

THE  
**STRAGGLING ASTROLOGER,**

Who, haps and mishaps, in this world below—  
 All freaks of love—all good—all ill, will show,  
 From stars and planets in their courses flow :

And whose name, if ye are at all uneasy and feverish to get hold of, is,  
**MINIME NOSTRAS-NOSTRADAMUS.**



**HIEROGLYPHIC—No. II.**

**THE FIRMAMENT FORETOKENS WHAT TIME UNFOLDS.**

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A  
PHILOSOPHICAL DEBATE

ON THE  
INFINITE VARIETIES OF FORMATION PRESENTED SEVERALLY  
BY THE HUMAN VISAGE AND BRAIN-PAN.

(Continued from p. 24.)

BEFORE these words were well out of his mouth, the bench of old ladies, as if each had been simultaneously impelled by the bite of a tarantula, was all alive, and several of those who had the use of *the whirl-bone* yet good, rushed forward, all beginning at once to corroborate, by their respective stories, the worthy man-midwife: but on being informed, that only one could be heard at a time, they seemed to think that very strange indeed, and left, with some reluctance, one of their sisterhood, who had been fixed upon to tell her tale, while the rest returned to their seats.---She vowed, upon her conscience, that she had nursed, in some hundreds of cases, during the last fifty years, and had had, through her hands, little toads with all sorts of heads; and many a shamefully passionate thing among 'em, let its head be what it might; and so, they might take her word that it *warn't* the head, but the *hallemint*, as the gentleman had just told them: for, continues she, let the tiresome little brats storm and rave ever so, give 'em some mother's milk, which, you know, gentlemen, is the mildest of all *hallemints*, and they will be as mute as dormice in a minute---ay, and with any sort of heads---and that she could assure them of her own knowledge, for she had had hundreds of 'em through her hands. The words "mother's milk, to be sure," echoed very audibly from the whole bench of ladies; and the orator of the obstetric society, with an air of triumph, leered towards the phrenologicals and pure physiognomicals, who, seeing the impressive effect which the old woman's speech had made upon the assembly, looked rather blue, evidently foreseeing, that *occult causes*, which they had not taken into consideration, must, if they did not quite overthrow their hypothesis, very much lessen its force.

ONTOLOGISTS; OR THOSE WHO PORE INTO ALL YOUR PORES OF  
BODY AND SOUL.

The oracle of the metaphysical party next advanced, and after alluding to the great difficulties under which he must labour in vindicating



*the ontological theory*, in consequence of the sense of the meeting having been so captivated with the facts brought forward by mother nurse, which he was not himself prepared to accept as the cause of those mental emotions to which we were constantly exposed; and it became his duty to state, that though he gave the foregoing speakers credit for having severally done the best for their respective theories, yet he would be able, he trusted, to shew, that the passions were neither influenced by the brain-pan, nor by the features, nor by the mother's milk. The surprise created by what was thus premised, manifested itself in the countenances of the partisans of those that had preceded in the debate: and it was with obvious signs of doubt that the metaphysical pleader was heard to declare it to be the decided opinion of all sound dialecticians, that the mind had existence before it was conveyed into the body, and that it brought all the passions in along with it. This reasoning was supported by many arguments of great weight, and confirmed by the following quotation from Cicero—*Sic mihi persuasum cum agitur animus—se ipse moveat; ne finem quidem habiturum esse motus, quia nunquam se ipse sit relicturus*: which is as much as to say, 'I am come to this opinion,---when the mind is affected, it affects itself; nor will this its self-emotion ever end, because it will never quit itself.' So you see, gentlemen, says he, that the doctrine which I have the honour to uphold, is not only vouching for the immortality of the mind or soul, but is sanctioned by the greatest philosopher and orator that Rome, in its age of refinement, could boast: and I therefore conclude, with again requesting you to believe, with me, that the passions are all inherent, in every mind, at the time of its incarnation---that they co-exist within it previous to its entering the brain-pan; or becoming indicated by the countenance; or being soothed by the mildness of mother's milk.

ANATOMISTS; OR THOSE WHO FIND OUT WHAT YOU ARE MADE  
OF BY CUTTING YOU UP.

The anatomical practitioner next, bowing to the chair, said, he stood forward as the organ of his fraternity, to enter their positive protest against any principle being established that might tend to place the seat of the passions in the *thorax*, being, as he said, perfectly sure, that though other members sometimes evinced something like emotion, it was only by sympathy that they were affected: and in proof of the authenticity of these tenets, he went on to say, that skilful handlers of the



knife might dismember the whole body, limb by limb, and leave it almost a skeleton; while the mind, amidst its ministry of faculties and passions, notwithstanding the devastation that had been committed within its empire, would, in its citadel, the brain-pan, retain its sovereignty in full vigour.---The amputation of a limb, says he, though it takes from the mind one of its subordinate instruments, leaves it, in itself, as entire, as though there had been no dismemberment: but---continues he, cut off the head, and you'll then see how it will be---the power of the commander-in-chief is done away with in a moment; and the confederation of faculties and passions falls immediately to nothing.---The force of these arguments seemed to give great satisfaction to all the other deputations except that from the midwives, who, with the troop of nurses, were evidently nettled at the death-blow that seemed to have been given to the *alimantal* principle.

RECAPITULATION OF THE SUBSTANCE OF EACH PHILOSOPHER'S  
OPINION ON YOUR HEADS AND YOUR QUEER WAYS.

Astrology, which had not been treated with overmuch respect by the assembly, now sent forward its unassuming advocate from the background. He was willing, he said, to allow each of the several doctrines advanced by the devotees of the contending societies the fullest encomiums that each merited: but the question proposed for discussion was, nevertheless, far from being, in his humble opinion, settled by what either party had argued, or by any inference, even, that could be deduced from all that had been stated. He hoped to be pardoned for so saying, but in their zeal to propagate a few leading facts that each of their systems boasted, they appeared every one to have lost sight of that which they were met to settle; namely, To what occult cause in nature is the dissimilitude between every human body, and every other human body---also, the dissimilitude between every human mind, and every other human mind, to be referred?

The craniologists had referred the former clause in the proposition to some fancy in every mother; and had assumed that the latter was a consequence arising from the special formation of the brain-pan according to the nature of each maternal fancy.

With regard to the mind really accommodating itself to suit the peculiar character of the face, as had been so logically argued by the pure physiognomist, the position went no farther than to prove the fact, that the passions of the mind were exhibited in the features; which was not



sufficient to satisfy us as to that cause in nature sought for by the question.

Another deputation had held, that the passions were inherent from the birth; but were, nevertheless, subject to be extinguished or suppressed by the adoption of mild regimen; which, to a certain extent, is worthy of attention. But, though the passions are rendered more conspicuous from the use of strong aliments, yet it does not seem to have been shewn, that they are derived from the feeding. It can only rest on guessing, whether the twin-brothers who built Rome would have been so ferocious as to have sought one another's life, had they been suckled by a sheep instead of a wolf: nor if a child were to be fed with the flesh of bull-dogs is it certain, that it would create a propensity to seize a bull by the nose.

Supposing, in the next place, with the metaphysician, the passions, before the body was born, to have had pre-existence in the mind or soul; what means have we of taking cognizance of them as πνεύμα, or spiritual entities? Indeed, says the astrological rhetorician, our question confines our view, upon this occasion, to the whole man—to the αὐτὸς, as Plato terms a being compounded of soul and body, as we are.

As the anatomical arguments were confined wholly to the statement of facts consequent upon the operations of the dissecting-room, it is not necessary to say more of them than that they fail in tracing out that cause in nature which we are seeking for: nor does it seem to me, says the speaker, that the arguments already brought forward, taken either individually or collectively, are capable of satisfactorily answering the purpose of the debate: with the hope, therefore, of assisting the assembly in their conclusion, by furnishing doctrines with which it seems totally unacquainted, it is, that I entreat candid attention to the

ASTROLOGICAL EXPLANATION OF THE NATURAL CAUSE, WHY  
EVERY PERSON DIFFERS FROM EVERY OTHER PERSON IN FORM,  
IN FEATURE, IN COMPLEXION, AND IN MIND.

Upon the authority, gentlemen, says the venerable diviner, of more than five thousand years' test, astrology is able to detect under what celestial aspects and signs any person was born, by looking only on their exterior. From an uninterrupted succession of observations made during this long period by philosophers of the highest refinement, it has been made manifest, that in every age and country, Mercury gives a



person a different shape, visage, complexion, and mind, to the person over whose birth Venus, or any other planet, presides. It is, moreover, farther ascertained, that according as Mercury is seated in the different zodiacal signs, so is the native marked with peculiar characteristics, that are specifically understood. Again, gentlemen, according as the said planet is mutually posted with respect to the Sun, Moon, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Georgium Sidus, or either of the other planets; and in proportion to the special power which each of these exerts for or against each other, so does the person partake of their compound effects both in body and in mind: and similar qualities are to be understood as possessed by each of the other planets, though the characters communicated by each are quite distinct from those communicated by any other. Without describing the peculiarities of those on whom each orb has had the strongest influence, which would become tedious; it may be at once said, that the reason we behold no two persons precisely alike, either in corporeal make or in disposition of mind, is, because, from the day they were first created, the stars and planets were never all in the same relative positions with respect to one another: no two persons, therefore, were ever born under the same aspects. Surprised as you all appear, says he, at what you now have heard, it is a fact of nearly as long standing as the world we live in: and thus you have a brief and substantial answer to the great question which we have to decide.

THE HARD-OF-BELIEF BROUGHT-TO AT LAST BY THE UNEXPECTED  
DISCLOSURE OF THINGS THAT HAD BEEN HUSHED UP.

As the astrologer was about to retire, he was attacked by the mid-wifers, who assured him that what he had stated could not be altogether correct, for they had known certain instances of children being born at the same instant, and consequently under one and the same aspect of the heavenly bodies; and that there was, nevertheless, much difference in their persons. To this it was replied, that such a difference must necessarily be expected, unless they were by one and the same father and mother; for the difference of aspects under which parents were born remained visible in their offspring from generation to generation. Twins, he observed, between the births of which but a short period elapsed, commonly resembled one another very closely because the motion of the heavens during the interval was not so great as to cause much personal difference: and in order to give undeniable



proof of the perfection of his theory, he signified that every material event in the progress of a person's life was clearly defined by the periodical revolution of the heavenly bodies, according as they happened each to be fortunately or malignly stationed at the hour of birth. He then, in order to silence all farther cavilling, and to put an end to the dispute, told many of the persons present, by what planets their respective nativities were governed, and what had been their lot, together with the chief accidents of their lives. To some he disclosed their secret propensities and black designs so faithfully, that the whole assembly began to be in alarm, lest more should come out than would be pleasing to the ear; and rather than expose themselves to the rigours of astronomy, phrenologists, midwives, metaphysicians, and anatomists, resigned, with one voice, the palm to the astrologer.

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'Tis pleasant, safely to behold from shore  
 The rolling ship, and hear the tempest roar:  
 Not that another's pain is our delight,  
 But pains unfelt produce the pleasing sight—  
 'Tis pleasant, also, to behold from far  
 The moving legions mingled in the war;  
 But much more sweet to Virtue's height to guide,  
 With magazines of learning fortified;  
 And thence to look below on human kind  
 Bewilder'd in the maze of life, and blind.

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## EXPLOSION OF THE CONGREVE ROCKET MANUFACTORY.

HAVING, according to the emblematic mode of the ancients, predicted the appearance of certain fiery omens, which we noticed as having been partly confirmed by the narrow escape of Carlton Palace from destruction by fire, on Tuesday se'nnight: in addition to the corroboration of the sign by that event, it is worthy of remark, that two days afterward, a tremendous explosion of Congreve Rockets took place at the manufactory of those engines of destruction, near Blackwall, by which a large mass of building was blown to atoms; and a shock, as if of an earthquake, was felt throughout the neighbourhood.



☞ *The care requisite to the singular Embellishment intended to have been given in this space, and the indispensibility that the "Astrologer" should be published on Friday afternoon, are the only reasons that we can offer to our readers for this omission. Three Engravings will be given in the next sheet.*

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PHILOSOPHICAL REFLECTIONS

INDUCED BY THE

PREMATURE DEATH OF THE NOBLE BYRON;

WITH

SOME INTERESTING ANECDOTES WHICH HAVE NEVER BEFORE TRANSPIRED  
RELATIVE TO CERTAIN STRANGE CHANGES IN HIS PERSON  
WHICH HAD TAKEN PLACE BEFORE HIS DECEASE:

AND A

Record of the Celestial Omens which prefigured the fatal Day;

CONCLUDED WITH

HIS REQUIEM BY VIRGIN SPIRITS.

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REFLECTIONS INDUCED BY THE CHARACTER AND DEATH OF  
LORD BYRON.

NOTHING is more common, on any occasion that offers itself, than for us to be saying, *I think*, so and so; while, at the very same time, perhaps, our thinking faculties have played truant, and are keeping perfect holiday. Mankind has its various ranks and gradations in *thinking*, as well as its degrees in common society. Out of the numbers that are daily footing it on the stage of mortality, few, it is to be apprehended, think much about *being* or *not being*—mortality is a subject that but rarely enters the heads of the crowd. If this, to any



one, should seem something like reproach, it will be proper for me to disavow its being tinctured with ill-nature; and, perhaps, those who are candid, and not subject to the dominion of selfish vanities, will grant that the apprehensions are but too well justified. To be able to really look up to Englishmen as the head of the human race—as the intellectual member of the moral world's vast body, would be gratifying to none more than to myself; and nothing is more likely to conduce to this state of exaltation, than to be now and then willing to take a fair and impartial view of ourselves, in order that we may be the better qualified to steer clear of the fallacious prejudices which a disposition to self-admiration never fails to encourage.

By introducing, with these previous reflections, the mournful subject on which my mind, at the present moment, is occupied, I am enabled to more fairly rate the quality of his intellect who hath recently exchanged his “natural body,” for that which is “spiritual.” For capacity of soul—for activity of mind—for scope and depth of *thinking*, one equal to Lord Byron is not now upon the earth. Nature had no secret nook or cabin into which his chasing thoughts did not pursue her. Wide as the north is from the south, and far as the east is from the west, so far and wide was the excursive mind of the great poet continually ranging. Far the least portion of him was his mortal part: he was in magnanimity a demigod. One of a former age, who had almost exclusive possession of the keys of human bosoms, as Byron had in this, hath somewhere said,

The thoughts of kings are like religious groves—  
The walks of muffled gods—sacred retreats  
Where none but whom they please t' admit approach.

Yet into these sacred and seemingly impervious recesses would the searching spirit of the young Proteus of our day insinuate itself. Boldly would he unlock the sevenfold doors of royal hearts; and, gods or devils, if they harboured there, must, by his muse genteelly handed forth, appear, *in honour or dishonour*, unmuffled spectacles before the world. His soul inspected heaven—nor fortified with blackest gloom, could hell obscure from his exploring eye its inmost horrors.

By comparing the gigantic offspring of his intellect with the comparatively pigmy productions with which the present generation teems, we shall be able to estimate more faithfully the greatness that has departed, and the insignificance which it has left behind it. Looking at



his dauntless spirit veiled in mortality, taking its earthly course, we shall perceive him to be *that one*, sent, once in an age, to stand for a little while on the pinnacle of the world, illuminating it with the lustre of his genius, and warming it with the vigorous rays of his imagination. Looking now, we miss the light and lustre that were wont to cheer us—we look in vain for one amid mankind to fill the woful void that death has made—we look—but none is there—*no, not ONE*.

As men will never think and feel alike on any subject, some may, perhaps, think this too high a strain of panegyric—whether it be thought so or not, it is from the heart. Some, again, may wish to point a captious finger at his failings. For my part, I see no reason, and therefore leave it to those to do who are themselves perfection. The soul of Byron, in my opinion, could never entertain a worldly thought: and his benevolence of heart was sufficient, as I believe, to cover a multitude of sins, were such a covering needful. Would that the feeble tribute of this my encomium, had been more equivalent to the merits of one, whom I estimate as a realization of Dryden's Don Sebastian:

He was a man e'en tow'ring to divinity:---  
 Brave---faithful---zealous---friendly---noble---great---  
 Just, as the scales of heav'n that weigh the seasons:---  
 His goodness was diffus'd to human kind.  
 He was the envy of surrounding kings:---  
 Warm-hearted queens for him despis'd their lords;  
 And virgin daughters sigh'd when he was nam'd.

EXTRAORDINARY CHANGES IN THE PERSON OF LORD BYRON,  
 WHICH HAD TAKEN PLACE PREVIOUS TO HIS DEATH.

In a weekly miscellany of this nature, it would be inconsistent to dwell on those circumstances, connected with the fate of this noble personage, which are already before the public eye in so many visible shapes: yet every anecdote relative to so great a favourite with the world, as the late *peerless peer* was, is now considered doubly dear; the following facts, at present known only among a few private friends, will therefore, it is presumed, be highly acceptable.

In one of his last letters to a friend, the Noble Lord has written to the following effect. “My friends in England would not now know me. When I bade them farewell, I was neither so slender as to be called awkward, nor so fat as to be termed ungenteel; and now I am grown very corpulent and fat-faced; and, indeed, the very reverse of



what is esteemed a good figure. But this is not all. I had, as you know, remarkably fine black hair, of which, in former days, I used to be very proud, never failing to have it kept in that trim which I fancied as most ornamental to my personal appearance. We are always warned of the encroachment of old age by certain debilities of nature, and did not these evidences sufficiently contradict it, I might actually consider myself suddenly grown *an old man*, for my hair has become *quite white!*"

Whether any exaggeration may have been indulged in these accounts I am not able to say. All I can vouch for is, that the facts are here entered down from his Lordship's *own pen*, as nearly as memory would serve; and they may be regarded as authentic in the main particulars.

With respect to the cause by which the colour of the hair could be so changed, the physiologist will, perhaps, be able to account for it upon some principles of nature. For my own part, I do not know enough of the ancestry of Lord Byron, either paternal or maternal, to refer to it an hereditary change that might be looked for at his early period of life. The author of that favourite old glee, "Begone dull care," tells us, "Too much care will make a young man gray;" and it is not very unlikely but that the aphorism may have been verified in the present instance. We have great reason for believing that the susceptible mind of the Right Honourable Baron had a weight upon it which had been long pressing very, very hard. Those in whose bosoms a like touch of sorrow has been received upon the most refined organs of sensibility—whose hearts have silently oozed drops of anguish from wounds of a like nature to those which he endured, may, from real feeling, guess what Byron felt; and may, perhaps, choose to attribute to the strokes which his tenderest nerves had brooked, that peculiar alteration in his constitution which even went to reverse the hue of his hair from black to white!

REVIEW OF THE OMENS BY WHICH THE DEATH OF LORD BYRON  
WAS PREFIGURED.

From the intellectual summit which Lord Byron had gained—from the purely liberal principles which he sought to diffuse---and from the active share he had taken in restoring the freedom of oppressed Greece, it is not to be supposed that a character so distinguished would be suddenly called off for ever from the theatre of glory, in which he was playing so honourable a part, without some signally portentous omen.



It is possible that astrologers may differ somewhat in opinion as to the more direct signification of his death. Without the opportunity of proceeding to a judgment on this point from a correct nativity, we may arrive at a pretty fair conclusion by examining the concomitant positions a little prior to his death.

Though his constitution had previously faltered, it was not until the 9th of April, that any prognostics of a serious nature manifested themselves. From the 9th to the 19th of April, on which day he died, violent inflammations of the chest appear to have rapidly increased; and some phenomena of rather an extraordinary nature presented themselves, during the course of the fourteen days prior to his death, which pretty strongly bespoke the sorrowful result. The quartile of the Sun and Georgium Sidus on the 5th, from the cardinal signs Aries and Capricorn, if we consider England as under Aries, and Greece as under Capricorn, is an aspect well worthy to be remarked. We should, moreover, in looking at this position, observe, that the Georgium planet is in the house of Saturn and exaltation of Mars, opposed to Jupiter in his exaltation of Gemini; Jupiter being at the same time in occultation by the Moon, applying to the Dragon's Tail: which is even in itself an omen of very fatal nature, and of very rare occurrence. Jupiter, though not closely besieged, is still attacked on either side by the infortunes Saturn and Mars, the latter being retrograde; which is altogether as violent a combination of aspects as could well prevail. We have still, in addition to these, the conjunction of the Sun and Mercury on the 12th, in Aries: which combust synod is strongly indicative of fever. These I point out as the leading aspects from which a judgment must be drawn. Although, no doubt, they had each more or less effect in producing the calamity; yet, when I consider the nature of the disease, and the peculiar influence of the sign Cancer, and of the planet Jupiter in that sign, on the viscera, lungs, blood, and so forth---when I still farther take the interposition of the Moon in that sign, *eclipsing Jupiter*---experience authorises me to regard this as the fatal omen; and to say, that death would not have ensued had not this aspect prevailed in combination with those before specified.

#### ELEGY AND REQUIEM.

Man, day by day, and hour by hour, is shewn,  
 No future moment he can call his own;  
 For every present moment doth prelude  
 Some dark event---some new vicissitude.



Heard ye her vigil-hymn—and, as it ceas'd,  
Saw ye how Greece prepar'd the joyful feast?  
Her, heard ye not begin the votive lay?  
Saw ye not old and young, to hail the day  
When immortality was brought to light,  
All in one festive fellowship unite?

What sudden panic seizes every throat,  
Changing at once to groans each happy note?  
Why do such manly aspirations rise,  
Mid shrieks of matrons mix'd with virgins' cries,  
As if its saviour from the country fled?  
Ah!—Echo!—sayst thou *Byron*?—BYRON DEAD!  
Hark! Missolonghi, with a knell of guns,  
Parnassus, Helicon, and Pindus stuns!  
Struck with the tidings dumb, each Muse appears  
A marble statue, on his tomb, in tears!

Now in the public hall, behold! display'd,  
His noble corpse, in gold and scarlet laid;  
His head with laurel and with myrtle crown'd;  
And warlike gear and emblems scatter'd round;  
While fondly bending o'er th' unconscious clay,  
With quivering lips fond sisters ling'ring stay:  
Nor can the muffled drums attract the group,  
That through the streets precede the funeral troop,  
Where, moving slow, with sorrow on each face,  
In fours abreast the mourning soldiers pace;  
Between whose ranks is led a war-steed proud,  
Bearing arms, helmets, badges, through the crowd;  
Who seems, with look instinctive, to deplore,  
That he must bear his rider brave no more.

First to the church the cavalcade is led,  
Where mass is celebrated for the dead:  
With mournful sable every fane is hung,  
And, as for patriot chiefs, the dirge is sung.  
Then thrice the squadrons ride the city round,  
And thrice the name of "Byron" they resound:  
Still, at each turn, the kettle-drum they beat;  
And thrice "Farewell brave comrade!"—they repeat.  
Thus warrior shouts mingled with female cries,  
Rend for three days and nights the Spartan skies.



While Greece is tossing thus with sorrow's storms,  
 Aloft appear a thousand virgin forms,  
 All lightly hovering in the middle air—  
 Said to be Spirits of the British Fair !  
 Wafting their odours from her beamy wings,  
 Each roses, lilies, violets, pansies, brings,  
 The last fond flowers and duties these provide,  
 For him who in the cause of virtue died !

In earth, air, sea, a solemn stillness dwelt,  
 As if the elements all mournful felt :  
 At length the virgin spirits silence brake,  
 And, with the charm, earth, air, and sea awake :—

Things that are for pleasure made,  
 Ever are a short-liv'd kind :  
 Soon the sweetest flowers fade---  
 Soon is love to death consign'd.

When incarnate from above,  
 On the earth thou didst appear,  
 Thee we worshipp'd, God of Love !  
 Thee, in Byron, did revere.  
 Gone art thou, since gone is he,  
 Back thy native sky unto :  
 Thus thy favour kind must we  
 In the name of Byron woo.

While on earth we spirits dwell,  
 True affection ne'er shall cease :  
 Must we, Byron, say farewell ?---  
 Rest departed soul in peace !

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#### ASTROLOGICAL INTERPRETATION

OF

#### BEL AND THE DRAGON.

(Continued from p. 32.)

At length, the king said to him, " Tell,  
 Why dost thou not kneel down to Bell ?"—  
 " Because," said Daniel, " I must not  
 Worship a thing by hands begot ;



But Him that liveth, and gave birth  
To every thing in heaven and earth."

Then said the king, with scowl and nod,  
"Think'st thou not Bel a living god?  
Dost thou not see how hearty, pray,  
He eats and drinks from day to day?"

Daniel now smil'd, and said, "O king!  
Be not deceiv'd, for this said thing  
Ne'er mutton ate, nor drank a glass—  
His flesh is clay—his skin is brass!"

So then the king was very wrath,  
And call'd Bel's priests to take their oath—  
"Tell me," said he, "who doth devour  
These lots of sheep, and wine, and flour?—  
Th it is Bel now certify,  
Or else you one and all shall die—  
Prove it, and I'll ring Daniel's knell  
For impiously blaspheming Bel."

Then Daniel said, when this he heard,  
"Be it according to thy word."

Now Bel had priests three-score and ten;  
All jolly, butt-built sort of men;  
Who had of wives, 'tis said, galore;  
Which wives had children score on score:  
And Daniel to the temple went,  
Along with king, to see th' event.

Bel's priests then said, "We will retreat—  
But thou, O king! set on the meat—  
The wine and meal, as usual, store—  
With thine own signet seal the door—  
And when thou com'st to-morrow here,  
If Bel shall not have made a clear  
Of food and wine, be death our lot—  
Or us or Daniel go to pot."

But they were easy, for 'tis said,  
Under the table they had made  
A way, whereby their host divine  
Might come to eat—and drink the wine.



So when the priests were mur'd in cell  
The table was prepar'd for Bel.  
And now, before the king alone,  
The temple floor was neatly strewn  
By Daniel's men with ashes o'er,  
Then out they went, and shut the door ;  
And, with the royal signet, they  
Seal'd it well up, and went away.

Now, in the night-time, to their feast,  
As they were wont, came ev'ry priest,  
With all their dames, and girls, and boys,  
And junc-ketted without much noise.

Next morn betimes the king arose,  
And with him early, Daniel goes—  
Then said the king, “ Daniel—declare—  
Are the seals whole ?”—“ Yes, sire, they are”—  
He said—and opening, soon as able,  
The door, the king look'd on the table—  
And—“ Great art thou, O Bel !”—did bawl—  
“ In thee there's no deceit at all.”

Then Daniel laugh'd, and lest he tread  
Too hasty, held the king---and said---  
“ Behold the pavement, if you please---  
Mark well---whose footsteps, sire, are these ?”

“ Ah !”---said the king---“ the steps I ken,  
Of women---children, sure---and men !”  
Then foaming like tempestuous waters  
The king took priests, dames, sons, and daughters---  
Who having shewn in temple floor,  
Adjacent to their cells, the door  
Through which they might, at pleasure, creep  
When Babylon was fast asleep---  
And how with provender divine  
They had regal'd---and holy wine---  
When Cyrus, in his anger swore,  
They ne'er should gobble mutton more !  
And Bel was unto Daniel given,  
Who cast him down, and overturn'd his heaven.