



AND WEEKLY ORACLE OF DESTINY.

No. 24.—Vol. I.]

SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1845.

[PRICE TWOPENCE.]

NIGHT PHANTOMS.



HERE is a very interesting and pleasing narrative somewhere recorded, which relates how two lovers, unavoidably separated from each other by distance, softened the pangs of absence and maintained the intensity of their passion for years, by having recourse to the following expedient:—

They agreed, before their departure, to select "one bright particular star" in the heavens as the object of their mutual attention at a certain hour every night, so that when one was gazing on its glowing effulgence, the other might feel the same rays were being transmitted to the eyes of both, thus linking, as it were, the blended vision in a starry point. Now this, one of the most intensely poetical phases of modern romance, can, we believe, be much more frequently reduced into the practice of ordinary life than people in general—lovers excepted—appear to think possible. To prove the reality of this apparently wild phantasy, we would propose, as an experiment, that two

persons, truly attached to each other, and having the requisite poetic temperament, should mutually agree, during separation to devote a certain period, in the filmy closing of a summer's twilight, to the dwelling intently upon the loved forms they would wish to evoke and notice the feelings by which such an effort will be accompanied. They will feel a sudden indescribable glow pervading the frame, and a thrilling vibration of the nerves, such as we might imagine would be experienced by the chords of an Æolian harp, when the fitful breeze sweeps over the instrument, and dissolves its emotions in melody—a pleasurable throbbing of the system which manifests the occult influence exercised over it by a sympathetic soul afar off.

The popular superstition that, when the ear tingles and burns, some one is speaking of us at a distance, may have its origin in a consciousness of the existence of an influence like this. We all feel, at certain times, the sudden *thrilling* to which we have referred, as if the nervous system had received an accession of energy, and as if the vital currents were flowing with greater rapidity than their usual wont—a sensation which, though seldom traced to its right source, is invariably and justly attributed to an extraneous power, apart from the mere dross of animal matter that composes the grosser body

We know, from the daily realities of Mesmerism, that one soul may have influence over another—that the sympathetic fluid that pervades all creation cannot be agitated in one part without causing what may be termed a responsive ripple in another; and as this power is independent of space, we can see at once the nature of the communicative principle that may link two beings together, though separated by a thousand leagues. Clothe this spiritual IDEA in the strong semblance of the palpable, invest the ethereal image with the form to which it belongs, and we have a clue to the origin of those Night Phantoms which have so puzzled the learned in all ages. As the glassy lake mirrors the tremulous effulgence of the stars more vividly when not a ruffling breath of air skims over the surface, so may we conceive how, in the quietude of night, undisturbed by the feverish excitements of the busy day, the soul is more free to act and to receive the imagined influence which is being simultaneously exerted elsewhere, and thus, under favourable auspices, the vision of the body may come coexistent with the evocation of the mind. Petrarch, in the solitude and silence of Vacluse, seems to have felt this power with the warmth and earnestness of a true poet. As a corroborative proof that he possessed this faculty of what—to employ a Highland phrase—may be termed “second sight,” we need only recal to the reader’s remembrance the well-authenticated fact that he saw, one evening, at Parma, his intimate friend the Bishop of Colonna, at the very same instant that amiable prelate died at Avignon, and the news of whose decease did not reach him till one month afterwards. His first meeting with Laura occurred on the 6th of April, 1327, and on the same day of the same month, and at the same hour and minute, twenty-one years afterwards, Laura breathed her last. From this time, as expressed in all the elegant imagery of pure poesy, her image never left him. In the rustling of the autumn foliage, in the hoarse clamour of the wintry winds, in the whispereled melody of spring flowers, and the murmurous sounds of summer streamlets, he hears her voice, directing his mind to the happiness which she has won and he may hope to obtain, thus soothing his sorrow alike with her counsel and her presence. Sometimes, it is said, the phantom affected him with delight and sometimes terror, but to the last her features were nightly before him; and we can imagine the poet recalling the loved tones to his remembrance, fashioning a garland for her grave—

“With the last leaves for a love-rosary,
 Whilst all the withered world looks drearily,
 Like a dim picture of the drowned past,
 In the hushed-mind’s mysterious far-away,
 Doubtful what ghostly thing will steal the last
 Into that distance, grey upon the grey.”

THE DRAMA OF LIFE.—The world is a theatre; mankind are the comedians; chance composes the piece, and fortune distributes the parts; theologians and politicians govern the machines, and philosophers are the spectators. The rich take their places in the pit and upper boxes, the powerful in the front and sides, and the galleries are for the poor. The women distribute fruit and refreshments, and the unfortunate are the lamp lighters. Folly composes the overture, and Time draws the curtain.

A FACT THAT OCCURRED AT OBERSTENFELD.

The house inhabited by Mrs. H—’s father formed part of the old cathedral. It had long been observed, by the various tenants who lodged in it, that many strange noises were heard—as, knockings on the walls and barrels in the cellars, throwing of gravel, rolling of balls, and even sometimes a musical sound like that of a triangle—none of which could be accounted for; and at length Mrs. H—, and other members of her family, occasionally perceived a spectral female figure. Sounds, as of persons passing to and fro, were common in the room in which her father worked; and he was actually obliged to change his apartment because an unknown animal frequently sat on his shoulder or his foot. A noise like the ringing of glasses was also frequently heard, but no investigation threw any light on the cause.

It was on New Year’s night, 1825, that as Mrs. H— was playing and singing a hymn, a noise was heard in the hall as of the fall of a heavy weight. An immediate search was made to discover the cause, but without success; and the subject being forgotten. Mrs. H— retired, with her sister and maid-servant, to bed. They had been in bed about a quarter of an hour, and were still awake, when they observed the night-candlestick, which was burning on a table in the middle of the room, begin to move about, so that they not only saw the motion, but heard it, although the table and everything else stood fast. Whilst Mrs. H— was observing this, there appeared by her bedside a cloudy form, habited like a knight, so thin, that she fancied she could see through it; and said to her, “Go with me; thou can’st loosen my bonds.”

On this occasion, as on all others, the voice of the spirit was not like the voice of a man, but the words seemed to be breathed forth. She answered: “I will not go with thee;” and overcome with terror, she sprang into the bed where her sister and the maid lay, crying, “Do you not see something?” They said they did not; and she said no more, for fear of alarming them. She sent the maid to lie in her bed, which was in front of her sister’s; and the maid taking some of the bed-covering with her, it was forcibly pulled from her by an unseen hand. After that they slept quietly the rest of the night.

On the following night, at the desire of his parents, her brother, a courageous man, slept in the room with her on a couple of chairs, lest the apparition should return. Exactly at twelve o’clock, after the light had been moved, audibly and visibly to all, the spectre appeared. She cried, “There it is again.” But though her brother and all saw the light moving, they saw no spectre. It, nevertheless, stood by her bedside, and she distinctly perceived it was the form of a knight. He appeared about fifty years of age, and the countenance was angry. Then, even visibly to the eyes of her brother, her bedstead, and that of her sister began to shake; and the spirit breathed forth to her, “If thou goest not with me, I will fling thee out of the window.” She said, “In the name of Jesus, do it;” whereon the form disappeared, but presently returned, saying, “I will cast thee into the deep cell.” She made the same answer; whereon it again vanished, but returned a third time, threatening to stab her; but on her saying, “Thou hast not the power to do it, it disappeared, and returned no more for three nights.

On the third night it appeared again by her bedside, and said, “You must go with me. I have concealed something under the sand-box; there is some writing and a few coins. This I must give you, and then I shall have rest.” She said: “I will not go with you; this thing cannot make you happy.” The figure then disappeared. This event affected her much, and she became so ill that she could not leave her bed. Her parents hereupon removed her to an upper room, where they had slept themselves, in hopes she might be no further molested; but, on the contrary, the spectre appeared to her for seven days, at all hours of the day and night—both when she was in the somnambule state, and when she was awake. He told her that he was of the family of the Weilers of Lichtenberg, and that he had murdered his brother; hence his unhappy state. He frequently told her that there was something of importance in a certain vault under the church; but she always answered

him with the word of God, and prayers. She prayed earnestly with him, at which times she saw him kneel; and she brought him, by degrees, from the vain idea that the writing he sought could afford him comfort. The first three nights that he came to the upper room, her parents heard a noise at the window, and a pane sprung out just before he appeared. On the seventh night he came and thanked her for having led him to his Redeemer; telling her that the hour of his release approached. He knelt by her bedside, and prayed with her for the last time; and his form was now much brighter and more pleasing. Suddenly seven children appeared, white, bright, and joyful; they were his children, and they formed a circle round him, and sang melodiously; the spirit sang with them, as did also Mrs. H—, who hereupon fell asleep, continuing still to sing. Presently she awoke again, and conversed further with the spectre. He wished to make a mark on her hand, but she would not give it him; and he did not leave her till her protecting spirit, her grandmother, slept in between him and her; then he took two of his children by the hand, and all disappeared. She long remembered this spectre with a mingled feeling of joy and melancholy.—*Secrets of Prevost.*

ACCOUNT OF THE EARTHQUAKE AT NAPLES,
NOVEMBER 25TH, 1343, GIVEN BY PETRARCH IN A LETTER
WRITTEN TO A FRIEND ON THE ENSUING DAY.



monk, who was the bishop of a neighbouring island, and held in great esteem for his sanctity and his skill in astrology, had foretold that Naples was to be destroyed by an earthquake on the 25th of November. The prophecy spread such a terror through the city, that the inhabitants abandoned their affairs to prepare themselves for death. Some hardy spirits, indeed, ridiculed those who betrayed marks of fear on the approach of a thunder storm; and as soon as the storm was over, jestingly cried out, "See, the prophecy has failed."

As to myself, I was in a state between fear and hope; but I must confess that fear sometimes got the ascendant. Accustomed to a colder climate, and in which a thunder storm in winter was a rare phenomenon, I considered what I now saw as a threatening from Heaven.

On the eve of the night in which the prophecy was to be fulfilled, a number of females, more attentive to the impending evil than to the decorum of their sex, ran half naked through the streets, pressing their children to their bosoms. They hastened to prostrate themselves in the churches, which they deluged with their tears, crying out with all their might, "Have mercy, O Lord. Have mercy upon us."

Moved, distressed with the general consternation, I retired, early, to the Convent of St. Lawrence. The monks went to rest at the usual hour. It was the seventh day of the moon, and as I was anxious to observe in what manner she would set, I stood looking at my window till she was hidden from my sight by a neighbouring mountain. This was a little before midnight. The moon was gloomy and overcast; nevertheless, I felt myself tolerably composed, and went to bed. But scarce had I closed my eyes, when I was awakened by the loud rattling of my chamber windows. I felt the walls of the convent violently shaken from their foundations. The lamp, which I always kept lighted through the night was extinguished. The fear of death laid fast hold upon me.

The whole city was in commotion, and you heard nothing but lamentations and confused exhortations to make ready for the dreadful event. The monks, had risen to sing their matins, terrified by the movements of the earth, ran into my chamber, armed with crosses and relics, imploring the mercy of Heaven. A prior, whose name was David, and who was considered as a saint, was at their head. The sight of these inspired us with little courage. We proceeded to the church, which was already

crowded; there we remained during the rest of the night, expecting every moment the completion of the prophecy.

It is impossible to describe the horrors of that night. The elements were let loose. The noise of the thunder, the winds, and the rain, the roarings of the enraged sea, the convulsions of the heaving earth, and the distracted cries of those who felt themselves staggering on the brink of death, were dreadful beyond imagination. Never was there such a night! As soon as we apprehended that the day was at hand, the altars were prepared, and the priests dressed themselves for mass. Trembling, we lifted up our eyes to Heaven, and then fell prostrate upon the earth.

The day at length appeared. But what a day! Its horrors were more terrible than those of the night. No sooner were the higher parts of the city a little more calm, than we were struck by the outcries which we heard towards the sea. Anxious to discover what passed there, and still expecting nothing but death, we became desperate, and, instantly mounting our horses, rode down to the shore.

Heavens! what a sight! Vessels wrecked in the harbour, the strand covered with bodies, which had been dashed against the rocks by the fury of the waves. Here you saw the brains of some, and the entrails of others; there the palpitating struggles of yet remaining life. You might distinguish the groans of the men, and the shrieks of the women, even through the noise of the thunder, the roaring of the billows, and the crash of falling houses. The sea regarded not either the restraints of men or the barriers of Nature. She no longer knew the bounds which had been set by the Almighty.

That immense mole which, stretching itself out on each hand, forms the port, was buried under the tumult of the waves; and the lower parts of the city were so much deluged, that you could not pass along the streets without danger of being drowned.

We found near the shore above a thousand Neapolitan cavaliers, who had assembled, as it were, to witness the funeral obsequies of their country. This splendid troop gave me a little courage. If I die, said I to myself, it will be at least in good company. Scarce had I made this reflection, when I heard a dreadful clamour everywhere around me. The sea had sapped the foundations of the place where we stood, and it was at this instant giving way. We fled, therefore, immediately to a more elevated ground. Hence we beheld a most tremendous sight. The sea between Naples and Capræa was covered with moving mountains; they were neither green, as in the ordinary state of the ocean, nor black, as in common storms, but white.

The young Queen rushed out of the palace bare-footed, her hair dishevelled, and her dress in the greatest disorder. She was followed by a train of females, whose dress was as loose and disorderly as her own. They went to throw themselves at the feet of the blessed Virgin Mary, crying aloud, "Mercy! mercy!"

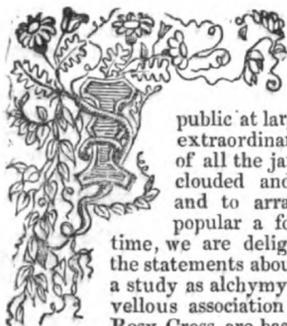
Towards the close of the day the storm abated, the sea was calm, and the heavens serene. Those who were upon the land suffered only the pains of fear; but it was otherwise with those who were upon the water. Some Marseilles galleys, last from Cyprus, and now ready to weigh anchor, were sunk before our eyes, nor could we give them the least assistance. Larger vessels from other nations met with the same fate in the midst of the harbour. Not a soul was saved!

There was a very large vessel, which had on board four hundred criminals under sentence of death. The mode of their punishment had been changed, and they were reserved as a forlorn hope to be exposed in the first expedition against Sicily. This ship, which was stout and well-built, sustained the shocks of the waves till sunset, but now she began to loosen and to fill with water. The criminals, who were a hardy set of men, and less dismayed by Death, as they had lately seen him so near at hand, struggled with the storm, and, by a bold and vigorous defence, kept Death at bay till the approach of night. But their efforts were in vain. The ship began to sink. Determined, however, to put off as far as possible the moment of dissolution, they ran aloft, and hung upon the masts and rigging. At this moment the tempest was appeased, and these poor convicts were the only persons whose lives were saved in port of Naples.

THE GREAT ALCHEMICAL AND ROSICRUCIAN MYSTERIES EXPLAINED.

PART I.

HOW TO PREPARE THE "PHILOSOPHER'S STONE!" FORMATION OF THE PHILOSOPHER'S SILVER! PREPARATION OF THE TINCTURE OF CORALS, ETC.



T affords us much gratification to be enabled to lay before our readers a series of literary curiosities which have been hitherto concealed from the public at large. Our purpose is to divest the extraordinary subjects about to be treated on of all the jargon with which they have been clouded and obscured by pseudo-science, and to arrange them in as compact and popular a form as possible. At the same

time, we are delighted to assure our readers that the statements about to be made upon so abstruse a study as alchemy, and in reference to such a marvellous association as that of the disciples of the Rosy Cross, are based upon the authority of a man

who, during his life-time acquired the name of a most profound philosopher, though latterly the rage for materialism has caused him rather to be regarded as a charlatan; we allude to the celebrated Dr. DEE. In consequence of those glorious researches, which are confined exclusively to the occult and mystical, having fallen into disuse, a species of obloquy has been attempted to be cast upon this renowned personage, which, with many, has associated his very name with deception and quackery, thus rendering an object of scorn one of the most learned sages upon many subjects of which this country can boast. Among other matters, we may be permitted to mention that he takes a very high rank among the herbalists of England, and these we regard as the most legitimate followers of Æsculapius. A perusal of this remarkable man's writings will corroborate our assertions as to his acquirements, and serve to disabuse the mind of those erroneous opinions of his character which have been inculcated by succeeding authors. Many of Dr. Dee's notions are undoubtedly liable to condemnation, from the palpable fallacies and their shallow eccentricities; but his failure in these instances may, we conceive, be more properly attributed to the confined scope of natural philosophy during his career. Since that period a Leibnitz, a Newton, a Descartes, a Liebig, a Davy, a Linnæus, a Buffon, a Whewell, a Cuvier, a Murchinson, and many other renowned men, have illustrated the various but immutable laws incident to matter, by the lustre of their genius and the ardour of their investigations. These considerations will form some excuse for the casual blunders of so able a mathematician as Dee. It is from a valuable manuscript work of this astrologer that we have compiled the following fragments. The book is emblazoned at the head with this title, "The Rosicrucian Secrets—their excellent method of Making Medicines from Metals; also their Lawes and Mysteries," and along the margin is scrawled that most appropriate motto, "*Que vult secreta scire, debet secreta secreti custodire.*" Listen, then, reader, to the voice of the dead seer—listen with awe and reverence, as he lifts the magic curtain that screens the threshold of the alchemist's laboratory, and discloses the operations of that heretofore dubious craft. Here you may glean an accurate knowledge of the system adopted by the transfusers of the precious metals and seekers after gold. Here you will discover the actual ingredients of the grand elixir; here, like the helot in antique history, you will overhear the secret conclave of "The Rosicrucians!" The wand is raised; hearken to the words of the buried sage!

§ a.—*The Philosophic Stone.*

"Our stone is made out of its own proper essence, for it transmuteth other metals into real and true gold, which gold must be prepared and become a better stone. And though nothing of another nature must be used in the preparation of

our stone which might obstruct its majestic excellence, yet the preparation of it in the beginning cannot be made without means, but observe that, as you will hear afterwards, all corrosives must be washed away again from it, and again separated, so that our stone may be severed from all poison, and be prepared to be the greatest medicine. Now I will show the work itself. . . . Take, of the very best gold you have, one part; of good Hungarian antimony, six parts; melt this together upon a fire, and pour it into such a pot as the goldsmiths use; when you have poured it out, it becometh a *regulus* (this expression signifies the purest metalline part of any metal, or the purest part of any mineral, the *faces* being separated). This same *regulus* must be melted again, that the antimony may be separated from it. Having accomplished so much, add to it mercury, and melt it again, and cleanse it again. Repeat this the third time, and the gold is purged and purified enough for the beginning of the work. Then beat the gold very thin, as goldsmiths do when they gild, and make an amalgama with common quicksilver, which must be squeezed through a leather; let the quicksilver fume away, little by little, upon a gentle fire, that nothing of it may remain with the gold, and stir it about continually with a small iron, until the gold has become subtile, so that its water may the better work upon it and open it.

[Here the alchemist interrupteth himself to describe the preparation of the water thus:—"Take one part of saltpetre, well purified, and grind with it the like quantity of sal-ammoniac, and half as much of pebbles, very well cleansed and washed. Mingle all these ingredients together, and put them into an earthen retort, that the spirits may not come through, and put the same into a distilling furnace; the retort must have a pipe behind, and attach as large a receiver as you can obtain to the retort. The receiver must lie in a vessel full of cold water, and a wet cloth must be wrapped round it, which you must continually touch with another wet cloth; then again evaporate so much matter into your retort until all is gone into it, and then the water is prepared."] Take then, of the prepared calx of gold, one part; put it into a glass body, and pour three parts of the above made water upon it, after which place it in the warm ashes, and the gold will dissolve in it; if, however, it should not altogether be dissolved, pour more fresh water upon it, and it will be entirely dissolved. Having accomplished so much, pour it into another glass, and let it stand until it become cold, when it will deposit some *faces*, which must be separated by pouring the water from them into another glass receptacle; get this glass in *Balneum Mariæ*, and put a head upon it; let it stand night and day in heat, and more *faces* will settle, which must be separated as before. After you have put on the head close to your glass very well, lute another glass to the head, and let it stand for fourteen days in a gentle heat, so that the body may be well opened. This being completed, increase the fire, and distil the phlegm to such a thickness that it remains at the bottom, like an *aqua vitæ*. What hath been already distilled pour again into the body, having previously warmed it, and lute the head again thereto, and let it stand to digest a night and a day; then draw off the water once more by distillation, and pour it upon it again when warm. Repeat this until the gold is become a low body with a flat bottom. Put this spiritualised solution of gold into a glass, and pour on it a considerable quantity of rain-water, putting thereto three parts of live mercury to one of gold. You must, however, first squeeze the mercury through a leather. Stir it very well together, and you will perceive many wonderful colours, and if you repeat this, stirring several times, an amalgama will fall to the bottom, and the water will become clear. So much being performed, decant the water and gently dry the amalgama, which havingedulcorated with much nicety, place it upon a broad, shallow, earthen platter, under a cover. Stir it about continually with an iron wire, until all the quicksilver be fumed away, and there will remain upon the earthen vessel a fine powder of a purple colour.

[Here, again, the alchemist pauseth to describe how the spirit of wine is prepared with philosophical tartar, in the following manner:—. . . First you must be informed that the philosophical tartar, whereby the lock is unlocked, does not resemble common tartar, as many imagine: it is another salt, though it

springeth from one root; and this is the only key to open and dissolve metals, and is thus prepared:—take ashes of a vine that has borne grapes that have yielded good wine; mixing them with warm water, make as strong a lee as can possibly be made. When you have a considerable quantity of this lee, boil it away and coagulate it to dryness, and there remaineth a reddish matter. Put this matter into a reverberating furnace and reverberate it for three days, or thereabouts, in an open fire, so that the flames may play around it with freedom, and stir it continually till the matter is become white. Afterwards, dissolve this verberated matter in fountain water, and let it settle. Next, pour off the clear and filter it, that all the fæces may be separated and coagulate in a glass body, when you will have a pure white salt of tartar, from which a true spirit is drawn. Take, now, highly rectified spirit of wine, fully freed from phlegm; put this into a glass phial with as long a neck as is to be obtained. But, first of all, put into it your salt of tartar, &c., then the spirit, to the supereminency of three figures; lute a head to the phial and, putting thereto another glass, let it stand in a gentle heat. Then carefully distil away the phlegm, and the spirit of tartar is opened by the spirit of wine; and, by reason of their reciprocal wonderful love, it comes over with the spirit of wine and is united intimately and indissolubly. Whatever fæces or phlegm remain behind are to be thrown away. This is, now, the right spirit of wine wherewith you may open that which the lover of art desireth to know, for it becometh penetrant by preparation.]

“Take now the powder of gold of a purple colour, and, having turned it into another phial, pour on it your spirit of wine. Put it, very close luted, in a gentle heat, and, within twenty-four hours, it will extract the sulphur of gold, of a high red colour, like blood. When it doth not yield any more tincture, pour off the extraction very clear into a little glass body. The remainder is a white calx; pour upon this calx the aforesaid spirit of wine, and let it stand in putrefaction, having the glass well stopped, for fourteen days and nights; by which time the spirit of wine will become of a white colour like milk. This must be poured off clear, and, adding to it fresh spirits of wine, let it stand a day and a night longer, and it will be coloured again, but not much. Add this to the first, and what remaineth do not dry, but leave it in the glass. Put the white extraction into a little body and distil the phlegm from it till it be reduced to a small quantity. After this, place the glass in a cellar, and there will shoot from it fair and transparent crystals, which having taken out, put the remainder again in a cellar, and you will have more crystals. Turn these into a body of glass, for it is the salt of the philosophers, and pour half the extraction of the sulphur of gold upon them and they will immediately melt away like butter in hot water. Distil this out of a glass body in hot ashes, and it will collect together in the form of a red oil, which falls to the bottom, and the spirit of wine which swimmeth upon the top must be separated therefrom. *This is the true potable gold, not reducible to a body—my Phalaia.* The other half of the extraction must now be gently distilled in Balneo Mariæ to a dryness, whence the spirit of wine may be separated. Pour on it this oil of gold or potable gold, and it taketh the powder in a moment, and becomes of a much higher colour than it was before. This will dissolve in common spirit of wine and other wine, *as red as a ruby.* Take, then, that other part of mercury which you have kept, and pour all this, being its own oil, upon it; and distil by an alembic, though not too strongly. Upon this there will appear some phlegm, and the oil will precipitate its own mercury and become white again, the greenness being lost and gone. This work being done, likewise, get a philosophical egg (which the philosophers call their heaven) and you will find two parts of the oil in weight to one part of the precipitated mercury. Put, then, the mercury into a glass and add the oil of gold to it, so that one part of the receptacle may be filled and three parts remain empty. Seal it well, as Hermes teacheth, and put it into the threefold furnace, so that it standeth not hotter than an egg which is under a hen to be hatched. The matter will begin to putrify within a month, becoming exceedingly black, upon which appearance it is certain that the matter is opened by the putrefaction, and you may be glad of that happy commencement. Increase now the fire to

the ‘second degree’ and the discolouration or blackness will vanish away in time, and change into many admirable hues. These colours being gone likewise, increase the fire to the ‘third degree,’ and *your glass will look like silver* while the rays will become ponderous. Then, increasing the fire to the ‘fourth degree,’ the fumes will cease by little and little and *your glass will shine as it were beset with cloth of gold.* Continue this fire and the rays will disappear likewise, and no longer be seen to arise, but you will perceive your matter lie beneath like a brown oil, which, at length becoming dry, will appear like unto granite, which is both fixed and liquid like wax, penetrant like oil, and mighty ponderous. *He that obtaineth this may render thanks to God, his creator, for poverty hath forsaken him disease will fly from him, and wisdom hath taken possession of him.*

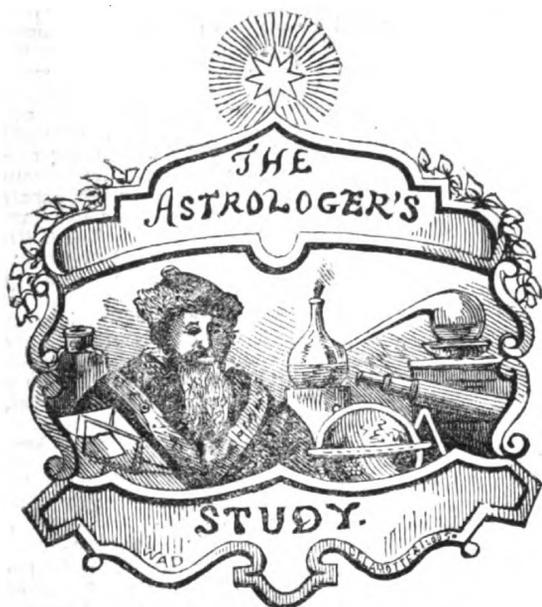
“This substance (i. e. ‘The Philosopher’s Stone’) being first fermented with other pure gold, will likewise tinge many thousand parts of all other metals into very good gold; making it such a penetrant matter that one part will transmute a thousand parts of other metals, and much more beyond belief, into perfect gold.”

Once more the curtain drops before the mystic chamber; the wand has fallen from the grasp of the Astrologer; his lips, for a time, are motionless.

THE HUMAN MIND.—The gradual unfolding of the human mind, while in a state of childhood, is similar to that of a plant expanding into maturity. The plant is liable to make too rapid a progress under the influence of an unclouded sun, or to be nipt in its growth by the inclemency of a rigid season. So that mind which is fostered by an over-acted tenderness expands itself too fast for the judgment to strengthen its excursions, or, if too much checked by disappointment and adversity, is cramped in its progress to maturity and perfection.

NATURE AND ART.—Nothing in art can continue to dazzle but so long as we are unaccustomed to the contemplation of it. Let a person dwell for some months, nay, a few weeks, in one of the mansions that has the most struck his fancy, and he will find that by degrees his vision becomes so used to the objects which first enchanted him, that he soon ceases to be sensible of their presence, or to feel aught more than that general complacency excited in the mind by being surrounded by agreeable objects. It is otherwise with the beauties of nature. The more the eye becomes accustomed to behold them, the more pleasure do they convey; each point of view gains a new interest by being contrasted with others; the different periods of the day or season change the appearance, and throw a fresh light over the scene, that prevents its ever becoming monotonous.

CURIOUS ANTIPATHIES.—A lady, a native of France, would faint on seeing boiled lobsters.—I have read of a gentleman, who would fall into convulsions at the sight of a carp.—Erasmus, though a native of Rotterdam, had such an aversion to fish, that the smell of it gave him a fever.—Ambrose Paré mentions a gentleman who never could see an eel without fainting.—Joseph Scaliger and Peter Abono never could drink milk.—Cardan was particularly disgusted at the sight of eggs.—Uladislaus, King of Poland, could not bear to see apples.—If an apple was shewn to Chesne, secretary to Francis I., a prodigious quantity of blood would issue from his nose.—Henry III. of France could never sit in a room with a cat.—The Duke of Schomberg had the same kind of antipathy.—A gentleman in the court of the Emperor Ferdinand would bleed at the nose on hearing the mewing of a cat, however great the distance might be from him.—M. de Lancre, in his “Tableau de l’Inconstance de toutes choses,” gives an account of a very sensible man, who was so terrified at seeing an hedgehog, that for two years he imagined his bowels were gnawed by such an animal.—In the same book we find an account of a very brave officer, who never dared to look at a mouse; it would so terrify him, unless he had his sword in his hand. M. de Lancre says he knew him perfectly well.—Mr. Nangheim, a great huntsman, in Hanover, would faint, or if he had sufficient strength, would run away, at the sight of a roast pig.—The philosopher Chrysisipus had such an aversion to be revered, that if any one saluted him he would fall down.



Being Predictions of the Chief Events from Week to Week.

THE indications for the coming month are remarkable. At the lunation on the 3rd instant, we find the constellation Virgo posited on the eastern angle; Venus, lady of the 2nd and 9th, and Mercury, lord of the ascendant and 10th, rising. The Sun and Moon are conjoined in the 11th; Jupiter, lord of the 4th and 7th, with the Moon's south node in the 9th; Herschel retrograde in the house of DEATH; Saturn and Mars both retrograde in Aquarius, and vibrating on the cusp of the 6th, together with other configurations, from which we judge the present month will behold strange and marvellous mutations. Royal progresses are likely to be attended with considerable danger, if not loss of life; and bankers, ship-owners, and merchants, will experience severe losses by fraud and fire. An eminent lawyer or artist will succumb to Fate, and convulsions of the earth in volcanic countries will create much alarm. The public health this month will, we are afraid, suffer; but let all born about this time be careful of excesses and dissipation, as *delirium tremens* will be very prevalent. The three essentials will be found comfort, cleanliness, and cheerfulness.

THE ASTROLOGER'S CALENDAR.

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

TUESDAY, July 29th.—Fair. Good for surgeons, and those practised in the arts and sciences.

WEDNESDAY, July 30th.—Great heat, with strong electrical influences. Avoid public bodies.

THURSDAY, July 31st.—Fair and pleasant. Business of every kind may this day be done to advantage.

FRIDAY, August 1st.—Warm, and thunder-showers. Neither court nor marry. Females are unfortunate.

SATURDAY, August 2nd.—Thunder-storms in various parts. Money matters will not prosper.

SUNDAY, August 3rd.—Cloudy, and electrical influences. Begin nothing. Keep watch and ward.

MONDAY, August 4th.—Cooler, with light showers. Quarrels will arise. Beware.

MAGIC RINGS.

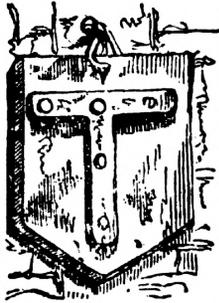
CERTAIN galvanic rings are just now very greatly favoured by the populace as preservatives from divers diseases of an epidemic and contagious character, and repeatedly, as one passes down the streets of the metropolis, may these metallic ornaments be observed on the fingers of the watermen, the hucksters, the ticket porters, and many of the most hard-working of the community—worn, no doubt, with a staunch though blind belief in the efficacy of the decoration. Though we neither wish to condemn or uphold these rings as pernicious or beneficial, we may be allowed to caution our readers against an over-hurry of credulity in the excellence of such preventives of ill health, for charlatans are as rife as ever now-a-days, and their pockets and purses have as great an affinity for gold and silver as in the times of the redoubtable Friar Bungey. Nevertheless, we cannot see that any actual calamity can result to the nervous or ganglionic system from so small a current of electricity as can be generated by these toys. It is because these things have been so recently attracting considerable attention that we conceive a brief catalogue of various rings which were recommended of old by the alchemists and occult philosophers might prove interesting to many.

Rings have been regarded, from the most ancient times, with a peculiar degree of reverence, when constructed after certain mysterious fashions. They were supposed to influence the mind of their wearers to such an extent as to render them amiable or morose, according as they had been manufactured. These notions probably were couched under the symbols of the Eastern tales, where the genii are evoked at will by the possessors of certain magic rings, some of these giant-spirits being of a benevolent and others of a villanous nature. Perhaps the most curious and correct mode of making a magic ring is that one mentioned by Sir Cornelius Agrippa, who thus lays down the mode of operation:—"When any star ascends fortunately, with the fortunate aspect, or conjunction of the moon, we must take a stone and herb that is under that star, and make a ring of the metal that is suitable to this star, and in it fasten the stone, putting the herb or root under it, not omitting the inscriptions of images, names, and characters, as also the proper suffumigations." Yet these students of the mystic sciences differed very greatly in their notions of these mysterious agents. Some, like Renodens and Platerus, maintained that "a ring made of the hoof of an ass's right fore foot" was very excellent to ward off misfortunes; and several doctrines of a similar nature might be collected from the writings of Porta, Mizaldus, Albertus, and many others. Plato has recorded that Gygus, a King of Lydia, possessed a ring of extraordinary properties, amongst which, if he twisted the seal upon it towards the palm of his hand, it rendered him invisible; and, through this circumstance, according to the same wise authority, he committed all kinds of atrocities with impunity, because unseen—killed the monarch who preceded him, murdered all his enemies, and finally, by these proceedings, attained the kingdom of Lydia for himself. In like manner Josephus declares that Moses, the lawgiver of the Israelites, being skilled in Egyptian magic, used to make rings of love and of oblivion; while it is on record that a philosopher called Eudamus manufactured rings against bewitchings, evil spirits, and the venom of snakes. We are also informed by Aristotle, the renowned tutor of Alexander of Macedon, that there was amongst the Cireneans a ring of Battus, which could procure both love and honour. From these circumstances, it will be seen how venerable is this estimation of metallic bands for the fingers to screen the owner from poisons and mishaps and contagious maladies; while the renown and glory of the great men whom we have cited as parties favourable to the belief of the utility of these amuletic circles deaden the sneers of the incredulous, and quell the derision of the sceptical.

KINDNESS.—The kindnesses men receive from others are like traces drawn in the sand. The breath of every passion sweeps them away, and they are remembered no more. But injuries are like inscriptions on monuments of brass, which endure unimpaired the revolutions of time.

THE SELF-INSTRUCTOR IN ASTROLOGY.

CHAPTER XI.—EVIDENCES OF THE TRUTH OF ASTROLOGICAL PREDICTIONS.



HOSE who deny astrology have surely never contemplated the mysteries of their own existence, nor the common occurrences that are inseparable from it, many of which are inexplicable when abstractedly considered, and only cease to strike us with wonder, because they are obvious and familiar to our senses. If we recollect that the most trifling incident in nature cannot come to pass without a cause, and that these causes are incessantly giving birth to a new fate, which at one time brings us comfort, and at another overwhelms us with misfortunes—that to-day gives us the full enjoyment of our wishes, and to-morrow confounds every imagination of our hearts—it is strange we should deny that such causes exist, when every hour's experience confirms the fact, by the good or ill success that constantly attends all human pursuits.

Now, all mankind have each of them, more or less, a certain share of wisdom, power, or wealth, wherewith they occupy in this life, and carry forward all their undertakings. Thus we see some men, by means of riches, courage, or contrivance, grow mighty, and purpose as if nothing could impede the full accomplishment of their designs; and yet we find there are two things which confound the wisest, the greatest, and the proudest of them all, even in the very summit of their glory. These are Time and Chance—two mighty lords upon earth, which bring to pass many strange and marvellous events. Time is that motion of space which proceeded out of eternity when the world began, and holdeth on unto eternity, which is to succeed to the world's end. Out of this one long time are engendered infinite spaces of time of various sorts, and these are either general or special, and each of them either fortunate or unfortunate. There is a time for every purpose under Heaven—a time of pleasure, and another time of pain and grief—a time to rise, and a time to fall—a time to be born, and a time to die. There is, moreover, a certain lucky time in man's life, wherein (the stars favouring) if he go out to battle, though with but few men, yet he carrieth the victory; and there is also another time, wherein, though he go out with ever so complete an army, yet shall he gain nothing but disgrace. So also there is a time when overtures of marriage shall be successful, but a man's desires answer it not; and, again, there is a time when desires of marriage shall strongly urge, and all overtures prove ineffectual; but there is also a time when desires and overtures shall exactly correspond and suit together. In like manner, there is a time when prosperity and riches shall offer themselves, and be attained, whether a man sleep or awake; and by and bye, though he pursue them with wings, yet so unlucky a time occurs as renders all his endeavours fruitless. Some men come into the world in a lucky hour, so that, let them be wise or foolish, they shall be buoyed up on the wings of fate, in all matters of wealth or honour, and succeed in all that they attempt: while, perhaps, wiser and better men, smitten with an unlucky time of nativity, shall be as undeservedly disparaged, and all their undertakings shall prove unsuccessful and unhappy! Some, again, shall be lucky in the van of their enterprises, and as unfortunate in the rear, and others, again, the reverse. And thus time seems to mock and sport with the men of this life, and to advance or counteract all their skill (and contrivances, even to a degree infinitely beyond whatever we could reasonably conceive or expect; and yet time itself is but a dead thing, and a mere instrument; but the wheels of the Heavens turning upon it, imprint riddles in its face, and carve and cut out the various shapes of prosperity and adversity upon the minutes and portion thereof. And wonderful it is to observe that a child, the moment it draws breath, becomes time-smitten by the face of Heaven,

and receives an impression from the stars therein, which, taking rise from the ascendant, sun, moon, and principal significators, operate as the impressors stand, and point out, as with the finger of God, the causes whence the fate and fortune of the new-born infant proceed, and whether it come before, or at its full time, or in what part of the world soever it is born, it matters not; for as the nature of the significators are that ascend upon the horizon at the birth, such shall certainly be the fortune of the native. This is a truth well known to astrologers, and which will bear the most minute inquiry, being the ordination of an all-wise and indulgent Providence for the speculation and improvement of his creature, man.

The second great lord over human invention is Chance; and these chances proceed from a great variety of rare and secret operations of Heaven, which throw in the way of men those strange and fortuitous turns of fortune that surpass all human foresight or conception. And yet there is really no such thing as chance in nature, much less can there be anything that comes by chance respect of God; but all those curious hits that strike in between the cause and its effect we call chances, as best suiting human ideas, because of the undescribable properties they possess; for in shuffling a pack of cards, or in casting the dice, it seems to us a mere chance what cast shall happen uppermost, or what card will go to the bottom of the pack; and yet it is evident, by experience, that there is a certain luck in nature which presides over all these adventures, so that a man shall either win or lose in a methodical course. It also happens in the time of battle, and in every pursuit after wealth and honour, that chances fall in upon us, and turn the scales by a secret kind of fate beyond all that could reasonably have been expected; and thus Heaven breathes into all human actions an infinity of these chances that overturn all the power and greatness of man. These chances are uniformly managed by a certain kind of luck, either good or bad, which drives the nail, and this by some heavenly influence, that infuses a secret virtue or poison into our actions, as courage into their hearts on our side, or dismay on the other, and skill into some men's heads to pursue the right course to be rich, or folly into others, whereby they run headlong into misery and want, or else fortunateth, or infortunateth, by mistake of words, signals, or acts, that turn to the best or worst advantage by strange hits or miscarriages; and thus it happens that a slight mistake in a battle begets often an utter rout, after a victory made almost complete, by the mere utterance of a wrong word, or steering an improper course. But which way soever it happens, the whole matter is wrought by a good or ill-luck, and the hand of God is at the bottom of it, according to the regular order of nature.

Thus both Time and Chance are the servants of Nature, under whose commands they away the world and its inhabitants, but by her laws are both of them disposed; and thus, by their united services, Nature performs all her great and secret operations, whether upon collective bodies, or places, or persons. It may be thought strange by some that Nature should bring forth men and women at a great distance of years, hours, and places, all destined to die at one time, and by the same manner of death, either by war, plague, pestilence, or shipwreck; and that Time and Chance should, as it were, pick them up, and draw them together, from a variety of different pursuits, to partake, at last, in one and the same destructive fate. Yet this is no more strange than true; for these things frequently happen, and that by the imperceptible influences of those heavenly aspects and stars, which the Inspired Volume tells us "in their courses fought against Siserah." And by the same rule as men, women, and children are, on the other hand, gathered together by a similar force and virtue, to enjoy great and good fortune.

Therefore, the science which we call astrology is nothing more than the study or investigation of nature, whereby we acquire a knowledge of the secret virtues of the heavens and the shining luminaries therein contained. It is a science which all may attain to by diligence and perseverance. It contains nothing either supernatural or diabolical; and the more we delight in it, the more readily do we foresee the motions of future events, and the curiosities of chance and natural accidents, and the courses of luck by which both are governed, and

the order of fate unto which all of them are subservient, together with all the most curious and secret operations of the universe. And as by a skill in this study we attain to see and experience things that are past, so by the same skill we attain to the knowledge of things which are to come, and, by knowing the time of our birth, are enabled to read in the heavens the story of our whole lives, our blessings and crosses, honour and dishonour, prosperity and adversity, sickness and health, and all the years of our life, and time of our death, even as though we had seen them transacted and come to pass in their several times and seasons; for God hath assuredly given this knowledge unto the "wise man" "to know the time and the judgment, and the number of our days, that we may be certified how long we have to live" (Eccl. i. 5—Psal. xxxix. 4, 5); that we may be timely prepared for all states of prosperity and adversity for a long and happy life, or a calamitous speedy death, and that we may support ourselves with fortitude and resignation in proportion to our foreknowledge of these events.

That the human understanding is also capable of attaining to a very high degree of knowledge in the hidden works of futurity, is likewise proved and recorded by the most celebrated historians, a few instances of which I shall here mention.

The Emperor Domitian required the Professor Largius Proculus to calculate his nativity from the supposed time of his birth, which was done and delivered into the Emperor's own hands. Asclatarius, a most famous astrologer of those times, procuring a copy of the horoscope, rectified it, and foretold the hour and manner of the Emperor's death, which, when Domitian heard, he commanded the astrologer to be brought before him, when he affirmed his predictions would prove true. Domitian asked him if he could foretell the manner of his own death? Asclatarius replied that he knew he should shortly be torn in pieces by dogs, but, to confute the astrologer, the Emperor ordered him to be burnt alive. The cruel sentence was accordingly put in execution; the body was bound and laid upon the pile, and the fire kindled; but at that instant there arose a dreadful storm of wind and rain, which drove the spectators away, and extinguished the fire, and Asclatarius was afterwards torn in pieces by dogs, as he had foretold! When Latinus informed the Emperor of this event, he was greatly mortified and very melancholy; and on the day his assassination had been predicted, he feigned himself indisposed, and locked himself up in his chamber. Stephanus, the captain of his guard, went to his door, pretending he had received some important despatches, which he wanted to deliver to him; but Domitian declining to admit him till a certain hour was past, Stephanus persuaded him it was then much later than the time specified. The Emperor, in consequence, concluding the danger to have passed by the hour, or looking upon the prediction as a mere fable, seeing no conspiracy or danger about him, opened the door, upon which Stephanus stepped up to him with a drawn dagger, and stabbed him to the heart in the very hour that had been predicted by the astrologer. The same writers add that the famous Apollonius Tyaneus was at that instant of time at Ephesus, standing in the presence of the magistrates, and, in a kind of ecstasy, cried out, "Courage, Stephanus—strike the tyrant!" and, after a pause, added, "Tis well thou has killed him." This art of rectifying nativities was a discovery which brought the science to a very high perfection, and has enabled its professors to be astonishingly exact in predictions of consequence. Thus Lucius Tarrutius Finnianus, by the acts of Romulus's life, and the time of his death, found that he was born in the first year of the second Olympiad, the twenty-third day of the month, about sun-rising; and hence he discovered that the building of Rome was begun when the Moon was in Libra, the Sun with Mercury, Venus in Taurus, Jupiter in Pisces, and Saturn with Mars in Scorpio. The archbishop of Pisa consulted several different professors of astrology concerning his destiny, and they all calculated his nativity at different times, and without any communication with one another; but they all foretold him that he would be hanged. It seemed highly incredible at the time, because he was in so much honour and power; but the event justified the predictions; for in the sedition of Pope Sextius IV., in the sudden rage and uproar of the people, he was actually seized and hanged. Petrus Leontius, a celebrated physician and as-

trologer of Spoletanum, cast his own nativity, and foretold that his death would be occasioned by water; and many years afterwards he was found drowned in a pond, into which he had fallen the preceding night by mistaking his way. Josephus, the famous Jewish historian, tells us he cast the nativities of Vespasian and his son Titus, and predicted that they both would be emperors, and so it turned out. Cervinus calculated the nativity of his son Marcellus, and foretold that he should come to great preferment and dignity in the church; and his mother afterwards entreating him to marry one Cassandra Benna, he very resolutely declined it, saying he "would not, with the bands of matrimony, bind himself from that better fortune which the stars had promised him, if he continued to live single and unmarried;" and he was afterwards really made Pope. What renders this instance of planetary influence more remarkable is, that this prediction was printed at Venice, and published by Curtius Trojanus in a book of nativities, written by Gaucicus upwards of three years before he was proclaimed Pope. But the most noted instance, perhaps, of all, and which evinces the astonishing power of the heavenly host was that recorded, by veritable historians, of Picus Mirandula. This person was a severe writer against astrology, insomuch that he was termed *Flaggelum Astrologorum* (the scourge of astrologers); and, to stop the bitter malignity of his pen, Lucius Bellantius, and two other astrologers of eminence, procured the time of his birth, and calculated his nativity, which they afterwards sent him, with this prediction enclosed, "That he would die in the thirty-third year of his age." This exasperated him so much, that he began to write a new tract, with inconceivable asperity, against the poor astrologers, attempting to prove their calculations "a mere bubble," and their art "a mere delusion." But when the fatal appointed hour arrived, he saw the folly of his own conceits, recanted his opinion, and sealed by his death a standing memorial of the unerring truth of this celestial science. Many other extraordinary instances might be here adduced to prove the truth and verity of the art, did my limits permit; but it is sufficiently obvious that the intellectual faculties of man, when cultivated by study and improved by observation and experience, are capable of attaining a very extensive degree of knowledge in the doctrine of planetary influence, and which must invariably have a tendency to exalt the mind above sublunary and terrestrial objects, and thus fulfil one of the chief purposes for which mankind was undoubtedly created.

Prophet Spirit! thou can'st sweep
Where the unborn nations sleep;
Or from the ancient ages shroud
To judgment call their scepter'd crowd.
Earth has to thee nor birth, nor tomb,
Nor past, nor present, nor to come!
Thou can'st take the lightning's wings,
And see the deep forbidden things;
With thy starry sandal tread
On the Ocean's treasure bed:
Or make the rolling clouds thy own,
Height and depth to thee are one.

REVELATIONS OF TIME.—Time, whose dull hand, passing athwart the picture of our woes, softens the asperity of its hues, opens at the same time the page that was sealed by forbearance or fear, and discloses to our view the hearts as well as the actions of the dead. The dead not alone virtually, but morally, the dead to man, as well as the dead to earth; those who have retired from the busy turmoil of life, take no longer a part in its pleasures or its pains, and have retreated behind the barrier of a living grave, in which the sun still shines, but the birds of hope have ceased to sing; those who have lived their day, but still linger out their evening hour. Time lifts over them his chill and warning hand, but lo! a vast and silent form strides near—death is there—time flies, and through the gate that only opens once, the mortal passes forth into eternity. It is then that his life, his actions, become the patrimony of posterity; the book of the affections and the passions, the virtues and the crimes, is opened by the hand of death, and we are free to read, to comment, and to narrate.

A REMARKABLE VISIT TO THE AUTHOR OF "THE PROPHETIC MESSENGER."



It was late in the dreary dusk of an autumnal eve, in the year 1828, that the astrologer had newly trimmed his lamp, and sat down to serious contemplation of an astronomical problem, which involved some remarkable phenomena, when a furious ringing of the bell belonging to his study, and a simultaneous loud and hasty knocking at the door of his residence announced a visitor—one who was, apparently, little gifted with the virtue of patience; for, scarcely deigning to wait the announcement of his name and business, the intruder entered with an air of nonchalance and self-conceit, that told of his being something more than one of ordinary rank.

The stranger appeared to be a man far advanced in the vale of years; evidently youth had deserted his footsteps for many seasons, but still a certain hilarity of manners, a kind of forced elastic spring in his walk, and a restless jerk in his motions, though by no means ungraceful, announced his desire to appear as one who yet enjoyed the blessings of health and vigour.

He entered the astrologer's study, and took, almost without bidding, a seat. Raphael, accustomed to the eccentricities of rank and genius, paused not to notice these peculiarities in his client, but pursued his scientific calculations to the end of the problem, when the stranger addressed him, and, in a tone of mild and gentlemanly politeness, requested the favour of the astrologer's attention to his "future destiny."

"I was born," said the stranger, "in the meridian of this goodly metropolis; but," added he, "I know not with sufficient precision the hour and minute of my entering the world to establish data, I presume, for the theme, you philosophers term the nativity. But I have, in some former period of my sojournings, read many books of the ancient seers; and from my recollection ('for,' said he, 'I quote from memory, other momentous cares having of late years engrossed my entire attention),' I remember that a famous man of your profession mentions various methods, independent of what I believe is termed the genethliacal art, for ascertaining one's fate and fortunes. I think the sage gave the preference to—"

"Horary astrology," replied Raphael, filling up the gap in the stranger's remembrance.

"It is even so," said the stranger; "and I earnestly and respectfully crave the knowledge I am confident you can impart to me."

"It shall be done," said the astrologer; "for the stars are kind and beneficent to mortals in all cases where knowledge of the future is sought, would they but reverse the wise dictates of prescience. Albeit, the present generation are becoming, daily, greater believers in the celestial science; moreover, the march of knowledge is evidently commenced, and who knows where its wondrous powers may terminate, or what mighty lever may yet be discovered to set the vast springs of human intellect into action."

"Your opinion, with some slight reservation, corresponds with my own," replied the stranger; who then caught hold of a new publication that laid on the table, and began earnestly to peruse the contents, as if unwilling to give any interruption in the matter requested.

Seeing this, the astrologer drew forth his tables, consulted his Ephemeris, and cast the horoscope, or figure of the heavens for the hour and moment of the inquiry, according to the established rules of the siderial art. But astonishment and awe quickly pervaded his countenance; for the radix before him was indeed singular. It had the Sun, lord of the horoscope, in fair and powerful aspect with the Moon; and Mars, who governed the culminating angle, in trine to Venus; Jupiter was posited in the house of wealth; Mercury located in the north angle; and the Georgian star, Herschel, touched the cusp of the sixth celestial house exactly as the visitor entered; signs which the astrologer knew portended the stranger to be one of high rank, title, and illustrious by ancestry.

Moreover, the Moon had separated from a number of minor and some superior conjunctions, which foreshewed one sur-

rounded by the pomp, retinue, and vanities of earthly state. Thus far was it well, nor did the countenance and bearing of the stranger belie the verdict of the heavenly orbs, being even in age expressively dignified, and his form portly. But wrapped in a loose and ample cloak of Spanish make, and sombre texture, little of his other garb was visible, and, except that on one gloveless hand glittered a ruby of surpassing brilliancy, no part of the stranger's vestments implied the station of his birth, but his form and bearing were those of aristocratic command.

The astrologer perused the celestial figure before him with vivid interest; for the forthcoming aspects of the orbs were malignant, and cloudy were the portentous omens of the planetary agents. The Moon went suddenly to a quartile of Mars—then came forward a trine of Herschel, himself violently afflicted—next followed the lunar conjunction with Saturn, in the house of death and the grave. The astrologer needed no farther gaze, for enough was clearly elicited before him to prophesy of some forthcoming calamity, difficult, if not impossible, to evade. But his reveries were cut short by the stranger, who anxiously inquired, and rather in a confused manner (seeing, perhaps, the astrologer's more than usual thoughtfulness), "What good or bad fortune the stars had allotted him?"

"As to the first," replied Raphael, "I behold before me the certain testimonials of one who has basked smoothly in the gay retinue and smiles of fortune—who has, perchance, travelled, sojourned, and seen countless multitudes—who has wealth, power, and fortune, at his beck and bidding—who waits but to breathe his wishes, and they are fulfilled, even to the utmost scope of possibility."

"It is such as you have said," replied the stranger; "I give you full credence for the future, since you have revealed the irrefragable past. But apropos, I would have you, Raphael, read a more deep sentence in the page of fate—What say you of my life?"

"As to that particular," replied Raphael, "sorry indeed am I to be the prophet of evil; from the too sure and fatal configurations here congregated before me, which are too many to tire you with the technical enumeration, I grieve to announce but a brief career, indeed, to the present inquirer."

"How brief, say you?" eagerly demanded the stranger.

To answer this question more faithfully, the astrologer once more consulted the horoscope, in hopes also to see, if possible, some sign of mitigation to the impending calamity. But in vain; no friendly ray interposed to stay the fell and ireful aspects. The chief significators, especially the Moon, hastened from evil to evil—the remaining planetary indices met junction after junction, quadrature after quadrature. The astrologer, with unfeigned reluctance and grief of mind, announced that death was foretold within the short space of two years.

"Brief, indeed!" remarked the stranger. "The view, Raphael, you have afforded me into futurity, I must confess, is of no cheering kind; but, as it becomes all to ponder well on your finite existence, I cannot but thank you for the results of your calculation. But one word more ere we separate: shall my posterity flourish?"

"Of that," replied the astrologer, "rest assured; for one of your race, I perceive, will have a fame transcendent and unequalled, either in victorious deeds, or some signal achievement, political or military, but the exact affinity is dubious. Moreover, I perceive the omens of mighty changes as connected with your name and lineage."

The stranger seemed more than usually pleased with this prediction; and in warm and friendly terms proceeded to compliment the astrologer; expressing his ardent conviction that the "stars spoke truth," and that "astrology was veritably a noble science." He shortly afterwards took leave, in the same strain of gentlemanly amenity, but more saddened and less impatient than when he entered, the prediction seeming to be impressed on his mind; however, previous to leaving the astrologer's residence, he left, either by accident or design, an enamelled costly card, from which the real station and title of the visitor was manifest. It was even as Raphael had foreseen; he was a man of the highest rank in the kingdom (hence the reason for his concealing the day and year of his birth); and as

to the fulfilment of the horoscope, the reader need only be told that the visitor was no other than his late Majesty George the Fourth.

LIFE AND DEATH.

LIFE! shadowy life! perchance thou art a dream,
One of the visions of the sleeping soul,
Whilst pillowed in eternity—the gleam
Of unrealities and shapes, which roll
As surges over rest—does life but seem;
And will the soul one moment wake to find
That nothing is save the Eternal Mind?

Is birth the closing of the spirit sight,
The even-tide and veiling of its day?
And death the morning when, with rosy light,
The soul awakes, and leaves its cradling clay,
Crowned with the amaranth, clad in purest white,
To wander onward with joy-tripping speed,
O'er Heaven's soft sapphire and star-daisied mead?

Night, the world-watcher, through the sleeping land,
In dusky garb, close muffled, paced the ground;
The dull, monotonous drizzling of Time's sand
Was heard within the ear; no earth-born sound
Of aught arose the stillness to withstand,
Excepting when the hasty Wind came nigh,
Rustling his ample robes, and sweeping by.

On such a night my spirit did essay
Vainly to dive in the obscure dense air,
Until the deep blue clouds, that waiting lay
Far quarter'd in the east, arising were,
With flashing spears, to escort the Prince of Day,
And by their glistening light did I espy
A small white boat upon an ocean sky.

The ocean seemed as balanced in a scale,
A poise to earth, with neither ebbs nor flows,
And the still boat lay covered with a veil,
Like lilies faint with heat,—when sudden rose
A child from sleep, and to the hovering gale
He stretched his little hands, and smiled in love,
Raising his blue eyes to the blue above.

He gazed around, and soon his eye-rays fell
Swift to the boat; he neared it from the shore;
What its droop'd veil conceal'd he could not tell,
Yet, longing curiously, he wondered more—
Now peeped around, then pelted with a shell,
And with his footsteps mottled the soft sand,—
Yet there it lay, but just beyond his hand.

Outwearied and fordone, himself he laid
'Neath an o'erhanging rock, whose mid-day frown
Enwrapped the boat and child within its shade!
He slept,—yet when the sun was going down,
He rose unconscious to the boat to wade;
Slipping, he snatched—caught—crept beneath the veil,
Which instantly became a wafting sail.

Dreams are not meaningless, nor lost in air;
Man strives to know the future, to surcharge
His soul, and oft, when sinking to despair,
Unknowingly he dips the Eternal mare.
I gazed until the boat and burden were
Lost in the infinite; and thus shall we
By Death be wafted to eternity!

SETHRON.

CONSCIENCE.—How irresistible is the power of Conscience!
It is a viper which twines itself round the heart. Imagination,
when at rest, cannot conceive the horrors which, when troubled,
it can excite, or the tortures to which it can give birth.

FRAGMENTS FOR THE FANCIFUL.

REMEMBER.—It is not enough that we have once swallowed truths; we must feed on them, as insects on a leaf, till the whole heart be coloured by their qualities, and show its food in every the minutest fibre.

TRUE PHILOSOPHY.—Certainly the highest good is to live happily, and not through a life of mortification to expect a happy death. Should we obtain felicity in life, death will be easy, as it will be natural and in due season. Whereas, by the present system of religious teaching, men are enjoined to value chiefly happiness at the end of life; which, if they were implicitly to follow, they would, by neglecting the first great duty, that of innocent enjoyment during existence, effectually preclude themselves from attaining.

THE DEAD.

The dead are like the stars by day;
Withdrawn from mortal eye,
But not extinct, they hold their way,
In glory through the sky;
Spirits from bondage thus set free,
Vanish amidst immensity,
Where human thought, like human sight,
Fails to pursue their trackless flight.—J. MONTGOMERY.

COLERIDGE.—In a lecture delivered upwards of twenty years ago, at some hall in Fetter-lane, he divided readers into four classes. The first he compared to an hour-glass, their reading being as the sand—it runs in and out, and leaves not a vestige behind. A second class, he said, resembled a sponge, which imbibes everything, and returns it in nearly the same state, only a little dirtier. A third class he likened to a jelly-bag, which allows all that is pure to pass away, and retains only the refuse and the dregs. The fourth class, of which he trusted there were many among his auditors, he compared to the slaves in the diamond mines of Golconda, who, casting aside all that is worthless, preserve only the pure gem.



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

TO OUR QUERRISTS.—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 starry 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.

NOSTRADAMUS.—When we perceive how inexplicable and complicated are the visible productions of nature, how futile are our endeavours to probe and analyse the exact workings of the mysteries of the invisible! Since the germination of a grain of wheat and the efflorescence of the woodbine are enigmas that baffle our investigation, it is not surprising that the human intellect is at fault when searching after the origin and abode of imagination. Some philosophers have conceived the heart to be its residence, others even protested that a single gland was the arena of its operations; however, it is now pretty reasonably ascribed to the cerebral and ganglionic substance of the brain. Still the impulsive properties of this faculty—"fancy"—remain a problem that defies all inquiry: it is a marvel and an obscurity to itself. Our very ignorance, however, upon many tangible things reconciles us, in some measure, to these failures in metaphysical studies. A creature formerly existed at the bottom of the ocean, half animal, half vegetable. It consisted of a single stalk, attached to the ground at one extremity, while its upper portion spread out into several *tentacula*, or arms. These limbs were always stretched out on the alert, to grapple with their prey and convey it to a kind of cup-shaped mouth. We allude to the *crinoidea*—one single specimen of which was formed by no less than twenty-six thousand separate bones, bound together by a species of fleshy ligaments. Silent, erect, their arms extended in search of victims, stood these extraordinary animals in the beds of the dark sea in compact multitudes, swaying to and fro as the eddies of the water sweep amongst them, sightless, voiceless, without the power of motion, and without sympathy one with another, but ravid and ravenous for food. If Nostradamus will reveal unto us the governing or motive principle of these things of the unknown, we will take his word for granted that no mystery lurks upon the earth the clue to which is not attainable. But, until then—until throwing a cherry-stone into the mould, he can explain the impulse by which a small segment of green shall split that outer shell, and, in time, become a tree bearing its like—until he can explain why this should take place at one moment rather than another—we most deferentially beg to retain our former opinion.

Y. M.—There is a tolerably fair prospect of your invention being, ultimately, of pecuniary advantage to yourself. Before, however, you meet with any definite success, your perseverance and patience will be severely tested. Content yourself with securing the invention, simply with a " caveat."

MERCURY IN LEO (Bath).—An article is in preparation on the subject spoken of by our correspondent. Zadkiel's rules are the most comprehensive and are partially adopted by ourself. Dr. Sibly's illustration of astrology, and his works generally, are somewhat *passé*.

KENUTE.—There is a trouble hanging over you, but it will be surmounted. The tall man is in good circumstances.

MRS. BENNETT.—We never addressed any letter of the kind to you. Pray forward us the particulars of the case, as we feel assured the whole circumstance is founded upon an error.

LEO (Manchester).—You will enter into business yourself, but not yet awhile. You will, however, encounter good fortune in mercantile matters, from Mercury being dignified in his own house.

J. S. JONES (Bristol).—In answer to your communication, we have to assure you, that your intended voyage will prove so agreeable as to confirm you in your determination of continuing a sailor. The arbitrary calls of duty will raise several obstacles in your way, at first, but your predilection for the sea will be, at last, triumphant.

TONY GOODENOUGH.—This correspondent appears to us something like an embodied skittle, incessantly being put up to be knocked down. For the rest, let Tony look in that admirable play *Cymbeline*, where he will find that Shakspeare was, in some degree, a scion of astrology, for the first scene opens with the words—

" You do not meet a man but frowns : our blood
No more obey the Heavens, than our courtiers."

W. PARKER.—We feel much obliged to our able and intelligent correspondent for the attention he has paid, and the extract which he has forwarded. In the following excellent remarks of our brother adept in the astral science we beg most heartily to coincide:—"Astrology is, of all human science, the most sublime; in its pursuits the most innocent, and in its application the most interesting and most important. Its instructive and moral precepts have borne the test of every age and of every nation; and so firmly is the truth of its doctrines impressed on the human mind, that few individuals reach the age of maturity without having sought, directly or indirectly, to drink at this fountain of intellectual refinement. Indeed, when we consider the very many eminent and literary characters who have studied this celestial knowledge, it is impossible to doubt the validity of its tenets or the genuineness of its principles. The origin of the science is undoubtedly coeval with the existence of man; his fears and his necessities, combined, drew his attention to the heavenly bodies and their motions, and were the earliest objects which engaged the intellectual capacity, and eventually produced those rude symbols which gave birth to language, and also to every other art and science. In the East astrology is held in the highest estimation, and venerated to enthusiasm by millions of human beings; and can it be supposed that a science which accords with the sentiments of so vast a portion of society, which has existed through all ages, could be continued, nay, advanced to the present time, unless its principles were those of virtue, of reason, and of indisputable veracity. What is usually called fortune-telling is as much opposed to the spirit of astrology as the poles are to each other, the former being all mystery, imposture, and superstition, while the latter courts public inquiry, or solicits strict investigation. The one is practised as a cunning art, for the sole purpose of extracting money from the ignorant and unwary, while the other unfolds to all, by study and research, the grand principles of a highly-cultivated intellect, and a truly interesting species of rational amusement."

T. G.—Unhappily, the relation of whom you speak, like many of his fellow-mortals, forgets a kindness as soon as prosperity returns: you must abandon all expectations of deriving any remarkable benefit from one who is, evidently, provided with so little susceptibility, or even ordinary gratitude. You will either marry within the next three years or never; in the former case, the partner allotted to you will be of middling stature, fair, and goodlooking. The most successful business upon which you can embark would be one combining the mercantile and the maritime.

S. BENSON.—There are remarkable prognostications of vicissitude in this horoscope, though, from certain indications in the third house, we augur favourably of the remote future for our correspondent. A singular number of short journeys will be made, which will prove advantageous, though we recommend the native to abstain from removals to any great distance. The indigenous plant is most strong and fruitful, while the lime and the citron, when transplanted to strange ground, gradually resign their vigour and beauty, droop, despond, and die.

SIMPLEX.—Your condition is lamentable enough just now, but it may readily be improved, and all your troubles be dissipated. Borrow the amount necessary for the payment of arrears and also a small additional sum of money from a friend, so as to enable you, comfortably, to enter upon the matter you mention. Remove, at once, from your present residence, and fortune will smile propitiously sooner than you anticipate. There are repeatedly the germs of prosperity in the very meanest and worst of our misfortunes, as there are pearls on the rugged and ill-shaped oyster.

E. R.—Coupled with such a powerful and extremely gratifying introduction we have very great pleasure in answering your inquiries. Your husband must continue in his present situation; improvements, in many respects, are in store for you both. There is, however, a call for much assiduity and determination before anything desirable will occur.

ANDREW MORAN.—Next year will bring a decided change to your fortunes, and involve you in an affair of love which will fall close upon, if it even do not result in, matrimony. Your general destiny is good, but you must not allow opportunities to slip past that will tend to your benefit.

W. H.—We have carefully examined the nativity forwarded, but, from the inaccuracy of the signs, are somewhat in doubt respecting the general indications manifest in the figure. One thing is, however, certain. Some malignant influences flow from the malific Mars, which will produce many accidents and misfortunes, and pecuniary troubles will be constantly arising. Instead of quarrelling with your best friends, take every opportunity of extending your connexions. You will not benefit by any immediate removal.

HOPKINS.—In your new speculation you will not gain enough to repay you for the trouble and time bestowed upon it. We see no indications of marriage until 1847.

H. O. U.—The book has been abstracted without a felonious intent, and, after the lapse of a brief period, it will be returned in a manner equally mysterious as the way in which it was taken.

JULIUS.—You have nothing to fear from the sorrows that seem to affright you, or the cares by which they were produced. The shadow on the sun-dial is the monitor of time and not the effulgence of the great luminary itself which "dies and makes no sign." So is it with life—we trace our path and measure the distance we have gone by the glooms of disappointment, whilst the sunlight of prosperity passes over our heads unheeded.

W. W. W.—Be warned in time. Stir not abroad on the 14th of next month, or an accident will follow.

RECEIVED.—**J. HARRISON** (You will not acquire any share of the property mentioned; but your attachment to F. B. will terminate prosperously).—**J. B. [Kilsyth]** (Unless your usual application to business be increased very considerably, your approaching undertaking will prove, inevitably, a failure).—**A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER [Camden-town]** (For certain reasons we decline answering).—**J. B. [Darlington]** (The days mentioned are most unpropitious, but the 31st of August is an excellent one for speculation).—**J. BUSVINE** (There are divers stumbling-blocks visible in your path, but the perspective is strewn with flowers and gilded by the sunshine. Follow up your profession with determination).—**C. H. W.** (Go on, and prosper; your career in Vulcanian handicraft will be successful).—**S. A.** (Judge of the future by the past).—**P. G.** (If your husband goes to law he will lose).—**M—R—N** (Through parties inimical to your husband's interest, you have, undoubtedly, lost an excellent customer. Nevertheless, a change, at least for the present, is not advisable).—**J. S. B.** (Unsuccessful at first, prosperous afterwards).—**J. D. H.** (Storms are frequently the nearest when the skies are the most serene).—**JAMES EGGS** (A situation under government will be provided for you before long).—**J. BROOKS** (The preceding answer equally applies to this correspondent).—**AN ANXIOUS MOTHER [Portsea]** (Your son is still alive, but in such a remote quarter of the globe that a communication cannot be received from him until a year has elapsed).—**FANNY COOK** (On your ensuing birthday expect a favourable offer of marriage).—**GALLOIS [Southampton]** (Your affection is cordially reciprocated by the young lady. You had better, in future, order the numbers of "THE ASTROLOGER" of Mr. Rayner, bookseller and news-agent, High-street).—**DELTA** (We have carefully examined your nativity, and find therein not the slightest foundation for those most erroneous predictions. These unfortunate charlatans are the bane of this glorious science).—**MAUD** (We do not see any probability of your ever entering into the bonds of matrimony; but content yourself with the assurance that your life, henceforth, will be attended with more comfort and happiness than you have ever before experienced).—**M. A.** (Yes; she has seen the individual who is destined for her spouse).—**W. X. B.** (In the fourth year from this time you may expect to participate in connubial bliss; the person indicated will be engaged in small, but lucrative, undertakings).—**R. S. CRISPIN** (Saturn was in the ascendant at the moment of your birth; its influence is peculiarly malific. Several directions will appear at a later period of your existence which will materially improve your position. The proposed alteration in your mode of life promises well).—**MARY CLARK** (Before two years more have merged into the past).—**E. CARTER** (Prospects in the country appear brighter than in town; choose, therefore, the former).

—**A. BAGSTER** (Unquestionably you will be united).—**A LOVER** (Wait until the 17th of August, then write).—**SIGNORAH (Defunct).**—**ELIZABETH DOUGLASS** (The swallow flies about the globe in search of perpetual summer; let the instinct of this creature admonish you as to your movements. Persevere in your present occupation, as such behaviour will prove beneficial).—**SCROOGLY** (Your speculation will progress well, and customers will throng in before one can ejaculate your sponsorship patronymic).—**SCHAROWSKY** (Within sixteen months your position will considerably change).—**J. E. A.** (A milkman).—**R. S. T.** (Your next birthday will bring the desired change).—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

GENERAL NOTICE TO OUR READERS AND SUBSCRIBERS.

Early in August will be ready, complete, with title page and index, Vol. I of "THE ASTROLOGER," handsomely bound in crimson cloth, price five shillings, and forming one of the most interesting and complete works on the OCCULT SCIENCES extant. All the back numbers for the completion of sets have been reprinted, and, without any extra charge, can be obtained either direct from the office, as below, or, by order, through any bookseller and news-vendor throughout the country. With the ensuing volume will be given some choice and rare extracts from hitherto unpublished M.SS., as an earnest of which we may proudly point to the series of papers now in publication, and detailing, for the first time in a modernised garb, the method of preparing the Philosopher's Stone, the Elixir of Life, &c. &c., carefully digested and elaborated from the scarce works of Dr. Dee, Raymond Lully, Heydon, Friar Bacon, Geber, Agrippa, Ptolemy, Paracelsus, and other eminent Astrologers, Alchemists, and Rosicrucian Philosophers. The sublimity and purity of the creed inculcated by the articles in this work, the interesting nature of its disclosures on subjects not embraced by the columns of any other periodical, the gratuitous assistance it affords to those in doubt, difficulty, and anxiety, and the accuracy of the astrological deductions for the future guidance of individuals, to which thousands can at this moment gratefully testify, all tend to establish a claim upon the notice of the public, of which if they fail to avail themselves, no blame can be possibly attached to the conductors of "THE ASTROLOGER." Early orders for the volume are requested to be given as soon as possible, in order to prevent disappointment.

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

London: Printed by S. TAYLOR, George-yard, Drury-court, Strand. Published by RICHARD RADCLIFFE POND, at 11, Wellington-street North, Strand; and sold by Vickers, Strange, Cleave, Berger, Furkess, Clements, Barth, and all Booksellers.