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## WHERE IS THE SOUL DURING SLEEP ?

SOME metaphysicians have endeavoured to simplify the subtlety of the operations of the human mind by pinning down their belief in an uninterrupted succession, or, as it is technically called, concatenation of ideas. Thus it is presumed that our thoughts are even in action, carried off in different directions, and hurried away upon new trains of reflection by the influence which external objects possess upon the sensorium through the agency of our corporeal senses. Still the materialists, who laugh to scorn all credence in existence apart from matter, and who regard as dotards those who anticipate the enjoyment of a bodiless futurity, break in upon the reveries of the metaphysical student with the hard and rigid interrogation, "Does not the simple phenomenon of sleep destroy your fine-spun theory?—is not the chain of ideas broken at those intervals of repose?—what becomes of that elegant abstraction which you style the *soul* during these mighty chasms of oblivion? 'Dreams,' you may respond. Oh, purblind worshipper of spiritualities! 'Dreams are the lost links; they follow up this interminable association of conceptions; they render the series complete, and display in one clear and lucid succession

the varied proceedings of the spirit from the very moment utero-gestation commences, to the death-sigh which consigns the body to decomposition.' But behold how such arguments vanish, like the footprints of a child upon the elastic moss, before the stern and unswerving utterance of physiological facts; these declare that many individuals never dream throughout their lives, and are actually ignorant of the meaning of a vision, that dreams are merely the results of certain disorganisations in the animal functions, stimulating the substance of the brain to a partial and confused extent, and that, consequently, it is evident that dreams are traceable simply to the action of the nervous system." Doubtless these men imagine such reasonings are conclusive, when they are only excessively contemptible. Their shallowness, indeed, is visible after a moment's consideration. Experience sweeps away all their inflated pretensions to wisdom; and the heart, thrilling up at the voice of memory, tells us that we have all dreamed, and that our sleep is not the sodden and sluggish immobility of a carcase. Arguments are useless, in this particular place, to display the reality of an immortal essence being peculiar to each human creature. We will regard our readers as persons possessed of such inquisitive and reflective minds as to have settled this point long ago to their own satisfaction. Granted,

then, that the soul of man is deathless, the question very naturally arises as to its condition and its whereabouts, when our bodies are involved by slumber in a state of stupor and unconsciousness. As it is undying, it is impossible that it can be capable of undergoing, for a single instant, a kind of temporary annihilation—such as sleep would imply, viewed through the dull spectacles of the infidel. It is only in accordance with our notions of an immortal *other-self* to believe that it is as incessantly active with its unextinguishable life, and as exempt from all wearisomeness as it is eternal and God-born. Hence, while we coincide with the definition of Scaliger, that "sleep is a repose or binding of the outward senses necessary for the preservation of the body," we cannot assent to his opinion that such rest is requisite for the due sustentation of the soul, since eternity is its element, and, in consequence, unceasing movement must be to it not only unirksome but natural. Impressed, therefore, as we must necessarily be, with the accuracy of these deductions, our imaginations are spontaneously aroused with the lustre and magnificence of that prodigious problem, Where are our souls during sleep? None can utter, with a vestige of authority, a scornful negative of a favourite fancy that we ourself have formed upon this mystic question. Though we do not positively agree with Baxter, in his quaint but exquisitely charming creed—namely, that dreams are wrought upon our souls by immaterial beings, who seize advantage of the moment when we are deprived by somnolency of the agency of our senses—we are, nevertheless, captivated by the very *beauty* and *possibility* of the thought into a belief that, in the slumbers of the substantial form, the soul receives a temporary emancipation from the thralldom of its earthly prison,—that a death of moments comes upon our bodies on the midnight couch—that, in the language of Dr. Sherlock, "we are no longer enclioistered in a tabernacle of flesh," but that, assimilated by our immateriality with another realm, our spirits seek the regions rife with a kindred existence, and hold, for a time, converse with a brighter world. We have already shown that, to those who are impressed with the truth of the veritable basis of all religions—namely, never-ending futurity, or, in other words, an immortal soul—it is in defiance of right reason and common sense to conceive that our spirit can be lulled to a state of drowsiness or prostration during sleep, or that the concatenation of ideas or of sentience, can be interrupted at intervals. Acknowledge that the chain of thought is broken for a single second's duration, and immortality and a hereafter become a shibboleth—an impossibility. It is ostensible, therefore, that, believing in these vast and glorious truths, we are compelled to uphold, by our concurrence, the supposition that our incorruptible being is ever watchful during the inertness of our body, though, at the same time, from the oblivion of the doings of the dim night that screens the ethereal transactions from our mind on waking, it is obvious that the human memory is a faculty that does not participate in these fantastic wanderings, save with casual glimpses. That there is great probability attached to these imaginings is moreover evident in the simple fact that mere

infants partake of dreams before their reason has budded, before even they have acquired the power of speech, for we may frequently observe the sheen of laughter flit across their features during slumber, when unseen creatures seem to

"—— touch the dimpled cheek with roses red,  
And tickle the soft lips until they smile."

Without something like this doctrine, how can we account for those sensations with which we all of us awake occasionally—sometimes with an inexplicable but burning gladness enthralling our very hearts with secret joy—sometimes with a misery and desolation of feeling which is regarded by many as a foreboding of some terrible calamity, but which we should more readily ascribe to the occurrences of the soul during the past slumber. Bowing down in acquiescence to this doctrine, we possess the keystone of the arch that spans futurity; dissenting from it, we are involved in obscurities and contradictions.

## THE COPERNICAN SYSTEM.

BY THOMAS CHATTERTON.

THE sun revolving on its axis turns,  
And with creative fire intensely burns;  
Impell'd by forcive air, our earth supreme  
Rolls with the planets round the solar gleam.  
First Mercury completes his transient year,  
Glowing, refulgent, with reflective glare;  
Bright Venus occupies a wider way,  
The early harbinger of night and day;  
More distant still our globe terraqueous turns,  
Nor chills intense, nor fiercely heated burns;  
Around her rolls the lunar orb of light,  
Trailing her silver glories through the night.  
On the earth's orbit see the various signs,  
Mark where the sun, our year completing, shines;  
First the bright Ram his languid ray improves,  
Next glaring wat'ry thro' the Bull he moves;  
The amorous Twins admit his genial ray;  
Now burning, thro' the Crab he takes his way;  
The Lion flaming, bears the solar power,  
The Virgin faints beneath the sultry shower.  
Now the just Balance weighs his equal force,  
The slimy Serpent swelters in his course;  
The sabled Archer clouds his languid face,  
The Goat, with tempests, urges on his race;  
Now in the water his faint beams appear,  
And the cold Fishes end the circling year.  
Beyond our globe the sanguine Mars displays  
A strong reflection of primæval rays;  
Next belted Jupiter far distant gleams,  
Scarcely enlighten'd with the solar beams;  
With four unfix'd receptacles of light,  
He towers majestic through the spacious height;  
But farther yet the tardy Saturn lags,  
And five attendant luminaries drags;  
Investing with a double ring his pace,  
He circles through immensity of space.

OLD SONGS.—We often hear that such and such things are not "worth an old song." Alas! how very—very few things are. What pleasurable recollections do some of them awaken? What pleasurable tears do they excite? They purify the stream of life; they can delay it on its shelves and rapids; they can turn it back again to the soft mossy banks, amidst which its sources issue, or like, indeed, the potent staff of one of old, they can bid the waters of a clear and joyous spring gush from the rocks in a wilderness, where only crowding cares might be supposed to dwell.

## THE WORLD AND ITS CREATION.

(Concluded from our last.)



E must now bring this analysis to a close, having been only tempted to extend the paper to this length from the interesting nature of the controversy, as developed in the columns of a daily paper. Since this series was commenced, the arrogant *Bobadil*

of the *Times*, *Anti-Megatherium*, has retired from the contest, having first commenced the onslaught, and provoked the recrimination. With a tacit confession of defeat, this doughty champion of common-place and bigotry resigns his opponents "to the care of the periodical *Punch*," thereby advocating the employment of the very weapons of ridicule which, in his first letters, he so mercilessly condemned when used against him. Such is human nature; but once again to the "Vestiges."

Some records remain written "on the leaves of the stone book," more astonishing even than the petrified relics of bones and shells, as revealing, by their delicate but indubitable traces, the occurrence of the natural phenomena of rain and wind, and the daily walks of animals along the margins of the sea beach at those periods of uncalculated antiquity. "Slabs (of sandstone) are found marked, over a great extent of surface, with that peculiar corrugation or wrinkling which the receding tide leaves upon a sandy beach when the sea is but slightly agitated; and not only are these ripple-marks, as they are called, found on the surface, but casts of them are found on the under side of slabs lying above. The phenomena suggest the time when the sand, ultimately formed into these stone slabs, was part of the beach of a sea of the carboniferous era; when, left wavy by one tide, it was covered over with a thin layer of fresh sand by the next, and so on, precisely as such circumstances might be expected to take place at the present day. Sandstone surfaces, ripple-marked, are found throughout the subsequent formations. At more than one place in England they further bear the impression of rain drops which have fallen upon them—the rain, of course, of the inconceivably remote age in which the sand-stones were formed. In the Greensill sandstone, near Shrewsbury, it has even been possible to tell from what direction the shower came which impressed the sandy surface, the rims of the marks being somewhat raised on one side exactly as might be expected from a slanting shower falling at this day on one of our beaches.

Impressions still more important in the inferences to which they tend have been observed—namely, the footmarks of various animals. In a quarry at Corncockle Muir, in Dumfriesshire, the vestiges of an animal, supposed to have been a tortoise, are distinctly traced up and down the slope, as if the creature had had occasion to pass backwards and forwards in that direction only, possibly in its daily visits to the sea. Some slabs similarly impressed, in the Stourton quarries, in Cheshire, are further marked with a shower of rain, which we know must have fallen *afterwards*, for its little hollows are impressed in the footmarks also, though more slightly than on the rest of the surface, the comparative hardness of a trodden place having apparently prevented so deep an impression being made. Some of the prints indicate small animals, but others denote birds of what would now be an unusually large size. One animal having a foot fifteen inches in length, and stride of from four to six feet, has been appropriately entitled *ornithicknites giganteus*."

It is a curious fact that the ripple marks and footprints are found to extend through declivities of more than forty feet perpendicular height—a distance much greater than that covered by the rise of the tides at present. Can this be owing to a subsequent increase of *dip* in the strata of sandstone, or may we consider it another proof of the more violent activity of the natural phenomena during those early periods?

Hitherto we have accompanied our author through his descriptions of inorganic nature, if not with perfect accordance, at any rate with considerable complacency, acknowledging our obligations to him for his interesting pictures of the grand and wonderful phenomena displayed in the process of the formation

of our world, and the system to which it belongs. Here, however, our commendations must cease. When he enters on the territory of organised nature, and proceeds to unfold his second law—the law of development—the author falls sadly below the promise which the learning and ingenuity displayed in the earlier chapters had given.

The theory he embraces is not only false in itself—leading, as it does, towards the rankest materialism—but is enforced with far inferior ability; supported by analogies that are sometimes forced, and at other times laughably childish, and exhibits a crudity of idea and inaccuracy of reasoning which our previous experience with him would not have led us to expect. The theory is thus unfolded:—

"What mystery is there here, and how shall I proceed to enunciate the conception which I have ventured to form of what may prove to be its proper solution? . . . The whole train of animated beings, from the simplest and oldest up to the highest and most recent, are, then, to be regarded as a series of *advances of the principle of development*, which have depended upon external physical circumstances to which the resulting animals are appropriate. . . . The nucleated vesicle, the fundamental form of all organisation, we must regard as the meeting point between the inorganic and the organic—the end of the mineral, and beginning of the vegetable and animal kingdoms, which thence start in different directions, but in perfect parallelism and analogy. . . . We are drawn on to the supposition that the first step in the creation of life upon this planet was a *chemico-electric operation, by which simple germinal vesicles were produced*. This is so much, but what were the next steps? . . . I suggest, then, as an hypothesis already countenanced by much that is ascertained, and likely to be further sanctioned by much that remains to be known, that the first step was an *advance, under favour of peculiar conditions, from the simplest forms of being to the next more complicated, and this through the medium of the ordinary process of generation?*" [The italics are the author's.]

This theory is prefaced by a copious quotation of instances that show by how nice gradations, tribes, genera, and species of animals merge into one another, the whole forming a chain of unbroken connexion from the lowest to the highest being in the scale of organisation. Instead, therefore, of deducing what appears the only legitimate inference—that the Creator has designed these living beings, varying by such fine shades of form and habit, of faculties and appetites, in order that no domain of nature may remain unpeopled, and no store of her ample provision go to waste—the writer assumes that they have grown out of one another, some unknown change of material condition having caused, or rendered possible, their attainment of a higher degree of physical organisation.

From this process man is allowed to claim no exemption. He, too, is one of the "series of advances of the principle of development, and owes the superiority of his rank in the scale of animals to the accident of the earth producing more vigorous nourishment, or enjoying a more genial climate, than in the time of his ancestors, the Saurians. What "peculiar condition" of the terrestrial surface completed his happy formation—that is, when and how the simial progenitors of man happened to get the intermaxillary bone withdrawn, the *cauda* effaced, the brain enlarged, &c. &c.—we must not inquire. It was, no doubt, a singular time. How forlorn the young "human" must have looked in the strange world around him, and how very much he must have puzzled his monkey-parents!

The stronghold of the theory rests upon the discoveries of the geologists, that the earth has really shown some traces of this successive development of life, in the regular *gradations* of beings through the various formations and depositions of strata; so that, as the writer remarks, "organic life *presses in* wherever there was room or encouragement for it; the forms being always such as suited the circumstances, and in a certain relation to them." But it is strongly antagonistic to the development theory that all the various forms of life are found contemporaneously. Many species and genera existing in the primitive epochs may, indeed, have disappeared; but the types remain—from the lowest mollusc to the highest mammal. If the species rose into one another through a natural process of improvement, under improved physical conditions, why were not *all* promoted—

or why are not the instances of promotion still discoverable? It may be said that *time* is necessary—time, of length to which our existence is only a point. This may be true as respects the *completion* of a change; but surely the progress would be visible. If it were possible at any period for a family of apes to originate the race of men, we ought still to find the young tribes of new men issuing from woods haunted by the orang-outang, and seeking dwelling-places more congenial to their improved faculties.

We said that some of the author's analogies were forced and childish. What else can we term his adduction of fancied resemblances in the vegetable tribes to the forms assumed by currents of electricity? *ex. gr.* "In the marks caused by positive electricity, we see the ramifications of a tree, as well as of its individual leaves; those of the negative recal the bulbous or the spreading root, according as they are clumped or divergent.

A plant thus appears as a thing formed on the basis of a natural electrical operation—the brush realised. We can thus suppose the various forms of plants as immediately the result of a law in electricity variously affecting them, according to their organic character, or respective germinal constituents. In the poplar the brush is usually vertical, and little divergent; the reverse in the beech; in the palm a pencil has proceeded straight up for certain distance, radiates there, and turns outwards and downwards; and so on."

But still more curious is the following:—M. Swainson developing what is known as the Mackay system of zoology, arranged the order of *quadrumanous* animals without leaving room for the inclusion of man—a being whom he places in the exterior position assigned him by the highest authority, "a little lower than the angels." The author, led by the necessities of his theory, has recast this arrangement, and placed man at the head of the mammalia, among his congeners the simiæ; and supports this alteration by the analogy of what does the reader think? the *carrión crow*, because this plumed biped, standing highest among the *aves*, representing all their capacities and habits; the voracity of the vulture, the soaring flight of the hawk; the ground-pecking habits of the scavengers, the taste for vegetable food of the parrots, &c., &c.; this "type of types" requires some better animal than an ape to equiperorate it among the quadrumana. Therefore, man must take his stand by the side of his brother, the orang-outang, lest the carrión crow should be ashamed of its mammalian counterpart:

When extended into the region of the intellectual qualities and moral government of man, the failure of the theory is still more signal. We have neither space nor inclination to follow the author through his disquisition upon a theme to which his powers, hampered as they are by the stern materialism of his system, are so painfully inadequate. We must conclude with the conclusion whereto his doctrines have finally led him, and a corollary of such chilling and disconsolate destiny for man upon this earth we hope never again to meet. "It is clear from the whole scope of the natural laws, that the individual, as far as the present sphere of being is concerned, is to the Author of Nature a consideration of inferior moment. Everywhere we see the arrangements for the species perfect; the individual is left, as it were, to take his chance amidst the *mêlée* of the various laws affecting him. If he be found inferiorly endowed, or ill befals him, there was at least no partiality against him. The system has the fairness of a lottery, (:) in which every one has the like chance of drawing a prize."

One word more and we have done. From private sources we have learned that the author of the "Vestiges of Creation"—though here, for several reasons, spoken of as a male—is none other than *Ada*, the daughter of Byron, and the present Countess of Lovelace. Zadkiel, in judging her nativity ten years ago, said, "Mercury, in conjunction with Herschel and the moon in trine to Herschel, will render the native eccentric, and fond of curious studies." Those who have by them "The Grammar of Astrology" will do well to refer to the other indications given, which will not only furnish another proof of the truth of the astral science, but serve as a key to the motives which prompted the writing of the work itself.

## THE SUPPER OF THE DEAD.

COUNT Cagliostro was the name of an individual who made a great sensation in Paris, about the middle of the reign of the unfortunate Louis the Sixteenth. He had extraordinary powers of divination; declared that he was upward of a thousand years old; and claimed for himself all the attributes which have been bestowed upon sorcerers and necromancers. He was an accomplished man, and contributed largely to the odium which attached to the Queen Marie Antoinette, in the affair of the diamond necklace, in which that august lady was a victim and not an accomplice. Several interesting stories are related of him, and we select the following as a specimen, from the memoirs of a public character recently deceased.

It was in 1785, that the re-appearance of Cagliostro was made public. Rumours were immediately rife that there existed a secret gathered from the magic lore of ancient Egypt, by means of which people could communicate with the creatures of the other world. Some persons confidently asserted that they had supped with the most celebrated females of antiquity. On this subject I will relate what was stated by the hapless Marechal Duke de Noailles, whose scrupulous regard for veracity needs no guarantee. He was at my house in company with the Bishop of Arras, the Archbishop of Rouen, the Cardinal de la Rochefoucauld, the Duke de Sully, the Marquis de Saucourt, Madame d'Aubeterre, Madame de Castellane, and the Marchioness de Roche-Aymon, who, as well as myself, was a lady of the queen's bed-chamber.

It was in June, 1782. For some time previously I had expressed a desire to the grand almoner to see the Count de Cagliostro, when he should be working any important experiment. Prince Louis told me that he would not forget me when the next *supper of the dead* was to be given. On the 14th of June, I received a note to this effect:—

MY LORD MARECHAL,—I have not forgotten my promises; and I have to invite you this evening to sup *with whomsoever you please*. I will be answerable that the cheer is good, but will not be responsible for the guests. Make up your mind who you would wish to have, for it is essential that you should bring somebody.—I have the honour, &c.

The hour of meeting was mentioned in the postscript. It was at the Palais Royal, in the grand almoner's own apartment. The Chevalier de Bouffier, the Prince of Nassau, the lawyer Gerbier, M. d'Espremenil, the host and myself were the company. We were acquainted with each other, and, therefore, the spirit of the conversation did not flag. Prince Louis took occasion to observe that he expected the Count Cagliostro.

When this personage made his appearance, our curiosity was on the tip-toe. He was magnificently dressed; his air was grave; his manners solemn; and his whole demeanour, altogether majestic, had a particular effect upon us, as we all looked upon him as little better than a charlatan. He did not talk much, and appeared at intervals to be absorbed in deep and all absorbing meditation. At three quarters past eleven he started, and addressing us collectively, he said, "Gentlemen, will you favour me with the names of the guests you wish to invite."

He then took a scrap of virgin parchment, a new pen which he dipped in a crimson liquid, and waited while we dictated the names we had selected. Prince Louis, impelled by his princely and prelatial haughtiness, spoke the first; at which the Chevalier de Bouffiers said to me, in a tone sufficiently loud to be heard by all the standers-by—"Only observe the prince's absence of mind; he forgets that he is in his own house."

The grand almoner, whom this observation brought to his recollection, chose the Cardinal Duperron; Joan of Arc was mentioned by the Chevalier de Bouffiers; the Prince of Nassau wished to see Cæsar; Cicero was the *beau idéal* of Gerbier the lawyer; the Counsellor d'Espremenil wished Cataline to form part of the company; and I expressed my earnest desire that the great constable, Anne de Montmorency should be invited in my name.

When all these names were written, the Count de Cagliostro

set fire to a chafing dish filled with tow saturated with spirits of wine, and threw into it the scroll of parchment, enveloped with white wax. When the flame had consumed this document, a strong, but balsamic odour perfumed the apartment.

The clock struck twelve. The folding-doors of the dining-room opened by themselves, and a mysterious illumination lit the room. The chandeliers were made to represent the forms of certain celestial signs. There were thirteen plates and thirteen chairs, while we were only seven. Prince Louis, who was now ceremoniously attentive to all the observances of society, made us precede him. I entered first, then the Prince of Nassau, de Boufflers, d'Esprennil, and the lawyer, while he brought up the rear. The door closed upon us, and we sat down. No servants attended.

Suddenly the door of the room we had left was flung open, with an abruptness which made us all start. A female presented herself. Her stature was of the ordinary height; her cheeks round and rosy; her eyes flashed, and there was something heavenly in her smile. It was Joan of Arc. Her dress was half peasant and half warlike—exceedingly becoming, but bearing no resemblance to those which she wears in the portrait. We remarked upon her mail petticoat, the azure escutcheon presented to her by Charles the Seventh, together with a silver sword, with its golden hilt, wreathed with *feurs-de-lis* of gold. The greatest of the Cæsars came next to her. We knew him at once by his bald head, covered with laurels, and by the gravity and simplicity of his air. The third who appeared was the elegant Marcus Tullius Cicero. I see him still, wrapt up in his toga and mantle. His look was acute and piercing; and round his neck I noticed a red line, which brought to recollection, that after the assassins had cut off his head, they fixed it on the rostrum in the forum, the scene of his greatest triumphs. Cardinal Duperron was the next guest; covered to the neck with his scarlet cossack, and carrying his cardinal's hat; his beard was long and bushy, and his physiognomy indicated the fineness of his genius. After him came Cataline, fierce and melancholy; a shiver came over him as he saw Cicero and Cæsar sitting together; and he gnashed his teeth at the former, who had been the occasion of his defeat and death. Cagliostro held forth his star-studded wand toward the haughty patrician, who sank into a sullen gloominess, which did not leave him during the repast. During this interval, the majestic figure of the constable, Anne de Montmorency, advanced. One hand was supported by his gigantic sword, the edge of which was indented like a saw, by the numberless blows it had dealt; in the other hand he held a rosary of *lapis lazuli*, strung with medals, *agnus dei*, and small relics. He walked tottering; his eyes were steadily fixed on Cæsar; as he passed the two cardinals he shrugged his shoulders, and when he seated himself by my side, he honoured me with an obliging bow.

The sight of these extraordinary personages deprived us of all inclination to eat. We all of us had the same thought—to touch them, in order to be assured whether they were opaque bodies or phantoms—but we dared not. More daring than the others, and under the pretext of helping my lord the constable, to unbuckle his rapier, I took hold of the hilt—an electric shock, agonisingly painful, nearly shook my arm out of its socket, so that I had no inclination to renew the experiment; besides, such an expression came over the features of Messire Anne, that my only care was to protect myself, in case he should commence hostilities. All this time not a word was spoken, and the full plates were untouched. Count Cagliostro, wishing to enliven the company, turned toward Joan of Arc.

"Lady," said he, "is it true that you were not burned to death at Rouen, as the Armoise family assert; for you know, they pretend that subsequent to the alleged date of your death, you were married to one of their young men."

The august virgin smiled, and the tone of her voice thrilled through us, as she said:—"Do not remove the disgrace of my murder from the English; it is a spot which they can never whiten."

"By Heaven!" interposed the great constable, "I never yet killed or hanged an Englishman, but with the intention of offering him up as a sacrifice to your memory, noble virgin and gallant girl."

Julius Cæsar interrupted this compliment, by saying to Cicero: "Tullius, these Gauls whom I employed myself in defeating for ten years, have made a pretty figure in history since our time."

"Emperor," rejoined the constable, "they have more than once defeated the Romans; Charles the Eighth, our well-beloved king, entered Rome itself, with vizor lowered, and holding his lance erect, against his right thigh, in sign of conquest."

"That was because Cæsar was no longer there," said the eloquent orator.

"Or rather because the French were there," replied the patriot constable.

Cæsar made no reply, but smiled with so much disdain that I was mortified; but I dared not interfere in the dispute. Cardinal Duperron, who was anxious to speak, said:

"Come, sirs, let us live together in peace, since Heaven has forbidden war."

"Duperron, my friend," observed Anne impatiently and ironically, "would it not better become you to be silent when our Lord Julius Cæsar is speaking? I am sure you have talked enough during your life without any good resulting from it."

"Oh, friend of the king," answered Cardinal Duperron, without manifesting any ill-humour, "you talk rather too often about your battles. But we always took especial care never to ask your advice in council. But do not let us quarrel during the few hours we are permitted to remain on earth."

Thereupon, the constable turning upon Cæsar, whom he saluted as *imperator*, answered him if he knew what a cardinal was, or could guess the use of one; and here commenced a not very edifying conversation, in which Cicero joined. The excitement became somewhat oppressive; when Cagliostro waved his starry wand. Five of the phantoms instantly rose, and passed quickly into the saloon without taking leave; one only remained at the table: it was Cataline.

"Do you not understand me?" said Cagliostro to him.

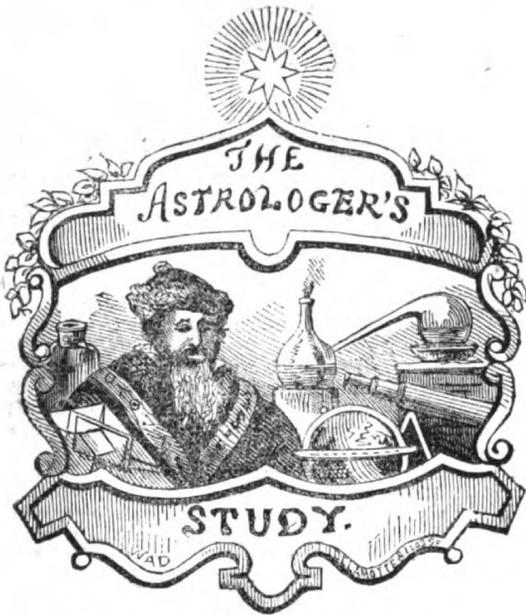
"What is the use of my going," answered he, "when I shall so soon be wanted back? Duval d'Esprennil," added the spectre, turning to the counsellor of the parliament, "my soul is in your bosom, you walk in my footsteps, but you will go farther than me; but like me, you will die by the hand of the cornifex, or in a broil."

So saying he rose, glanced a scowl of awful malignity upon his neighbours, and went the same way as the others. As for us, we continued motionless, more particularly myself, to whom this cursed Cataline had predicted, as he went out, that I should meet the same fate as the impetuous and audacious parliamentarian.

Our guests from the other world being gone, we left the table without eating, and returned in silence to the saloon; Count Cagliostro made us promise not to disclose this event for a limited period, unless to make proselytes to his creed.

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ALCHYMY.—In the thirteenth century the study of alchemy was revived in the west of Europe, and prosecuted with an ardour which seemed to redouble in proportion as it subsided in the east, which was its birth-place. In the fourteenth century the believe in alchemy was universal among the foremost rank of men of science and erudition. Still greater importance was given to the art by the patronage of the ecclesiastics, many of whom practised it with amazing perseverance. Pope John XXII., who died in 1334, wrote a work on the philosopher's stone, in which he went the length of asserting, that he had himself made two hundred ingots of gold, of a hundred pounds weight each. Bacon, Albert Magnus, and Lully, wrote elaborately upon the subject, and the libraries of ecclesiastical institutions teemed with treatises on the art of gold-making. In summing up the evidence of various writers, for and against the possibility of gold-making, and of the art of transmuting metals, Bergman has observed, that "although most of them are deceptive, and many uncertain, some bear such character and testimony, that unless we reject all historical evidence, we must allow them entitled to confidence."



*Being Predictions of the Chief Events from Week to Week.*

THE aspects of the present week refer more to scenes abroad than to affairs at home, though a casualty of a melancholy nature will occur in the metropolis. The realms of distant countries and their royal monarchs are singularly excited by events of a striking nature. The peace of our colonial possessions is threatened, and an aggression committed on the seas by a foreign power creates much attention amongst the questions of modern policy. The south of England is indicated to be the scene of a singular and startling accident, and those born about the middle of May will receive some unexpected benefits and intelligence this week.

### THE ASTROLOGER'S CALENDAR.

*A Diary of Auspicious and Inauspicious Days, with Weekly Indications of the Weather, deduced from Planetary Influences.*

**TUESDAY, July 22nd.**—Windy and unsettled. A fortunate lay, for most things.

**WEDNESDAY, July 23rd.**—Warm and fair. Reasonable favours asked will be granted.

**THURSDAY, July 24th.**—Rainy and cool. Good to deal with elderly persons, landlords, &c.

**FRIDAY, July 25th.**—Showery, cloudy weather. Speculations in medicine and the arts will succeed.

**SATURDAY, July 26th.**—Fair. Pecuniary difficulties arise, but solicit no favours.

**SUNDAY, July 27th.**—Fair and warm. Call on friends and relations, but arrange no business.

**MONDAY, July 28th.**—Fair. Cloudy towards night. Ordinary business may be transacted; but committees, railway shareholders, and public bodies generally, will be liable to dissensions and losses.

**FRIENDSHIP.**—Friendship, less influenced than love by the intoxication of the eye, is less apt to lead the soul out of her bounds; yet, sometimes, in the choice of friends, even thinking minds are dazzled by the glitter of superficial attractions, and caught by the fascination of a smile.

### THE ASTROLOGER'S VISION.

Man was form'd as sovereign Lord of all,  
More fair and wise than all the brutal train,  
With soul divine endow'd, stupendous frame,  
Godlike, erect, with reason for his guide;  
*Reason*, the gift of great indulgent Heaven!  
This dignifies the *Man* beyond the *Brute*;  
This bids him hold sweet converse with the skies;  
He, with his talents and superior sense,  
Thro' *Nature* takes a philosophic view,  
While wonders, rais'd on wonders, strike his eyes!  
If yon vast vault demand his earnest search,  
There symmetry, magnificently great,  
Form'd by unerring wisdom, stands confess'd!  
Where worlds on worlds in ample order shine  
Thro' all the boundless tracks of universe.

**I**t is a complete slur upon the abilities of a thinking man to deny he knows not what; but if he has enabled himself to argue on any subject by his study and knowledge thereof, then may he put forth his opinions, backed with reason, and his conclusions would be received with reverence, because they would bear the stamp of truth upon them.

Many are deterred from attempting to acquire a knowledge of this sublime, philosophic, and satisfactory science, from indulging in a weak idea that it is difficult of attainment; but let them pause, and think, and they will find that they show less courage than a mere schoolboy, who from his Keith finds out the mysteries of the rule of three and practice. But, however, we can boldly affirm, that so great has been the improvement in the art, and the instruments lately invented are possessed of such an uncommon degree of accuracy, and so facile to use, that the difficult processes of trigonometry, which to the old professors were necessary, may now be performed by a simple mechanical movement of the hand, which a mere boy would learn in four-and-twenty hours.

And we further affirm, that any person not idiotic, may in the short space of one month, with moderate attention, attain a sufficient knowledge of the art to convince himself of its truth, and enable him to prove it to others; we do not say to prove it by argument, but to bring it to the test at once, by telling the past events of life from the horoscopes of those very persons who should oppose them with doubts, always premising that the true time of birth be honourably given.

We shall here present our readers with a curious extract relative to the predictive science, taken from an author whose veracity is unquestionable.

"It is recorded that an ambassador of Henry the Seventh consulted a prophetic monk of Italy, to know how long the crown acquired by his master in the battle of Bosworth Field, should continue in the family. The seer replied by repeating these enigmatical words, *Mars, Puer, Alecto, Virgo, Vulpes, Leo, Nullus*. This response being altogether unintelligible to the ambassador, he solicited the astrologer to furnish him with an elucidation more explicit than the signification which those words bore in the English tongue. The monk, without hesitation, offered to make his enigmatical jargon perfectly intelligible. A selected time was appointed for the Englishman to attend the seer, who doubted not that he would fully satisfy the inquirer; and accordingly, on the day chosen for this grand disclosure, his excellency, accompanied by some of his countrymen, waited on the monk, who exhibited in elucidation the following scene:—The ambassador and his friends on their arrival were shown by a secular brother into a very large and spacious room, on the walls of which were inscribed many sentences from sacred and profane writ, confirmatory of the supernatural gift denominated the spirit of prophecy. While the Englishmen were decyphering these various scraps of literature, the monk entered in the full habit of his order, and seated himself in a chair that was elevated about one step above the seats on which his auditors were placed. He then

desired them, without fear or affright, to observe all that should pass in review before them, and to commit it to posterity, assuring them of no hurt, but protesting they should now have the words of his response fully explained.

"No sooner had the holy father said these words, than waving his hand gently round, the lights by which the room was illuminated became suddenly extinct, except one hanging lamp which slowly ascended, so that its flame was perfectly enveloped in a cylindrical chimney, that resembled an opaque shade. In this gloomy and wavering light a curtain was drawn up at one end of the room, and presented a beautiful landscape of Bosworth Field in the moment of victory. But the ambassador had scarcely time to contemplate this aerial picture, when the whole scene was changed; the room was illuminated, and every object wore its natural brilliancy and tone of colouring.

"The monk now again waved the white wand he held in his hand, and immediately a door opened; and there entered the room a lusty stout young gentleman, strong and of large proportions, with a very furious, yet majestic look. His doublet was richly ornamented; and he wore in his hat, which inclined on one side of his head, a full plume of white feathers. His manner was blunt, but active; and he wore on his thigh a large strong sword, by which he seemed in no ways encumbered. As he advanced towards the upper end of the room where the astrologer was seated, to the astonishment of the ambassador and his friends, there instantly appeared a crown, laid upon a fair table. The gallant, with much jollity approached this crown, put it upon his head, and walked up and down the chamber with much strutting and bravery. But at last, as it were with much reluctance, he repaired to the place where he first took up the crown, and there gently laid it down with some obeisance, and disappeared, seeming to sink into the ground.

"Do but think  
How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown;  
Within whose circuit is Elysium,  
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy."

"The figure of Richard the Third extended on the field, was not more like that 'Bear-whelp' than the phantom that disappeared was like Henry the Seventh.

"The monk again waved his wand, the door opened as before, and there entered a 'young youth,' full of modesty, and looking carefully on the beholders; he went to that part of the room where the crown lay, and with some difficulty put it on his head. He then traversed the room a little while; with some labour and pains he discharged his head of its heavy burden, and having assigned the crown to its proper seat, vanished as an apparition before the eyes of mortal men.

—"Tis better to be lowly born,  
And range with humble livers in content,  
Than to be perk'd up in a glittering grief,  
And wear a golden sorrow."

"While the distinguished foreigners were wrapp'd in surprise and astonishment by the unaccountable manner in which this last vision disappeared—for he seemed to undergo some extraordinary transmutation, that in an instant left upon their minds no other impression than the dreamer has of a phantom in his dream—the monk waved his wand, the lights vanished, and images of the ambassador and his friends were formed on the distant curtain, having all the similitude one thing could have of another.

"The illusions of darkness,' said the monk, 'are but verifications of my power to elucidate the sealed response which I gave to his excellency. If I show you the living, and ye be not satisfied, I shall conjure from their tombs the ghosts of departed men of your isle.' As he spoke this, the lamp was perfectly enveloped in its opaque shade, and the total darkness of the place was only interrupted by flashes of lightning, succeeded by peals of thunder. Then there seemed to walk on the remote wall painted figures, moulded in relief, of the kings of England, from William the Conqueror to Richard the Third. The Black Prince appeared in complete armour, with his squire and steed, in all its housings and war-gear. 'These,' said the seer, as the Third Richard disappeared, 'these are all

subject to my power in this place, and even forms more hideous and terrific than the imagination of my spectators ever fancied. Our vouchers now are ended—*Mars Puer*, I have explained; and now for *Accto*, *Virgo*, *Vulpes*, *Leo*, *Nullus*.'

"The room was once more restored to the full blaze of many lights, and the door at the further end opening, a lady, in mourning attire, of a sad countenance and much gravity, with a book in her hand, entered before the spectators; she walked demurely to the upper end of the chamber, put the crown upon her head, and then stepped a few paces up and down with much sadness, and evidently discontented by her looks, she then repaired to the table where the other apparitions had put down the crown, and there also she deposited it, vanishing like her predecessors.

"The next in order that appeared was a young lady, clothed in stately apparel, and wearing a countenance both cheerful and lively, she advanced to the upper end of the room, and there with much cheerfulness put the crown upon her head, and afterwards, for a pretty space of time, with much majesty and state, passed up and down the apartment, and then gently left the crown in the place she received it, vanishing instantly out of sight.

"The room all of a sudden became dark again, the hanging lamp rose into its conical covering, and, on the further wall, there appeared, first, the word *Accto*, in crimson colour, and that of *Virgo*, in silvery white, with some drops of blood, as it were, sullying the three first letters. When the spectators had looked on these miraculous visions for a moment, the lights were restored; the door opened as before, and there advanced immediately into the centre of the room, another apparition in the dress of a huntsman, with a horn by his side, in rich green apparel.

"He no sooner espied the crown, than without any ceremony he put it upon his head, and with much carelessness walked up and down the chamber; but at last repaired to the same place where the rest had disposed of the glittering bauble, and there quietly left it.

"Glory is like a circle in the water,  
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,  
Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought."

"The huntsman had no sooner 'strutted his hour upon the stage,' 'vanished into airy nothing,' than a fierce young man, active and nimble, entered into the chamber, and made great haste to the upper end where the crown lay, which he snatched up in great eagerness, and putting it on his head, made many nimble turnings from one end of the room to the other, but when it was expected that he should in gentlewise lay down the crown, as all the rest had done before him, behold! both he and the crown vanished out of sight and appeared no more, to the great wonderment and fear of the ambassador and the English gentlemen then present.

"His excellency now besought the monk to explain this strange phenomenon; but the astrologer declared, that as he had neither in the words of the response, nor in the apparitions that elucidated these words, expressed more or less than the truth, he must leave to time all further explanation of his sense and meaning.

"The story we have now given was very popular in England when Lilly made up his collection of ancient and modern prophecies, 1640. That curious writer goes even so far as to say, that he had twenty years before, heard the Roman priests speak much of it; and he believes that the foreknowledge of it was a strong inducement, in the reign of King Charles the First, to go on with 'activeness against protestanisme,' as for some years they have done.

"The vision of the Green King is also alluded to by Osborne in his 'Traditional Memoirs'; the popularity of the vision in the seventh century, its application to the second of the Stuart line on the English throne, the interpretation of *Nullus* by the Commonwealth under that great man, Oliver Cromwell, gave the Latin hexameter an importance of considerable magnitude.

"This curious and well-authenticated anecdote cannot, for a moment, leave a doubt on the mind as to the truth of the monk's astrologic prediction; that he illustrated it by the use

of the phantasmagoria, is also evident; the visions appearing like shadows in relief or painted, and the room being darkened, may be taken as proofs of this assertion; but the most interesting part of the anecdote, is in the contemplation of the great degree of accuracy to which he had brought that branch of astrology termed mundane, which, by its rules and precepts, distinctly points out the fate of nations and kingdoms; it was by this branch of the science that Lilly foretold the plague and fire of London, which caused him such celebrity, that he was publicly examined, as to the cause of those events, at the bar of the House of Commons. He there declared, that although he had bestowed much time and trouble in the investigation, he could not discover the origin, and that he therefore believed it to have been the direct will of God. This professor had attained to such a perfection in the art of astrology, that when humoursome he would boast of discovering even a lost glove by an astrological figure; but when he discovers his lost fish, and detects the thief, is admirable. He tells this in such a dry yet facetious manner, always referring according to the rules of art, and the astrologic scheme which he worked on the occasion, that to any one inclined to examine these matters, it really would prove a real treat to peruse it."

### 'T WAS YESTERDAY.

"'T was yesterday!" familiar sound,  
 Heard oft as idle breath;  
 Yet, prophet-like, to all around  
 It spoke of woe and death!  
 A mourner by the past it stands,  
 In mystic mantle of decay,  
 Shrouds in the night of years its hands,  
 And grasps all life away!  
 High from the boundless vault of Time  
 The stars of empire veer;  
 "'T was yesterday" they beam'd sublime,  
 The mightiest in their sphere!  
 'T was yesterday reveal'd to Fate  
 The rival crowns of centuries flown,  
 Show'd where a Phantom sat in state  
 Upon the Cæsars' throne!  
 Scentre and robe were cast aside!  
 The ghastly bones stood bare;  
 The rust fed on the gauds of pride,  
 The worm held council there.  
 Nor answer would the phantom give,  
 But to our constant prayer replied—  
 "Thus 'twill be said of all that live  
 That 'yesterday' they died!"  
 We hope—but what we hope the shroud  
 Wraps from our weeping sight;  
 We aim at stars, and clasp the cloud—  
 Seek day, and find but night!  
 Ah! who with Life's dread woes could cope,  
 If 'twere not for that Faith sublime,  
 Which sees the Ararat of Hope  
 Above the floods of Time?  
 What, then, is "yesterday?"—a key  
 To wisdom most divine!  
 It is the hall of Memory,  
 Where Fame's brief trophies shine!  
 The spiritual home of things,  
 Where Intellect immortal beams,  
 Which lends to thought its holiest wings,  
 Inspires the noblest themes!  
 A drop that mirrors forth a world,  
 Then mingles with the earth;  
 A star from Time's vast empire hurled,  
 Slow falling from its birth.  
 A presence with the sacred past  
 To warn our spirits of delay,  
 Which saith, "Proud man, to-day thou hast,  
 Use well thy little day!"

CHARLES SWAIN.

### AUTHENTIC ACCOUNTS OF SUPER-NATURAL VISITATION.

GIVEN IN A LETTER FROM MR. CASSWELL, THE MATHEMATICIAN, TO THE LEARNED DR. BENTLEY, THEN LIVING IN BISHOP STILLINGFLEET'S FAMILY.

SIR,—When I was in London, April last, I fully intended to have waited upon you again, as I said; but a cold and lameness seized me next day. The cold took away my voice, and the other my power of walking, so presently I took coach for Oxford. I am much your debtor, and in particular, for your good intentions in relation to Mr. D., though that, as it has proved, would not have turned to my advantage. However, I am obliged to you upon that and other accounts, and if I had opportunity to show it, you would find how much I am your faithful servant.

I have sent you inclosed a relation of an apparition; the story I had from two persons, who each had it from the author, and yet their accounts somewhat varied, and passing through more mouths, has varied much more; therefore I got a friend from the author's own mouth, after which I read it to him, and gave him another copy; he said he could swear to it as far as he is concerned; he is the curate of Warblington, bachelor of arts, of Trinity college, in Oxford, about six years standing in the university; I hear no ill report of his behaviour here; he is now gone to his curacy; he has promised to send up the hands of his tenant and his man, who is a smith by trade, and the farmer's men, as far as they are concerned. Mr. Brereton, the rector, would have him say nothing of the story, for that he can get no tenant, though he has offered the house for ten pounds a year less. Mr. P., the former incumbent, whom the apparition represented, was a man of very ill report, supposed to have got children of his maid, and to have murdered them; but I advised the curate to say nothing himself of this last part of P., but leave that to the parishioners, who knew him. Those who knew this P., said he had exactly such a gown, and that he used to whistle. Your's

J. CASSWELL.

At Warblington, near Havant, in Hampshire, within six miles of Portsmouth, in the parsonage house dwelt Thomas Perce, the tenant, with his wife and a child, a man servant, Thomas——, and a maid servant. About the beginning of August, anno 1695, on a Monday, about nine or ten at night, all being gone to bed, except the maid with the child, the maid being in the kitchen, and having raked up the fire, took a candle in one hand, and the child in the other arm, and turning about, saw one in a black gown walking through the room, and thence out of the door into the orchard; upon this the maid, hasting, having recovered but two steps, cried out; on which the master and mistress ran down, found the candle in her hand, she grasping the child about its neck with the other arm; she told them the reason of her crying out. She would not tarry that night in the house, but removed to another, belonging to one Henry Salter, farmer, where she cried out all night, from the terror she was in; and she could not be persuaded to go any more into the house, upon any terms.

On the morrow (i. e. Tuesday), the tenant's wife came to my lodging, then at Havant, to desire my advice, and have a consultation with some friends about it. I told her I thought it was a flim, and that they had a mind to abuse Mr. Brereton, the rector, whose house it was; she desired me to come up; I told her I would come up, and sit up or lie there, as she pleased; for then, as to all stories of ghosts and apparitions, I was an infidel; I went thither, and sat up the Tuesday night, with the tenant and his man servant; about twelve or one o'clock I searched all the rooms in the house, to see if any body was hid there, to impose upon me; at last we came into a lumber-room; there I, smiling, told the tenant that was with me, that I would call the apparition, if there was any, and oblige him to come; the tenant then seemed to be afraid, but I told him, I would defend him from harm. And then I repeated *Barbara celarent darii, &c.*, jestingly; on this the tenant's countenance changed so, that he was ready to drop

with fear; then I told him, I perceived he was afraid, and I would prevent its coming, and repeated, *Baralions, &c.*, then he recovered his spirits pretty well, and we left the room and went down into the kitchen, where we went before, and sat up there the remaining part of the night, and had no manner of disturbance.

Thursday night the tenant and I lay together in one room, and the man in another, and he saw something walk along, in a black gown, and place itself against a window, and there stood for some time, and then walked off. Friday morning the man related this. I asked him why he did not call me, and told him I thought that was a trick or flam; he told me, the reason why he did not call me was, that he was not able to speak or move. Friday night we lay as before, and Saturday night, and had no disturbance either of the nights.

Sunday night I lay by myself in one room (not that where the man saw the apparition), and the tenant and his man in another room; and between twelve and two the man heard something walk in the room at the bed's feet, and whistling very well; at last it came to the bed's side, drew the curtain, and looked on them; after some time it moved off; then the man called to me, desired me to come. For there was something in the room went about whistling; I asked whether he had any light, or could strike one; he told me, no; then I leaped out of bed, and, not staying to put on my clothes, went out of my room and along a gallery to the door, which I found locked, or bolted; I desired him to unlock the door, for that I could not get in; then he got out of bed and opened the door, which was near, and went immediately to bed again; I went in three or four steps, and it being a moonshine night, I saw the apparition move from the bed-side, and clap up against the wall that divided their room from mine; I went and stood directly against it, within my arm's length of it, and asked it in the name of God, what it was that made it come disturbing us; I stood some time expecting an answer, and, receiving none, and thinking it might be some fellow hid in the room to frighten me, I put out my arm to feel it, and my arm went, seemingly, through the body of it, and felt no manner of substance, till it came to the wall; then I drew back my hand, and still it was in the same place. Till now I had not the least fear, and even now had very little; then I adjured it to tell me what it was; when I said these words, it, keeping its back against the wall, moved gently along towards the door; I followed it, and it, going out of the door, turned its back towards me; I went a little into the gallery, and it disappeared where there was no corner for it to turn, and before it came to the end of the gallery, where was the stairs. Then I found myself very cold, from my feet as high as my middle, though I was not in great fear; I went into bed, between the tenant and his man, and they complained of my being exceeding cold. The tenant's man leaned over his master in the bed, and saw me stretch out my hand towards the apparition, and heard me speak the words; the tenant also heard the words. The apparition seemed to have a morning-gown of a darkish colour, no hat, nor cap, short black hair, a thin meagre visage, of a pale swarthy colour, seemed to be about forty-five, or fifty years old; the eyes half shut, the arms hanging down, the hands visible beneath the sleeve, of a middle stature. I related this description to Mr. John Larner, rector of Havant parish, they both said the description agreed very well to Mr. P., a former rector of the place, who has been dead above twenty years; upon this the tenant and his wife left the house, which has remained void ever since.

The Monday after last Michaelmas-day, a man of Chodson, in Warwickshire, having beer at Havant fair, passed by the aforesaid parsonage house about nine or ten at night, and saw a light in most rooms of the house; his path-way being close by the house, he, wondering at the light, looked into the kitchen windows, and saw only a light, but turning himself to go away, he saw the appearance of a man in a long gown; he made haste away; the apparition followed him over a piece of glebe land, of several acres, to a lane which he crossed, and over a little meadow, then over another lane, to some pales, which belonged to farmer Henry Salter, my landlord, near a barn, in which were some of the farmer's men, and some others; this man went into the barn, told them how he was frightened, and followed

from the parsonage house by an apparition, which they might see standing against the pales, if they went out; they went out, and saw it scratch against the pales, and make a hideous noise; it stood there some time, and then disappeared; their descriptions agreed with what I saw. This last account I had from the man himself whom it followed, and also from the farmer's men.

THO. WILKINS, Curate of W.

## FRAGMENTS FOR THE FANCIFUL.

**A TRUISM.**—We are constantly lamenting the want of time for various purposes, and are as constantly stealing that time from ourselves.

**LOVE OF SELF.**—Self-love is often the cause of distressing effects. The thought of not being preferred to others, the fear of not being beloved, the desire to be paramount; all these form a medley of passions, in which poor reason becomes a great sufferer.

### TIME.

**PLANETS** are minute hands to measure time—  
Revolving cycles of a system seen

To mark in nature's course some quarter chime;  
E'en nature's self is but a twilight dream.

Right well, indeed, philosophy may deem

Our three-score mimic years scarce worth a thought,  
Unless, when piercing through the mind's dark cloud,

The soul finds human life creation's shroud,  
And looks to HIM who has its freedom bought.

One summer day the midge's dance extends,

One summer's sunshine is the life of flowers;

And man's frail tenure of existence ends,

With few alternatives of smiles and showers;

Being but moods of mind—and years but hours.

**EFFECTS OF ELECTRICITY BY CONTACT.**—1. Metals, and probably all solid bodies, become positively electrified when immersed in fluids; the fluids are negative.—2. A solid, partially immersed in a fluid, acquires electric polarity, the part not immersed being negative, and the other positive.—3. Solid bodies differ greatly in their electro-motive power in regard to the same fluid, and this difference is the true cause of the electric, chemical, and magnetic action, in the galvanic circuit.—4. If two solid electro-motors, of different electro-motive power, are immersed in the same fluid *without being in contact with each other*, the weaker electro-motor receives a polarity opposite to that of the stronger, and becomes, consequently, negatively electric.—5. The part of the weaker electro-motor not immersed, exhibits opposite electricity to that which is immersed, that is to say, it is positive.—6. The electro-motive action of a fluid depends on the property of its being reduced, by two solid electro motors of dissimilar power, to such a state, that the solid electro-motors receive from it opposite electricities. In general, all fluids which are bad conductors of electricity possess this property, but not those which are good conductors (mercury, metals in fusion, &c.) nor those which have no conducting power (oils, &c.) The intensity, however, of the electro-motive powers of the fluids does not depend on the more or less perfect conductivity only, but on other relations not fully known at present.—7. The electro-motive effects of two metals which form a closed circuit in the same fluid, depend on the continual excitement and neutralisation of opposite electricities in the fluid. They are generated by the electro-motive action of the two electro-motors on the fluid; are augmented by the action of the stronger on the weaker; and are accelerated by the close contact of two solid electro-motors, when these are good conductors.—8. The chemical changes in the fluid, it is true, have a relation with the neutralisation of the two electricities produced by the solid elements of the circuit; but these chemical changes and the neutralisation have not the mutual relation of cause and effect.—9. In the *system* of circuits composing the voltaic pile, the opposite electricities are completely neutralised by the solid elements of each circuit, that is, by the pairs of plates, and there is no electric current from one to the other.

**ELECTRICITY.**—Electricity, one of the most stupendous powers of nature—a power performing the most important part in all the alterations of inorganic matter, and all the processes of vegetable and animal life—a science probably the most interesting, and the most universally admired and studied, from the greater brilliancy possibly of the phenomena with which it makes us acquainted—is, in reality, the youngest of the physical sciences. There was certainly at one time no state of matter more obscure, more completely hidden from the corporeal and intellectual eye of man, than that which we denominate electricity. A thousand years elapsed from the birth of natural philosophy ere the human mind had obtained the slightest notion of the existence of this, the most stupendous power in nature.

**THE AURORA BOREALIS.**—In the northern region of the horizon, but often towards the east or west, a horizontal cloud rises to some degree of altitude; sometimes the blue sky is seen between this cloud and the horizon; it extend along an arc varying from 5 to 100 degrees, sometimes more, it is at times whitish and brilliant, but often black and thick. Its upper edge is luminous and irregular, sometimes nearly parallel to the horizon, sometimes curved towards it. The higher part of the cloud has frequently a bright and shining edge. After shooting a number of streamers, the darker part of the cloud generally changes, and becomes very luminous. The streamers continue to be shot from the upper edge, sometimes at some distance, sometimes very close to each other. Their light is very dazzling, and might leave a spectator to imagine that he saw a shining liquor forced out of a syringe. The light is strongest, and the streamers narrowest, near the main body of the phenomenon. Columns of light issue upwards from openings in the main cloud, with a slow and uniform motion, becoming broader as they proceed. Their dimensions and time of duration are various; they are whitish, reddish, and sometimes blood coloured, and after some time all the colours of the rainbow are seen. When several columns, emerging from different points, meet at the zenith, a small and dense meteor is formed, which appears to burn with more violence than either column by itself. This meteor is green, blue, or purple, and afterwards proceeds towards the south in the form of a small and clear cloud. When the columns disappear, the first mentioned horizontal meteor has little more than the appearance of morning twilight, and gradually fades away. The aurora lasts sometimes the whole night, and has been noticed many nights in succession. The horizontal meteor sometimes keeps its place and its appearance unchanged for several hours, and at times the whole consists of nothing more than a gradual increase of light in the horizontal meteor, and the whole has been known to pass away in a few minutes.



In which all Questions from Correspondents are answered gratuitously, in accordance with the true and unerring principles of Astrological Science.

**TO OUR QUERISTS.**—This department of our work involves the solution of "horary questions," so called from a figure of the heavens being erected for the hour in which the question is asked, and from the indications manifest in which the corresponding answers are derived. It

will, therefore, be absolutely necessary for all correspondents to specify the exact hour and day on which they commit the question to paper for our judgment, and the replies will then be given accordingly. As this important feature of the starchy science will necessarily occupy considerable time which he is willing to devote, without reward, to benefit the public, THE ASTROLOGER hopes that the liberality of his offer will protect him from the correspondence of those who desire adjudication upon frivolous subjects, or who are merely actuated thereto by motives of idle and foolish curiosity. All subjects on which they may be really anxious, can be solved with absolute certainty; and the election of favourable periods for marriage, speculation, or commencing any new undertaking with advantage, will be cheerfully and readily pointed out from week to week. All communications addressed to "THE ASTROLOGER" will be considered as strictly confidential, and the initials only given in the oracle.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**GALILEO.**—Time was when men were alone able to count the progress of the hours by the shadows cast upon the ground by a tree or a triumphal column; when the Egyptians observed the progress of the penumbra cast upon the sands by an obelisk to know how far the day had advanced, or when the vault of heaven was their dial-plate, the sun their minute hand. Little do the denizens of such a world as our own huge metropolis reflect, as they hurry along its streets, upon the glory that resides in the dark turrets of their churches. Little do they consider that the vastness of human intelligence and invention is there sounded forth every quarter with a brazen voice. What would not be the emotions of admiration in the mind of an ancient Hun could he wake up now from his sleep of centuries, to know that there are vast and complicated machines of metal sentinelled in those belfries, abandoned to their own stealthy movements, and yet tracking with an inexorable finger the lapse of every second, and roaring forth with a sonorous tongue, at certain intervals, the gradations of indomitable Time.

**TYRO.**—A few minutes' attention paid to the nocturnal sky every evening would soon enable you to overcome the difficulty. The constellation of *Orion* is, next to the Great Bear, the most easily discoverable of any. You will see three stars of the second magnitude situated close to each other in a straight line, the centre of the three being equidistant from the other two, and in the centre of a large quadrilateral figure formed by four stars, two of which are stars of the first magnitude. The three stars, in a straight line before described, are called *Orion's belt*, and, by their situation, form the best guide to *Sirius*, the dog star, twenty degrees below, and to the *Pleiades*, or seven stars, forty degrees above. The row of stars below the belt, which seems to have perplexed you, are fancifully named *Orion's sword*.

**THE IMPATIENT ONE.**—We again repeat, that very few letters received after Monday morning can be answered in the current number. The calculations requisite for arriving at a just deduction are attended with much time, trouble, and anxiety. Our uneasy subscriber may assure himself that not one querist who consults us from feelings of real anxiety has ever to go unanswered.

**JUVENIS.**—Before the winter solstice thy desires will be gratified, if perseverance attend thy endeavours. Propitiate thy predecessor.

**VERAX WESTONIENSIS.**—Those days should always be chosen for giving entertainments that have Venus and Mercury favourably aspected. During the remainder of the present month, choose the 25th (an excellent day), the 30th, and 31st. In August, the best days will be found the 5th, 14th, 18th, 25th, and 29th. Should any exhibition be given in which the farmers are likely to be present or take an interest, the 21st day will be found most propitious.

**H. J. F. R.**—The increase of your funds will not take place until after your marriage, which the autumn of the ensuing year will see solemnised. By availing yourself of the offer and privileges afforded in the manner described on our last page, you would be relieved from all trouble for the future.

**AMICUS.**—You will ultimately; but the numerous delays that we foresee are likely to occur, and prevent any exact approach to the specified time. Our horary gives three years, but it may be probably less.

**W. OLINTHUS.**—We should be most happy to oblige you, but the very heavy and gradually increasing demand on our astrological time and labours will compel us to defer the execution of what you desire for a brief time at least.

**DELTA.**—The circumstances you have narrated to us are certainly most remarkable, but there is no reason to suppose that a diabolical agency has been called into requisition. The occult arts are only attained by years of severe study, and the one you allude to cannot be considered as a proficient.

**A. B. (Norwich.)**—They are now doing exceedingly well in Germany, and will return home about one twelvemonth after the period of the engagement ceasing. If the private address and enclosure is forwarded, we will see what can be done.

**RAZARL.**—The indications visible in the figure before us seem to show that if the speculation is boldly entered into, success and profit will result; but you must beware of imprudence in judging too hastily.

**C. W.**—Zadkiel has, we believe, a volume in preparation detailing the extraordinary revelations of Elizabeth Andrews, but only fragments have as yet been published. Thanks for the letter and accompanying contribution.

**CASIRL.**—Highly gratified have we been to find that the efforts we have made to diffuse knowledge amongst the millions, who have little time and less opportunity to acquire proficiency in the astral sciences, are beginning to develop their full effects. To the questions we thus respond: Raphael's Almanack includes the ephemeris. There are tables of houses published by Zadkiel for the latitudes mentioned, which, with Lilly, can be ordered through any bookseller, and, with the "Grammar of Astrology," will give the required information. You do not err in loving the fair object of your affections.

**ANXIETY.**—Avail yourself of the first opportunity that occurs for bettering your present position. There is some intimation of a legacy from a near relative, but the time is not so near as imagined. Do not rely on the assistance of friends generally, though there is one on whom you may safely depend. Business, until the thirty-fifth birth-day has passed over, should be avoided on your own account. The leaden Saturn will provoke danger by water; beware.

**SWAGBURG.**—The process of erecting a scheme of the heavens for any particular moment is too encroaching and laborious to be idly called into requisition. Ask for the result of any particular undertaking, and it shall be given.

**SARAH C. (Dublin.)**—Coquetry, and a foolish wish to wound the heart of one you love, will be your ruin. He has already far compromised himself with another. Do not anticipate marriage at all.

**G. H. V. (Manchester.)**—Your relative is, unhappily, no longer among the regions of bodily existence; your expectations of pecuniary assistance are, consequently, withered in that quarter, though there appears an obscure indication of improved circumstances on the tablet of your destiny.

**U. T. S.**—There is a prospect of such a misfortune, at any rate for four or five years.

**O. N. E.**—A trifling sum will be ultimately gained, but you will not obtain the amount to which you are justly entitled.

**C. E. F.**—Before a very considerable time has elapsed she will remove. The second query has a negative aspect, but she has already seen the individual.

**A. P.**—The future glitters with improvement to your position in society. Like the luminary of day, you will terminate your existence in the western hemisphere.

**GEORGE H. JACKSON.**—The former answer must be taken literally, as applying rather to yourself than to the female native.

**PARAMGAN.**—Though now fickle and giddy, her character will materially improve. The year indicated for her marriage is twenty-six; but let her beware of too many acquaintances, otherwise pernicious circumstances will arise and cloud her after life.

**SETHRON.**—Happy is the heart of the Astrologer when such responses are echoed back from among his disciples; happy is he to receive such evidence of the operations of his "life germinating philosophy," and happy is he in the knowledge that young eyes look forth with freshened gladness upon the occult stirrings of Nature and the spirit lore. Here cometh an assurance that "one follower who, 'mid the Arcadian groves, hath listened to our voice, hath touched the brim of overflowing hearts, and imbibed delight as dew from those accents, by which we have beckoned to a higher and a lovelier land." Welcome in our spiritual track, Sethron! Your poetical tribute has germs of thoughtfulness, such as betoken a spontaneous affection for the mysterious charms of the day-dream. We will reserve some portions for a future day; and in the interim we recommend our esteemed pupil to bring the pruning-hook into operation upon his subsequent flights of imagination, as also to eschew superfluous adjectives.

**ERNEST.**—As your inquiry is not comprised in a single interrogation, it does not come within the scope of horary astrology.

**W. T.**—You must not anticipate any emolument in consequence of your parent's death. Your circumstances will be somewhat improved through the interference of a friend, before you have hitherto expected. Fortune frequently appears tardy, yet fortify yourself with hope. Persevere; time has unlooked-for alterations in store.

**M. A. I. K.**—She is a victim to nervous debility—will progress but slowly—but, as she is at present under an excellent medical adviser, she will ultimately recover.

**R. J. (Liverpool)**—You have truly surmised the reason of delay. The native will never acquire great wealth, but a competency is promised from the pursuits of business, if the fatal love of gambling speculations should not interfere. The native will not marry, though several times approaching the connubial state. Friends will be few, but sincere, and enemies will have no ultimate power, nor will their enmity be avowed. Hypocritical tongues will be the chief index to their presence. In the fortieth year a change will befall him—for a time injurious, but finally beneficial; at this period, also, his health will suffer.

**SIGMA.**—We see no benefit ever likely to arise from literary pursuits, although there is a prospect of good coming shortly from another source. The arc is one that we decline giving upon principle.

**FATALIST.**—Any communication made in the usual manner will be attended to. The chief feature of the horoscope, as we have hastily glanced over it, appears to prefigure the existence of a strange intrigue. Is it so?

**C. M.**—Eschew solitude, seek the brighter, not the darker shades of human existence, and forget the morbid phantasmagoria of a passion, which like the shadow of the upas tree, blights buds that might be blossoms.

**THE PROFESSOR OF THE ARTS OF CHIROMANCY AND METOSCOPY.**—The obliging and talented professor must attribute our apparent neglect to the heavy pressure of business during the last fortnight, and a most anxious desire we have experienced for a private interview. This latter we will speedily arrange when a proposal shall be made for the publication of the papers with illustrative diagrams. We have daily intended a visit to the place from which thy letter was directed, and can only regret the circumstances that have arisen to postpone the pleasure.

**FANNY.**—Be of good cheer. We have a private friend that will be shortly with thee. From the stone jug of memory we draw, occasionally, many draughts of comfort. Do thou likewise.

**SYMBOL.**—Hearts are easily wounded by unkindness. The flower we pluck may once again find root, the clouded sky may brighten to the sun; but woman's love once proffered, once refused, turns on itself its scorpion sting, and withers with the heart from which it sprang.

**GRACE DARLING.**—From the aspect of Venus forming a trine with Mercury, and the indications visible in the fifth house, we anticipate the offspring will be apparent on certain contingencies within the seventh adumbration of the moon. The child will be a male.

**ΔΟΚΟΝΗΡ.**—By a rigid economy of diet, by a careful regard to the arrangement of your occupations, and a strict co-operation with Nature in the metamorphosis of the tissues, your life will be unaffected by the diseases to which (from the general aspect of your horoscope, and the peculiarly malignant influences of the eighth house) you will otherwise be continually subject.

**ΑΡΟΥΣ.**—The horary time given in the first instance must have been incorrect by a few minutes, which would throw the events predicted forward at least a month.

**ΑΝΧΙΟΥΣ.**—Resign thy present residence, and seek repose and prosperity further northwards.

**FIDE ET FORTITUDINE.**—Your yearning for information on the occult studies shall be satisfied as speedily as possible, by private communication. The courtesy of our correspondent hardly required that he should crave our indulgence "for drawing a bill to such a large amount on a bank, where, alas! he has neither effects, nor a right to justify the liberty;" save Destiny hath lodged a fund payable at sight, which will make the eventful period fall due when perseverance and fate ordain.

**FARMER.**—At six p.m. on the afternoon of the 27th of this month, thou wilt receive an impulse which it will be best for thee to follow.

**M. A. B.**—We see not the slightest prospect of any alteration.

**ANN EVANS.**—We congratulate you on the fulfilment of our prediction; we foresee that a permanent success will attend you, although preceded by temporary troubles. If deserving, do not reject his proposal.

**RECEIVED.**—**J. WRIGHT** (More anxiety must be felt).—**C. H.** (At present you have no reason to fear).—**E. M. WARNER** (You will have both your wishes gratified sooner than you expect).—**A. A. A.** (It will not be this year).—**A. B. G.** (Your relative will be of great benefit to you, and your circumstances will soon improve).—**PERO** (Within two years; a hatter).—**S. E. W.** (It will not be distant; already answered).—**G. F. G.** (Alas! unhappy mortal, no).—**MARY ANNE M.** (The union will take place).—**G. E. D.** (To the first inquiry, "yes;" to the second, "no").—**FERDINAND** (You will wed a dark woman of moderate stature and a little property, but many rivals will be encountered).—**M. O. M.** (A change for the better is in store; it will occur within a year).—**E. D.** (Married; before three years have elapsed; to the last question, no).—**ALICE HAWTHORN** (The inquiries are too frivolous).—**SYNTAX** (Hope for the future rather than fear).—**EMILY E.** (You must disabuse your mind of all expectations in that quarter; wishes are futile).—**EDITH DALTON** (Your fate is irrevocable, but do not despair, for Time will at length metamorphose all your views).—**C. W.** (Not for the present; patience for sixteen months, you will then perceive some singular changes in perspective).—**DEATH** (Act with proper decision, but propitiate all with whom you have intercourse, and within three months your enemies will display more suavity; a strict application to a certain manual labour, requiring very sedentary habits, will improve your condition in a pecuniary manner, though you must not anticipate too rapid success).—**LUCY L.** (Not before your thirtieth year; the party will be of a sanguine temperament).—**D. YOUNG** (Send in the hour of your nativity, when we will decide).—**W. G.** [Norwich] (The future marked out in the scheme of your birth is propitious; two things, however, may mar all your undertakings—despondency at those occasional misfortunes which will inevitably befall you, and a consequent lack of energy in your avocations. The fruit that loiters behind the leaf is long in ripening).—**D. L. E.** (A month before you conjecture).—**S. N. P.** [Leeds] (Chrononhotonthologos will administer flagellation).—**I. D. H.** (A very curious circumstance will shortly occur in connection with this engagement).—**SARAH H.** (As the hour is not mentioned in which the question was written, we cannot pronounce any opinion).—**CATHARINE EVANS** (You must explain the circumstances more intelligible, as the present inquiry is unanswerable).—**I. WILLIAMS** (No).—**A. A.** [Woolwich] (See answer to Sarah H. above).—**THE WEEPING WILLOW** (It falls not within the scope of horary investigation).—**⊙ Δ** (Astrologically, the commencement of any speculation of a merchant would be the day upon which he opened his establishment to

the public. The table of houses for latitude 56° north might be obtained, but there are many difficulties in the way, from the vast labour and attention required to calculate the alteration).

—**KATE LESLIE** (We foresee that, by a persistence in your constant kindness and amenity of disposition to the husband who is so unworthy of you, will, in the end, reclaim him from his devious course).—**A. C.** (The heavenly book informs us, in its inaudible but truthful language, that she will change her position in society before long, and that her repugnance for the duties of a wife will be removed by the interposition of the master passion).—**E. F.** (We do not perceive any probability of the change taking place to which our correspondent alludes).—**JANE EVANS** (Remember, there are are roses amongst thorns, poisons in the beautiful laurel plants, adders under flowers—beware!)—Others in our next.

**TO OUR QUERISTS AND SUBSCRIBERS.**—Many letters having been received from persons resident in remote places, complaining that, in consequence of the difficulty and expense incurred in procuring the work, they have been unable to avail themselves of the gratuitous astrological advice we proffer, the following arrangements have been made to meet the wishes of our readers and the public generally:—All subscribers to "THE ASTROLOGER," by payment of six months' subscription in advance (8s. 6d.), or a quarter's subscription (4s. 3d.), will be entitled to a copy, sent every Friday evening, *post free*, to any part of the United Kingdom, and, in addition, have priority of attention in the solution of such questions as they may feel desirous of having calculated. All who may, therefore, wish to enjoy these privileges, are recommended to send their real name and address with the post-office order for the above sum, drawn in favour of our publisher, to our OFFICE ONLY, and, at the same time, state the initials under which they should be answered in the "ORACLE." Strict honour and confidence will be observed, and the utmost attention may be relied upon.

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All the back numbers of this unique and original publication have been reprinted, and can now, without extra charge, be obtained through any bookseller in town or country. For a small sum like eighteen-pence, the purchaser would be thus in possession of a complete volume on the OCCULT SCIENCES, and the general tendency of its pages to elevate and refine will be admitted by all who have had the opportunity of perusal. For those gratifying and encouraging letters which he has received from men of high intellect and lofty station, the Astrologer here begs to offer his sincere, though comprehensive, acknowledgments, and urges his friends and subscribers generally to recommend a work which aims at disseminating a creed of TRUTH and BEAUTY, inculcating the highest doctrine which the human mind is capable of receiving, and endeavouring to sow the seeds of hope and concord, that may ripen into a future harvest of "peace and good will to all men." ESTO PERPETUA!

*Parts I., II., and III. of "The Astrologer" are now ready, in a handsomely embellished Wrapper, with numerous Illustrations, price Sixpence; and may be obtained through every Bookseller in town and country.—Part IV. can also be obtained, price One Shilling.*

\* \* \* *All letters and communications are requested to be addressed to "The Astrologer," 11, Wellington-street North, Strand, London.*

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