

THE

LEGENDS

ROMANCES

POETRY

TALES

PROPHECIES

ASTROLOGER

AND WEEKLY ORACLE OF DESTINY

DIVINATION

MESMERISM

ASTROLOGY

PREDICTIONS

CABALISTIC LOGIC

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IS THE SOUL PROPHETIC?

IN this question will be found a clue to the solution of that problem which we propounded in our third number, when speaking of the mystic influences of life. Those internal promptings, those secret warnings, those mysterious and otherwise unaccountable impulses, are not explicable on any other principle. To attribute this wonderful power merely to the mind is not enough, for it would be investing a material substance with an immaterial quality. We must look for it, then, in the soul—that imperishable, impalpable, indescribable something, which eludes, after death, the investigations of the living, and baffles their most searching scrutiny when still in its earthly tenement. It is, besides, difficult to conceive that the mere brain—which may be said to constitute the mind—is so formed as to receive the delicate impressions which must arise from this species of external influence. All communications with the brain must be originally transmitted by the nerves, and consequently can only be susceptible to palpable and immediate impressions from without. For instance, no one, by merely thinking, can at once attain the full knowledge of algebra, or become instantaneously conversant with the most simple of the sciences. There is no language which can be gained by intuition; all learning must be progressive. It follows, then, that in the mind, at least, there can be no predictive power. The duality of the brain, or double constitution of the intellectual faculties, is now generally admitted. But, as with two eyes, and two ears, we only see one object, and hear one sound, so, though possessed of two separate, perfect *thinking machines*, we are conscious only of having one mind. Should the two compartments, by accident or disease, not work simultaneously, an erroneous perception of images will arise, the false deductions of the one not being corrected by the accurate impressions of the other; and this is what we understand by insanity. The brain, then, or the mind—for in this light we hold them to be convertible terms—is too dependent on the restrictions of mere matter to be conscious of anticipative events. But how different is it with the soul, that heavenly essence, which animates alike with its wondrous spiritual influences the child and the philosopher! Independent of all the arguments so well known and so universally recognised, on the existence in our forms of an immortal part, which neither Time nor Death—the two great Juggernauts

of the universe—can injure or destroy, we have here a still stronger proof of the “divinity that stirs within us.” All presentiments, all sudden and irresistible impulses, are the prophetic promptings of the immortal soul. The innate feeling that impels a man to pursue a life of virtue rather than of vice, is but one ordinary phase in which this secret working of the soul becomes manifest. Our creed, then, resolves itself into this—that the soul is prophetic, and that we have a silent yet ever willing monitor to lead us to future benefits, or to avert from us threatening evils. We would, therefore, exhort all to obey those mysterious impulses to which we have before adverted; and from our own experience, as well as from that of others, we guarantee they can never be led astray. As true science advances, we believe that this doctrine will reveal some of the hitherto inexplicable mysteries of that extraordinary Mesmeric state denominated *clairvoyance*, which, by throwing the merely mental powers into a trance, gives the soul greater freedom and liberty of action. The metaphysical poet, Wordsworth, must have had some conception of this influence when he felt

“A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts—a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man,
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls them through all things.”

We believe that this is the first time such an idea has been publicly broached, although it may be that at this very instant we are unconsciously enunciating the opinions of another. Well aware, notwithstanding, that the subject is one capable of much more expansion than our limits will at present afford, we have deemed it advisable to reverentially offer this solution, in default of receiving any other satisfactory reply from our correspondents; and with this explanation we most earnestly commend the subject as one deserving every attention from those who would examine the secret springs by which we “live, move, and have our being.”

PHILOSOPHY OF OUR FAIRY TALES.—The late well-known invention of weaving from so brittle and apparently intractable a material as glass has now demonstrated not only the possibility, but even the actual feasibility, of the existence of “the little glass slipper,” and has removed the incident in the fairy tale of Cinderella from its hitherto assigned position in the region of fancy and improbability, into that of sober truth and practical reality. Is this but another of those mysterious hints of the anterior existence of long since lost and forgotten arts, occasionally to be recognised beneath their shadowy disguise of magic and necromancy, in the ancient popular tales and works of fiction, more especially in those of Eastern origin?—such, for instance, as the indication of the telescope, to be traced with a degree of probability closely bordering on certainty, in the story of the “Magic Tube” of the wonder-searching prince of the Arabian tale, and by the instrumentality of which objects and personages at a distance far beyond the reach of mortal observation were clearly discernible to the eye of the fortunate possessor; or, again, of the former knowledge of steam-locomotives, in the curious details, in another of these oriental tales, of the enchanted wooden horse, or machine, by the aid of which, and “by the mere turning of a peg!”—[could the allusion to the machinery of a steam-locomotive engine well be more explicit under the circumstances?—the party seated on the machine could transport himself to any spot, and in any direction he wished?

THE INVOCATION.

A LEAF FROM THE LIFE OF A THAUMATURGIST.

“The stars dim twinkled through his airy form.”—OSSIAN.

The probability that the beings of another world sometimes hold communion with the children of men, is a supposition which the universal idea among all nations, and the tradition of all time, seem to corroborate—mingling in our dreams and in our transitory moments of happiness, and suffusing the heart with those feelings, which were never excited by wealth or power. Let the worshippers of pride and of gold say in their wisdom, “It is a dream”—the wild vision is congenial to my soul. Nor shall the phrenologist stare me with his descendant on the organ of “wonder,” nor the slave of gold with his calculations on the loss of time. But what is man’s opinion?—even the wisest speaks but from the instinct of his nature, when his inherent thought is new—and if my instinct is equal, so are my opinions—and though my mortal part may cower, yet shall my immortal dare the test; and, with the magic rites of old, will I evoke the distant and the dead, and bring the spirit from its sphere, or the ghoul from the caverns of the earth, and hold communion with them—not for gold but for knowledge—and with a confidence that belongs not to the clay, encircle myself with those magic symbols whose formation was no doubt traced by “intelligences” of the starry orbs, for the guidance of the Magi of the ancient world.

The young moon shone brightly in the western sky, the light of her golden crescent mingling with the silver beams of that sweet star which mortals dedicate to love and beauty—swelling at intervals through the dark forest, the winds murmur’d their midnight melody—the incense burnt “deeply, darkly, beautifully blue” on the flowing altar—the last invocation died away in echoes which seemed unearthly to my soul—when suddenly all the winds of Heaven appeared to burst from their dwelling in the clouds, and swept from the mountain top with thunder on their wings, bending the trees with a violence that contrasted strangely with the still and starry night. Riding on the whirlwind, he whom I evoked, with shapeless form, majestic, measureless, bright but not shining, dim but yet palpable, stood before me, and with a voice blending the music of the nightingale with the echoes of the roaring seas, demanded my will!

“Dread spirit!” I cried, in faltering accents, for like sobs my mortal fears choked the utterance of my soul—“dread spirit,” I cried, in a voice that seem’d unearthly, even to myself—“I seek thy aid to solve some mysteries which curb the aspirations of my finite mind.”

“Hast thou, then,” he sternly demanded, “dived the depths of all mortal knowledge? It will be time enough for thee to ask for things beyond thy sphere, when all is known to thee that now dwelleth in living hearts.”

“I would then seek of thee the wisdom that would relieve and cure what are called the incurable maladies of our race—the power to stay the fiend Consumption, that feedeth on the young and beautiful, and devoureth the roses of sweet lips, and queneth the fire of eyes brighter than the stars of Heaven.”

“Hast thou, then,” he again demanded, “some dear one that needs thy aid? or is it fame or gold that seek to mingle their impurities with thy pretended commiseration?”

In the wickedness of our mortal nature I tried to answer, “No;” but my soul bent my recreant body to the dust, as I silently acknowledged the justice of the genii and his power.

“Child of clay,” he resumed, “I read thy thoughts—thou wouldst ask me of the eternal and the future—can all the boasted knowledge of thy race produce the humblest flower? Can science resuscitate the withered oak which lightning hath shiver’d?—or bore through the thin covering even of their hollow world?—with all their vaunted engines drag the kraken from his bed of pearl, or quench the volcano’s slumbering fire? Can pride or power breathe into the nostrils of the mite or of the elephant the breath of life? When man can do the least of these things, it will then be time enough to doubt whether there be superior powers in infinite progression to the Infinite. If thy thoughts could gaze beyond the grave, think of the miseries of the good and the joys of the wicked in this life—of the ebb and flow—of the attraction and repulsion—

the restoration of the equilibrium of nature—and then, with philosophical consistency, deny a future retribution, and crawl upon the pinnacle of pride a loathsome reptile. Child of clay! the universe can be governed without thine aid. Go, and purify thy heart, and the angels of Heaven shall descend in joy upon thy dreams, and strew thy path with flowers. Win Heaven by doing good for its own sake on earth, and Providence will guide and bless thee in this world; and if thine own heart approve thy deeds, tranquillity and peace and joy shall be thy handmaids, and eternal bliss be thine in another and a happier world!"

Like the mist on the distant hill—like the receding of the murmuring wave—like a strain of music borne on the viewless winds—the spirit slowly rolled away; and if ever the vital essence left the human form, mine for one short moment mingled in joy with its kindred fire!

Bowed to the dust, convicted, convinced, I humbly arose from before that altar a wiser and a better man. In recording this feeble and fitful narrative, I would make the attempt to diffuse a portion of that happiness which now I feel.

THE MYSTERIES OF NIGHT.

BY "HECATM."

"Millions of spiritual beings walk the earth,
Unseen both when we wake and when we sleep."

CHAPTER II.

WELL, and what then? You are curious, no doubt, to know how this young student and his spiritual friend used to spend their evenings together. They could not be lively, as you may imagine, because one of the parties would necessarily have all the talk to himself, had he chosen to try anything in the shape of an experimental conversation, but he candidly confessed to us that he never had courage to address a word to his visitor, nor did he in any way take even the least notice of his presence. So fully convinced, however, was he of the reality of the visitation, that he always contrived, whenever a few friends were spending the evening with him, to dismiss them at an early hour; nor did he divulge the circumstance we have narrated until after he had left the chamber where he and his friend had dwelt together. After changing his abode, he found himself freed from his unearthly guest, a proof to us—and we could adduce hundreds like it—that the spirits of the departed are more partial even to places than persons—to the old spots that were endeared to them when living by many happy associations. And such visits, you will find, invariably take place at night; aye, *late* at night, when the nocturnal influences by which we are so unaccountably affected are working visions on the minds of those who are asleep, and strange feelings and perceptions on many who are actively awake. We say on *many*, because we do not believe that such experiences are given to all persons; the mental and bodily temperament of the multitude being much too coarse to be rendered conscious of spiritual and unearthly influences. We are well aware that very many persons (perhaps the majority) will laugh at this theory, and believe that they could answer all we could say in support of it by giving credit to us and to others for strong imagination. We are ready to admit the full power of imagination, but, be it remembered, that experiences of the kind we speak of often occur to persons utterly void of the imaginative faculty; and, besides this, we are prepared to contend that even the vagaries of the wildest imagination have their foundation in, and are clearly traceable to, *some reality*. Common sense will not allow us to suppose that any body could have conceived the idea of such a thing as a spectral vision unless there was some ground for it; and it is a singular proof of the truth of our theory of the *mysteries of night* that all such experiences, or imaginings—call them which you will—are narrated not only as occurring at night, but at those seasons of the year when the starry influences are most predominant. In this matter-of-fact age we fully expect to find people sceptical upon all matters that are beyond the reach of positive proof, although there is hardly one of these unbelievers who would not shrink from having such scepticism put to the test. They would not like to try a night's solitary imprisonment in a church, not only in the dark,

but even if it were well lighted. In the day-time, however, this ordeal would be divested of its terrors. Here, then, we have an internal evidence of the truth of our theory, and, be it remembered, that it is precisely the same kind of evidence by which we are convinced of all other matters that mere reason cannot touch—the same internal evidence by which we feel assured of a future state of existence; the savage in the happy hunting grounds, and civilised nations in the happy Paradise which their religions have depicted.

What is there at all unreasonable in the supposition that the spirits of the departed are allowed to revisit the earth when the living are shrouded in temporary unconsciousness? For our own part, we believe that the fact is so, and we cannot place any faith in the sincerity of those who deny it, without proof, such as we shall subject them to—for instance, that of passing the night in a chamber where a murder has recently been committed. We are far from believing that the accounts we have read of spectral visitants, in this way, are all to be traced to mere delusion. Imagination may do a great deal, but it would be absurd to suppose that that all experiences are derivable from such a source, especially where there is corroborative testimony—the simultaneous experience of several persons—to show, beyond all doubt, that any stated occurrence, however unaccountable it may be, actually did take place. We will here give one very remarkable instance of this. A clergyman and his wife, with one servant, occupied a small cottage, not many years since, in Wales, to which place the worthy pastor had retired upon a small independence. The aged couple had one son, who had been long absent at sea, and had kept a constant correspondence with his parents. He had written to say that he was on his voyage home, and they were in eager expectation of his arrival. One night, while the venerable pair were, according to their long continued habit, reading prayers and performing other pious duties before retiring to rest, the door of their sitting-room opened, and in came their long expected son home from sea. As if unwilling to disturb his parents, he quietly took a seat by the chimney corner, but presently got up and quitted the room. When the youth's father and mother had finished their devotions, they went to seek him in the kitchen, thinking that, apprehensive probably of distracting their attention, he had gone there to have a conversation with the servant, who knew him well. Strange to say, however, they not only were unable to find him, but were positively assured by the girl that no person whatever had entered the cottage, or could have done so without her seeing them. A few days afterwards a letter came from the captain of the vessel announcing the young man's death, on his passage home, the same day and hour that his father and mother had both beheld him appear before them.

SONGS OF THE STARS.

MOONLIGHT.

Silent tears pale Night is weeping,
O'er the drooping silver rose.
Moonlight on the lake is sleeping—
Earth with dewy splendour glows;
And a melody is blending
With the night-wind's gentle sigh,
Like a seraph's song descending
From her dwelling-place on high.
At this sweet hour a chastening spell
May o'er the spirit fall.
Fond memory will the bosom swell,
And long lost friends recal.
While fancy paints yon lovely star
That glitters in the west,
Serenely beaming from afar,
Their hallowed place of rest.

THE POETRY OF LIFE.—The poetry of our lives is, like our religion, kept apart from our every-day thoughts; neither influence us as they ought. We should be wiser and happier if, instead of secluding them in some secret shrine in our hearts, we suffered their humanising qualities to temper our habitual words and actions.

HALF AN HOUR WITH THE OLD ALCHEMISTS.

"Come on, Sir. Now you set your foot on shore
In NOVO ORBE. Here 's the rich Peru,
And there within, Sir, are the golden mines,
Great Solomon's ophir. This night I 'll change
All that is metal in thy house to gold."

BEN JONSON.



ASKING in the sunlight of imagination, what a glorious dream was that of the olden alchemists, with their marvellous notions of transmutation and the ceaseless zeal and ardour with which they prosecuted their researches into the hidden and wondrous powers of nature. That some of the wisest amongst them did actually attain the summit of their desires, the pages of antiquity, based, as they are, on indisputable authority, will not leave us room to doubt. But by what mode this was accomplished remains a profound mystery, even to our skilful chemists of the present day. As a kind of prelude to the anecdotal associations of the pursuit, a rapid survey of its origin and objects cannot be devoid of interest to the speculative reader.

We find the word alchemy occurring, for the first time, in Julius Firmicus Maternus, an author who lived under Constantine the Great, who, in his *Mathesis* (iii. 35), speaking of the influence of the heavenly bodies, affirms "that if the moon be in the house of Saturn at the time the child is born, he shall be skilled in alchemy." The great objects or ends pursued by alchemy are, 1st, to make gold, which is attempted by separation, maturation, and by transmutation, which latter is to be effected by means of the philosopher's stone. With a view to this end, alchemy is called the art of making gold; and hence, also, by a similar derivation, the artists themselves are called gold-makers. 2nd. An universal medicine, adequate to all diseases. 3rd. An universal dissolvent or alkahest. 4th. An universal ferment, or a matter, which, being applied to any seed, shall increase its fecundity to infinity. If, for example, it be applied to gold, it shall change the gold into the philosopher's stone of gold—if to silver, into the philosopher's stone of silver, and if to a tree, the result is, the philosopher's stone of the tree, which transmutes everything it is applied to into trees.

The origin and antiquity of alchemy have been much controverted. If we may credit legend and tradition, it must be as old as the flood; nay, Adam himself is represented by the alchemist as an adept. A great part, not only of the heathen mythology, but of the Jewish and Christian Revelations, are supposed to refer to it. Thus Suidas will have the fable of the Philosopher's Stone to be alluded to in the fable of the Argonauts; and others find it in the book of Moses, &c. But if the era of the art be examined by the monument of history, it will lose much of this antiquity. The learned Dane, Borrichius, has taken immense pains to prove that it was not unknown to the ancient Greeks and Egyptians. Crounguis, on the contrary, with equal address, undertakes to show its novelty. Still not one of the ancient poets, philosophers, or physicians, from the time of Homer till four hundred years after the birth of Christ, mention anything about it. The first author who speaks of making gold is Zosimus the Pomopolite, who lived about the beginning of the fifth century, and who has a treatise expressly upon it, called, "The Divine Art of making Gold and Silver," in manuscript, and is, as formerly, in the King of France's library. The next is Æneas Gazeus, another Greek writer, towards the close of the same century, in whom we find the following passage:—"Such as are skilled in the ways of nature, can take silver and tin, and, changing their nature, can turn them into gold. The same writer tells us that he was "wont to call himself gold melter and chemist." Hence, we may conclude that a notion of some such art as alchemy was in being at that age; but as neither of these artists inform us how long it had been previously known, their testimony will not carry us back beyond the age in which they lived. In fact, we find no earlier or plainer traces of the universal medicine mentioned anywhere

else; nor among the physicians and naturalists, from Moses to Geber, the Arab, who is supposed to have lived in the seventh century. In that author's work, entitled the "Philosopher's Stone," mention is made of a medicine that cures all leprous diseases. This passage some authors suppose to have given the first hint of the matter, though Geber himself, perhaps, meant no such thing; for, by attending to the Arabic style and diction of this author, which abounds in allegory, it is highly probable that by man he means gold, and by leprous or other diseases the other metals, which, with relation to gold, are all impure. The manner in which Suidas accounts for this total silence of old authors with regard to alchemy is, that Dioclesian procured all the books of the ancient Egyptians to be burnt; and that it was in these that the great mysteries of chymistry were contained. Corringius calls this statement in question, and asks how Suidas, who lived but five hundred years before us, should know what happened eight hundred years before him; to which Borrichius answers that he had learnt it of Eudemus, Helladius, Zosimus, Pamphilus, &c., as Suidas himself relates.

Kercher asserts, that the theory of the Philosopher's Stone, is delivered at large in the table of Hermes, and that the ancient Egyptians were not ignorant of the art, but declined to prosecute it. They did not appear to transmute gold; they had ways of separating it from all kinds of bodies, from the very mud of the Nile, and stones of all kinds: but, he adds, these secrets were never written down, or made public, but confined to the royal family, and handed down traditionally from father to son. The chief point advanced by Borrichius, and in which he seems to lay the principle stress, is, the attempt of Caligula, mentioned by Pliny, for procuring gold from orpiment. But this, it may be observed, makes very little for that author's pretensions; there being no transmutations, no hint of any Philosopher's Stone, but only a little gold was extracted or separated from the mineral. Modern chemistry is not without a hope, not to say a certainty, of verifying the golden visions of the alchemists. Dr. Gertanner, of Göttingen, has lately adventured the following prophecy: "In the nineteenth century the transmutation of metals will be generally known and practised. Every chemist and every artist will make gold; kitchen materials will be of silver, and even gold, which will contribute more than any thing else to prolong life, poisoned at present by the oxides of copper, lead, and iron which we daily swallow with our food." That the advent of this desirable change be not far off we most heartily hope. The principal authors on alchemy are, Geber, Friar Bacon, Sully, John and Isaac Hallandus, Basil Valentine, Paracelsus, Van Zuchter, and Sendirogius.

THE ASTROLOGER'S CALENDAR.

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

SUNDAY, March 16th.—Cool, unsettled weather. Dangerous and evil, especially for the ladies.

MONDAY, March 17th.—Fair and windy. A day when ladies will receive presents from their admirers.

TUESDAY, March 18th.—Gusty and changeable. Ask favours and seek preferment; obtain situations.

WEDNESDAY, March 19th.—Fair and mild. Most business matters will prosper. Expect benefits.

THURSDAY, March 20th.—Rainy and dull atmosphere. Unfortunate. Disappointments occur.

FRIDAY, March 21st.—Cloudy, with cold wind. Good for consulting surgeons and operations.

SATURDAY, March 22nd.—Fairer, but still cold, and probably snow. Neither make love nor marry.

SUNDAY, March 23rd.—Chilly and boisterous weather. Beware of treachery and ingratitude.

MONDAY, March 24th.—Cold and fair at intervals. Evil preponderates. Accidents occur.

TUESDAY, March 25th.—Fair, with change at night. Many young females repent this day.

THE SELF-INSTRUCTOR IN ASTROLOGY.

CHAPTER III.—THE EXAMINATION.



IT is a singular truth, that the best arguments in favour of astrology may be drawn from its opponents. The able author of the article "Astronomy," in the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, distinctly states, "As all bodies which compose the solar system gravitate towards one another, and, as Newton clearly proved, every particle of matter in the universe gravitated towards every other particle, we may look upon it as an established doctrine, that mutual actions exist among all bodies of matter, and that every portion of nature sympathetically agitates or affects every other portion of nature." Now this is precisely, although unintentionally, an exposition of the very laws upon which the science is based. Nothing would be more absurd than to urge that a compound of matter so susceptible as we know the animal brain and vital essence to be, would be capable of resisting the action of influences, to which, according to the Newtonian principles, every particle of that dense stone called *adamant* would be obedient and tractable." The whole surface of the human body is, when moderately corpulent, about fifteen feet square, and the pressure which occasions the rise and fall of the mercury in the thermometer shows; by its variation, that at one time when the air is most heavy such a body sustains a pressure externally of 33,905 lbs. and upwards, whilst, when the atmosphere is lighter, the pressure on the same body is not more than 30,624 lbs., and, consequently, an increase or decrease of weight equal to 3,281 lbs. may be externally acting on the body of a person, and which change he may suffer every few hours, as the fluctuations of the barometer sufficiently prove. Now that atmospherical equilibrium so necessary to ease is constantly being disturbed, and agitations which may be compared to the ebbing and flowing of the tides of the ocean, are constantly being experienced by every living animal, and all this is occasioned by the same motive power which the things inanimate, viz., planetary influence. Where, then, is there aught so outrageously marvellous in the doctrine that astrology would teach? The writer of an article in the "*Encyclopædia*," published by Charles Knight, attempts, when speaking of astrology, to ridicule the principles by which it is upheld, but makes no attempt to explain away the stubborn facts which fell under his notice whilst "cramming" for the necessary information. He has, however, the candour to admit that "it is philosophical for a newly-created being in possession of rational powers to suspend his opinion on such a point (planetary influence) until he had observed facts enough to affirm or deny the connection asserted to exist between the positions of the planets and his own fortunes. That there is nothing repugnant in the nature of astrology, is sufficiently proved by the number of great minds which have been led by it; and the present age must recollect that the arguments which are now held conclusive against astrology are precisely those which were formerly held equally decisive in favour of it, namely, the bias of education." This is, at all events, a liberal concession; and the last sentence must throw no inconsiderable light on the nature of the opposition afforded by our opponents. But to proceed: the twelve divisions, which our succeeding number will illustrate, are called the twelve houses of heaven, and are numbered in the order in which they would rise if the circles accompanied the diurnal revolution. Every heavenly body passes through the twelve houses in twenty-four hours, but is not always in the same house with the same stars, except at the equator. For it is evident, in order to have two bodies always in the same house, the revolution must take place round the north

and south poles of the heavens, which poles are, in the horizon, only to a spectator on the equator itself. The principal point attended to in each house is the part of the zodiac which occupies it, and the place of any planet in the house is the distance of that body from the cusp, or boundary circle measured on the zodiac. These houses have different powers. The strongest of all is the first, which contains the part of the heavens about to rise; this is called the ascendant, and the point of the ecliptic which is just rising is called the horoscope. The next house in power is the tenth, which is coming on the meridian. The first is the house of life; the second, of riches; the third, of brethren; the fourth, of parents; the fifth, of children; the sixth, of health; the seventh, of marriage; the eighth, of death; the ninth, of religion; the tenth, of dignities; the eleventh, of friends; and the twelfth, of enemies. To enter minutely into the constitution of a house, and why the planets and zodiacal signs should be thus posited, will be the subject of the next chapter.

THE ASTROLOGER'S STUDY

Being Predictions of the Chief Events from Week to Week.

THE chief astrological feature of the week is the lunation on the 23rd, when the bright planet Venus—the star of love and hope—is exalted in unafflicted dignity in the mansion of pleasure and delight. This will bring success to all who cater for the public amusement, and show that the productions will be chiefly musical, and of a humorous tendency. Some outrages take place in the north, but are speedily quelled. The suicide of one whose name has been notorious now provokes much discussion. A well-known literary character having performed his humanising mission on earth, bids it farewell for a better orb. Abroad we find turbulence and dissension. Austria is agitated by conflicting interests, and Switzerland is becoming again the scene of broils. Strong electrical currents will be remarked about the 22nd, when the seer anticipates some convulsions of the earth throughout the southern regions. The Aurora and meteors of an unusual description are seen about the same time.

TEMPERAMENTS AND DISPOSITIONS.—Temperament is a particular disposition of the body. Man is not always the same, a change in his habits is conspicuous at different periods of life, and each individual differs at all times in many leading circumstances from another; this, in its bodily effects, is chiefly owing to a peculiar constitutional conformation which has been called the temperament, and the different kinds of which are thus enumerated by ancient and modern authors, who have elaborated the subject to a greater length than we can find room to detail. Most prominent amongst the various kinds is, *the sanguine*, which is described by the following external appearances; the hair soft, a little curled, and passing from it through different shades to red the skin smooth, delicate, and white; the complexion ruddy; the eyes, though not always so, are commonly blue. The strength of the whole frame is never remarkable, and the mind, though sensible and cheerful, is also irritable and unsteady; one with a sanguine temperament is distinguished by instability and fickleness in all his undertakings, and being averse to industry makes little progress in whatever requires depth of research. More often found in Great Britain, and a striking contrast in character, is the *melancholic* temperament which is distinguished by appearances very opposite to the sanguine. The hair is hard, black, and curled, the skin coarse, and the eyes dark. Gravity, caution, and timidity mark the mind, but the emotions once excited are easily maintained. The nervous system is powerful, and tends to produce a strong steady character, liable, however, to be oppressed with sadness and fear. Next is the *choleric*, which is a modification from the sanguine in its excitable irritability, and is chiefly manifested by dark eyes of a moderate size, expressing penetration, and at times a degree of wildness. Ladies are too often of this peculiar temperament, which, if not strongly counteracted, will destroy all suavity and amiability of manner. Lastly, and chiefly amongst the sterner sex, we find the *phlegmatic*, chiefly distinguished by a soft skin, prominent eyes, weak circulation, and languid disposition. Deep thinkers and profound metaphysicians are generally in this class.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF PREDICTIONS.



ERHAPS there are few great moral or political revolutions which have not had their accompanying *prognostic*; and men of a philosophic cast of mind, in the midst of their retirement, freed from the delusions of parties and of sects, while they are withdrawn from their conflicting interests, have rarely been confounded by the astonishment which overwhelms those who, absorbed in active life, are the mere creatures of sensation, agitated by the shadows of truth, and unsubstantial appearances. Intellectual nations are advancing in an eternal circle of events and passions which succeed each other, and the last is necessarily connected with its antecedent: the solitary force of some fortuitous incident only can interrupt this concatenated *progress* of human affairs. That every great event has been accompanied by a *preage* or prognostic, has been observed by Lord Bacon. "The shepherds of the people should understand the prognostics of *state tempests*; hollow blasts of wind, seemingly at a distance, and secret swellings of the sea, often precede a *storm*." Such were the prognostics discerned by the politic Bishop Williams, in Charles the First's time, who clearly foresaw and predicted the final success of the puritanic party in our country: attentive to his own security, he abandoned the government and sided with the rising opposition, at a moment when such a change in the public administration was by no means apparent.

Dugdale, our contemplative antiquary, in the same spirit of foresight, must have anticipated the scene which was approaching in 1641, in the destruction of our ancient monuments in cathedral churches. He hurried on his itinerant labours of taking draughts and transcribing inscriptions, as he says, "to preserve them for future and better times." It is to the prescient spirit of Dugdale that posterity is indebted for the ancient monuments of England, which bear the marks of the haste, as well as the seal, which have perpetuated them. Sir Thomas More was no less prescient in his views, for when his son Roper was observing to him that the Catholic religion, under the "Defender of the Faith," was in a most flourishing state, the answer of More was an evidence of political foresight:—"True it is, son Roper! and yet I pray God that we may not live to see the day that we would gladly be at league and competition with heretics, to let them have their churches quietly to themselves, so that they would be contented to let us have ours quietly to ourselves." The minds of men of great political sagacity were at that moment, unquestionably, full of obscure indications of the approaching change. Erasmus, when before the tomb of Becket, at Canterbury, observing it loaded with a vast profusion of jewels, wished that those had been distributed among the poor, and that the shrine had only been adorned with boughs and flowers:—"For," said he, "those who have heaped up all this mass of treasure, will one day be plundered, and fall a prey to those who are in power." A prediction literally fulfilled about twenty years after it was made. *The fall of the religious houses* was predicted by an unknown author (see *Visions of Pier's Ploughman*), who wrote in the reign of Edward the Third. The event, in fact, with which we are all well acquainted, was realised two hundred years afterwards, by our Henry VIII. Sir Walter Raleigh foresaw the consequences of the separatists and the sectaries in the National Church, which occurred about the year 1530. His memorable words are, "Time will even bring it to pass, if it were not resisted, that God would be turned out of churches into barns, and from thence again into the fields and mountains, and under hedges. All order of discipline and church government, left to *newness of opinion*, and men's fancies, and as many kinds of religion spring up as there are parish churches within England." Tacitus also foresaw the calamities which so long desolated Europe on the fall of the Roman empire, in a work written five hundred years before the event! In that sublime anticipation of the future, he observed, "When the Romans shall be hunted out from those countries which they have conquered, what will then happen? The revolted people, freed from their master-oppressor, will not be able to subsist without destroying their neighbours, and the most cruel wars will exist

among all these nations." Solon, at Athens, contemplating on the port and citadel of Mynchia, suddenly exclaimed, "how blind is man to futurity! could the Athenians foresee what mischief this will do, they would even eat it with their own teeth, to get rid of it." A prediction verified more than two hundred years afterwards! Thales desired to be buried in an obscure quarter of Milesia, observing that that very spot would in time be the forum, which it afterwards became. Charlemagne, in his old age, observing from the window of a castle a Norman descent on his coast, tears started in the eyes of the aged monarch. He predicted, that since they dared to threaten his dominions while he was yet living, what would they do when he should be no more! A melancholy prediction of their subsequent incursions, and of the protracted calamities of the French nation during a whole century.

No one possessed a more extraordinary portion of this awful prophetic confidence than Knox the reformer: he appears to have predicted several remarkable events, and the fates of some persons. We are informed that when condemned to a galley in Rochelle, he predicted that "within two or three years, he should preach the Gospel at St. Giles's, Edinburgh"—an improbable event, which nevertheless happened as he had foretold. Of Mary and Darnley, he pronounced that "as the King for the Queen's pleasure, had gone to mass, the Lord, in his justice, would make her the instrument of his overthrow." Other striking predictions of the deaths of Thomas Maitland, and of Kirkaldy of Grange, and the warning he solemnly gave to the Regent Murray, not to go to Linlithgow, where he was assassinated, occasioned a barbarous people to imagine that the prophet Knox had received an immediate communication from heaven.

Independent therefore of that mighty agent of foresight, astrology, we find that a natural spirit of prescience is existent in every human heart, though of course variously affected and modified. The past is blended with the present, and combines with the future, and any unscientific attempt to unravel the destinies of a succeeding generation, must depend upon the indications of all three. How the seventeenth century has influenced the eighteenth, and the results of the nineteenth, as they shall appear in the twentieth, might open a source of PREDICTIONS, to which, however difficult it might be to affix their dates, there would be none in exploring into causes, and tracing their inevitable effects. The multitude live only among the shadows of things in the appearance of the PRESENT; the learned, busied with the PAST, can only trace whence, and how, all comes; but he who is one of the people and one of the learned, the true philosopher, views the natural tendency and terminations which are preparing for the FUTURE.

DON JUAN: A SPECTRAL RESEARCH.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

"I have heard of spirits walking with aerial bodies, and have been wondered at by others, but I must only wonder at myself, for, if they be not mad, I'me come to my own burial!"—*Shirley's "Witty Fairie One."*

EVERY body has heard of the fate of Don Juan, the famous libertine of Seville, who, for his sins against the fair sex, and other minor peccadilloes, was hurried away to the infernal regions. His story has been illustrated in play, in pantomime, and farce, on every stage in Christendom, until, at length, it has been rendered the theme of the opera of operas, and enbalméd to endless duration in the glorious music of Mozart. I well recollect the effect of this story upon my feelings in my boyish days, though represented in grotesque pantomime; the awe with which I contemplated the monumental statue on horseback of the murdered commander, gleaming, by pale moonlight, in the convent cemetery: how my heart quaked as he bowed his marble head, and accepted the impious invitation of Don Juan: how each foot-fall of the statue smote upon my heart, as I heard it approach, step by step, through the echoing corridor, and beheld it enter, and advance, a moving figure of stone, to the supper table! But then, the comical scene in the charnel-house, where Don Juan returned the visit of the statue; was offered a banquet of skulls and bones, and, on refusing to partake, was hurled into a yearning gulf, under a tre-

menhous shower of fire! These were accumulated horrors enough to shake the nerves of the most pantomime-loving school-boy. Many have supposed the story of Don Juan a mere fable. I myself thought so once; but "seeing is believing." I have since beheld the very scene where it took place; and now to indulge in any doubt on the subject would be preposterous. I was one night perambulating the streets of Seville in company with a Spanish friend, a curious investigator of the popular traditions, and other good-for-nothing lore of the city, and who was kind enough to imagine he had met in a me a congenial spirit. In the course of our rambles, we were passing by a heavy dark gateway, opening into the court-yard of a convent, when he laid his hand upon my arm: "Stop!" said he; "this is the Convent of San Francisco; there is a story connected with it, which I am sure must be known to you. You cannot but have heard of Don Juan and the Marble Statue." "Undoubtedly," replied I; "it has been familiar to me from childhood." "Well, then, it was in the cemetery of this very convent that the events took place." "Why, you do not mean to say that the story is founded on fact?" "Undoubtedly it is. The circumstances of the case are said to have occurred during the reign of Alfonso XI. Don Juan was of the noble family of Tenorio, one of the most illustrious houses of Andalusia. His father, Don Diego Tenorio, was a favourite of the King, and his family ranked among the *veinticuatro*s, or magistrates of the city. Presuming on his high descent and powerful connections, Don Juan set no bounds to his excesses: no female, high or low, was sacred from his pursuit; and he soon became the scandal of Seville. One of his most daring outrages was; to penetrate, by night, into the palace of Don Gonzalo de Ulloa, commander of the Order of Calatrava, and attempt to carry off his daughter. The household was alarmed; a scuffle in the dark took place; Don Juan escaped, but the unfortunate commander was found weltering in his blood, and expired without being able to name his murderer. Suspicions attached to Don Juan; he did not stop to meet the investigations of justice, and the vengeance of the powerful family of Ulloa, but fled from Seville, and took refuge with his uncle, Don Pedro Tenorio, at that time ambassador at the court of Naples. Here he remained until the agitation occasioned by the murder of Don Gonzalo had time to subside; and the scandal which the affair might cause to both the families of Ulloa and Tenorio had induced them to hush it up. Don Juan, however, continued his libertine career at Naples, until at length his excesses forfeited the protection of his uncle, the ambassador, and obliged him again to flee. He had made his way back to Seville, trusting that his past misdeeds were forgotten, or rather, trusting to his dare-devil spirit, and the power of his family, to carry him through all difficulties. "It was shortly after his return, and while in the height of his arrogance, that, on visiting this very Convent of Francisco, he beheld, on a monument, the equestrian statue of the commander who had been buried within the walls of this sacred edifice, where the family of Ulloa had a chapel. It was on this occasion that Don Juan, in a moment of impious levity, invited the statue to the banquet, the awful catastrophe of which has given such celebrity to his story."

While my companion was relating these anecdotes, we had entered the gateway, traversed the exterior court-yard of the convent, and made our way into a great interior-court, partly surrounded by cloisters and dormitories, partly by chapels, and having a large fountain in the centre. The pile had evidently once been extensive and magnificent; but it was for the greater part in ruins. By the light of the stars, and of twinkling lamps placed here and there in the chapels and corridors, I could see that many of the columns and arches were broken; the walls were rent and riven; while burnt beams and rafters showed the destructive effects of fire. The whole place had a desolate air; the night breeze rustled through grass and weeds flaunting out of the crevices of the walls, or from the shattered columns; the bat flitted about the vaulted passages, and the owl hooted from the ruined belfry. Never was any scene more completely fitted for a ghost story.

Since that time I never fail to attend the theatre whenever the story of Don Juan is represented, whether in pantomime or opera. In the sepulchral scene I feel myself quite at home; and when the statue makes his appearance, I greet him as an old acquaintance. When the audience applaud, I look round upon them with a degree of compassion: "Poor souls!" I say to myself, "they

think they are pleased; they think they enjoy this piece, and yet they consider the whole as a fiction! How much more would they enjoy it, if, like me, they knew it to be true—and had seen very the place!"

FRAGMENTS FOR THE FANCIFUL.

OUR PREVIOUS EXISTENCE.—It was a touching doctrine of some of the ancient philosophers that the spirit of man preserved in its fleshy tabernacle a remembrance of a former glorious state of being, which, distinct in infancy, though growing more faint and perplexed as years advance, is the source of all the joy or greatness earth can boast of possessing.

INEXPRESSIBLE EMOTIONS.—Beautiful and refulgent as the clouds surrounding sunset are the thoughts which at times pass across the mind; but when the clouds dissolve into rain, all their brilliancy disappears. So with the human mind, that would, when most elevated, condense and give utterance to its feelings, it finds them suddenly bereft of their celestial tints, and, in comparison to the emotions that defy expression, how tame, how dull are those that remain to the outward sense!

A THOUGHT FOR THE DREAMER.—The harmony pervading the universe becomes, in rapt moments, perceptible to the soul of the gazer, and doubtless first gave rise to the poetical idea respecting the music of the spheres; nor are they silent now, but in a far holier and more impressive strain continue their melody, inspiring us with perseverance in our endeavours to break through the trammels of earth, with gratitude for numberless undescribed blessings, and with humility while contemplating our individual insignificance amidst the unexplored and illimitable fields of space.

THE ORACLE OF DESTINY.

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.

G. L. (Landport).—Our valued correspondent must accept our warmest acknowledgments for his kind communication, which contains, however, a suggestion that we are strongly induced to consider impracticable. The nativity, which is well worthy investigation, shall be inserted, with an invitation for judgment. It is highly gratifying to find that our publication, without any of the extraneous aids usually accorded to periodical literature, has silently but surely worked its way into the secluded study of the student, and is now rapidly securing contributions from the most learned adepts in the celestial science. We hail thee warmly as a brother in the art.

W. T. G.—The Astrologer will be most happy to receive communications from a gentleman whom he recognises as deeply versed in starry lore. He will see that in order to make our work popularly instructive, we have avoided as yet the abstruse technicalities that so frequently deter the multitude from crossing the mystic threshold. The scheme forwarded is placed in our portfolio of nativities for future inspection.

M. M.—The marriage will not take place at all for reasons which will speedily appear.

WILLIAM NICHOLSON.—You will shortly leave the place where you now are, and become trammelled by the bonds of Venus. During June next avoid aquatic pleasures, or danger will arise.

HOPS.—You will soon recover, but will never prosper unless you abandon your dominant vice.

J. P.—Have a residence of your own, or continual matrimonial disturbances will arise.

DEE.—The name alone is a passport to our favour. We have erected a figure, and find some strange disclosures have resulted which would induce us to believe the party mentioned was either criminally guilty, or the victim of a strange fatality a year back. The communications sent are accepted—but the promised one we anxiously anticipate.

JOHN SMITH.—Advertise for employment in the country—you will get it and succeed.

"A TRULY UNHAPPY WIFE."—We can hold out no prospect of a return.

X. Y. Z.—You will be united to one whose hopes are even now fixed upon a union. Your past life has exhibited but little of vicissitude and your future manifests nothing to indicate a change. Be happy in love and friendship.

B. B.—Your case has met with strong opposition, but you will ultimately obtain the property; it will, however, benefit others then, and not yourself.

W. G. (Halifax).—Are there no benefits arising from family connexions? Mercury is well positioned in the house of honour and should produce some good to the querent in a few months. We would advise him to traffic with metals.

B. BUNGEY.—Your father will be speedily extricated. Follow the business of the richest among your relations.

A. Z. D.—Wed not one who has already so deceived you, but choose from a higher circle of acquaintances in your immediate vicinity.

B. B. B. B.—Persevere in the business you now follow. It will shortly be more lucrative. You will have a girl born unto you. Sibly is almost out of date. Get Zadkiel's Grammar of Astrology.

ASTAROTH.—You have forgotten the third law in Newton's Principia which distinctly proves that to every action there is always opposed an equal reaction, consequently, as your premises are false your deductions must be erroneous too. After being exhilarated a depression of spirits is the natural result.

E. T. C. (Somer's Town).—You have wilfully thrown away too many excellent opportunities for bettering your circumstances to deserve being enlightened as to your future career.

FELIX.—If you value those bachelor comforts which you seem so thoroughly to enjoy, remain single.

M. A. G.—Yes, if he will persevere in a proper course.

"JANET."—Your future life, which will be prolonged to a great age, has no indication of reverses or vicissitudes. The still cherished remembrance of an early love ought to forbid a matrimonial connexion with any but him who first inspired the tender passion.

C. H.—It is decreed that you will be united to him you love, and yet family disturbances will mar your future happiness. You have had lately a severe disappointment.

ROBERTA.—Go into service, and by civility and attention you will prosper.

M. K.—Your son will succeed, but his future reputation depends on yourself.

I. MARTYN.—You have acted very foolishly, and from your restricted resources cannot make reparation. For the result, appeal to your own heart. Abandon all thoughts of a profession; but in the early part of next month adopt a suggestion which will be made to you, and leave England. You have no innate badness of heart, but your disposition is too volatile, and should be curbed. Abroad there are bright hopes in store for you.

INGRAM.—You will shortly have the kind assistance of a friend who will solve your doubt.

NINA.—Do not give way to despondency. The crushed hopes and blighted aspirations of early life may be regarded as the ordeal through which you have passed triumphantly. In the autumn of this year an eligible offer will be made; accept it and be happy.

JAMES DOVE.—From the enclosed scheme the Astrologer judges the fifty-second year of the native's life will see the restoration of that property which, but for the evident chicanery of the law, would have fallen long ago fallen into her possession.

T. M. W.—Yes, but delays will intervene. Avoid quarrels and bad associates.

A. T. R.—The appointment you have got will result to your advantage, but you can only overcome difficulties by incessant application.

X.—From the horary figure we should recommend the querent to remain. You have suffered from misrepresentations, which a few months will remove, and your difficulties will then vanish. For the benefit of our country correspondents the calendar has been calculated three days in advance, which will obviate the delay complained of.

Box.—Riches, when compared with happiness, are as motes contrasted with sunbeams. Wed not without their consent, but doubt not it will promptly be granted.

"INQUIREND."—The gratification we have received from your last letter, which merits our warmest acknowledgements, and the generous candour which admits the accuracy of our calculations, will, together, establish a claim to our courtesy that will be always at your service. You will find new friends arise every day, and may look forward with bright hopes to the future.

W. E.—You have it in your power to succeed by perseverance, but some time will elapse before your hopes are realised.

J. S. A.—Have nothing to do with the speculation at all; you would regret it.

B. S. M.—You will marry again—a widower, with probably three children, and one who will make you the buxom hostess of a country tavern.

C. M.—He should write himself, but the indications are in his favour. Be single!

J. T. ANDREWS.—Enclose the copy of your nativity, and it shall be attended to.

E. B. (Lambeth).—Your father is prosperously located in a distant clime, apparently North America. As you are destined to travel, it will probably be to join him. For the future, your happiness depends on your prudence.

W. HAZELDINE.—Nothing more likely.

CHARLES S.—Yes. Have you not had a similar adventure before?

G. H. W.—Let not groundless conjectures induce you to think evil of those around you. When you leave, it will be to your own preferment.

HASCHKE (Stokes Croft).—We would recommend you to resign, and enter a different employment altogether, which will be speedily obtained for you through the agency of a respected friend. To the second question we can only refer him to an answer given in the second number of our work.

R. M. M.—If you are wise, stop where you are; if not, leave at once.

GOAT AND SATURN.—The legal process does not appear likely to be concluded for some time. You will remain with an increase, and prosper.

G. R. F. (a Student of Dudley).—The aspect has always been regarded as indicative of a long illness, though not a severe one, but much depends on the *Hyleg*. If the moon be much afflicted, a fever will probably result. His suggestion has been anticipated, and for the inquiry we must bid him look to the last page of our second number.

W. PARNELL.—Long enough for you to know better, if you make good use of your time.

"A REGULAR SUBSCRIBER" (Wednesbury).—It is really too much to expect the Astrologer can devote a fortnight to solve the questions here propounded. If an address is sent, we will see what can be done.

ELIZABETH G.—Those who have been once scalded should dread again to approach the fire.

"ANXIETY."—The malefic influences of the planets, which produce what is commonly called a run of ill luck, have been certainly against you, but still there is hope. Even as we write, you should be on the eve of improvement. You have friends, try them; spirits, raise them; talents, use them. *NIL DESPERANDUM.*

J. T. (Liverpool).—Are you not aware that a rival—though not an acknowledged one—it is the only obstacle you have? You will be ever regarded as a friend, but can never be her husband.

HOPK. (Birmingham).—Answered, as requested, privately; but the least our Correspondents could do would be to enclose postage stamps to save us unnecessary expense in sending replies.

"SOL."—The sun shines on all alike, so does the object of your admiration; for, if you search your own heart, you will find she is not the object of your LOVE.

E. V.—A stranger now, but in three months will be the happy man.

WOODYARD.—The Rosicrucian Papers much interest us, and shall receive every attention.

L. L.—A few days will restore you to your previous position, but your letter arrived so late we must defer further particulars till our next. You are forgiven.

"ESPERANCE."—What is the nature of the relationship? The one who left England last year is still living, but we cannot as yet speak positively of the other.

BLANCHE.—Hesitatingly we reply "No." Alas! for the inconstancy of man. He is but a general lover.

JULIA, W. H. G., W. W., CHARLOTTE ROPER (for shame! again!) L. A. E., G. C., and other correspondents whose letters have arrived too late in the week, will find replies in the "Oracle" next week.

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

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