Of this a striking proof is given in the xxivth vol. of Archaeol., where in a series of Plates from an illuminated MS. of the 10th century—"A Dissertation on St. Æthel-
figure of our Saviour, wherever he is represented as judging the world, and in his glorified state; particularly over the doors of Norman and Saxon churches. Episcopal and conventual seals, and those of religious societies, were universally of this form, and continue to be made so to the present day."

To the passage quoted, and referring to the symbolical representation of a Fish, this is added—"The early Christians called themselves Pisciculti, fishes— not only because the initials of our Saviour’s name and titles in Greek ΙΗΣΟΥΣ ( &c. as before given)— "put together make up ΙΧΘΥΣ—but because the Christian life took its original from the waters of baptism, by which men were regenerate and born again into Christ’s religion by water."—See Bingham’s Ant. of the Chr. Ch. i. 2. Archæol. xvi. 313. In the article last referred to, the subject is again discussed, and described under the name of "The Mysterious Figure." The outer and inner double ovals of A in our Plate V. compose the "mysterious

wold’s Benedictional"—it appears, as nearly as may be, in the form of the external or internal of A—or D 17 doubled, eight times—and nearly as often in another papal article in the same volume—and not infrequently associated in a manner (as mentioned in the text) that to eyes and feelings not unreasonably fastidious, may now be deemed reprehensible. Had these curious plates no explanatory writing, I should at the first sight have sought their origin in India rather than in Christendom. The position of fingers and thumbs, very often whimsically seen in that series of Scripture plates, is also striking, and no doubt significant—and equally so in either region.

1 Generally, rather.

2 "But what is most remarkable, some of the Fathers of the Church called our Saviour ΙΧΘΥΣ, Piscis—Tertull. de Bapt. p. 124.—the letters of which word are severally the initials of ΙΗΣΟΥΣ," &c. as before.—Gent. Mag. January, 1753. Select. ii. 41.
figure," the "Vesica Piscis," of the Rev. and learned Antiquary. The inner lines of A, and the cones, are only dotted—for which, probably, the early Christians may have fancied some reasons—and so may, perhaps, early and existing Hindús.

A reader inquisitive or curious in such matters, may compare Pl. 2. of the Hin. Pan. and Pl. V. of this book, with the "mysterious figure" of the early Christians, and marvel how it came to be so considered so extensively. He will see it in its simplest form in No. 34 of the said Pl. 2.—(D 17 of Pl. V.)—and in a duplicated form in 35—the precise and exact "mysterious figure." And he will farther see it, in mystical combinations, in 36, 37, 59 to 63, 66 perhaps to 70, and 77 to 83, of that Pl. 2. which was put together by me before I had seen or heard of the "mysterious figure" of the early Christians. The Hindu "mysterious figure" is described and briefly discussed in p. 399 to 409 of the Hin. Pan. Plate V., before us, exhibits it combinedly in F 5 to 12—except No 7—as well as in fig. A. It would hence appear that it was and is equally common among Hindús, as it was among the earlier of our Faith.

The Cone, or Liuga of A, springing from its base—the IO ni—a Hindu would recognise as the famed mount Meru—the subject of his profound contemplation and reverence—on which almost as much nonsense, as it may appear, has been written, as upon any other given figure or subject—including its base, or matrix; the IO ni itself.

Before we finally and willingly quit A, I will revert for a moment to Pl. IV., where it is again seen in juxtaposition with its brother—the "early Christian mysterious figure." I reintroduce it in consequence of Taylor’s Index Monasticus having come under my notice since my lucubrations thereon were penned for the press. I there observe that the seal, the central subject of Pl. IV., has been before described, and perhaps engraved—for in p. 36. of that curious and valuable folio, this occurs: "Seal of the brotherhood of St. Lazarus of Jerusalem, in England. An inedited seal of the hospital of Burton Lazars in Leicestershire represents a bishop with
his crozier in his left hand, and his right raised, having two fingers erect and two depressed, giving the benediction. The legend is"—(as I have given it in p. 79.) Archaeol. xviii. 425.

"An impression of this seal"—Mr. Taylor adds—"is now in my possession."

I write remote from Antiquaries and Libraries. Many years ago I sent an impression of the seal in question to my late worthy and learned friend, the Rev. Stephen Weston—F.R.S. A.S. &c.—and conclude that it has been engraved in the above vol. of Archaeol., of which I was not before aware. My volumes of that valuable collection commence with my Fellowship at xix.—in which vol. the Rev. Mr. Kerrich resumes the subject of the Vesica Piscis, and handles it in a very scientific manner.

\[1\] Effigies of Bishops on seals, paintings, &c. are distinguished by having their pastoral staffs in their left hands. Abbots have their croziers in their right; less curled, and of more simple form than those of their superiors. Abbots have moreover the horns or slits of their mitres in front: Bishops the broad sides. Royal seals, and those of cities, corporations, and other civil concerns, were of a round form—those of Bishops, Abbots, Priors, and superiors of religious houses, were usually oval or elliptical—as are the various official seals of Deans, Archdeacons, and other spiritual persons of the present day—including those of the Bishop and many others, in the diocese of Norwich. Seals of spirituals were of course kept very carefully, that they should not be improperly used; and it was, as some say, usual to destroy episcopal and abbatial seal and matrice on the death of the individuals. Other authorities differ; and with good show of reason, so many being still in existence. See Taylor, Ind. Monas. xxi. 28. I may note that the dexter or sinister position of the crozier, as seen in engravings, is not decisive, as to the episcopality or abbatiality of the holder—engravers often reversing the position of human figures.
The importance of the position of fingers and thumb seems nearly equal in the contemplation of Christian and Hindu mystics—if we may judge from the nearly equal frequency in which such significance is exhibited. Two or three pointing upward, sometimes downward, is seen frequently in the figures of the Hindu Pantheon, and in the personal delineations of Christianity. Both are, no doubt, mysterious and significant; but I have not the means of fathoming such points in either. We have just read of "two fingers erect and two depressed" of a Bishop "giving the benediction;" and recently of something very much alike of a Hindu three-headed subject—H 4. With the Greeks and Romans the thumb turned downwards indicated death—upwards life, in their barbarous arenae; and a θ, as is mentioned in p. 299, implied a death. "At Rome, when a gladiator fought well the people saved him; if otherwise, or as they happened to be inclined, they turned down their thumbs, and he was slain."—Childe Har. Can. 4. note 93. With the ancient and modern Jews, the thumb of a corpse is turned inwards to the hand, when under preparation for interment. I know not how far, if at all, the more modern or more ancient digitators have intermingled their notions on these matters—or how far they may have been borrowed or received from one another. Neither will I inquire if the fatal Greek letter have any reference to its cognate outline, duplicated in A of our Pl. V. The arms of the Bishop of Norwich has a hand in the dexter corner, pointing with two fingers and a thumb at a crozier between two crowns. Quitting this subject, we proceed to B of Pl. V.

This is the central portion of a curiously elaborate article given entire in No. 89 of Pl. 2. of the Hin. Pan. It connects itself with many of that Pl., and with 1 to 8 of line G—but how, may not here be endeavoured to be shown. Its neighbour A is also cognate with B—and with almost everything mysterious.

Some slight mention has been occasionally made of the elements and symbols of fire and water; their mystical junc-
tion, &c., as is shown in G 1 to 5, and other numbers of Pl. V. Such mention is pointed to in the Index, under Junctions. Willingly waving farther notice, we reach C which shall detain us but a short time. It is from a coin, smaller than our engraving, in the Brit. Mus. On the reverse is the head, body, and forelegs of a dog or wolf; as the subject H, below it, has of a bull. The article which these subjects were intended to illustrate is not matured. The three taus—not quite joined as in B 22, 23—the letters IC—A 1, 2, have been before noticed; and the central subject, as not inaptly representing whatever is meant by D 13, so often on Egyptian remains. The letters rho and upsilon, if such they be—we pass; merely noticing that the last is in form like H 5. The two lingas below, surmounted by two stars, have been supposed to be the caps and stars of Castor and Pollux. But if the probably worn out central lines of those stars were prolonged, they would assume the significant form of G 5, and, like the round-topped "conical stone" immediately beneath them, mentioned in p. 329, become directly Sieule. I do not mean that this is to be considered at all as a Hindu coin or medal—but as showing the spread of corresponding mysticisms of India, Egypt, and Greece. C is probably a Christian coin.

D is from Pellerin, Res. sur les Arts, lib. 1. c. 3. It was found at Cyprus, and is supposed to be Phoenician, and, as has been asserted, "certainly anterior to the Macedonian conquest. The rosary is like those still used in the Romish churches—the heads of which were anciently used to reckon time. Placed in a circle marked its progressive continuity, while their separation from each other marked the divisions, by which it is made to return on itself, and thus produce years, months, and days." These are among the remarks of a commentator on this medal, to whom I shall make no reference. His engraving has twelve beads, or circles or globes—not accurately copied in mine. In p. 304, preceding, mention is made of this subject D of Pl. V. and of another very like it (query? if not the very same)—and the
extensive as well as ancient use of rosaries has been elsewhere glanced at. The letters on fig. D we do not stop to mention. On the reverse is a wolf or a dog.

D is from a beautiful gem in the Brit. Mus., among the Townley collection, rather smaller than my engraving. This triune bust has been reasonably supposed to represent Ammon (or Pan) and Minerva. The connecting elephant’s head marks it of Oriental reference; and indicates perhaps that the “half-reasoning” power ascribed to that noble animal is of very ancient as well as of extensive prevalence. This gem is supposed to have been engraved at Alexandria, under one of the Ptolemies, on whose medals the heads are separately seen. It may be deemed a fine execution of a clumsy personation; not dissimilar to H 1, 4—and other such subjects, sufficiently discussed.

Skipping for a moment the three central figures, we note in the last I the same idea varied—both faces being bearded, and a branch superadded—for the reason of which we will not now seek. It is of a gem of white cornelian, of smaller size than my engraving, in Dr. Walsh’s collection; of Gnostic origin probably. The learned gentleman conceives it to refer to a cure of Elephantiasis: and, if I differ from such opinion, it is with due respect. I have been unscrupulously and unauthorizedly, but I hope not unpardonably, free with that reverend author’s very curious little book.

The fig. E has been many years before me—I but few. It is probable that neither was before the inventor of the modern medal G—on which we see a similar elephant’s head. But it has no reference whatever to the origin or end of E or I.

1 “Half-reasoning.” There is a something in the elephant, independently, I think, of its bulk, which distinguishes it from other quadrupeds. No person or persons would commit any act of gross indelicacy or indecency in the presence of an elephant, more than in the presence of the wholly “reasoning.” The same feeling would not prevail touching the presence of a stupid rhinoceros, almost as bulky.
It is the obverse of a medal given to the students in the E. I. College at Haileybury for distinguished acquirement in Sanskrit and other Oriental lore. It is rather curious that in such distant countries and ages three such elephant-headed subjects should have been so similarly engraved. That immediately before us represents Saraswati, spouse, or active energy, of Brahma—the goddess of harmony, arrangement, and generally of the creative arts. She is writing with a stylus on a leaf—next to sand-writing, the earliest mode, probably, that was invented. She is the protectress of writing and authorship—all implements appertaining thereto being dedicated and sacred to her.

Before her is a lotus—the allusions to which all-pervading "gem of beauty" in connexion with almost every Hindu goddess, and with almost every mysterious subject in India and Egypt, are endless. Behind her, resting on a cubi-form altar, is a Vina, on which she is often seen playing. My old friend A. W. Devis—who was more imbued with the poetry of India than any artist who has hitherto painted—has so represented her in a fine subject, prefixed to a pretty pocket edition of Sir W. Jones' poems. His beautiful "Ode to Saraswati" gave the idea to the spirited artist:

"Young Passions at the sound
In shadowy forms arose—
O'er hearts, yet uncreated, sure to reign."

His vignette of Bhavani, seated on an expanded lotus, is also a grand conception:

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1 In very old illuminations of papal missals, legends, psalters, &c.—for, although such things are commonly spoken of under the common name first given, they are in strictness distinct things, prepared for, and used on different occasions—so are the MSS. called antiphonar, gradual, troparium, ordinal, manual—in some of these a saint, Luke perhaps, or John, is depicted writing with a style:—an eagle, sometimes an angel, holding the inkhorn.
"Mother of gods, rich nature's queen,
Thy genial fire emblazed the burning scene."

Ode to Bhavani.

"The poetry of Ind." In Oriental grouping and scenery, Daniel still stands unrivalled.¹

This interesting goddess—"Sweet grace of Brahma's bed"—"whose sigh is music, and each tear a pearl"—occupies many of the plates and pages of my H. Pan. In my collection of Hindumythi I have her in a hundred forms; and should be well pleased to have little else to do than to concoct and put forth a pretty little volume of half the size of this, of Saraswatiana—but it may not be.

Her figure on the round medal is larger than in my Plate: and I wish my figure had not been placed in a cartouche. I was lately pleasingly engaged in having this medal and some others, with their reverses, copied and engraved on a broad sheet, for a much respected old friend, recently deceased. She was justly proud of being the mother of sons who had, at Haileybury and Calcutta colleges, won no fewer than twelve of these, or similar, splendid gold medals, for distinguished acquirement in Sanskrit, Arabic, Persian, Bruggaliae—Mathematics, Classics, Political Economy, &c. They are the gifted sons of my very old and respected friend Mr. John Morris, of the E. I. Direction. She, who would naturally have been the most deeply gratified by the impressions from the beautiful plate, did not, alas! live to witness its completion.

Of F, I shall say but little. It is from a gem of the same shape, and about half the size, in the Townley collection. A learned commentator has described it as the "head of Pan and of a ram on the body of a cock, over whose head is

¹ Saraswatī's Vīna is brought before us when we find that the Finnish Orpheus is named Viennamunda. In the Edda he performs, like Krishna, Saraswati, and Nareda in the Purana, many musical miracles. Vīna-munda are Sanskrit words, or one compound, applicable to a musical deity.
the asterisk of the sun, and below it the head of an aquatic fowl attached to the same body. The cock is the symbol of the sun, probably from proclaiming his approach in the morning; and the aquatic fowl is the emblem of water: so that this composition, apparently so whimsical, represents the universe between the two great prolific elements—the one the active, the other the passive, cause of all things."

If we dwell on this it would lead us too deeply into the actives and passives of Hindús, and the Vulcanics and Neptunics of Europe, and their corresponding fancies in Egypt, according to Pausanias and others. But, desirous to avoid submersion in the one, and burning our fingers with the other, we pass on to the last unnoticed subject H of Pl. V. Medals, bearing combinations of man and bull, are common. This is from one in the Brit. Mus.—smaller than my engraving; with an equestrian armed figure, probably Mars, on the reverse. I shall offer no observations on this subject. The characters may be partly Greek—or they may be fancied to resemble some of those above them—in lines E and G—that tridentated, like several in B and E—the upper one like F 19 or 17. Such resemblances were unheeded when, some years ago, I selected fig. H for another purpose, not now before us.

We have now run through Pl. V.—and although with a rapidity scarcely admitting the tithe of what might be said on the strange variety (yet in reality almost unity) of its subjects and allusions, still to some, probably, at tiresome length.

1 Showing the subject F to a less recondite friend, he shocked me by saying that it was like a homely thing that he had often seen in gingerbread at Bow, Horn, and Bartlemy fairs! So near are the sublime and the ridiculous. It is probably a clumsy Gnostical triad or quaternion: or it may refer to some ancient zodiac—of which the frequent recurrence of ram, bull, goat, woman, crab, fish, bow, lion, &c. on Egyptic and other antiquities, singly or combined, afford some confirmation.
It may, but most likely never will, furnish matter for a farther lecture. The labour—I dare not say profitable labour—of an industrious life, would not exhaust it.

Here, too, I may, as well as any where else, observe that I had intended to append a few pages of notes to these Fragments. Such intention of hanging a few notes on them has occasionally appeared in earlier pages. But, however desirable it is to me to indulge in such an advantage, I must, I see, forego it. Farther indulgence in such discursive scope would (as honest Terry, the early East Indian traveller, said of his publication) make my volume "look more like a bundle than a book." I therefore must reluctantly omit perhaps half a hundred pages of notes and illustration, which I was prepared to inflict on the enduring reader.

In a former page, 62, I have mentioned that I possess a beautiful copy of the Koran in the form of a roll, or pootee, or puti (the two spellings are meant to produce the same sound)—as such rolls are called in India, by both Hindús and Mahommedans. Such things are not uncommon in England. There are several in the libraries of the East India House, and of the Royal Asiatic Society, of the Koran, and of Hindu works. Of the latter I have two, curiously illuminated with various drawings. Such objects are of high price in India—higher, probably by half, than they would bring in England. I once had it in contemplation to make out an analysis of the Koran, intending to omit a great portion of its more uninteresting matters, repetitions, &c. and to comprise its essentials within the compass of a few sheets. I made some progress in it; and had Pi. VI. engraved as a specimen of my puti: of which it is as nearly a fac-simile as to size, outline, filling in, &c., as the correct eye and steady hand of an excellent engraver can make it. Having the plate, and having before referred to it, I give it as of a pretty and curious subject—albeit my intended analysis cannot be now forthcoming.

The paper is very fine—in length 14½ feet—in breadth, outside to outside, 3½ inches—of a brownish colour—besprinkled with gold, in dust, spots, flowers, and in various forms.
The exterior straight lines, and the double exterior of the large letters, as well as the flowers, are of gold. The large letters are those composing the sentence so often in the mouths of Mahommedans, commonly called the Bismillah—they are given in p. 28. The sentence as there given and translated in p. 29, commences the Koran, and all its chapters, except the ninth—and usually every book, of pious or serious pretensions. There are fifteen other such separations, as it were, of the currency of the text, or writing—by these large letters,—all varying, beautifully turned, some with deep red writing intermixed. The body of the text or writing seldom runs straight from side to side; but sloping, and in almost every other mode, forming a great variety of whimsical, though graceful forms. It would be creditable to any nobleman, or gentleman, or society, having funds, to have such a roll engraved and worked, in exact similitude. I would, if I had the means. But I have perhaps done my share; having risked the engraving of some hundreds, if not thousands, of oriental subjects, of various descriptions.

Within the gilt outline of the large letters is the text—written across them, in very short lines. I do not suppose that my puti contains the whole of the Koran. It begins with the first chapter, as given in No. 7 of Plate III., and translated in p. 29: but I have not tested it farther by collation. I have never, indeed, till the day on which I write this account, (Feb. 1834)—unrolled it wholly, though I have possessed it many years; and was not before fully aware of its varied beauties. It is a very beautiful MS. The paper is in sheets or strips, about two feet long—so neatly joined as to be scarcely perceptible, even at the back. In front the joinings are not easily detected.

Neatly rolled up, it is not thicker than one's thumb. It requires, as I have just experienced, considerable care, delicacy of touch, and patience, to re-roll it into its former neatness and dimensions. With the reasonable exertion of such portion of those qualifications as I possess, I have not succeeded in such endeavour. The case made to contain it
will not—and I must, at a more convenient season, unroll and try again.

In this account of Pl. VI. I have hinted at the "half-price" estimation in which such Eastern MSS. are held in England. A like sentiment has occurred before. And I seek this occasion to say that I should—wanting money more than MSS. or curiosities, gladly dispose of my Collection at half what it has cost me. Of MSS. indeed, I have very few. But in mythological subjects my Collection is, perhaps, unique: especially in figures and groups, in metals—copper, brass, zinc, silver. Of these I have several hundreds—mostly out of temples. I have had opportunities of possessing myself of such things in the sad times of wars, plunder, famine. Some of these are fine specimens of metallurgic skill. In view to the eventual publication of my Hindu Pantheon, I availed myself for many years of every (on my part honest) opportunity of accumulating mythological materials. Many were engraved for that work, as well from drawings and paintings as from metallic subjects. Of such drawings, coloured and plain, I have also several hundreds, together with a few curious and ancient coins. Among the coins, a fine set of the Zodiac rupees. Likewise a few cut stones: my finest specimen of which is engraved No. 7 of Pl. III. of this book.

My Collection would form a good foundation for any gentleman or society desirous of forming an Oriental musée. It would probably suit—as well as for any—a foreign, public or private, institution or gentleman: and would be no small addition to any collection, public or private, any where.

But, resuming the description of the Plates of this volume, we reach the VIIIth and last. It is of the Shield mentioned in p. 62;—on the whole the most elaborated article of the kind that I ever saw. It is of rhinoceros' hide—semi-transparent—eighteen inches in diameter. Its whole concavity is covered with flowers, not ungracefully formed, and turned—erst while gilt—but it is probably very old; and although its gildings, &c. are worn, it is in good, serviceable condition.
In the internal centre is a velvet cushion, five inches square, for a rest to the knuckles, when the hand grasps two stout leathers fastened to four stout iron rings—one at each corner of the cushion. These rings move in strong iron eyes or sockets, which go through the shield, and on the other, or convex, side, end in as many stout bosses—as seen in the Plate—radiated, of a neat pattern—and about an inch in diameter, and raised nearly as much. The observer will perceive that these four bosses, four figures meant to represent tigers, composed mostly of letters, and a central subject, with the interstices filled in with flowers, and a flowered border, occupy the entire of the external or outside surface. The centre, or umbo, where "frightful gorgon frowned" on the shield of Theseus and Minerva, is a triglyphic anagram of the names of Allah and the "holy family," already given in p. 25. It is on the shield something like an ugly human face—more so from the gilding and effect than in the plate; and the names are thereon more easily read. It may not be termed Gorgonic. But although the Mahommedan artist may never have heard of the Hesiodic shield of Hercules, or the Virgilian shield of Eneas, or of the Homeric shield of Achilles—those exquisite forgings on the Parnassian anvil by "Vulcan's glorious craft;"—yet the recurrence of such seeming similarity is not unpleasing. We must not, however, too hastily conclude that the poetic creations alluded to have been altogether unknown to more eastern artists: since we have lately read of a close translation of Virgil in, I think, a Jaina language, in a Jaina library in Tibet.

If the curious reader will begin at the lowest foot of a tiger, proceed along the belly to the back, the hind legs, the thigh, rump, and tail, he may, not without difficulty, make out the following words: comprising what is usually called "Nud i Ali"—or the "Praise of Ali"—the same that is contained in the gem No. 10 of Pl. III.—described in p. 446—though on account of the extreme minuteness of the cutting, not engraved in my Plate.
In the King's Garden, a large and beautiful tulip-tree was planted, the first of its kind in the kingdom. All who saw it were amazed. It is now in the possession of a great nobleman in the north of the kingdom.

"Invoke Ali, the displayer of miracles: thou wilt find him a help to thee in troubles.

"Every care, and every grief is removed by thy prophetic influence, O Mohammed! and by thy princely rule, O Ali! O Ali!"

This was obligingly extracted and translated for me by my learned friend Mr. Mitchell, of the Royal Asiatic Society. It is a very favorite text with warriors—as the name of Ali deservedly is. I know not whence it is taken.

Rhinozeros' hide is the most esteemed substance for shields in India; being deemed the roughest and most impenetrable. No sword or spear could, I should think, pierce mine; nor would a musket-ball, unless discharged direct and close,—nor, perhaps, even then.

I must not omit to note that the execution of these devices on the shield must have been a work of much time and some ingenuity:—for the whole are raised or embossed, by the cutting or scooping away out of the thickness of the hide all the interstitial parts, leaving the letters, words, characters, and flowers, in relief, all of which are gilt, or painted green and varnished. Nor will I grudge space to note another seeming similarity in the exterior ornamentings of this very widely used species of armour. In a recent page we have seen that in Arabia, Persia, and India, Bóg, or Bae, is a tiger; it is also the lion. In a very curious article in vol. xxiv of Archaeologia, a description of a Scandinavian shield of about A.D. 998 is quoted from a Saga:

"Next came Kari with a shield bearing the figure of a
lion." And in a note we read that "In the Scalda, or collection of Eddaic epithets attached to the Edda of Snorre, we are told that it was usual to paint the exterior circle of the ancient shields, which was called Baug; and hence shields were also poetically termed Baug." p. 267, 8. This very elaborate article is by F. Madden, Esq. F.R.S.—on Chess and Chess-men.

It remains that I state how I became possessed of this curious shield.

I have noticed, p. 76—how Poona was, when I was last a resident there, beleaguered with armies; not hostile, so far as not being actually combatant may be said to denote the absence of hostility—but short of that, containing all the moral elements of combustion. It was the habit of Dowlut Rao Sindea, the then youthful head of the most powerful of those armies, to go out hunting two or three times a week. On such occasions he would be attended, or escorted, by perhaps six or eight thousand or more of his cavalry, and by infantry and guns. In those treacherous times—all ready for, and of course all suspecting, treachery—those movements of Maraj (Maha raja) as his courtiers and others called him, were viewed with certain feelings of jealousy and fear by the leaders of the other armies; who, on those mornings, if not on others, would be under arms very early. Such is, however, a pretty universal custom all over India. Every soldier of the immense armies of the East India Company are, or used to be, under arms every morning at daybreak—except perhaps on Sunday in peaceable garrisons. On the occasions to which I allude, Sindea would be on the move about five o'clock.

At the time of which I am about to speak, there were violent feuds in the family and army of Holkar—fomented by Sindea; in counteraction of which the deep diplomacy of Nana Furseveese—the Talleyrand of India—prime minister to the weak Peshwa Baaji Rao, backed by our policy and friendly offers of mediation, did not prevail. At length two or three of the turbulent brothers of the Holkar family separated themselves in violent anger from the head;
and, taking with them all the soldiery and rabble who would follow them, crossed the river which separated the immense army of Holkar from the little abode and encampment of the English embassy, and pitched immediately in our front—and so near as scarcely to leave any intermediate space, even a roadway, between. On our friendly remonstrance, the outskirt of their encampment was removed a few yards, perhaps fifty, from the front of our little line. Our rear and flanks were covered by the two rivers; between, and at the very junction of which was, and had long been, the position of the English embassy; with a long range of open ground in front.

The proximity of such vagabonds and russians as Mahratta armies were usually composed of, was any thing but agreeable to us. Our policy was a strict neutrality—with frequent proffers to all parties to interpose in the way of friendly mediation whenever invited.

It was the party hostile to D. R. Sindea, who had thus separated and placed themselves in almost open defiance of him, as well as of the head of the family—expecting perhaps a greater adherence of followers, and hoping more aid from Nana Farnaveese and the Poona government, than they were then, however willing, able to bestow.

The separatists, feeling their weakness, sent frequent messages and letters to Mr. Unthoff, then political resident at Poona, for advice and assistance:—one was difficult, the other impossible, to render. We therefore merely temporised; recommending moderation, conciliation, &c. but could, of course, neither say or do any thing materially serviceable to men who had thus rashly placed themselves in so desperate a predicament. There may have been five or six thousand of them.

There is no part of the world where armed followers, horse and foot, may be more readily got together than in India; especially in or near the territory of the Mahrattas. Any leader, bearing a tolerable name for intrepidity and liberality, who can get together two or three elephants, as many guns, a hundred horse, and a few hundred foot, and
promising plunder, would soon collect thousands, perhaps tens of thousands, of suitable followers. The Holkar family have been, almost every one, rather famed for boldness and liberality—and probably the separatists might in a few weeks have become formidable in point of numbers, if un molested. But two or three days decided that point.

One morning in the year 1797, Dowlut Rao was reported by the spies, employed on the part of all other leaders and powers (the English among them) to have gone out hunting, with a larger escort, and more infantry and guns, than usual; and taken such and such a direction: an opposite one to the camp of the Holkar separatists, who were thereby lulled into a fancied security.

About half past five of that morning our little party were alarmed by a violent cannonading in our front. The whistling of shot and an immediate succession of musketry, and turbulence of every description, soon taught us what had commenced—to wit—an attack by Sindea on Holkar’s camp.

Resistance on the part of Holkar would have been of little avail, even had they been prepared; but they were altogether inefficient, and were taken by surprise; and suffered immediate rout. After a few rounds of shot and some musketry, some thousands of cavalry rushed in, cut the tent-ropes of the fleeing rabble, horse, foot, and followers—and in half an hour little semblance of a camp remained.

At the first shot our little party—two companies of sepoys under my command as an “honorary escort”—were extended along our front to keep out the fugitives—judging that if any of them entered our lines, their assailants and pursuers could hardly be kept out.

The readiest line of flight was past our front, over a ford on our left, by the piers of an unfinished bridge, into a suburb of the city, from which Holkar’s, as well as our encampment or residency, was divided by the river Meota. Had it been Sindea’s object to have destroyed or captured the Holkar’s troops, a few guns and a small body of horse on the right bank or city side of the river could have
effected it. But dispersion seemed his object: and this was most completely effected.

The brothers and those immediately about their persons made a show of resistance—one of them, I think, and a few of the adherents were killed: and two of the brothers escaped to Hyderabad.

It was a brigade of infantry commanded by a Neapolitan named Filose, who made this attack. He told us afterwards that he had orders to be careful to direct his cannonade and fire so as not to endanger our line: and so well was this attended to, that although we seemed to be very dangerously in the range of the two positions, we had only two or three men wounded. For this due apologies were made: and information was of course given of Sindea's object in making the attack, that I have thus, from recollection, briefly described, as introductory to my acquirement of the Shield—the subject of Pl. VII: affording, as well, a trait characteristic of the doings of a strange race, among whom—in camps and courts—I passed some years of my early life.

The poor fugitives, denied shelter in our line, flung away their arms, encumbrances, and property, in our front, and over the fences of our gardens. Among such articles was this Shield, which was never claimed; and which, I almost forget how, became mine. I believe by the donation of a small sum to a little fund, which the sale of the unclaimed property, and a contribution by ourselves, enabled us to distribute among some of the wounded and most distressed of the sufferers, who fell within the scope of our assistance and observance.
FRAGMENTS—FIFTH.

CLEFTS—FISSURES—IN TREES, &c.

Looking with some dismay at the top of the page, I see that I cannot have room for much of the chapter mentioned in pp. 245, 88. The heading of that portion of my intended Fragments is this—"CLEFTS—FISSURES, ligneous and lithic—HOLY WELLS and WATERS—HILLS—HOLLOWS—CAVERNS—&c, &c, LINGAIC and IONIC types"—of which I can now give, and that rather disjointedly, the portion only connected with TREES.

The sycamore at Matarea, in Egypt, is still shown, which miraculously opened IONICally to receive and reproduce our persecuted Virgin. It probably has been struck by lightning, like the ruminal fig-tree, noticed in p. 256 preceding, and may bear a longitudinal cicatrice from a healed wound; or, if hollow, exhibit a perforation of an IONIC shape. If it heal, such is the form of the scar:—unclosed, of the aperture. It is enough. In a few years, or centuries, suitable legends will not be wanting—they have been found, almost every where, forthcoming; and, it must be said, almost every where, curiously cognate in their occult allusions.

I do not find that the sycamore was especially a
mystical tree among any ancient people. I cannot see any thing mystical, or peculiar, in or about it—save perhaps that peculiarity of exhibiting a variety of dark spots on its foliage. Egyptian mummy-cases are said to be made of it. Whether this was from its supposed great durability, or from any superstitious feeling, who can say? If from the first, our notion on the point of ligneous duration does not, I think, accord with that of the ancient Egyptians. If the selection of the sycamore was from any superstitious feeling, it may be connected with that observable at *Matarea*. The mummy-case is receiving and reproducing—and may, among an imaginative race, always seeking psychological allusions, have been forced into connexion with the mystery of regeneration, so extensively prevalent; and may share with its "leathern inmate," the quaint, almost half-unintelligible, "imperishable type of evanescence" of the poet. "See farther," I find added to the preceding paragraph, "for sycamoric mysticisms." But I have sought no farther. The idea seems merely started, not pursued.

But here may be traced another link connecting through distant countries the chain of mystery in this line of thought—that is, of the mysticism of Clefts, or Ionic forms, and transit, and trees. Those beautiful and interesting objects of producing and reproducing nature, connect themselves, in the mystic's contemplative eye, with all that is beautiful and interesting, and poetical and profound. They point up to the *Heavens*—they strike down to *Tartarus*; but are still of *Earth*—a Brahmanal triad, expressed by
the Sanskrit word *bhurbhuvawaswah*—heaven-earth-sky—
a vastly profound trisyllabic-monoverbal-mythos:
—holding, like the mighty *aum*, or *o*m, in
mystic combination, the elementals of *Brahma—
*Vishnu—*Siva.

As *Virgil* says of the Eleusinian, Druidic, Dó-
donaic oak,—

\[ \text{et quantum vertice ad aurās} \]
\[ \text{Āetherias, tantum radice in Tartara tendit.} \]
\[ \text{*En. iv. 441.} \]

High as the head shoots towering to the skies
So deep the root in hell's foundation lies. *Pitt.*

Rural, solitary, wanderings give rise to poetical
and pious communings—they are, or ought to be,
naively allied—often, let us hope, identical—in their
origin and end. Of the poetical sort—one may not
now call it religious, whatever such may once have
been—I find the following lines connected, more or
less, with our present subject. I know not their
author, nor where I found them,—

\[ \text{—Wither'd boughs grotesque,} \]
\[ \text{Stript of their leaves and twigs by hoary age,} \]
\[ \text{From depth of shaggy covert peeping forth} \]
\[ \text{In the low vale, or on deep mountain side—} \]
\[ \text{And sometimes with stirring horns} \]
\[ \text{Of the live deer, or goats' depending beard—} \]
\[ \text{These were the lurking satyrs: a wild brood} \]
\[ \text{Of gamesome deities—or *Pan* himself—} \]
\[ \text{The simple shepherd's awe-inspiring god.} \]

The commendable delicacy, generally speaking, of
Mahommedans, and the prosaic nature of their reli-
gion, forbid sexual allusions in their writings. And,
without impugning their fastidiousness on that point
—not indeed always observable even in the Koran—we find there, and in the Commentaries, a connexion of birth, and tree, not very unlike what has been told, or shadowed, respecting Juno Samia, or Latona, and the Hindu Samia—as noticed in pp. 359, 60.

In the nineteenth Sura, or chapter, of the Koran, entitled "Mary," much concerning the miraculous conception occurs. Having praised St. John, as "a devout person, and dutiful towards his parents; not proud, or rebellious"—and invoked a blessing on him in these words—"Peace be on him—the day whereon he was born, and the day whereon he shall die, and the day whereon he shall be raised to life—"* the prophet continues—"And remember the story of Mary—when the pains of child-birth came upon her near the trunk of a palm-tree."—"A withered trunk," adds a commentator, "without any head or verdure; notwithstanding which, though in the winter season, it miraculously supplied her with fruits for her nourishment."—"And he who was beneath her," continues the Koran, "called to her—saying, shake the palm-tree, and it shall let fall ripe dates upon thee ready gathered."

Commentators differ as to whether it was the infant

* It is not so marked by commentators, but herein might have been discovered a mystical triad of days—those of birth, death, and resurrection. "The day whereon he shall die," would seem to indicate that St. John was supposed to be then living—but I do not recollect such a supposition among Mahommedans.touching John, as coeval with the prophet: though of some other eminent persons very extended life is predicated.
or the angel Gabriel who so called to the mother. They say "the dry trunk revived, and shot forth green leaves, and a head laden with ripe fruit."

On these passages Sale remarks that the Mahommedan account of this delivery resembles that of Latona, as described by Callimachus—not only in reference to the sustaining palm, or olive, or laurel, but in the very early speaking of the infants. On another text in Sura 3, such very early speaking is made more parallel. It was to relieve the mother from injurious suspicions in the later instance that the preternatural speaking occurred: some say from the womb, as in the earlier; others from the cradle. Sale reasonably supposes that the fabulous traditions of the eastern Christians afforded the grounds of these texts and commentaries. Koran i. 63. ii. 130.

We have shown that the mouths of caves, and fissures in rocks, or perforations, are fancied to be symbolised by the hieroglyphic of Parvati, or Kali, or Devi—both from their form and darkness. So are the mouths of wells, and fissures or clefts in trees. A cleft or perforated rock at the extremity of a bold promontory in Bombay, called Malabar Point, is a celebrated Ion; and passing through it is, and

* Entitled "The family of Imran," the name given in the Koran to the father of the Virgin Mary. This is a very curious chapter—betraying great ignorance of chronology on the part of the prophet, notwithstanding his translator's endeavours to extricate him from such "intolerable anachronisms," as would, "if admitted, be sufficient of itself to destroy the pretended authority of the Book."
has been immemorially, a regenerating process. I have, on another occasion, noticed this at some length — *H. P. 395* — and the *Point* is mentioned in p. 324 of this volume.

Promontories are in themselves, from their figure, *Linga*ic, or *Siva*ic, as they are deltæ. They are aptly called "tongues of land," evidently from their shape. A very bold promontory of the caverned, and formerly holy, island of *Salsette*, projects itself into *Bombay* harbour, pointing towards the caverned and holy island, known to Europeans by the name of *Elephant*. We call the promontory the "Neat's Tongue." I know not if we have taken it from the natives. It is probable. The human tongue, projected or protruded, has, by western heathens, been fancied a *Bacchic* or *Phallic* type, and may be so in *India*: but I am not aware of it. Very ancient *Pan*ic gems and medals are still seen with the human tongue unseemingly protruded. This organ is of a conic, or *Linga*ic, shape; and otherways reminds mystics of occult matters.

Passing through a lithic perforation, or cleft, or fissure, is, as just noticed, in *India*, a purifying, or, as there described, a regenerating process: and so may, perhaps, be the more easy operation through a cleft tree; but I do not recollect to have there heard of it. In *England* the supposed benefit of passing a child through a cloven tree is not a confined persuasion. It is not very uncommon in *Suffolk* — but, in comparison with *India*, these differences are noticeable — there the ceremony is spiritual—typical of a new birth—regenerative: here, it is *now*,
exclusively corporeal—curative only of rupture or rickets. In India it is, as far as I know, a lithic, here it is a ligneous, transit. But in other parts of England, as in India, lion of stone have been described. That the superstition of both countries have a common source, I am able and willing to believe.

I have never seen the operation performed in England—but will describe recent instances of its occurrence—quoting first a passage or two from my notes on this curious subject, made many years ago.

Passing a child through a cleft tree was formerly, in times of greater ignorance, probably a more common usage than in these. I have never actually seen it done; but I have in early life heard with wonderment of its performance; and have known lads who have undergone the operation. I have not heard of its application to girls. Mem. to inquire into that point. The ceremony is thus described in Cullum’s Hawstead. "There is no better place than this where I may mention a custom which I have twice seen practised in this garden¹ within a few years—namely, that of drawing a child through a cleft tree. For this purpose a young ash was each time selected, and split longitudinally about five feet. The fissure was kept open by my gardener, while the friends of the child, having first stripped him naked, passed him thrice through it, always head foremost. As soon as the operation was performed, the wounded tree was bound up with pack-thread; and, as the bark healed, the child

¹ At Hardwicke, near Bury St. Edmunds.
was expected to recover. The first of these young patients was to be cured of the rickets, the second of a rupture. About the former I had no opportunity of making any inquiry; but I frequently saw the father of the latter, who assured me that his child, without any other assistance, gradually mended, and at length grew perfectly well."

Dr. BORLASE, in his Antiquities of Cornwall, p. 172, mentions a custom practised in that part of the island analogous to that just mentioned. There is a stone, he says, in the parish of Mardon, with a hole in it fourteen inches diameter, through which he was informed by an intelligent neighbour many persons had crept for pains in their backs and limbs; and that fanciful parents, at certain times of the year, do customarily draw their children through, to cure them of the rickets.

Dr. BORLASE adduces many more instances, as CULLUM informs us, of the supposed efficacy of passing through, or between, various substances; but for them the reader is referred to the work itself. "Yet I cannot help remarking," he continues, "how curious it is that the eastern and western extremities of the kingdom should coincide in this singular custom, the spirit of which is certainly derived from the most remote antiquity; and of which the historians of the interior parts have not, as far as I at present recollect, taken any notice. Men of education laugh,

1 In India, one in search of etymologies might be disposed to see in the name of this village something like Maha-dun, or Great-hill: especially if situated on or near an eminence giving a colour to such a derivation.
and with reason, at such things; but the common people, untutored by philosophy, transmit them from father to son, and show us how our ancestors thought and acted thousands of years ago." Cullum's Hist. and Antiq. of Havestead, Suffolk—forming xxiii. of Bib. Top. Brit. 1784.

I have not had an opportunity of examining Dr. Borlase's Cornwall. I shall expect, if he is circumstantial, to find considerable similarity between the British and Indian superstitions in this particular. Of those of India I will here observe that the lithic ioni at Malabar Point, Bombay, is used both by women and men—as is at some length described in the HP. The famous Brahman Ragoba, the father of the last of the Mahratta Peshwas, when at Bombay, passed through it frequently—and it is said, that the great Sivaji jeopardied his liberty and life for the advantages of such regeneration. The said Ragoba sent two Brahman ambassadors to England. On their return they required purification from having passed through, and lived in, debasing countries. They were regenerated by a transit through a golden ioni, made expressly for the purpose—and of course with other presents to an immense amount, given to the Brahmans.

These ceremonies, differing more or less, are extensively observable. They appear to have existed in Greece. It is related that those who had been thought dead, and, after the celebration of their funeral rites, unexpectedly recovered—or those who, after a long absence in foreign countries, where they were thought to have died, returned safe home—
such persons at Athens were purified by being let through the lap of a woman’s gown; that so they might seem to be new-born, and were then admitted to certain holy rites that had been denied them previous to this regeneration. Potter’s Arch. Grec. b. ii. c. 3. This is more in accordance with the Hindu ceremonials and feelings than is here shown—as may be seen in HP. 397. written without any knowledge of what Potter had previously said.

In a foregoing extract Cullum thinks the eastern and western parts of England only, exhibit traces of the ancient superstition. But in Brand’s Rep. Antiq. we are told that in Oxford it was still a usage in families of low-life, expecting a birth, to prepare a “groaning cheese.” In this, at birth, a hole was cut, through which, on the christening day, the child was passed. The shape of the hole is not mentioned—nor, I believe, many particulars of the ceremonies. It is added that “farther north, ‘groaning cheeses’ are also made—and that the first slice has virtue similar to bride-cake, being cut into small pieces and given to maidens, to excite pleasant and expressive dreams—all these things having allusion to the mysterious operations of nature.”—p. 445.

On this I will only remark, that the first slice of a cheese is likely to be of a Linguic, or conical, or pyramidal, wedge, form—and if so, in certain places, mystical and appropriate: and that although such forms may be still observed among us, as has been shown in some pages preceding, as remnants of mysticisms, they are no longer, among us, appropriate.
In continuation of my notes on superstitious clefts, I farther extract these, made in 1827. The subject was recently recalled to my recollection by my bailiff when walking through a plantation in Woodbridge. I observed him rather minutely inspecting a young ashen tree; and also looking, I saw it had a straight seam or scar, three feet or more in length. On my endeavouring to trace the cause, he told me that a child had been passed through the tree, split and opened for the purpose, to cure its hussen-belly. The tree is not now so thick as one’s wrist, and was not, when the ceremony was performed, above an inch in diameter. The impression is, that as the tree heal of its wound, so will the child’s ailment be removed. To facilitate the healing of the tree, the cleft is closed, and bandaged with thread or bass. Great confidence seems to be placed in the mysterious efficacy of the process. The ash is said to be the tree always selected on these occasions—perhaps because it is more easily cleft than most others, and

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1 "Bussen-belly.—Ruptured.—I can recollect children in Suffolk drawn in a particular mode, and with certain ceremonies, through a cleft tree, as a cure for this malady. Ceremonies similar have been noticed among the Hindús. This superstition of forcing a passage through a fissure, or cleft orifice, is indeed of very extensive prevalence—and in eyes and minds prone to mystery has been viewed in a very profound light. But this is not the place to dilate on a matter far from uninteresting."—Suffolk Words. Woodbridge, 1823. No notice of this is taken by Forby in his Vocabulary of East Anglia, nor by the reverend and learned editors of that valuable work.
may more readily recover of such a wound. I have
heard of a bramble being substituted, but not on
ocular authority.

There is no text in our Scripture on which, as con-
cerning the ash, the Talmudists or Targumists could,
in such proneness, build any thing mysterious. The
ash is but once—Isai. xliv. 14.—mentioned in the
Bible, and this in a plain non-mystical manner.

It may be here observed that the ash was, of old, a
venerated tree. Hesiod makes it the origin of his
brazen-men. Among the mysteries of the Scandi-
navians, as related in the Edda, the whole human
race is of the same origin. From one species of ash
the Calabrians—Kalabrians, as I have been dis-
posed to call them—gather manna. It exudes in
summer from incisions or perforations, which almost
necessarily assume, when made and when healed, an
Ionic form. Single, it may be fancied, when first
made—No. 17. 1. D. Pl. V.—compound or double,
when healed—the exterior of fig. A of the same
plate, or of the lazarus-house seal of Pl. IV. Another
species of ash is poisonous: again, connecting it with
Sivaic, or Kaliic fable—as before noticed. The
mountain-ash, a tree differing generically, I believe,
from the common ash, shares also in mysterious
repute. In days of greater superstition than the
present, it was used as a counterspell against witch-
craft—exactly how, or how extensively, I know not.
If its name of mountain-ash have been given to it
from its supposed love of elevated regions, it will
become more and more connected with Kali, in her
character of the "mountain-born"—the "mountain-
loving Diana: "who, in one of her characters, corresponds with the obstetric Lucina.

A scholar, duly imbued with mysticism, might, haply, trace and connect sundry poetical, and widely-spread superstitious allusions to the ash. One does not readily see why. Only one peculiarity in it occurs to me—this is, that the wood of young ash is as tough, hard, and durable, as of old: of seven years as of seventy. This, with a certain class, might seem a type or symbol—(I may not always duly discriminate between the proper meanings of these words)—of youth and age. In common with the sycamore, the ash bears, and is propagated by, a key—as we, and perhaps other races, call the seed. We have in an earlier page seen something of the mysticisms connected with that name and form. It might be insufferable to hint at the Kalāic sound in the initial of Clavis: and that possibly something astronomical may have been fancied in the configuration of the spots on the singularly disposed black peculiarity of the foliage of the sycamore: such leaves moreover in their exterior form being triunical, and bifurcated at their base.

A longitudinal wound in the bark of a tree will primarily assume the Sīvaic form—the erect, obeliscal 1—like the tree itself, symbolic of the Linga. Expanded, for a mysterious purpose—and it is curious what a number of such mysterious purposes seem to have occurred to prurient eyes—it is Ionic. Duplicated, when healing and healed, we find it still of like allusion.
In rural wanderings I have been struck with the uniformities of the wounds in trees—all, be they recent or healed, incisions or perforations, in sound or hollow trees, exhibiting that almost all-pervading form so mystical in the eye of a Saiva, or a Sakti, or a 10 mijah; and perhaps, of Brahmans generally. Pl. 2. of the Hin. Pan. contains many such, as "sectarial marks or symbols." As such they are borne on the foreheads of Hindús of the present day, as they were of old; and as they probably were also among the Egyptians: and, more of individual or official, than sectarial, distinction perhaps, among the Israelites.

With Hindús, in a word, it is the form of nature's matrix;—with Plutonists, or Vulcanists, or Saivas, it is creation—it is heat—it is renovation—it is fire—it is regeneration—it is all in all. So it is with Neptunists, the Vaishnavas: then, of course, of aqueous, in lieu of igneous, reference. "What is the sea," they say—"but the hollow of the hand—the great argha—of nature—or matrix of production and re-production?" But a truce to these matters.

In the seemingly whimsical operation of the cleft tree, now more immediately under our notice, the all-pervading form and feeling may be recognised. A child issuing head first (by some practitioners feet first) through such cleft—or a man through a natural or artificial similar fissure or cleft in a rock—or through a like form of metal—down to the ridiculous cut cheese of Oxford—all seem to be indications of obstetricity; and would not fail of reminding a "twice-born" Brahman of a "second birth," or
regeneration:—of which mysterious matters his ceremonial and spiritual books abound.

The "new-birth" of Christians—let it not be deemed irreverent to mix such subjects—is expressly declared and universally understood, to be of Grace—spiritual, though it produce visible fruits. Superstition, the offspring of ignorance and craft, may occasionally symbolize it into carnality. But such is the proneness of Brahmans to general sexualization that, although their esoteric dogma of regeneration is said to be sufficiently guarded on that point, it has notwithstanding, from such proneness, been degraded into doctrines and ritual ceremonies, that we may term mythological, or whimsical, or ridiculous, or worse.

The investiture of the "twice-born"—a common periphrasis for a Brahman—of a mystical triple cord—or rather a thread diversely re-triplicated up to the number ninety-six, but how I have forgotten, if I ever knew—is understood to be a purifying rite. This thread has several names. That which I have mostly heard it called by is zennaar. By western writers it has been common to call it the "sacerdotal thread"—or the "Brahminical thread"—meaning thereby, I imagine, to confine it to priests. But it is not confined to priests, nor to Brahmans. The two next classes wear it—and are canonically and ceremonially entitled. If the reader suppose

1 "Brahminical"—better Brahmanical: and Brahmans than Brahmen: and Brahman than Brahmin.
2 "The three twice-born classes are the sacerdotal, the military, and the commercial: but the fourth, or servile, is
that Brahman and Priest are synonymous, he is in error. With Hindús all priests are Brahmans, as with the Hebrews all were and are Levites. The tribes of Levi and of Brahman furnish the priesthood—but all Levites and Brahmans are not priests. Through this mystical zennaar, or vinculum, the sanctified person is passed, with endless ceremonials—some of which are noticed in HP. 378, &c. The figurative language common in eastern idioms of "twice-born," being "made whole," &c., is with us used spiritually. But it is by others misunderstood—and hence those who are not "broken-hearted," not "broken in spirit"—but, broken in body, seek to be "made whole" by a physical rite; and pass regeneratively through a zennaar, or a tree, or a stone, of a peculiar form or figure.

once-born: that is, has no second birth from the gayatri, and wears no thread: nor is there a fifth pure class.

"Such is the advantageous privilege of those who have a double birth from their natural mothers, and from their spiritual mother—especially of a Brahman.

"The first birth is from a natural mother: the second, from the ligation of the zone; the third, from the due performance of the sacrifice:—such are the births of him who is usually called twice-born, according to a text in the Veda.

"Among them, his divine birth is that which is distinguished by the ligation of the zone and sacrificial cord; and in that the gayatri is his mother, and the Acharya (spiritual preceptor)—is his father." Institutes of Menu. So that a third birth seems recognised in this venerated work. The third is perhaps the sacrifice of cremation. As has been before frequently observed, the Hindu, like other, rites, ceremonies, and conceits, abound in triads.
In p. 52 preceding, reference is made to a future one for a Killarnic legend, connected with a mysterious cleft tree; and with our present subject. It is this—from Croker's entertaining "Legends of the Lake." In that poetical region, as in poetical India, every hill, stream, tree, stone, seem to have their appropriate fable—and we accordingly find a cleft tree—which would, as may be gathered from what we have said, in India be somehow or other viewed as a type of maternity—or of the Ion. The mystical transit, we have seen, is sometimes purifying or good as to the past; sometimes of prospective promise. Let us see what is said of the Irish cleft, by Mr. C. Croker.

"It is called the eye of the needle."—"Sure your honour will thread the eye of the needle—every one that comes to Innisfallen threads the needle"—said Plunket—the cicerone of Killarney:—"Pshaw!" said I; "I shall never be able to squeeze myself through that hole—I am too fat—besides, what's the use of it?" "The use, Sir?—why it will ensure your honour a long life, they say. And if your honour was a lady in a certain way, there would be no fear of you, after threading the needle." p. 70.

In earlier pages 345, 6. 94—mention is made of white kine, sacred to Siva, and otherways classical. His vehicle is a bull, called Nandi—very frequently seen with the Linga and Ion. I have a score perhaps of metallic casts where the three are in union—as may be seen in the plates of the HP. In pictures his bull is white. Nanduna and Nandini
are Hindu mythological names—the first of an all-producing garden—the latter of an all-prolific cow. I know not if the Roman goddess Nundina be closely congenerous with her near namesakes. She presided over many matters connected with the ninth—children are born in the ninth month—she presided over their purification on their ninth day—the Nundinae occurred every ninth day;—on this day the Romans pared their nails, having, like Hindus, stated days for other important avocations—(ungues Mercurio—barbam Jove—Cypride crines, &c.) Siva's consort is also a ninth-day divinity—the bright half of the month Aswini (the Twins) the first of the Hindu year is peculiarly dedicated to her under her name of Durga. Her Nundinae are called Navaraticum, of similar etymology—being the first nine days of that festival. The last three of the nine are the greater days—the last of those three the greatest. On that day animals are immolated to her honor. Nine plants are also offered, with appropriate and varied ceremonies.

But it is rather with the white bull of Siva that we are at present concerned, as connected with similar animals and superstitious practices in Europe: on which subject I find this note;—"Siva's white bull." I have somewhere—but at this moment do not know whether in print or not, recorded something of the sacred bulls—usually called "Brahmany bulls," seen wandering loose in all the cities of India. They are, I think, mostly white bulls. White kine are very common in India. Guzerat produces the finest race. I had in Bombay a pair of milk-
white bullocks that drew my children's gari—a sort of carriage usually called hackry by the English, which cost me fifty pounds. Their short, thickset horns and hoofs, were jet black, from being kept oiled. They were much tattooed with the figures of tigers and flowers, and were noble stately animals. I should judge sixteen hands high.

Superstitious and curious usages connected with the bull might be traced very extensively. The white bull of Europa, the constellation of Taurus, and many others that have reached western fabulists, have probably been derived from those of Egypt and India. In England some relic of bovine superstition is now and then met with. Early Christians no doubt adopted, with modifications, many of the less objectionable customs of the Pagans—and we find some connected with the bull, reminding us strongly of their supposed origin.

In the "Gentleman's Magazine" for November, 1783—Selec. i. 362—are some translations from a scarce book entitled, "Corolla Varia, by the Rev. W. Hawkins, Schoolmaster, of Hadleigh, Suffolk"—printed at Cambridge, 1634. The translations are of three authentic registers of the Monastery of St. Edmundsbury. One runs thus:—"This Indenture certifies that Master John Swassham, sacrist, with the consent of the prior and convent, demise and let to ——, the manor called Habyrdon in Bury—and the said ——, his executors, &c. shall find or cause to be found one white bull every year of his term, so often as it shall happen that any gentlewoman (mulierem generosum), or any other woman,
from devotion or vows by them made, shall visit the tomb of the glorious martyr St. EDMUND, to make the oblation of the said white bull, &c. Dated the 4th of June, in the second year of King Henry VII." (A.D. 1487.) The other indentures, nearly similar, are of the 11th and 25th of Henry VIII.

The following are from Mr. HAWKINS's observations thereon. He had probably never heard of SIVA's white bull:—

"Whenever a married woman wished to be pregnant, this white bull, who enjoyed full ease and plenty in the fields of Habyrdon, never meanly yoked to the plough, nor ever cruelly baited at the stake, was led in procession through the principal streets of the town to the principal gate of the monastery, attended by all the monks singing, and a shouting crowd; the woman walking by him and stroking his milk-white sides and pendent dewlaps. The bull being then dismissed, the woman entered the church, and paid her vows at the altar of St.

"To destroy, according to the Vedantis of India, the Sufis of Persia, and many philosophers of our European schools, is only to generate and reproduce in another form. Hence the god of destruction presides over generation: as a symbol of which he rides on a white bull."—Sir W. JONES. While such things are under the pen, one can scarcely help adverting to the Taurou Blanc of a certain infidel writer of celebrity. It is more creditable to one's industry to have read such a book, than profitable to one's mind to retain it:—and so many years have elapsed since I saw it that its tenor is more than half forgotten; its details entirely. I believe the knowledge of the author, extended as it was, did not reach to the Nandi of Siva.
EDMUND, kissing the stone, and entreating with tears the blessing of a child. This reminds one"—continues Mr. H., although one may not readily see why—"of the Luperci among the Romans, who ran naked about the streets, and with thongs of goatskin struck women with child in order to give easy labour."—Virg. Æn. viii. 663.

Of the above-named manor of Habyrdon are probably those deeply-indented meadows now called Hberden, close to the town, on the right as you enter Bury from Ipswich: they still appertain to the feoffment of the guild—derived, uninterrupted, perhaps, from the better days of the monastery which covered them. "Kissing the stone" of the above extract, reminds us of a similar Sivaic salutation. There may have been some holy stone, in this very holy monastery. Was it pierced, or of a conical, or Lingaic shape? On the fine frontal gate of the magnificent remains, the Linga is still seen among its architectural ornaments, in the pentalphic form—5 of line G of Pl. V. Why, let me ask, was Jupiter genitor called Lapis?

May not Hberden be Abbey-den, or don, or dun? Visiting Tintern's fine relics, I enquired the name of the adjacent village, and was told Habbey. "A chiel was wi' me takin notes"—and smiled at my intelligence—for the aspiration had escaped me. I have a field in Suffolk called Hoverland—from Hoberland, or Hop-land; for such it has been.

Being on the subject of Suffolk superstitions, I will add another extract from my notes—though not all of it bearing on the immediate subject of this head of my Fragments.
The desire of prying into futurity is most widely spread, and prevails confidently pretty exactly in the inverse ratio of intelligence. As well as the common resort to the Gypsies, who visit us frequently, we have scarcely a town in Suffolk of a thousand inhabitants without a fortune-teller; who is, less and less, however, also consulted in the case of stolen goods, and on other occasions. Now, of course, it is only the superstitious and credulous vulgar who so resort; but they were not such, unless indeed the ignorant may be always so denominated, who formerly had faith in such things. Hundreds of instances might be given of such common faith, and the practices resulting, among the Greeks, Romans, and, the unchanging, East Indians. The Greeks had, and perhaps have, their μαρτσία; the Romans their sortes, of a variety of kinds; the Mahommedans of Persia and India, their far; and the Hindus, their omens and prognostics equalling and rivalling them all. The Mahommedan far, or omen, is usually sought by dropping the eye or finger on a passage in the Koran, which on the instant presents itself on being quickly opened, after certain prayers or ceremonies. Hafez is also thus honored—perhaps—as indeed I have seen and tried—without either. Our Bible is likewise resorted to.

Looking back many years, I can recollect being present in our kitchen when the servants sought their destinies from the Bible, in this manner. A key—by right it ought to be the key of the church-door, and perhaps was—was placed, I do not know
how or where, in the Book; and, on the recitation of certain texts, varied I believe to accord with the object, some manifestation is looked for—what I have forgotten. On the occasion now in my recollection, one of the maids was the expectant; and she recited, thrice, this text:—"By night on my bed I sought him whom my soul loveth: I sought him—but I found him not." We may guess the nature of her prurient curiosity. I have given the text from long-slumbering recollection. Looking, I find it in Solomon's Song, iii. 1., and that it is accurately given. "Weighing a witch against the church Bible" is still spoken of among us; but no one now alive has, I should think, actually seen it done. I have also heard of tying the key of the church firmly between the leaves of the Book, which would turn in the hands of a felon or guilty person, in spite of the firm tying and his firm holding, on his recital of certain imprecatory texts. Superstitions connected with keys have been noticed elsewhere. I could furnish some materials for a chapter on Suffolk superstition and demonology; but must confine myself to one more instance—namely—that more immediately before us, of drawing, as it is called, a ruptured child through a cleft tree—from which subject we have strangely digressed, but have not altogether wandered.

I have very recently—February, 1834—seen the boy and his parents, who was drawn through my young ash at Woodbridge, as already mentioned. I often see the boy. He is about eight years old. His mother has assured me that it was a sad case
"so painful, and so tedious was the child, that she got no rest night nor day"—and that the child—about six months old when drawn—immediately, or very soon, became composed, decidedly mended, and gradually recovered as the tree did; and has ever since remained well. His parents only were present at the operation. I have occasionally called to tell the mother of the well-doing of the tree—evidently to her satisfaction—(as well as to that of the sympathizing boy, who may now and then have been some pennies the richer for such my visitations).

I have little doubt but I could find out half a score of persons who have been drawn in their infancy, and cured, in and about Woodbridge. At my last visit to the cured boy, his father, at my request, furnished me with the following memorandum in his own writing:—"In putting a child through a Tree first observe it must be early in the spring before the tree begin to vegetate 2ly the tree must be split as near east and west as it can 3ly it must be done just as the sun is rising 4ly the child must be stript quite naked 5 it must be put through the tree feet foremost 6 it must be turned round with the sun and observe it must be put through the tree 3 times and next you must be careful to close the tree in a proper manner and bind it up close with some new bass or something to answer as well—James Lord was put through and was cured Mrs. Shimming of Pittistree had 3 children born"—(a word, perhaps ruptured, is omitted)—"and Mr. Whitbread gave her a tree
for each of them and was all cured and there is a man now living in Woodbridge who when a child was cured in the same way."

One more case has come under my immediate observance. This is of a remarkably fine lad who always works on my farm at Bealings—now about fifteen years old, who when about a year old was draawn through a young ash in the adjoining parish of Grundisburgh. A cure was not effected. The thing was not properly done, as is admitted. The tree died, and the lad wears a truss.

After having been, from one cause or other, two years in the press, my poor Volume draws to a close. I finish this, its last page, on the 1st of March—an auspicious day. One kind old friend, whose venerated name honors its first page, will know and feel why I call that day auspicious.
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[The decimal and centesimal figures are not repeated where they can be spared. Thus in 245, 6, 8, 51, 4, 322, 3, 7, 84—a repetition of those omitted figures is to be understood; the same as if given at length, 245. 246. 248. 251. 254. 322. 323. 327. 384.]


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