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THE
FAMILIAR ASTROLOGER;
 AN EASY GUIDE

TO FATE, DESTINY, AND FOREKNOWLEDGE,

AS WELL AS TO

THE SECRET AND WONDERFUL PROPERTIES OF NATURE.

CONTAINING ALSO

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Author of that celebrated Book, "The Astrologer of the Nineteenth Century," "The Popular Manual of Astrology," "The Prophetic Messenger," &c.

Member of the Astronomical Society of London, of the Philosophical Lyceum, of the "Mercurii," and of several other learned Associations.

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THE FAMILIAR ASTROLOGER;

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TO FATE, DESTINY, AND FORE-KNOWLEDGE.

ADDRESS.

The science of Astrology, once carefully cultivated, regularly practised, and implicitly believed, had fallen of late years into disrepute. Its decline may be easily accounted for. It came to be practised by quacks and impostors, and of course fell into that contempt which always attends the tricks of charlatans; whilst the advance of physical science, and the practice of judging from facts and observations, gave a material character to popular education, which did not harmonise with a science which is strictly abstract, and whose principles must be sought for in studies not likely to be followed with sufficient diligence by more than a few.

But the events of the last few years have given an impulse to Abstract and Metaphysical science, which is now cultivated by the highest intellects. He must be a bold man—or, more likely, a very ignorant one—who would venture to deny our progress in the Mysterious Sciences.

Mesmerism has established, beyond all question, the existence of an agency by which communication can be held with the immaterial world. The existence—the common existence—of Clairvoyance, and the less frequent—but not less certain—state of extacy, leave no room to doubt that we are on the eve of some marvellous discovery in connexion with the spiritual world. The barrier that divides the material from the immaterial is gradually reducing, and the present generation may live to see the means discovered of entering at will the World of Spirits.

That this is no mere assumption, every one who has paid any attention to the subject knows full well, and the present is therefore thought to be a suitable time for the republication of a standard work on Astrology; a work which tells the reader what Astrology is; what the Astrologer professes to do and what he has done; and which establishes the truth of the science by an array of marvellous and yet authentic narratives.

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THE FAMILIAR ASTROLOGER.



THE FORTUNATE AND UNFORTUNATE HOURS OF EACH DAY IN THE WEEK.

FOR BUSINESS, TRAVELLING, MARRIAGE, &c. &c. &c.

THE GOOD AND EVIL HOURS OF MONDAY.

“The second hour after sun-rising is *evil* and *unfortunate*; also the hour before midnight—*avoid and shun each of these*; neither marry, plant, sow, build, travel, voyage, or bargain, if thou wouldst hope for success.

“The fortunate hours of each *Monday* are the *third* hour, the hour immediately before noon; and also two hours before midnight: *choose then* for thy works and undertakings, in marriage, business, travelling, &c.

THE GOOD AND EVIL HOURS OF TUESDAY.

“The *first* hour is *unfortunate*; in like manner is the hour before noon-day. Do not begin any undertaking at these evil times; the stars are then against thee.

“The most *fortunate* hours of *Tuesday* are the hour immediately after noon-day, and the hour before midnight.

No. 1.

B



“THE GOOD AND EVIL HOURS OF WEDNESDAY.

“On Wednesday, *avoid*, as endued with the evil influences of the planets, the third hour reckoned from sunrise, and the hour next before sunset; for little can prosper that is performed therein: and choose as fortunate, the second hour after sunset, and the hour before midnight. In love and marriage these are pre-eminently fortunate.

“THE GOOD AND EVIL HOURS OF THURSDAY.

“The hour after noon-day (from twelve to one o'clock) is particularly unfortunate: neither marry, sow, plant, voyage, merchandize, nor seek for riches or profit. Neither are the first or second hours after sunset any better. But the first hour after sunrise, at any season or time of the year, is pre-eminently endued with the force of benevolent stars. Whatever thou doest is likely to prosper.

“THE GOOD AND EVIL HOURS OF FRIDAY.

“Herein do nothing, especially in love, friendship, bargaining, planting, or marriage, in the hour next before noon, or the hour before midnight. Stars of malignant fortune reign at those periods: but the second hour before noon, and the hour next before sunset—choose those as *fortunate*.

“THE GOOD AND EVIL HOURS OF SATURDAY.

“The first hour after sunrise, and the second hour after noon-day (from one to two o'clock) are *unfortunate*: it is in vain to expect aught of good will happen: the ancient wise men rejected them, as pernicious and baneful in efficacy. In

travelling, marriage, and business, let them be avoided.

“The *fortunate* hours of Saturday, are the second hour after sunrise, and the last hour before sunset.”

“THE GOOD AND EVIL HOURS OF SUNDAY,

“The *unfortunate* hours, are the hour next after noon, and the last hour of the day, before the sun sets. Foolish, indeed, is the adventurer who begins his enterprises therein: but, if thou wilt good fortune to attend thee, choose the hour before noon-day, and the hour next following after sunset. Work in these, and expect to prosper.”

From a very ancient Manuscript.

It may be proper to observe, that the times of sunrise and sunset are easily known either by Moore's, or any other Almanack. Thus the above extract cannot fail to be acceptable to those who have not time to spare for calculating the horoscope of the time. The manuscript does not state the reasons, in a scientific way, for the foregoing elections; but this alone should not militate against its authenticity, when it is considered that the Arabians, who chiefly followed the horary system of the planets, were renowned for skilful prognostications.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE MOON, IN AFFAIRS OF IMPORTANCE AND MAGNITUDE

According as she is Increasing, or in the Wane.

Not only does the moon claim the most powerful pre-eminence, in every part of Astrological Science;

whether as it relates to the fate of the new-born infant, or to the fate of any individual enterprise; but those who are skilful in husbandry well know that plants or herbs which are sown, or even trees which are planted in the decrease or *wane* of the moon, seldom thrive, or afford hopes of fruitfulness. But my readers are not aware that her occult influence extends even to affairs of business in a general way. Therefore, let those who would have any pursuit or undertaking successful, observe the course of the moon; and, above all things, *begin nothing of consequence in the decrease, which is from the second day of the full moon to the next new moon (which the commonest almanack will show);* for long experience *proves*, that, with very few objections, there does not exist half the chance of success to any pursuit during that time; and, on the contrary, affairs and business of any kind, *which are began in the increase of the moon, that is, from the second day after the new moon to the time of the full, have a far better prospect of success, allowing for natural obstacles, than at the opposite period.*

This, if well understood and duly observed, may save a world of trouble; and it is a singular fact, that nearly all the *unsuccessful* literary publications, especially newspapers and periodicals, which are so continually appearing, and as constantly failing, are ushered forth to public notice *while the moon is in her decrease*: I leave this to the notice and verification of my readers.—It is a fact denying contradiction, I can assure them; and a slight observation of events will enable them to prove it. The reason for which, in an astrological point of view, is, because the moon signifies not only the community at

large, of every nation, but also those changes in fashionable and popular opinion which result from no apparent origin ; but which, although whimsical, are yet too powerful for a thinking person, well acquainted with the foibles and vices of mankind, to despise.

“ For he made the moon also to gerye in her season, for a declaration of times, and a sign of the world.”—*Ecclesiast.* xliii, 6.

The celebrated Dr. Mead, well known as one of the most skilful of his day, whose portrait is hung in the new assembly room of the Royal College of Physicians, has these remarks upon the “Influence of the Moon.”

“ To conclude, the powerful action of the moon is observed not only by philosophers and natural historians, but even by the common people, who have been fully persuaded of it time out of mind. Pliny relates, that Aristotle laid it down as an aphorism, *that no animal dies but in the ebb of the tide!* And that births and deaths chiefly happen about the new and full moon, is an axiom among women. The husbandmen, likewise, are regulated by the moon in planting and managing trees ; and several other of their occupations. So great is the empire of the moon over the terraqueous globe.”

TRADITIONS AND SUPERSTITIONS OF FORMER TIMES.

IN regard to the display of the former popular belief in the mystic power of charms, spells, enchantments, and the occult influences of certain

agents; the author is desirous of its being understood that he by no means wishes to revive the gloomy days of superstition, nor to impose upon the unreflecting multitude the principles of ignorance or enthusiasm. Neither does he avouch for the truth or falsehood of the different mystical rites, ceremonials, and such like, that are brought forward in this book for the sole purpose of *recording* the traditional customs of times long past; which most persons certainly feel pleasure in perusing, when they are incorporated in tales or romances, or even in detached fragments of legendary lore, where a small portion of truth is generally mixed with a prodigious deal of fiction. These remarks are necessary for the purpose of freeing the author, and the science he professes, from the charge of superstition; which he well knows his enemies would, but for this explanation, hasten to palm upon him, without reason or reserve.

Bibliomancy;

OR, DIVINATION BY THE BIBLE.

Amongst other modes of divining the future fate, made use of by the ancient Christian Church, the *Bible* formed a most prominent feature: and it is affirmed, that the forty-ninth chapter of Genesis is of singular efficacy therein; for it is said, that if any person beginning life refer to the forty-ninth chapter of Genesis, and choose any verse at random, *beginning with the third verse, and ending with the twenty-seventh verse*, the verse he first chooses shall be typical of his future fate, character, and success in life. Several persons who have tried this method have been struck with the singularity of the result.

Another method practised by the ancients upon almost every occasion, was, to open the Bible at random—especially the Psalms, the Prophets, or the Four Gospels,—and the words which *first* presented themselves decided the future lot of the inquirer. Several remarkable instances of this practice are upon record, from which I abstract the following :—

One Peter, of Tholouse, being accused of heresy, and having denied the truth of the accusation upon oath, a bystander, in order to judge of the truth, seized the book upon which he had sworn, and opening it hastily, met with the words of the devil to our Saviour, “What have we to do with thee, thou Jesus of Nazareth?” and concluded from thence that the accused was guilty; and this was afterwards proved.

The founder of the Franciscan Friars, it seems, having denied himself the possession of anything but coats and a cord, and still having doubts whether he might not possess books, first prayed, and then casually opened upon *Mark*, chap. iv.—“Unto you it is given to know the mystery of the kingdom of God; but unto them that are without, all these things are done in parables:” from which he drew the conclusion, that books were not necessary for him.

The Emperor Heraclius, in the war against the Persians, being at a loss whether to advance or retreat, commanded a public fast for three days; at the end of which he applied to the Four Gospels, and opened upon a text which he regarded as an oracular intimation to winter in Albania.

Gregory of Tours also relates, that Meroveus being desirous of obtaining the kingdom of Chil-

peric, his father consulted a female fortune-teller, who promised him the possession of royal estates: But, to prevent deception, and to try the truth of her prognostications, he caused the Psalter, the Book of Kings, and the Four Gospels, to be laid upon the shrine of Saint Martin, and, after fasting and solemn prayer, opened upon passages which not only destroyed his former hopes, but seemed to predict the unfortunate events which really afterwards befel him.

In the Gallican Church it was long practised in the election of bishops;—children being employed, on behalf of each candidate, to draw slips of paper with texts on them; and that which was thought most favourable decided the choice: A similar mode was pursued at the installation of abbots, and the reception of canons; and this custom is said to have continued in the Cathedrals of Ypres, St. Omers, and Boulogne, so late as the year 1744. In the Greek Church it was practised upon the consecration of Athanasius, on whose behalf the presiding prelate, Caracalla, archbishop of Nicomedia, opened the Gospels upon these words—“For the devil and his angels,” *Matt. xxv. 41*. The bishop of Nice first saw them, and adroitly turned over the leaf to another verse, which was instantly read aloud—“The birds of the air came and lodged in the branches thereof.” But this passage appearing contrary to the ceremony, the first became gradually known; and the historian who has recorded the fact, remarks, that the Church of Constantinople was violently agitated by the most fatal divisions during the patriarchate.

The Methodists are said to pay a particular

attention to this mode of discovering future events ; a singular instance whereof is given in the life of the eccentric but fortunate bookseller, Mr. Lackington, which is recorded by himself as follows :—

“One Sunday morning, at eight o'clock, my mistress, seeing her sons set off, and knowing that they were gone to a methodist meeting, determined to prevent me from doing the same by locking the door, which she accordingly did ; on which, in a superstitious mood, I opened the Bible for direction what to do, and the first words I read were these — “He has given his angels charge concerning thee, lest at any time thou shouldst dash thy foot against a stone.” This was enough for me ; so without a moment's hesitation, I ran up two pair of stairs to my own room, and out of the window I leaped, to the great terror of my poor mistress. I got up immediately, and ran about two or three hundred yards towards the meeting house ; but, alas ! I could run no farther ; my feet and ancles were most intolerably bruised, so that I was obliged to be carried back and put to bed. This my rash adventure made a great noise in the town.”

The author of this book is well acquainted with many persons of erudition and sound judgment, who, at the present day, *privately* make use of the foregoing method of prognosticating the event of their undertakings, by opening the Bible in a chance way, and placing reliance upon the *first* passage of Scripture that meets their eye ; and they say it is seldom erroneous.

MARVELLOUS PROPERTIES
OF HERBS, STONES, ROOTS, MINERALS,
&c. &c.

ST. JOHN'S WORT.

THE herb St. John's Wort, being carried about any one, is said to protect the wearer against all invisible beings.

TO CAUSE TRUE DREAMS.

The seeds of flax and flea-wort, finely powdered, and often smelt to, occasion prophetic and ominous dreams. The manuscript from whence this was taken deems it infallible.

A RING FOR POWER, AND TO OVERCOME ENEMIES.

Let the character of Saturn (♄) be engraved upon a magnet, or piece of loadstone, in the time of the moon's increase; and, being worn on the right hand, no enemy or foe shall overcome the wearer.

FOR THE SIGHT.

Fennel, rose, vervain, celandine, and rue,
 Do water make which will the sight renew.

ACONITE, OR WOLFSBANE.

It is said by old herbalists, that these herbs are so extremely pernicious and poisonous, that if either man or beast be wounded with an arrow, knife, sword, or any other instrument, dipped in the juice

of this herb, they die incurably within half an hour afterwards.

MULLETT, OR FLEA-BANE.

This herb, burned and smoked where flies, gnats, fleas, or any venomous things are, doth drive them away:

HERBS THAT ACT AS A CHARM AGAINST SPIRITS.

“There is an herb called *corona regis* (or rosemary); the house that is suffumigated therewith, noe devil nor spirit hath power over the same. *Piony* hath the same virtue.”—(*Manuscript.*)

TO MAKE A SAD PERSON MERRY.

For dull, melancholy men, take the flowers of rosemary, and make them into powder; bind them to the right arm in a linen cloth, and this powder, by working upon the veins, shall make a man more merry and lightsome than ordinary.

MYSTERIOUS PROPERTIES OF THE SUNFLOWER.

Albertus Magnus relates that the *heliotropium*, or sun-flower, is endued with wonderful virtues; for, if gathered when the sun is in the fifth sign of the zodiac (♌), and wrapped in a laurel leaf, thereto being added a wolf's tooth, the person who carries it about him shall find that nobody can have the power of using any other than mild language to him. Moreover, if anything has been taken from him by stealth, let him lay it under his head at night, and he shall see the thief, and all the circumstances of the theft.

THE NETTLE.

The second herb he notices is the *nettle*. By holding this herb, together with *milfoil*, in your hand, you are free from apparitions. Mix it with the juice of *sen-green*, and smear your hands, therewith, putting a part into any water where there are fish, it will not fail to attract them; withdraw it, and they will disperse immediately.

The World of Spirits,

APPARITION OF A MURDERED MAN, AND CONSEQUENT DISCOVERY OF THE MURDERER.

THE recent singular and romantically horrible affair at Polstead, having plainly evinced the existence of an ever-watchful Providence over the affairs and destinies of us finite mortals, in spite of the arrogant atheism of the present day, has led us to insert the following affair, which occurred a few years since at a village in Lancashire; where the circumstance, which made much noise at the time, is even now well remembered.

One James Dunstable, a poor labouring man, had, by great industry, amassed a considerable sum of money, which, as he had but a small family, continually increased; so that, by the death of an uncle of his wife, who was a considerable farmer in that part, his possessions made him be looked upon as one of the most able peasants in that county. He lived for some time in this state, and was much respected by his neighbours.

It happened that he was called off to a fair in one of the chief towns, and was away three days. As the fair lasted in general no longer, he was expected on the third; but not coming at the expected time, and being a very sober and punctual man, there was some suspicion that he had met with an accident. On the fifth day, not arriving, his wife and all the neighbourhood were much alarmed, and search was made round the country; but he could not be heard of, nor was he found at all at that time. So that it was concluded, and not without reason, that he had been murdered; especially as he had been known to have set out from the inn after the fair was over.

Things continued in this situation for several years, till the wife was persuaded to give her hand to a neighbour who was thought to be very deserving. He made her a good husband, and for a little space of time they continued happy; but at last it appeared that all was not right with him. His wife was the first who perceived this change in his temper and carriage: he would frequently start as if he beheld something supernatural of a sudden; and he was troubled in his sleep, as if his dreams had been disagreeable. She would sometimes ask him the reason of these emotions, but he always excused himself. His fears grew upon him every day; and his neighbours perceived that he was neither so bold nor so steady in his deportment as usual.

One night, in a party at an ale-house, where a pretty large company were collected, he got elated with drink, and recovered his wonted spirits, so that he was as cheerful and merry as the rest. In the

midst of their festivity, he was observed to start with great terror, and fix his eyes upon a particular place. The whole company thought him drunk or insane, as they jokingly said. However, he could not be appeased; and, at last, giving a shriek, he cried out loudly—"O there he is! look! he sees me! *It was me!*" There now arose a great consternation in the house, and he was immediately seized upon suspicion of having murdered Dunstable. He was tried soon after, and confessed the affair;—that he had murdered him, and thrown his body into a deep pit, which had been partly filled up, and which had escaped the vigilance of those who made search for him. The body was found as described; and the murderer received his due reward!!

Whether, in such a case, the apparition of the deceased appeared to the murderer; or whether it might be the effect of his troubled imagination, is not easy to say; but it is sufficient to prove that such wicked and premeditated deeds are *sure* to be brought to light.

MARVELLOUS DREAM OF AN ITALIAN MUSICIAN.

Tartini, a celebrated musician, who was born at Pirano, in Istria, being much inclined to the study of music in his early youth, dreamed one night that he had made a compact with the devil, who promised to be at his service on all occasions; and during this vision everything succeeded according to his mind; his wishes were prevented, and his desires always surpassed by the assistance of his new servant. At last he imagined that he presented the devil with his violin, in order to dis-

cover what kind of a musician he was; when, to his astonishment, he heard him play a solo so singularly beautiful, and which he executed with such superior taste and precision, that it surpassed all the music which he had ever heard or conceived in his life. So great was his surprise, and so exquisite was his delight, upon this occasion, that it deprived him of the power of breathing. He awoke with the violence of his sensation, and instantly seized his fiddle, in hopes of expressing what he had just heard; but in vain. He, however, composed a piece, which is perhaps the best of all his works—he called it THE DEVIL'S SONATA; but it was so far inferior to the music he heard in his dream, that he declared he would have broken his instrument, and abandoned music for ever, if he could have found any other means to subsistence.

A CORRESPONDENCE WITH SPIRITS.

Dr. Richard Napier was born in the beginning of the year 1534. Several extraordinary circumstances are related by Mr. Aubrey to have happened at his birth. In his youth he showed an early pious disposition, and his genius was truly premature; insomuch that before he was twelve years old, he was forwarder in human learning than his contemporaries in class who were double his age. After passing through the due degrees of education with an extraordinary character for abstinence, innocence of manners, and piety, he was promoted to the rectory of Linford, in Bucks, where he practised physic; but what he got by it he gave to the poor. He also practised astrology; but he seriously con-

fessed that this art was but the countenance, and that he did his business by the help of the blessed spirits, with whom only men of great piety, humility, and charity, could be acquainted; and such an one he was. He constantly spent, every day, two hours in family prayer. When a patient or querist came to him he went to his closet to pray, and told to admiration the recovery or death of the patient. It appears, by his papers, that he conversed with spirits, who gave him the responses.

Elias Ashmole, Esq., had all his MSS., where is contained his general practice for about fifty years. In these papers are many excellent medicines, or receipts, for several diseases that his patients had; and before some of them stands this mark, "R. Ris.," which Mr. Ashmole interprets to signify, "*Responsioni Raphaelis*," (or the answer of the angel Raphael). They contain, also, several queries to the angels, as relating to religion, future judgment, &c. One of these questions is, "Which are the most numerous, the good spirits or the bad ones?" The answer stands thus; "R. Ris.—THE GOOD." In these papers are found several other *incontestible* proofs of this spirit of prophecy; among other things, he foretold to Dr. John Prideaux, in 1621, that twenty years after, he should be made a bishop; which accordingly happened in 1641, when the Doctor was created to the see of Worcester!

He predicted, also, that a Mr. Booth, of Cheshire, should have a son that should be afterwards created a Lord. This prediction was made in 1619; and Sir George Booth, the first Lord Delamore, was born Dec. 18, 1622. "There is an *incontestible* impossibility," observes Mr. Aubrey, "that this

nativity could be found any other way, but by angelical revelation!"

A gentleman took his grandson to Dr. Napier for advice, being troubled with the worms: after consulting him, the Doctor retired; and the old gentleman's curiosity urging him to peep in at the closet, he saw him upon his knees at prayer. A short time after he returned, and told him that at fourteen years old his grandson would be freed from that distemper; and he was so. The medicine he prescribed was; to drink a little draught of muscadine in the morning. This happened in 1625.

He foretold the day and hour of his own death, which happened April 1, 1634, at the age of one hundred years! He was nearly related to the learned Lord Napier, Baron of Marchiston in Scotland. His estate descended to Sir Richard Napier, M.D. of the College of Physicians, London; from whom Mr. Ashmole had the Dr.'s picture, now in the Museum, at Oxford; where all his papers are arranged and deposited, in several volumes in folio, in the library.

NATURAL MAGIC.

THE SYMPATHETIC VIAL;

Whereby may be immediately ascertained the Health or Sickness of an absent Friend, although a thousand Miles distant; and whether they are Alive or Dead.

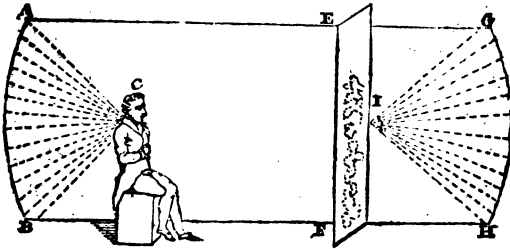
It is tolerably well known that Nature has a secret communication within herself, through all her works; and the occult *principle* thereof is found in human nature, as well as in animal and inau-

mate bodies. Upon this reasoning the following curious experiment is founded.

If you wish to know how any relation, absent friend, or acquaintance, does, during their absence or travelling into any other country, in respect to their health, you must possess yourself with some of their *live* blood; and, while it is warm, infuse into it a small quantity of *white vitriol* or spirits of wine, and keep it close stopped up, in a glass vial, from the air. Now, if your friend is *well*, the blood will look lively, fresh, and florid; but, on the contrary, if he is ill, or the least thing indisposed, you may perceive it by the changing colour of the blood, which will immediately happen according as he is diseased in his body. If the blood gain a redder hue than usual, you may pronounce him in a fever; but, if it grow paler, and seem mixed with water, and to part in different colours, his sickness is dangerous, and he is reduced to the last stage of weakness.

After this indisposition, if he recover his health, the blood will again look fresh and lively, as at first; but, should *death* unfortunately ensue, the blood will putrify and stink accordingly, just as the rest of the body decays. This has been proved several times, as Dr. Blagrove, in his *Astrological Physic*, reports; and the same effects have been produced by Sir Kenelm Digby's sympathetic powder, which was said to cure wounds at a distance, being applied to some of the fresh blood collected therefrom.

THE ENCHANTED STATUE.



To make an image or statue *speak*, and utter articulate sounds, or to give answers to any question proposed, proceed as follows:—

Place a concave mirror of tin or gilt pasteboard, of about two feet diameter, as A B in the engraving, in a perpendicular direction. The focus of this mirror may be at fifteen or eighteen inches distance from its circumference.

At the distance of five or six feet let there be a partition, in which there is an opening (E F) *equal to the size of the mirror*; against this opening place a picture printed in water colours on a thin cloth, that sound may easily pass through it. Behind the partition, at the distance of two or three feet, place another mirror (G H) of the same size as the former, and let it be *exactly* opposite to it.

At the point C place the image or statue of a man, seated upon a pedestal, and let his *ear* be situated exactly in the focus of the first mirror; his lower jaw must be made to open by a wire, and shut by a spring, and there may be another wire to move the eyes,—these wires must pass through the figure, go under the floor, and come up behind the partition.

Then let a person properly instructed be placed behind the partition, near the mirror. You then propose to any one to speak softly to the statue, by putting his mouth to its ear, assuring him it will answer directly! Then give the preconcerted signal to the person behind the partition, who, by placing his ear to the focus I of the mirror G H, will, by the reflection of the sound, hear distinctly what the other said; and, moving the jaws and eyes of the statue by the wires, will return an answer instantly, which, in like manner, will be distinctly heard by the first speaker.

The more effectually to conceal the cause of this illusion, the mirror A B may be fixed in the wainscot, and a gauze, or any other thin covering, thrown over it; as that will not prevent the sound. An experiment of this kind may be performed in a field or garden, between two hedges—in one of which the mirror A B may be placed, and in the other an opening artfully contrived.

GEOMANCY;

OR, THE ART OF FORETELLING EVENTS BY LOTS
OR POINTS.

No. I.

THIS curious art was formerly in high repute; being a favourite science among the monks and friars of the middle ages; who, immured in the solitary gloom of their abbeys and monasteries, stood in need of some peculiar invention, that combined the then universal desire for unveiling futurity, with a recreation at once pleasant and amusing.

Such advantages were speedily discovered in the practice of Geomancy; added to which, *where the inquirer is sincere in his wishes*, the universal sympathy so prevalent throughout all nature, (and which not even the profoundest philosopher of the present day can deny or satisfactorily explain, except by admitting occult principles,) will seldom fail, to procure him a rational and true answer.

The art or science of Geomancy consists of two parts, which, although distinct in a manner from each other, are nevertheless founded on, and produced by, the same sympathetic impulse. The first is termed *Simple* Geomancy; and consists in judging of future events by the nature and properties of the sixteen figures or emblems, without combination, by house, place, or aspect. The other is termed *Compound*; as it teaches the method of judging the correlative contingencies of each question by means of aspects, houses, and emblematical movements. This latter part is far more difficult than the former; and I shall therefore *first* initiate my readers into the practice of the former, or Simple Geomancy; as it cannot fail to afford many an hour's *rational* amusement.

I need scarcely observe, that books on this subject are so extremely rare as seldom to be met with at *any* price.

The method of working the questions in Geomancy consists in marking down with pen, pencil, or any other instrument, upon paper, slate, or any legible material, a certain number of points, or dots, leaving the precise number to chance; and all the time the inquirer is so doing, his thoughts must dwell *earnestly* upon the matter upon which

he wishes to be informed, with a fervent wish (devoid of doubting as much as possible) to have a correct and true answer.

The ancients affirmed, that in these cases an invisible spirit, or planetary angel, uniformly directed the hand of the querist, so to form the mystic points as to obtain the desired resolution of his query: but whether or not this may be the case, it is quite certain that the thoughts and earnest desires of the mind have a wonderful control over the nerves, muscles, and pulsations of the body. This is seen plainly in the case of timid, weak, and *nervous* persons, who, when writing letters, or sentences where their *feelings* are more than usually wrought upon, never fail to exhibit *signs* of such mental irritation in their hand-writing. But this fact, which is, I believe, well known to every one, is more clearly demonstrated by the following *simple but curious experiment*, the truth of which I can avouch from my own experience.

Sling a shilling or sixpence at the end of a piece of thread, by means of a loop, or tie a ring thereto; then, resting your elbow upon a table, hold tightly the other end of the thread *between your forefinger and thumb*, taking care that the thread passes across the ball of the thumb (where the pulse lies), and thus suspend the shilling or ring in an *empty* goblet. Observe to keep your hand as steady as possible, or otherwise it is useless to attempt the experiment.

When the shilling or ring is properly suspended, you will find it will for a moment be stationary. It will then, *of its own accord, and without the least agency from the person holding it*, vibrate like the

pendulum of a clock, from side to side of the glass; and, after a few seconds, *it will strike the hour nearest to the time of day or night.* For instance, if the time be twenty-five minutes past six o'clock, it will strike six; if thirty-five minutes past, it will strike seven, and so on of any other hour. *It will also strike any number you think of;* which latter property arises solely from the pulsation of the thumb, communicating, by an occult principle, the desires of the mind to the nervous system. But to what cause its striking the precise hour is to be traced, as the author of "Rational Recreations" observes, "remains unexplained; for it is no less astonishing than true, that when it has struck the proper number, its vibration ceases, it acquires a kind of rotary motion, and at last becomes stationary as before."

NAMES OF THE SIXTEEN FIGURES OF GEOMANCY.

* *

* * Acquisitio

* *

* *

* * Amissio

* *

* *

* * Rubeus

* *

* *

* * Albus

* *

* *

* * Caput

* *

* *

* * Cauda

* *

* *

* * Fortuna Major

* *

* *

* * Fortuna Minor

* *

*
* *
* * Letitia
* *

* *
* * Tristitia
* *
*

* *
*
* Conjunctio
* *
* *

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* *
* * Carcer
* *
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* *
* * Puella
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*

*
* *
* * Puer
* *
*

*
*
* Via
*
*

* *
* *
* * Populus
* *
* *

MISCELLANIES.

MYSTIC SIGNIFICATION OF THE NAME NAPOLEON.

It is a curious circumstance, that the name "Napoleon," together with the original derivation of the name, which is compounded of two Greek words, signifying the "*Lion of the Desert*," forms a most striking coincidence with the character of that extraordinary conqueror, who has rendered it so conspicuous in history.

1. NAPOLEON
6. APOLEON
7. POLEON
3. OLEON
4. LEON
5. EON
2. ON

By dropping the first letter from the first syllable of the name in full, and from each part of it in

succession, *six* Greek words are formed, which, translated in the order of the numerals, signify, "*Napoleon being a raging lion, going about destroying cities.*"

EXTRAORDINARY EFFECTS OF A LUNAR ECLIPSE.

"*January 21, 1693.*—The moon having been eclipsed that night, the greatest part of the sick died, about the very hour of the eclipse, and some were even struck with sudden death."—*Dr. Mead on Planetary Influence.*

EXTRAORDINARY NARRATIVE

OF A

CELEBRATED ASTROLOGER OF THE LAST CENTURY.

I have not so exclusively attached myself to ancient legends as to omit any opportunity of collecting and preserving the romantic narratives of a later time. My own custom is to have a frequent gossip with my host or hostess upon any subject that occurs to either of us; such as the remembrances of their youth, the alterations of the town, the characters and histories of their former lodgers. By these means I not only lay hold of many a curious anecdote, interesting adventure, or legendary tradition, but I also observe many a delightful trait of human nature, as shown either in its actions or passions, which is carefully laid up in my memory, until I have occasion to bring it forward to the public in a pen and ink drawing upon paper. When I first came to London, about fifty years ago, my abode was with a Mrs. Bathsheba Pendulum, the Scottish widow of Tubal Pendulum, an eminent watch and clock-maker in Little Britain.

It was not at that time much different from what

it now appears, generally speaking; but as my narrative will occasionally refer to the appearance of my landlady's house itself, it will be proper to state that it was erected after the following fashion. Tall and narrow as were the buildings of the time to which I allude, the one that I dwelt in was something taller, and a great deal narrower, than the generality of them. The door stood between two short and stout bay windows, divided by thick and ill-shaped red frames into a number of small squares, fitted with a coarse green-coloured glass; behind which appeared several antiquely-shaped clocks and watches. Some of these were of large dimensions, and in form not very much unlike the case of a violincello; and, by their fine ornamental Indian gilding upon a black japanned ground, were evidently designed for chapels, halls, or tap-rooms. Others, again, made with all the luxuriance of scroll-work of gilded brass, and silvered or enamelled faces, showed that they were intended for the beau-monde of the day, for the dial-plate sometimes displayed the attractive words, "*Bontemps, Horlogier, à Paris.*" Then, again, there were a few specimens of horizontal and perpendicular sundials, engraven on brass; and an assortment of the massive silver-faced repeating watches then in fashion, which, by an almost infinity of movements, gave as much information as a modern almanack. Above the door projected a most resplendent sign, carved, coloured, and gilded, in such style as to shame all the others in the street; though many a gaily painted board creaked as it swung from the flourished iron work that was suspended before every house.

It was on a summer's afternoon, when, with the degree of A.B., I had quitted my University, that I arrived by the Oxford Eagle, after a passage of a day and a night, safe in London. I procured my baggage to be sent from the inn, and returned to take what my new landlady called "my afternoon tea" with her. Although I was a stranger, and her lodger, Mrs. Pendulum was not backward in her conversation, and the discourse turned to some curious specimens of clock-work standing in the room, which introduced a host of stories, the last of which related to an eminent astrologer, who had formerly lived in the house, and enjoyed a very great degree of practice and patronage from all descriptions of persons; and, as this interested me, I was particularly curious in my inquiries, to which my landlady thus generally replied.

"Ow, I dinna ken muckle about him, only that he was caa'd Tolemie Horoscope, as it's said; and that he sleepit in the room that ye're to sleep in; an' that he tauld the fortunes of all the world, for the people wad be coming in the morn, and in the day time, and in the dark night, when naebody could see them. And ye see that when the auld warlock was gane, and my auld Pendulum took the booth, which was soon after his death, we found such hantels o' curious papers."

"Well," said I, with some anxiety, "and what did you do with them?"

"Aye, Mr. Slowclarke, we e'en sold them for the paper to auld Moses Baggitt, the Israelitish rag merchant. They war not for the likes o' us to keep."

Such was the slight information I received on

the subject of the astrologer from Mrs. Pendulum; but, even when I retired to rest, it was still present to my thoughts; and in my night visions it was still present before me, for I had the following dream:—

The apartment in which I was sleeping seemed to shift and change its appearance, until only the bed remained of its usual furniture. An old carved oaken cabinet, a table, and some chairs of the same material, rose before me; while a man of a middle age, with an oval face, and long flowing hair, clothed in a black Spanish habit, was seated writing by a lamp; and before him were scattered papers, books, spheres, and various astrological instruments. At length he ceased from his employment, and, closing the volume, placed it, with the other papers, in a secret drawer of the cabinet; and sighing heavily, said, “Rest there! thou miserable record of sin and sorrow, avarice, folly, and all the other vices of mankind! Rest there! thou record of the wide astrological practice of PTOLEMY HOROSCOPE, THE IDOLIZED ASTROLOGER OF LITTLE BRITAIN; who has rendered this house, this chamber, this part of the city, famous for ever, by the high personages who have sought the skill which he possesses. Rest there! till some one in future years shall haply find thee, and shall publish to his countrymen thy memorials of the guilt and folly of departed ages ”

There seemed to follow a most dreadful jangling, as if all the steeples in London had been shaken by an earthquake, and all their bells partook of their convulsions. When my ear became sensible of distinguishing, I discovered that it was three in the

morning: but I found it impossible to sleep; and my thoughts naturally reverted to my dream; whilst I remembered with no slight curiosity the ancient oaken cabinet, with its contents. But this vision and its subject both passed away; and, as superstition is not one of my most powerful feelings, it had entirely left my mind, until, in an obscure part of London, I one day met with an old oaken cabinet, the same as I had already seen in my dream, exposed for sale! Like the gardener in the Eastern tale, had I possessed but ten golden decemars in the world, I had purchased it. I felt an irresistible impulse to make it mine: and when it was once more placed in its own native apartment, conceive my surprise, when, with a palpitating heart and nervous hand, I found the spring, threw open the secret drawer, and discovered the astrologer's manuscripts! The chief of these was an old vellum book, filled with drawings of astrological figures, and their particular histories attached to each, the characters of which were precisely as he had described them. Some were of a public, some of a private nature; and on a piece of old yellow paper were the following words, descriptive of them, written in Latin, in an ancient hand, and in an ink which had faded, through time, to a pale brown colour.

“It is not only to the Science of Astrology that my studies have been confined; since in this chest are contained all the proofs that I have made some progress in those arts which, as Lilly saith, are ‘above and beyond it.’ In Geomancy, in the use of the Crystal, in the conversing with Spirits, in that almost obsolete part of Astrology, entitled

Sachaomatike, or the formation of Sigils, and in the discovery of future events by the mirror, I have studied deeply, and that with no vain prospect of success. But, of all kinds of learning, it is this which soonest corrodes and eats up the heart: it preys upon the spirits; it devours the soul with melancholy; and the body is wasted away through the vigils, ceremonials, and fastings, attendant thereon. Finding this, like many others who have trodden the same path before me, I destroyed most of my materials, which instructed me in those curious arts, and have since attached myself to the astrological science only.

“**PTOLEMY HOROSCOPE.**

*“ Little Britain, at the Globe and Comet,
this 12th day of March, 1750.”*

The box also contained a manuscript, fairly and closely written in the Latin language, interspersed with drawings of sigils and figures of the various angels who were consulted on the different cases. There were also some of those mystical jewels, which were formerly used by those persons who pretended to a knowledge of magic and divination; such as several thin plates of gold and silver, of various shapes, inscribed with a number of different devices, as well as the names of some angelic spirits, and other sacred titles, engraven chiefly in the Greek and Hebrew characters. Besides these, there was a small case of solid gold, measuring about an inch square, on one side of which was drawn a circle, having seven Chaldaic names traced in the circumference of it, and forming a border to a large clear crystal, which was set like a mirror

beneath it. Near this curious instrument was a mystic invocation, entitled "*A Call to the Crystal*," written in a very beautiful small hand, upon a very fine piece of vellum, which was sufficient to explain that its use was to summon the spirits, consulted by the astrologer, to a conference within the crystal. I shall now call the reader's attention to one of the most extraordinary stories, which I found in the oaken casket. It was adorned in the original by the delineation of a sigil, or magic medal, mentioned and described in the notes, and by the figure of a horoscope. But what was my surprise, when one of the metal charms already mentioned proved to be engraven with the very same characters, and to be that hereafter spoken of; which, when the reader has gone through, he will discover the cause of my astonishment.

The Possessed Out.

A Legend of Lombard Street.

It was, then, in the house of Louis Bezant, an eminent merchant adventurer, goldsmith, and banker, who lived about the year 1745, at the sign of the Arms of Lombardy, in Lombard Street, that several persons of the family were met, with joy in their looks and anticipation in their hearts, to witness the return of young Edmund Bezant, the eldest son, from America, where he had been a resident almost from his infancy. The cause of his having been sent to that country was briefly thus:—At the time of his birth, his father resolved upon having his nativity carefully calculated; and it was not difficult, from the numerous excellent astrological scholars made

by Booker, Lilly, and many others, in the seventeenth century, to find an artist who speedily drew up young Edmund's horoscope upon paper; and a more singular combination of virtue and vice, ability and weakness, prosperity and misery, was seldom seen or inspected. The judgment of his Nativity stated that "his ten youngest years should be perfectly happy and virtuous; his youthful ten, weak, frivolous, extravagant, and within a step of vice; and the ten which included his manhood, afflicted, gloomy, distressing in a very great degree, and terminating untimely and unhappily." For all these evils, two causes were pointed out: in the first instance, he would be of a disposition unfitted for the world, because he would hold its every-day actions and feelings in contempt; and secondly, his misfortunes would arise from an insatiate thirst for learning, which, joined to an induction of amazing readiness, would lead him through many abstruse studies, until at length all his powers being worn out, they would be lost in a boundless sea of useless knowledge, blended with much presumption, and not void of guilt.

"From this wretched state," continued the Nativity, "he will endeavour to escape, by flying to the opposite extreme; and here he will meet his ruin. One, whose society shall be the delight of his life, if he be not the rock on which his soul shall split, will at least be that where his earthly peace shall be wrecked, and the cause of his early death. The stars and their courses are in the hand of a mighty Ruler, and all this *may not be*; but the caution arising from it is—*Beware of the connexions of his youthful days.*"

In consequence of this, a favourite divine, **Fervent** **Corsegrave**, who had been bred up in America; proposed his being sent into New England, and entrusted to the care of a faithful relative; which, as the divine was a great friend of the family, was readily consented to; and from time to time the accounts which were received from New England were satisfactory: but when the young Edmund was verging towards the age of twenty, reports changed, and he was represented as wild and profligate. "He is," said the letter which brought the news, "extravagantly attached to hunting, nor does he return for many days and nights together from these hazardous excursions; so that we are more fearful for that society in which he may pass his nights, than any of the dangers by day; for the Indians too often practise the accursed art of witchcraft, calling up foul spirits to their midnight meetings. There is, however, one who is called by the name of Paul Hallet, who doth constantly attend upon the young Edmund, in whose company we have sent thy son back."

Such was the history of the individual whom the party at the "Arms of Lombardy" were met to receive and welcome. He was in person tall and handsome, with a deep olive countenance tinged with melancholy, occasionally lighted up by a bright smile, which would sometimes become distorted like a sybil's in the moment of prophecy, or a witch's at the time of incantation. His companion (Paul Hallett) was a tall and thin figure, plainly dressed, wholly devoid of colour in his face, and in whose eyes there was something at once terrific and interesting: but it was over the younger man that

his glances seemed to possess a supernatural power, for the moment his companion looked upon him, he started with horror, and became possessed with the most terrible and frantic emotions.

“Edmund, my boy Edmund!” cried Louis Bezant, as his son entered the room. “My father!” returned the youth, “what a long and unhappy separation has ours been! Oh! I conjure you, let me not return to that dreadful country again, which is haunted by the foulest of spirits ——” Here his voice suddenly failed him, he looked round upon Paul Hallet, and cried with earnestness.—“Nay, torment me not now, it is before your hour! I will say no more, so thou wilt not torment me now! My father, touch him not: I am delivered over to them for a season—for *I* —— *I* am a POSSESSED ONE!”

It was with considerable grief that the Bezant family beheld the mind of their young relative so unstrung and overclouded: the fits seldom left him. He would sometimes sit and sing, most plaintively, portions of hymns, and then suddenly he would burst out with a wild strain, that sounded like a wizard’s incantation, whilst his gestures were no less terrific, as he would writhe, and exhibit all the actions of one under the greatest tortures, although there was not any outward reason for such conduct. It was observed, however, that Paul Hallet seemed to influence him in all things: if he were present, and smiled, Edmund looked for rest. It was no less singular, too, that he spake as if that person were always near him, whether he was in the room or not. Time passed away while these things were observed, but the grief into which it threw his sister

Adelaide, determined her to commit the whole of her information to writing, and taking with it a copy of the scheme of his nativity, she presented it to Ptolemy Horoscope, who gazed on it in sadness and silence, but at length thus spake :—

“ You have done wisely, my daughter, in bringing this case before me. I can afford you relief, for in three days I will frame you a powerful Sigil of virgin gold, which shall be inscribed with certain sacred names, and which, when hung about the neck of the possessed one, shall drive the evil spirit far from him. But then he must live piously, and repent fervently; for this, though a potent, is but a secondary, influence: yet must he on no account lose the Sigil, for then will the fiend return with redoubled rage. Let all this be done with secrecy.”

According to his promise the astrologer acted, and the same hour that the Sigil was given to Edmund his fits departed; while, what was still more remarkable, Paul Hallet came soon after to take leave of the elder Bezant, and stating “ that *he was compelled* to leave him,” immediately quitted the house.

It was some years subsequent to these circumstances, when they were no longer spoken of,—for to Edmund the memory of all his past sufferings had entirely left his mind,—that Mrs. Miriam Fairfax, a pious relative, who was present accidentally, discovered Horoscope’s golden Sigil hanging at his breast. Upon inquiring of him as to its signification, he stated that his sister had placed it round his neck, ten years back, as a preservative from evil spirits.

“ A preservative from evil spirits!” ejaculated Mrs. Fairfax, in anger. “ She is for opposing Satan’s

shield to Satan's sword; but that may not be, Mr. Corsgrave," continued she to that minister, who was standing by.

"Most honourable lady, no," returned he. "Cast it off, my young friend, and believe me thou shalt be under surer protection, than if thou hadst a thousand Sigils." Overcome by their persuasions; Edmund took the medal from his neck, and as he did so, Paul Hallet entered the room, and attempted to seize it; but ere he could touch it, it was gone, and no one knew by what means! When his guardian had thus mysteriously departed, the fits of possession again seized young Bezant with increased rage, and with all the appearance of deadly convulsions. "My hour of departure is arrived," said he, "and I shall be for ever free from the tyranny of Paul Hallet."

"Call me not by that name!" replied the stranger. "Fervent Corsgrave, look upon thy father!"

"My father!" exclaimed Corsgrave in terror, "he died, and was buried in New England."

"True," said the appearance; "but his spirit hath no rest, because of his crimes: it hath wandered over the earth which he dishonoured by his cruelty, and deceived by his hypocrisy; and it hath been used as the instrument of punishing and instructing one who else would have fallen to destruction. Farewell! ye shall see me no more, but let my permitted appearance affright you from my sins."

As he spake these words he ceased to be visible, without any flash of light or sign of vanishing, but disappeared suddenly and instantaneously; whilst, at the same moment, with a smile of angelic beauty on his cheek, *the soul of the Possessed One left his body!*

TRADITIONS AND SUPERSTITIONS OF FORMER TIMES.

A CURIOUS CHARM TO BIND OR COMPEL A THIEF.

To bind a thief so that he shall have neither rest nor peace till he return thee thy lost goods, go to the place from whence they were stolen away, and write the name of the person or persons thou suspectest upon parchment, and put the same underneath the threshold of the door they went out of. Then make four crosses on the four corners or posts of the doorway, and go your ways saying, "Thou thief, which hast stolen and taken away such a thing from this place, Abraham, by his virtue and the power God gave him, call thee back again;—Isaac, by his power, stop thee in the way,—Jacob make thee go no farther, but bring them again,—and Joseph, by his power and virtue, and also by the grace and might of the Holy Ghost, force thee to come again into this place;—and that neither Solomon let thee, nor David bid thee; but that the same through Christ our Lord do cause thee presently, and without stay, to come again into this place, and bring them with thee. Fiat, fiat, fiat, cito, cito, cito. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, Amen." Repeat these words *three* times, and the thief shall not rest, nor delay, till he return thee thy goods.—*Ancient Manuscript.*

A CHARM TO STOP BLEEDING AT THE NOSE.

Touch the nose, and say, *nine times with great faith*, these words,—“Blood abide in this vein as Christ abideth in the Church, and hide in thee as

Christ hideth from himself;”—and the bleeding will presently cease, to the admiration of all present.

ANCIENT AUGURY AND SOOTHSAYING.

Augury is the art of inspection, and prognosticating or soothsaying, by observation of birds and beasts, and was in great repute among the ancients. The Lacedemonians had always an augur to attend upon their kings; and among the Romans was a college of augurs.

Romulus himself was a soothsayer, and ordained that the choice of magistrates should be confirmed by augury; and so fond were the ancients of this art, as to ordain that nothing of public or private affairs should be transacted without it. In taking the auspices, it was observed whether the beasts came willingly to the altar or not—whether the entrails were of a natural colour, and not exulcerated, or whether any parts were defective or wanting. Thus, when the Emperor Augustus found two galls in his sacrifice, it was considered as prognosticative of peace with Antony, and the amity of state dissentients.

Because Brutus and Cassius met a blackamoor, and Pompey had on a garment of dark colours, at the battle of Pharsalia, these were said to be presages of their overthrow. When Gracæus was slain, the same day the augurs observed that the sacred chickens (that were kept for the purposes of divination,) refused to come out of their coop. So the death of Cæsar was divined, from the unusual noise and clattering of armour in his house. In like manner, the poisoning of Germanicus was pre-

saged by the strange circumstance (according to historians) of a trumpet sounding of its own accord.

About anno 1300, a *painted* horse, on the walls of the imperial palace of the Emperor Andronicus, was said to neigh with great loudness,—which was judged a happy omen to that Emperor, and his Chancellor congratulated him in the expectation of future triumphs; and when Baldwin, emperor of the Latins, was beaten out of Constantinople by his father, his horse neighed with a strange and hollow sound, which was thought by his courtiers (as it proved) ominous of great disasters.

An owl screeching in the Senate-house, was deemed ominous and boding ill-luck to the Emperor Augustus. A company of crows following Sejanus to his house with great noise and clamour, was judged to be fatal, and so indeed it proved.—Romulus had the empire promised him before his brother Remus, by the soothsayers, because *he* had seen the double number of vultures.—So our William the Conqueror, when he first stepped on land, his foot slipping, he fell down and got some dirt in his hand, which his attendants fearing to be an evil omen, he said, “No; I have, by this fall, but taken *possession* of this island.” Also, a swarm of bees hovering over St. Ambrose, as also Plato the philosopher, when infants in their cradles, was judged to portend “that great wisdom should flow from their mouths, which would enrap-
ture mankind.”

MIDSUMMER CHARM, TO KNOW WHEN ANY ONE
SHALL DIE.

To ascertain whether a person will die *in* the current year, the country folk, in some places, about

Midsummer, pluck some of the herb *St. John's wort*, before sunrise in the morning, and hide it in the walls in various parts of the house. The bunches which *immediately* droop, announce with certainty (it is said) the speedy death of those who placed them there; but if the herb remains fresh and green, then the person who placed it there will not die during that *year*.

A MARRIAGE OMEN.

Among the peasantry of Westphalia, and in some parts of Wales, young females knock, on Christmas Eve, at the hen-house. If a hen *first* cackles, they relinquish all hopes of being married during the ensuing year; but if a cock crows *first*, they deem it an infallible omen of their being married before the ensuing year expires.

Magical Suffumigations,

AND THEIR WONDERFUL EFFICACY.

The ancient philosophers affirm, that "no one should wonder how great things suffumigations (the burning of certain perfumes or substances) can do in the air, especially when he shall with *Porphyry* consider, that by certain vapours exhaling from proper suffumigations, airy spirits are presently raised; as also thunderings and lightnings, and such like things.

The liver of a *camelion* being burnt upon the top of a house, doth, as it is manifest, raise showers and lightnings;—in like manner, the head and throat, if they be burnt with the wood of the *oak*, cause lightnings and tempests.

There are also suffumigations under opportune constellations and benevolent influences of the stars, that make the images of spirits forthwith appear in the air, or other mediums. It is said, that if a fume be made of *coriander*, *smallage*, *henbane*, and *hemlock*, spirits will presently come together, and become visible: hence are they called "the spirits' herbs." Also make a fume of the root of the reedy herb sagapen, the juice of hemlock and henbane, tapus, barbetus, red sanders, and black poppy; it makes spirits and strange shapes appear. If smallage be added thereto, it chases away spirits from any place, and destroys their visions.

Again; a fume made of *mint*, *calamint*, *piony*, and *palma christi* (herbs easily obtained), it drives away all evil spirits, and vain or fearful imaginations. Hermes affirms, that there is nothing better than the fume of *spermaceti* for the raising of spirits; and if a fume be made of that, and lignum aloes, pepper, musk, saffron, and red thorax, tempered together with the blood of a lapwing, it will quickly gather aërial spirits together. And if it be used about the graves of the dead, it gathers together spirits, and the souls of the dead. Some say, that a fume made with linseed and fleabane seed, and the roots of violets and parsley, it maketh one to *foresee things* to come, and doth conduce to prophesying.

If a house, or any place, be smoked with the gall of a cuttle fish, made into a confection with red storax, roses, and lignum aloes, and if there be some water or blood cast into that place, the *house* will seem to be full of water or blood; and if some earth of a newly-ploughed ground be cast there, the

earth will seem to quake, and be convulsed as in an earthquake

Others write, that if any one shall hide gold or silver, or any other precious thing, on Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday, days attributed to ☉, ☿, and ♃, and shall fume the place with coriander, saffron, henbane, smallage, and black poppy, of each *like* quantity, bruised together, and tempered with the juice of hemlock, that which is *so* hid, shall never be discovered or taken away; for they affirm that spiritual intelligences shall continually bear watch over it; and if any one shall endeavour to take it away, he shall be hurt by these invisible agents, or will become possessed of an incurable frenzy.—*MSS. of Cornelius Agrippa.*

THE ASTROLOGER.

No. II.

OF THE MOST FORTUNATE TIMES OF THE DAY
TO BE BORN, BY THE COURSE OF THE SUN.

THE *Horoscope*, or twelve houses of heaven, made use of by astrologers in their scientific researches, are constituted by dividing the path or diurnal course of the sun, in his rising, culminating, setting, and coming to the midnight quadrant (or in other words, of the earth's diurnal motion around its own axis, although the *former* is more easily comprehended). Hence there are certain times of the day, throughout the year, which are more likely to cause

nativities of notoriety, fame, and success, or eminence in life, than others; the philosophical cause of which is neither more or less than the particular position of the sun, with respect to that part of heaven he may happen to be in, when the infant stranger first draws breath in this sublunary region, and becomes subject to what Shakspeare terms "the skiey influences."

OF THOSE WHO ARE BORN NEAR THE MIDDLE OF
THE DAY.

Persons, therefore, of either sex, who are born during the winter season, from eleven to twelve o'clock in the day; in the summer season, from ten to twelve; and during the spring and autumn seasons, from half past ten o'clock till noon day; will have the sun in the tenth house or meridian of their nativities; and from that circumstance *alone* (owing to the great power of the sun over the respectability or dignity of life), will, making due allowances for talents and education, be *more than usually successful and noted in their pursuits*; will generally spend the greater part of their lives in some active or honourable mode of business or profession; will have numerous connexions and acquaintances *of note*, or of an honourable nature; and may be thus said to be born *fortunate*. Females born near noon-day, usually marry either advantageously, or much above the natural course of their expectations.

Of course, those who are born nearest to noon day (but not past it), are the most fortunate; for the solar influence is *then* most powerful.

OF THE FATE OF THOSE BORN NEAR MIDNIGHT.

Pursuing the same philosophical mode of reasoning, it will be found that those, who are born in the winter season, from two hours preceding midnight (or from ten to twelve o'clock at night), will be from astral causes born also to distinction, publicity, and a proportionable share of eminence. Those born in the summer season, from eleven to twelve at night, and in the spring and autumn, from about a quarter past eleven o'clock till twelve at night, will be fated to the same success and good fortune, the sun being in those person's horoscopes, in the north angle of the heaven: yet those persons are by no means so fortunate as others born at the same hours in the *day* time (unless other configurations exist to add to the solar influence); and it is a singular peculiarity in nativities of this kind, that those born within an hour or two of midnight, have uniformly the most remarkable events of their lives take place *after their thirtieth year is gone by*. Whereas those born near noon, are popular the greater part of their lives, both before and after thirty.

Persons born with the majority of the planets under the earth, are liable to extraordinary events in the latter half of their lives, in the same way; and it is generally the case, that persons born near midnight, are certain of some kind of a name after death, meritorious or otherwise, as the horoscope in *itself* evinces.

Some authors affirm, that persons born at those times (that is, near eleven or twelve o'clock at night,) are subject to see visions, dream curious dreams, pursue singular flights of genius and imagination, and

to be for the most part believers in the world of spirits.]

OF THOSE BORN NEAR SUN-RISING.

For the same reason, those who are born within an hour preceding or succeeding sun-rise, are fated to have a very active and frequently honourable existence, to rise by their own exertions, and to have eminent and remarkable friends.

OF THOSE BORN NEAR SUN-SETTING.

Lastly, persons born with the sun in the seventh house, or in the summer season within two hours of sun-set, and in the winter within an hour of sun-set, are certain to be very successful and active in business, and expert in merchandize. Females usually marry in very respectable stations, although it is far more fortunate to be born near noon-day or sun-rising.

OF PERSONS BORN FORTUNATE, ACCORDING TO THE MOON'S COURSE.

In every almanac, there is given the time of what is termed the "*moon's southing*:" this is the time when the moon crosses the meridian; now those persons who are born *within an hour and a half preceding the southing of the moon, and within half an hour succeeding it*, have the moon in the tenth house of heaven, and are fated to be travellers, to see far distant countries, and to have a most remarkable life; replete with diversities, changes, and, in many respects, a great variety of good and evil fortune. But for changes, publicity, notoriety and extensive acquaintances, their horoscopes are generally re-

markable ; the moon having wonderful power when in, or near the meridian, over the lives and fortunes of all who are born under such a celestial position.

Again, those who are born *within half an hour of the moon's rising and setting*, (which is also easily seen by the most common almanac), have the moon angular either in the first or seventh house ; and consequently are certain to be either seafaring persons, travellers, or subject to the most extraordinary changes. But it is more fortunate of the two, to be born near the moon's *rising*, rather than the *setting* ; as the ascendant in all nativities has the greatest efficacy.

By attention to those foregoing simple rules, those persons who know nothing of astrological calculations, may learn something of the fate to which they are destined. The following curious facts, which have already been noticed in the different periodicals of the day, are sufficient to prove the theory of

LUNAR INFLUENCE.

If an animal, first killed, be exposed to the full effulgence of the moon beams, it will in a few hours become a mass of corruption ; whilst another animal not exposed to such influence, and only a few feet distant, will not be in the slightest manner affected.

Fruits also, when exposed to the moonshine, have been known to ripen much more readily than those which have not ; and plants, shut out from the sun's rays and from light, and consequently bleached, have been observed to assume their natural appearance if exposed to the rays of a full moon.

In South America, trees cut at the *full moon*, split almost immediately, as if torn asunder by great

external force. The writer of these observes, "all these are remarkable and well established facts, but have never as yet been accounted for."

NATIVITIES.

HINTS AND DISCOVERIES FOR STUDENTS.

IN these remarks, I shall from time to time, introduce to the student's notice, those facts and observations which, being the result of a long tried and experienced practice, it is presumed will be highly [worthy of his most serious and profound attention.

The Celestial Periods of Mars and the Sun.

In my late "*Manual of Astrology*," I have given at large the particular periods of each celestial orb; of course it is not requisite to repeat the instruction there given. I now beg leave merely to point out the periods of two powerful planets; the first of which is that of δ , which it will be observed is nineteen years. That is, in every nativity δ returns to his place at birth, when nineteen years are completed from the birthday, and of course forms various zodiacal aspects with the different stars in the nativity, according as they may be placed in house, sign, or aspect. Suppose, for instance, a person has the \odot in nineteen δ in his nativity, and δ in nineteen m ; now at nine years and six months (which is the half period of δ) Mars comes to the conjunction, or *place* of the sun at birth, and at nineteen years he returns to his own place, which is in opposition thereto. Each of these, if the sun were *hyleg*, would

be productive of serious illness; but whether he were hyleg or not, would give much trouble. It is the same thing with the other aspects of the planets: for instance, were ♂ and ♀ in a zodiacal ☐ at birth, (a well known evil aspect), every conjunction, quartile, or opposite ray, which Mars forms by his periodical circuit with Mercury, would renew the trouble thereby denoted. This would take place, in such a case, every successive period of four years and nine months the time of his *quartile*, of nine years and six months his *opposition*, and of nineteen years his *conjunction*, or return to his place in the radix.

Again, suppose a female to have ♂ and ♀ in amicable aspect in her nativity; every nineteen years, Mars would come to his own place, and renew the denotations of the figure. Now it is a well known fact among students in astrology, that nine females out of ten are involved in a love affair when about the age of *nineteen* years old, which arises solely from ♂ and ♀ being in some kind of configuration at birth, whereby Mars returning to his radical place at the age of nineteen, of course produces a love affair, which is pleasant or otherwise, as the aspect in the horoscope portends; pleasant, if ♂ and ♀ be in friendly aspect, and the contrary, if in evil configuration.

The *Sun* has the same period as Mars, but his configurations not producing such warmth of passion or intensity of feeling as Mars; females usually marry more for respectability and advancement in life, than for the tender passion, under his aspects.

The Princess Charlotte married exactly (*even to a day*) as the Sun came to the place of Jupiter, by this mode of direction; and what is more singular

still, ♃ in ♋, exactly described the person of her husband! This is a well known and illustrious instance of the truth of these periods of the planets; and which no one *can* disprove. On the day of that lamented princess's birth, the ☉ was posited in $16^{\circ} 54' \text{ } \varpi$, and ♃ in $12^{\circ} 12' \text{ } \text{♋}$: now, at nineteen years old, the sun returned to his zodiacal place; and in sixteen months he would have moved, *on the same scale*, the exact number of degrees and minutes to bring him to the conjunction of ♃. I mention this chiefly as a praxis for the student in other calculations.

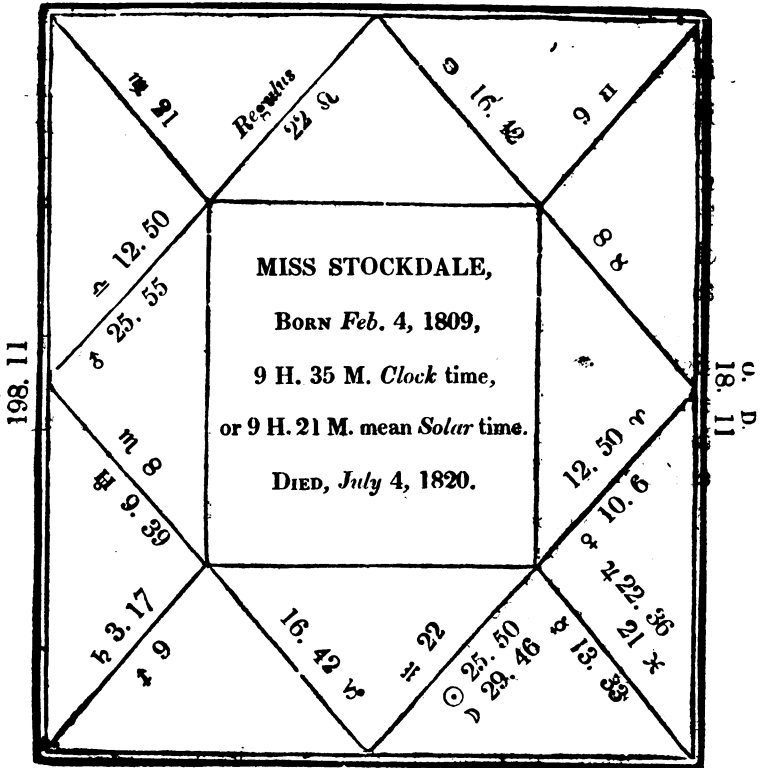
The chief excellence of the planetary periods consists in this,—that, allowing the time of birth to be erroneous for several hours, many events of life may be discovered by their means, without difficult calculations. This is a desideratum in astrology.

“ To know by *signs* to judge the turns of fate,
Is greater than to fill the seats of state;
The ruling stars above, by secret laws,
Determine Fortune in her second cause.
These are a book wherein we all may read,
And all should know, who would in life succeed,
What correspondent *signs* in man display
His future actions—point his devious way,—
Thus in the heavens his future fate to learn,
The present, past, and future to discern;
Correct his steps, improve the hours of life,
And, shunning error, live devoid of strife.”

Manilius.

REMARKABLE HOROSCOPES, EVINCING THE
POWER OF THE STARS IN LIFE AND DEATH.

R. A.
108. 11



288. 11

PLANETS' DECLINATION.

- ☉ 12° 30' S.
- ☽ 7 15 S.
- ♃ 18 52 S.
- ♂ 4 0 S.
- ♁ 7 30 S.
- ♀ 4 12 N.
- ♄ 6 13 S.
- ♋ 14 12 S.

In the course of the following Work, it is my intention to insert the Nativities of those persons *only*, whose names, or those of their families, are either known to the public, or open to their inquiries; that the enemies of this sublime science may readily *ascertain* whether the stars have really the power we astrologers assign to them, or whether their influence is merely imaginary. This will serve to promote the cause of truth, at any rate, should it do nothing else:—I trust, however, the examples given will be also valuable in celestial philosophy.

THE NATIVITY OF MISS STOCKDALE.

The above horoscope is a correct delineation of the heavens and heavenly bodies, at the birth of Miss Stockdale, daughter of Mr. Stockdale, the *noted* bookseller and publisher, formerly of Pall Mall. It was obtained by Mr. John Varley, the well known artist, from the young lady's parents, from whom the author of this book received it; and certainly it exhibits a most striking proof of astral agency over the lives and destinies of finite mortals!

The subject thereof, a particularly interesting and amiable girl, departed this life on the 4th of July, 1820, at the age of eleven years and nearly five months. By inspecting the scheme, it will be manifest that the ascendant is the true *hyleg*, or "giver of life," as astrologers term it; and the planet Saturn the *anareta*, or "destroyer of life:" since that planet is posited in an evil position, without a single ray from either of the fortunes; and nearly in zodiacal parallel to Herschel. And at the time of death the

same planet came to a semiquartile of the ascendant, which is *thus* calculated:—

The ascensional difference of ♃ is	25 29
To this <i>add</i> (as ♃ is in a Southern sign)	90 0
	115 29
This gives the semi-nocturnal arc of ♃	
Then,	
To the right ascension of ♃	241 40
<i>Add</i> half his semi-arc	57 45
	299 25
<i>Subtract</i> from this the right ascension of the Imum Cœli	288 11
	11 14

This, by the Table of Time, answers exactly to eleven years and five months, the period of dissolution.

Summary of Fatal Arcs.

	Years.	Months.
The <i>ascendant</i> to the semiquartile of ♃	11	5 DEATH
The <i>ascendant</i> to the conjunction of ♂	14	3 ———

At the time of the horoscope being calculated, the skilful artist who obtained it was of opinion that the *fatal* arc was the ascendant to the ♂ of ♂. But the attentive student will perceive that the planet ♂ was by no means so evil as ♃, since he is in biquintile to Jupiter, and nearly in parallel to both ♃ and ♄, which must have warded off his evil effects. This nativity sets at rest the question of the efficacy or *non*-efficacy of the semiquartile ray. I have, in the course of my practice, invariably found that the

semiquartile and sesquiquadrate from the second and eighth houses was of equal, if not of superior, force to the quartile or opposition. The student who has followed the erroneous rules of former authors, may here see the truth of the hylegiacal places *demonstrated*. The estimate time was taken within two minutes of the time here given. I leave this remarkable example for the serious consideration of my scientific readers, being an authenticated horoscope, it merits their closest attention.



ANCIENT DIVINATION

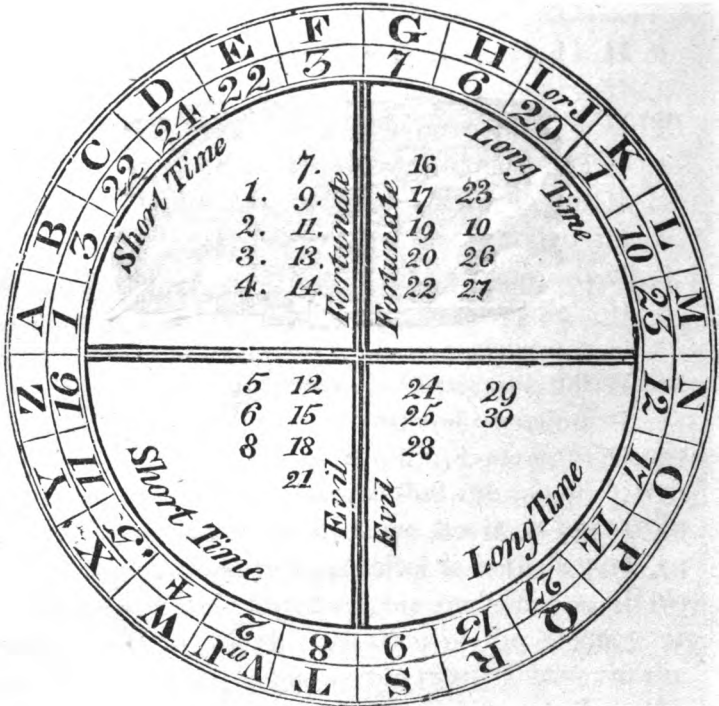
BY THE

WHEEL OF PYTHAGORAS;

Which is said to resolve all Questions, Past, Present, and Future.

PART I.

THE WHEEL.



THE Ancients, who were extremely fond of divination, were wont to place great confidence in the "Wheel of Pythagoras," which resolves questions by *Arithmancy*, or a species of sortilegy by numbers; wherein the result depends upon the unfettered agency of the mind and will, or intent to know "any difficult thing."

The Wheel of Pythagoras is said by former writers to resolve "all questions the asker may wish to be acquainted with, whether of the past time, the present time, or of the future." The following are said to be

The Questions the Wheel answers.

1. If a horse shall win the race?
2. If a prisoner shall come out of prison?
3. If a sick person shall recover or die?
4. If an absent person shall return?
5. If the city besieged shall be taken?
6. Of two fighters, which shall prevail?
7. If the sickness shall be long or short?
8. If a suit at law shall be gained?
9. If thy wishes shall succeed?
10. If the day shall be fortunate?
11. If stolen or lost things shall be recovered?
12. If it be good to buy or sell?
13. If the asker shall marry?
14. If the undertaking shall succeed?
15. If the asker is fortunate or unfortunate?
16. If any matter or thing whatever shall end good or ill?

Explanation of the Wheel.

The Wheel, it will be perceived, is divided into four compartments, the *upper* half of which contains in order the numbers which are termed propitious, good, and *fortunate*; the *lower* half contains those numbers of a contrary kind, or those which are termed evil, unpropitious, and *unfortunate*.

Round the Wheel are the letters of the Alphabet, to which are placed certain corresponding numbers which are required in the calculations: (these will be explained in Part 2). Besides which, the numbers in the right half of the wheel are said to denote "Long Time," or that the question which has these numbers in the working will be a length of time about; and those in the left half of the wheel are said to signify a short or brief space of time ere the affair is accomplished. Next follow the

TABLES USED IN WORKING THE WHEEL.

1. *The Mystical Numbers of each Day in the Week.*

Sunday	106
Monday	52
Tuesday	52
Wednesday	102
Thursday	31
Friday	68
Saturday	45

2. *The Numbers of the Planets ruling the Days.*

Sunday	☉	34	Thursday	♃	78
Monday	☾	45	Friday	♃	45
Tuesday	♃	39	Saturday	♁	55
Wednesday	♁	114			

3. *The Numbers to be chosen by Chance (as hereafter explained) in working the Questions.*

1	11	22	28	29
6	2	12	23	30
15	7	3	13	24
19	16	8	4	14
25	20	17	9	5
27	26	21	18	10

The numbers attributed to the days of the week, and of the planet ruling the day, are of very ancient origin; and for which it would be difficult to assign a reason, or even account for in any way consonant with Astrological Science. They are, however, as well as the Wheel, a relic of former *traditional* foreknowledge by lots or numbers; probably invented, like Geomancy, in the monastic solitude of the middle ages. The manuscript from whence this is compiled appears to have been written as early as the fifteenth century.—It was purchased at a high price at the sale of the late Mr. Cosway's library. But Christopher Cattan, a very old author, whose works are rare and expensive, makes some mention thereof; yet he fails in describing the manner of using the numbers, and in other parts of the process.

Arithmancy, or Divination by Numbers, on which the Wheel is founded, was variously practised. Many stupendous "*Tomes*," in the dead languages, now obsolete and forgotten, were to be found, explaining the "Arte and Manner" of these curious proceedings; in which the letters of the party's name were said to contain many hidden arcana, when decyphered by the "mysteries of numbers." The ancients went so far in these particulars, as to declare their belief that each individual may know the chief *secrets* of his destiny by the help of his name, or patronymical appellation; and also that there exists a peculiar sympathy between the name and the pursuits throughout life. These facts are here stated merely to apprise the reader of the unlimited fondness of the ancients for every kind of Aruspicy or Soothsaying, no matter how or where it was accomplished.

There have been several Italian writers of eminence who have treated of the power of numbers when chosen or combined by "lot;" amongst whom stands conspicuous Trithemius, the famous Abbot of Spanheim, whose work, entitled "*Steganography*," is exceedingly mystical, rare, and curious, but has never been translated into English.

The Italians have also made use of the "Wheel of Pythagoras" for finding out fortunate numbers in the Lottery; as the following extract from the life of

The celebrated Count Cagliostro

will sufficiently prove.

"The lottery," says the count, "was at this time on the point of commencing; the daily discourses of Scot on this subject (who, like Vitellina, was addicted to all games of chance) brought to my

mind a manuscript which I had in my possession : it contained many curious cabalistical operations by numbers ; by the aid of which, amongst other secrets, the author set forth the actual *possibility* of calculating numbers for lotteries.

“ ‘I had ever considered this as a vague and enthusiastic idea, but had long contracted the habit of suspending my judgment on those things I had not particularly made the object of my speculations.’

“ He was resolved, he tells us, to *prove* the truth or falsehood of those assertions ; and, by adhering to the rules prescribed in the manuscript, for the 6th of November he predicted the number 20. ‘On this,’ says he, ‘Scot risked a trifle, and *won* ; but by number 25, which was calculated for the ensuing day, he gained upwards of one hundred guineas !

“ ‘The numbers 55 and 57 were announced with equal *success* for the 18th of November ; the profits of which days were equally divided between Vitellina, and the pretended Lady Scot.

“ ‘Judge my astonishment,’ says the Count, ‘at perceiving the exactness of those calculations I had believed to be but a mere chimera ! The *possibility* of such calculations I must entirely submit to the determination of the reader ; but was this uncommon success the effect of human skill or of entire chance ?’

“ The Count, from a point of delicacy, thought proper to resist the repeated solicitations of Scot, &c., by resolutely refusing to predict other numbers. Scot exerted every effort to strengthen his intent with the Count. He presented Madame Cagliostro with the trimming of a cloak worth four or five

guineas; in return for which, as he would not mortify him by a refusal, the Count presented him, on the same day, with a gold box, value twenty-five guineas; and, to free himself from further importunity, ordered his servant to deny him both to Scot and Miss Fry, which was the real name of the pretended lady.

“The latter, however, in a few days gained admission to Lady Cagliostro. She informed her in broken accents, accompanied with tears, that she was for ever ruined; Scot, she said, to whom she had the weakness to be attached, having decamped with the profits arising from the lottery, leaving her with his three children entirely destitute. This imaginary tale produced the intended result. Madame Cagliostro, touched with the pretended misery of her situation, generously interceded with the Count in her behalf, who, at her request, sent her a guinea, and, for the ensuing day, the chance of number 8.

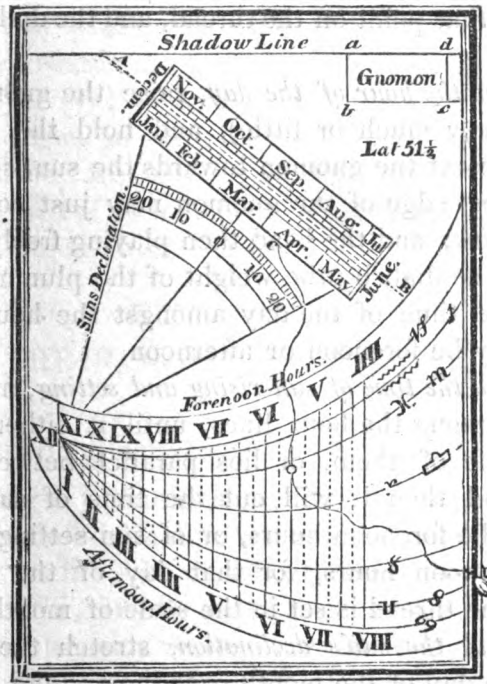
“Flushed with her former success, she now *believed* the calculations of her benefactor infallible; and, having procured cash upon her effects, she boldly risked a considerable sum on the above number. Fate was again propitious! On the 7th of December, the number *eight* emerged from the wheel of fortune!

“This extraordinary chance, on which the Count did not risk a single guinea, returned to Scot and Miss Fry (whose quarrel was fabulous) the full sum of one thousand five hundred guineas!”

Cagliostro's Life, p. 22.

MISCELLANIES,
AMUSING AND SELECT.

A SIMPLE AND PLEASING WAY TO MAKE A PORTABLE SUN-DIAL OF A CARD.



THE lines *a d*, *a b*, and *b c*, of the gnomon (or pin of the dial), must be cut quite through the card; and, as the end of *a b* or the gnomon is raised occasionally above the plane of the dial, it turns upon the uncut line *c d* as on a hinge. The dotted line *A B* must penetrate through the card, and the thread

c must pass through that line, and have a knot tied behind, to preserve it from being easily drawn out. Upon the other end of this thread is a small plummet D, and in the middle of it, a small bead for pointing out the hour of the day.

To rectify this dial, set the thread in the slit, right against the day of the month, and stretch the thread from the day of the month over the angular point, where the curve lines meet at XII; then shift the bead to that point on the thread, and the dial will be correct.

To find the hour of the day, raise the gnomon (no matter how much or little), and hold the edge of the dial next the gnomon towards the sun, so as the uppermost edge of the gnomon may just cover the *shadow line*; and the bead then playing freely on the face of the dial, by the weight of the plummet, will show the time of the day amongst the hour lines, as it may be forenoon or afternoon.

To find the time of sun-rising and setting, move the thread among the hour lines, until it either covers some one of them, or lies parallel between any two; and then it will cut the time of sun-rising among the forenoon hours, or of sun-setting among the afternoon hours, for that day of the year to which the thread is set in the scale of months.

To find the sun's declination, stretch the thread from the day of the month over the angular point at XII, and it will cut the sun's declination, as it is north or south for that day, the arched scale of north and south declination.

To find on what day the sun enters the signs; when the bead, as above rectified, moves along any of the curved lines which have the signs of the zodiac

marked on them, the sun enters those signs on the days pointed out by the thread in the scale of months.

TO MAKE A ROOM APPEAR IN FLAMES.

A marvellous Illusion of the Fancy.

Take half an ounce of sal-ammoniac, one ounce of camphor, and two ounces of aqua-vitæ (or rectified spirits of wine), put them into an earthen pot, narrowing towards the top, and set fire to it.

The effect will be immediate, and so alarming, that the persons in the room will even fancy their own garments are on fire; but the illusory flames will nevertheless do no harm. This was in former times accounted a rare secret.

THE FAMOUS ALKAHEST,

OR,

UNIVERSAL DISSOLVENT OF THE ANCIENTS.

According to Paracelsus and Van Helmont, there is a certain fluid in nature capable of reducing *all* sublunary bodies, or dissolving them into their original matter; or into an uniform portable liquor that will unite with water, and the juices of our bodies.

Van Helmont, declaring that *he* himself possessed the secret, excited succeeding chemists and alchemists to the pursuit of so wonderful a menstruum; and Mr. Boyle, the celebrated chemist, is said to have declared, that "he had rather have been master of it than of the philosopher's stone."

The different conjectures of chemists, with regard to the *matter* of the alkahest, are innumerable ; some expected to obtain it from sea-salt and mercury ; others wrought on equinoctial dew ; others on rain-water ; others on talc, on zinc, on antimony, &c.

Kunkel, in ridicule of the universal dissolvent, asks, " If the alkahest dissolves all substances, in what vessel can it be contained ?" But this question may be partially set aside, when it is considered that the menstruum might be weakened so as to be occasionally kept in that vessel which has the greatest power to resist its effects, or it might be contained in a continuous number of vessels, as it is not to be supposed that the effect would be instantaneous. And the fact of so great a man as *Boyle* giving credence to the possibility of such a mixture, certainly goes far to free those persons from the charge of credulity, who are believers therein at the present day ; of which there are many ; and they, also, men of science and genius !

TALISMANS.

THE extraordinary interest which has been excited by the author of *Waverley's* celebrated romance of " *The Talisman*," has, it appears, created a pretty general desire for becoming acquainted with those mysterious agents (as they are said to be) in the laboratory of nature. And hence also, the author of this book has toiled amidst many a dusky and worm-eaten memorial of former times, in order to give an accurate description of the most esteemed

Talismans, which those ancient manuscripts treat of. In addition to which, he has chosen such as appear to be facile in construction; and by the ease with which the reader can thus make them, it will be soon manifest whether their powers are real or imaginary.

The Imperial Talisman of Constantine,

Which is said to give Victory over Enemies.



This Talisman must be engraved on pure iron. The metal must be moulded into the above form on the day of Mars (which is *Tuesday*), and in his hour (which is the first and eighth hour of that day), while the moon is in sextile, or trine to Mars, which every astrologer knows, and which the ephemeris will teach. It must be engraven at the same time, or under similar aspects, and in the increase of the moon.

When completed (the utmost care being taken that it is began and ended under the required aspects), the person for whom it is made must retire to some secret place, and fumigating it with the magical suffumigation of the spirits of Mars, which consists

No. 5.

F

of red saunders, frankincense, and pepper, must proceed to suspend it from some part of the body, where it will be kept clean and secret; or it may be worn on the finger as a ring, the characters being engraven inside (the size of the Talisman being of no consequence) next to the finger.

This is said to be the identical sign which the Emperor Constantine saw in the heavens, previous to his embracing Christianity. And it is also said to "give victory over every earthly enemy, being rightly formed."—*MSS. Key to Agrippa.*

The writings of the ancients are filled with the various effects and descriptions of Talismans, many of which were formed of the most costly materials; as of "gold, silver, and rubies." The following, worn in a ring, is said to prove of great and surprising efficacy in the way of acquiring powerful friends, and overcoming the evils of life: it is termed by an old manuscript

"THE RING OF STRENGTH."

"Let a ring be formed of virgin gold, on the day of the sun, and in the hour of Jupiter, in the moon's increase, wherein thou shalt place seven precious stones—the DIAMOND, the RUBY, the EMERALD, the JACYNTH, the SAPPHIRE, the BERYL, and the TOPAZ. Wear it about thee, and fear no man; for thou wilt be invincible as Achilles."—*MSS of Philadelphus.*

THE
TALISMAN OF ST. BARNABAS.

A LEGEND OF CHEAPSIDE.



THE very ancient custom of commercial society which induced those persons who exercised the same profession or occupation to reside together, was also the origin of such places being erected, beautified, or named, by those liberal individuals who wished to raise their professions in dignity and importance. Many instances of this practice might be mentioned, but the present narrative requires us

only to refer to that part of Cheapside anciently standing opposite the end of Wood-street, and then called Goldsmiths'-row. It consisted of a series of wooden houses and shops, having their carved gables turned to the street, and erected, according to the antique custom of London, in one frame of four stories in height, each of which projected over that beneath. Below these buildings were fourteen small and rather dark shops, the deep unglazed windows of which were covered with a heavy tiled pent-house, having a rich display of gold and silver vessels in the interior; to guard which, as well as to solicit custom, the master or some of his servants continually stood before the door.

The fronts of these erections were adorned with their respective signs and several sculptures in wood, whilst in the centre edifice was a large ornamental tablet cast in lead, and richly painted and gilt, intended at once to commemorate the title of the row itself, and of its generous founder; since it represented the Goldsmiths' Arms, with figures of woodmen riding on monstrous beasts, expressive of the name of Thomas Wood, goldsmith and sheriff, who not only built these shops and houses in 1491, but endowed them with certain sums of money, to be lent to such young citizens as should first inhabit them.

To this pile of building, then—which was considered the glory of Cheapside, of London, and of England—there removed an old and rather a humorous personage, a bachelor, named Ignatius Touchstone, who resided in the principal tenement, known by the sign of the Chalice and Unicorn, being appointed a sort of governor over the junior members,

of Master Wood's foundation. And, indeed, the ancient goldsmith was excellently adapted for such an appointment, since his professional skill was known and esteemed wherever a ship had, at this period, found a passage. His damasquined weapons were coveted, his plate and jewellery were equally admired in court and castle, and his chapel furniture was so highly valued, that pontiff and priest were alike desirous of possessing his crosiers, patinas, shrines, lamps, and flagons. Whilst he was thus the very prototype of the mad Florentine, Benvenuto Cellini, in skill, he also possessed a very large portion of his fiery temper; though, when he came to blows, he had recourse to a long and stout oaken walking-staff, choicely carved by the famous Albrecht Dürer, and mounted in gold with his own hand, instead of the more destructive weapons of the Italian. With this instrument, which he humorously called "the book of good manners," he commonly made a considerable impression in every dispute, and was particularly successful in using it to convince his wild kinsman and apprentice, Pierce Maléfant, of idleness and lewd revelry; his lessons and discipline on which commonly began at rather an early hour in the morning. It was also not unfrequently with him to open this said volume, and to pursue his scholar through the streets with it, whenever he found him loitering at a pageant, a tavern, or a procession, through Cheapside. For, to speak truth, it should be observed, that Master Pierce very much resembled the idle apprentice in Chaucer's exquisite fragment of "*The Coke's Tale*;" for which reason, the wholesome abuse, and even the oaken arguments, of the ancient goldsmith were by no means uncalled for.

As this character, too, was tolerably well known to the neighbours, it was seldom thought wonderful to see them both racing through the street of Westcheap; the one laying about him with a host of hard words, and yet harder blows, and the other flying along, half in mockery and half in fear. In due time, however, notwithstanding Master Touchstone's rigid government, his pupil became indifferently good at his art. He possessed both a fair face and a bold presence, being always out first when the other apprentices began to cry "Clubs!" He had a good voice in a stave, and a light foot in a galliard; though he was chiefly known for an audacious spirit, that seemed formed either for making a fortune or stretching a halter, and so unbounded an ambition, that, provided he arrived at wealth and power, he cared not greatly whether the road lay nearest to virtue or to villainy. And, indeed, the aspect of the times was such, that any bold or enterprising spirit might expect to prosper in them. There were many alarming symptoms of discontent in England: an insecure peace was existing with France, and the party of Perkin Warbeck, the fictitious Duke of York, continued to rapidly increase. King Henry VII. had prohibited all intercourse with Flanders, and the importation of all Flemish wares. The English merchants had, therefore, no other mart than Calais for the sale of their goods, which greatly decreased their credit; while the Flemish merchants who were settled and protected in England carried on a trade with their own countries, and from their warehouses at the Still-yard, on the river bank, continued to supply all who had hitherto been furnished with goods by the citizens of London.

Their success naturally produced the strongest feelings of envy and dislike in the civic traders, until, at length, their smouldered hatred broke forth in the most furious acts of open revenge. Such was then the state of London at the period our narrative commences, which, to fix it precisely, is about six o'clock in the morning of Monday, October the 7th, in the year of human Redemption 1493, and the 9th of the reign of King Henry VII.

The public fountain in Cheapside was at this time a place of universal intercourse for the apprentices of London, at which meetings were appointed, disputes planned, their rights and privileges debated, and measures of offence and defence concerted. It was known by the name of the Lesser Conduit, consisting of a short square turret, with four basins and an embattled top, built of stone, and lined with lead. It was at this time surmounted by a fair gothic cupola and vane; for it had been erected only about sixty years, and repaired still more recently by licence from Henry IV. It was filled from the Great Conduit at Bucklersbury, with a stream brought from Paddington. As pipes, however, for the supply of private houses, were not then invented, the water was conveyed to them in large wooden tankards, hooped with iron, and having massy handles, chains, and moveable covers; and in some ancient views of Cornhill and Cheapside, the conduits are represented with a host of these vessels standing about them.

At the time of this narrative, most citizens were served by their own apprentices, especially those whose houses stood so immediately in the vicinity of the conduits as did Master Ignatius Touchstone's in

the Goldsmiths'-row. It was this day with no good will that Master Pierce Malefant took up his heavy tankard and went him forth to the Little Conduit in Cheap, which was constructed in the Standard, at the end of Honey-lane, or about opposite to the north door of the present Bow Church. As he hastily advanced, his associates received him with a clamorous resolution, some greeting, some jesting, but most with laughter, and all with good humour; till his own ill-humour was partly assuaged by the intelligence he received of a conspiracy among his brother apprentices, the ostensible purpose of which was a plot to burn the warehouses of the Flemish merchants, and destroy their goods, in revenge for the loss of credit sustained by their civic antagonists.

“Now, Pierce Malefant,” began Dominic, as soon as they were clear of the crowd, at the same time drawing him under a dark pent-house by Bow Church, and speaking in a low tone, “do not I utter your thoughts, when I state that you desire to avenge yourself upon him whom you serve?”

“What fiend told you that?” exclaimed Pierce, starting back; “and yet, to say the truth, I——”

“Aye, aye,” interrupted he, “I knew it well! His morning curses and his daily blows could not but fire such a free young spirit as thine. Now, mark what I am about to tell thee. Some seven nights past, I went, about eight of the clock, to carry a fair parchment missal, and a rosary of sandal wood, to Master Lumpfish, in the Bridge-street; and as I returned by the Still-yard, I saw two men come out, one of whom I knew to be an Almaine, named Cornelius Zaubergoldt; a man shrewdly

suspected of using magical and ungodly arts. He gave the other a brass box, bidding him guard it as his life, since it contained that which would make or mar them for ever; above all, he was to keep the casket shut, as the thing within it was a fiend, which he had with much labour confined there, and would prove one of the foulest spirits of the deep, should it once get loosened. They spake all this in a very joyful manner; and when Cornelius had gone in again, I traced the stranger to your dwelling; I saw him enter with the fiendish box, and wot it could be no other than Master Touchstone himself!"

"What wouldst thou do, then, good scribe of the Westcheap?" asked Pierce. "Wouldst have me break open the casket, and let the devil loose upon us?"

"I do not ask thee to loose the demon," answered Dominic; "but methinks that a true son of the Holy Church should ever help to resist the Devil: I promise you that his Grace of Canterbury well guerdons those who do, and sorely disciplines those who do not. Advise yourself of it, then, and peer about closely for more charges; for with this act of witchcraft brought home to the Flemings, and our own force to boot, down they go, an' they were an hundred fold stronger than they be."

"Well, well," replied the yielding Pierce, "thou hast wrought strange feelings within me:—where shall we two meet at night, to confer more of this matter alone?"

"Nowhere better than on this very spot," was the answer, "an hour after Bow-bell has rung for

curfew; but thou wilt come to us at the Royal Rose?"

"I may not promise that," rejoined Malefant, "but do thou say for me that I will not fail to rise and join them with the first outcry." The two worthies then separated; Dominic taking a circuitous road to his own dwelling, whilst Master Pierce, bearing the tankard on his shoulder, returned to the abode of Master Touchstone.

As the night had proved more damp and gloomy than is usual for so early an October evening, Master Touchstone took his departure to his club, which, to complete the strange features of these times, was held under the authority of Absolon Chine (a whimsical character, formerly well known throughout Westcheap for his quaint humour, and his office as sexton of St. Mary-le-Bow) in the belfry of the Church; where the eldest, and the merriest, and the most singular of the elders, would meet on winter's evenings, to laugh, quaff, and sing, or play away the hours, until nine o'clock gave notice that the guardian of Bow-bell should toll the curfew. On Master Touchstone's departure, his apprentice remained alone; with the less regret, on account of being employed in planishing a silver charger for the ensuing Lord Mayor's day, until Absolon's curfew should release him from labour. The figures with which it was decorated were allegorically intended to represent that Industry and Skill are the discoverers of concealed treasures; and as he burnished the emblems of wealth, he could not avoid reflecting upon his own ambitious visions, and execrating the fate which confined him to

manual labour, and the caprices of a humorous master.

“I would to St. Mildred!” said Pierce, half aloud; “I would to St. Mildred, now, that any of the gold which men say is in the earth were to fall to my share; and, by the bones! I’d never question whence it came, or who placed it there; for full sure am I that there be shorter roads to riches than this toiling at furnace and hammer. The sprite in yonder casket might perchance tell some tidings of this; and I know not what lets me now from asking it myself. But what if the fiend prove too stark for me when his prison is open, and fly away with the Goldsmiths’-row? Mass! that were a foul thing truly! and small ruth would be shown to me, for I should carry a faggot to Powle’s, as sure as the holy thorn blossoms at Christmas.”

How strong his fear or his good resolutions might have proved, it is impossible to guess; for at that moment all his reveries were put to flight by a gentle knocking at the house door; and Pierce, supposing that it might be some of his fellows, went thither with more haste than usual. Upon opening the portal he saw a figure wrapped in a mantle, who presently discovered to him the features of Cornelius Zaubergoldt, and demanded the immediate attendance of Master Touchstone.

“Please you to sit awhile,” said Pierce, “and perchance he may return soon after the curfew; but at present he is gone forth!”

“Sit awhile!” exclaimed the German, hastily; “soul of Alcabitius! why goes he forth, when every moment may call him to the great work? ’Tis

shrewd ill luck for him; but I perceive that the planets have rejected *him* from their mysteries”

“Beseech you,” said Pierce, “take it not so foully; he may not tarry long; but an’ I might be——”

“And,” interrupted the alchemist, “are the high mysteries for which I have toiled so long to await his tardy return? No, verily! he is cut off as unworthy of partaking in them; but I must seize the true moment of working, according to the tables which Isaac Aben Seyd and the Eastern astronomers wrought for Prince Alphonso the Wise. And tell me, youth, knowest thou aught of thy craft?”

“Why,” returned Pierce, “I can do somewhat, though there be many others more couthful; and yet I can grave, chase, and cast, with any’ prentice in Westcheap of no longer standing.”

“Enough,” answered Cornelius, “I will use thy skill; therefore fetch me hither that brazen casket which standeth in the upper chamber, and bring it to the laboratory, for as yet I have no power to touch it: I will in the mean time prepare a crucible to receive the spirit that lies within it. Depart at once for the box, or lament in vain through the rest of thy miserable life: I foresee that the crisis of thy fate is at hand, and there is but one moment for us to work in. Thus it is that man, vain man, looking to a length of years, delays from day to day to begin his greatest labours: the happy season passes, and he is lost. Work then now, or vainly repent for ever!”

He spake; and Pierce hastened out of the apartment. Upon returning to the laboratory, he found Cornelius carefully preparing a crucible which, b:

some secret means, he had brought to such a high degree of heat as almost instantly to fuse either gold or silver. The clear blue eyes and pale complexion of the German looked nearly unearthly in the blaze of the furnace; and their solemn effect was farther increased by his dress, since he had entirely thrown aside his mantle, and appeared in a rich Eastern habit, having on his breast a large silver cross, embroidered with such art that the metal was nearly as vivid as if it had been wrought in rays of light!

Having ordered Pierce to secure the door, he directed him to open the casket, which contained a mould for casting a small image of St. Barnabas, and several fragments of ancient gold. These the alchemist flung into the crucible; and then, turning to Pierce, said, "Well, what think'st thou now? Is there aught unholy in our labours?"

"No, by my holidame!" answered the apprentice; "but I would fain learn what all this signifieth."

"Listen then," replied Cornelius; "and so much as I may disclose to thee I will, the rather that thine art may be the more availing. It is now some three years since, when I sojourned in the fair city of Milan, one summer midnight, as I read late in the divine books of Ptolemy and the Rabbi Jehuda el Coneso, a man clothed in this habit stood suddenly before me! His visage was that of one who had been long at rest in the sepulchre; his hair and robes were dropping with the night dews; and this cross, which I have faintly purfled in silver, shone upon his breast in rays of living light. With fear and trembling I prostrated myself before him,

deeming that I saw the vision of some ancient saint; and demanded of him what he would have with his servant. In brief, he told me in mine own tongue, that he was Christianus Crux,* the great master of all alchemic mysteries; that the cross on his breast was the mystic sign of his own name, and of that light which is the menstruum of gold; and that the dew falling from him expressed the all-creating and all-dissolving spirit of nature. 'And now, Cornelius,' said he, 'if thou wilt listen to my words, thou shalt have a larger guerdon than the richest king ever yet bestowed. Thou knowest that the first Christian Church in Milan was planted by holy Barnabas, the fellow Apostle of Paul, and men still show the place where he preached, without the South gate of the city. Deeply buried in that place lies a casket, with certain reliques of mystic gold, once part of an image adored in this city, but wondrously thrown down and broken, what time the true faith was brought hither. Howbeit, in that gold dwells *the sympathetic power of finding out all other hidden treasures*; if it be first skilfully wrought into the form of the holy Apostle, under the same configurations as those which reigned at its destruction, which must be graven upon its base.

'Wherefore, on the coming feast of St. Barnabas, when the sun is so high and bright in the Twins that

* It has been erroneously supposed that the sect of the *Rosicrucians* implied the brotherhood of the Rosy Cross; where, their title was really derived from the words *Ros*, or dew, *the most powerful dissolvent of gold*, and *Crux*, their founder's name, which signifies a cross, the chemical character for light. This association was expressed by the letters *F. R. C.*, meaning, *Fratres Rosi Cocti*, or, Brethren of the Concocted Dew

even midnight quenches not his fire, and the year is at its perfect manhood, go to that sacred spot, and take up the gold again, when the hour is neither of night nor of morning, and the heavens are lighted both by sun and stars.' He said, and passed away from me as in a cloud; howbeit, I fulfilled his behests, and the gold is now before thee. With much labour, and by the aid of those wondrous Tables which the Rabbi Isaac Aben Seyd framed for King Alonzo of Leon, I have been enabled to calculate the exact times for fashioning the figure. And *now*, the mould thereof is formed, the gold is melted, and the Talismanic Image wants but casting and inscribing with the planetary influences, to be perfect."

"Wherein," said Pierce, "I shall soon speed you. By St. Mary of Bow! ye have told me a strange tale; and methinks that the fire burns more fiercely than ever I marked it; and here, too, are wondrous fair colours, leaping, as it were, about the melting pot."

"A sure token, my son," said Cornelius, "that our labours have arrived at a happy perfection; but the gold is now molten, so cast me the figure in the name of the holy St. Barnabas."

As soon as the metal had been safely poured into the mould, and was carefully set to cool, Cornelius departed; first, however, drawing from his pouch a piece of vellum inscribed with certain Hebrew names and astronomical signs, written around two circles and a cross. This he gave to Pierce, and said, "The night is waning, and I must go hence: let not the sacred effigy be taken from its matrix until I return hither; but at fitting season, when no eye can mark thy labours, let these characters

be graven upon the base of it. Above all, tell nought of these things unto thy master; but be faithful, be silent, and thy guerdon shall be alike great and certain."

When the German had quitted the laboratory, Pierce began to reflect upon the strange events of the last hour; and gazing on the cooling image, he uttered his considerations in these words:—"A wondrous fair piece of work truly, and, I ween, a quicker one than ever was wrought by any save holy Dunstan, or the foul fiend. Ha!" exclaimed he, cautiously touching it, "'tis even now as cold as if it had been founded last St. Barnabas; and so I'll e'en sit me down and finish the work, ere I meet that wily knave Dominic under Bow steeple."

In executing this part of the *Talisman*, the young goldsmith seemed to have additional skill given to his hand, and more than ordinary keenness to his graver, so that the whole inscription was rapidly and fairly transferred to the base of the image; which implied, that the happiest moments had been taken for its perfection, when all the planetary influences were in favourable aspects. *As he traced the last line*, however, the figure suddenly fell with a loud noise upon the pavement of the laboratory, and stood erect upon the centre of the stone; whilst the mould which enveloped it flew into a thousand pieces!

"The fiend take these juggleries, and the knave who made them!" exclaimed Pierce, endeavouring to lift, or even to wrench, the gifted image from the stone. "I'm foully sped now, I trow; for here the figure stands as immoveable as Cheap Standard!—By St. Thomas! I might as well try to pluck up

Powle's Cross. "Mass! now," continued he, still pulling lustily between each exclamation, "how shall I unroot this golden devil? Marry, I'll e'en take tongs and fire prong, and wrench up the stone, and then hammer him off upon the anvil."

As his strength soon enabled him to effect this, the moment the stone was raised from the ground the figure fell from it; and the cause of its attachment was immediately shown by the appearance of an antique golden cup and cover, filled with coins of the same metal, which had been buried beneath it. Master Pierce Malefant carefully concealed the gold and the Talisman, let down the stone again into its cavity, and went forth to keep his appointment with Dominic Beadroll. Of this interview it is only important for the reader to know that Pierce advised the scribe to send two stout apparitors from the Bishop of London early on the following morning; adding, that it was now certain that Master Touchstone held intercourse with a magician and an evil spirit, for the discovery of hidden treasures; and, having made this arrangement, they adjourned to the other apprentices at the Royal Rose.

It was grey morning in the Westcheap ere the ancient goldsmith quitted Master Absolon of Bowbell, and took the road to his own dwelling, which he found wholly unguarded, and even deserted, by his knavish apprentice. Having drummed for some time impatiently on his portal, uttering a host of those gentle execrations which rose so readily to his tongue, Master Touchstone tried the lock, which soon yielded to his strength, the rather that his excellent deputy had never fastened it.

Within, the whole place appeared in confusion; and it was with many a vow of vengeance at a fitting season, that the goldsmith set about arranging and opening his shop. Whilst he was thus employed, two men clothed in that clerical kind of habit generally worn by summoners, apparitors, and other retainers of the ecclesiastical law, came up to him and addressed him with—"Good morrow to ye, friend; you are called Master Ignatius Touchstone, as we take it: there be ill reports of you abroad, for men say that you keep an evil spirit in your house here; and we have warrant to make inquisition touching it, and to summon you to answer it"

"Ye say truly, masters," replied Touchstone, in a careless and rough jesting tone; "I wot well that for nearly seven years I have had one of the foul fiend's own cockrels in my dwelling, in the form of a losel apprentice; howbeit, his heels have saved his bones this morning, seeing that he has run away altogether. And now, I trow, your errand is fairly sped, since I have answered ye, and you may summon him as speedily as ye list."

The goldsmith had just grasped his staff and certainly would have succeeded in effectually repulsing the apparitors, when Cornelius Zaubergoldt came hastily up, and burst through the party into the house, saying, "Give place; let me pass: I can salute no man now: it is the full hour of perfection, and the Talisman must be secured now or never."

"Here's an ungodly royster," cried the apparitor. "By holy Powle, this is the other sorcerer; let's seize on him as he returns." And, as he spake, the German rushed forth from the laboratory, with all

the most violent signs of grief and disappointment in his looks, exclaiming, "Lost! lost! the labour of years, and the work of immortals—all lost!—the holy figure destroyed, and the spirit which dwelt in it gone for ever! False villain!" continued he, rushing violently towards Touchstone, "give me back my treasure, the mystic Talisman of St. Barnabas, which only last night I left within thy laboratory."

"Here's a coil!" exclaimed Touchstone; "here's a goodly coil, indeed, for a man to break his fast upon! First I am to be treated like a foul sorcerer, and then comes a mad old Easterling, whom I have honoured by working for him at all hours without guerdon, and charges me with the loss of his moonshine treasures; for albeit he promised me mountains of gold for my labours, well I weened that I should have fewer coins than crosses. And so now go to, my masters all; an' ye will depart quickly, I will be content to hold all your maltreatment but misprise; but if ye do not now make away, why beware my baston. And for you, Master Cornelius, go—take up your casket within, and get hence."

"The fiend take the casket!" cried the German; what is the casket when the jewel is gone? I tell thee, that only yesternight the work was brought to perfection by the hand of thy disciple; for thou, being absent, wert rejected from the holy labour; and this morning I find the matrix broken, the casket void, and the Talisman of St. Barnabas rent from me! Miserable man that I am, where shall I look for my treasure? Thy disciple knew the good spirit that dwelt in the work, and where is he?"

"Then your riddle is soon read," answered Touchstone; "the evil spirit hath carried off the good

one; for I trow that he is fled. And now, I wot, there only wants Bow-bell to toll, and the knaves of Cheap to cry clubs, to make a fair day's work of it, seeing it hath begun so starkly."

Even as he spake, the bell from Bow church steeple began to ring out a loud and hasty note of alarm; which, however, might be accounted for by knowing that before Master Touchstone quitted the steeple, finding the clerk nearly overpowered by the night's enjoyment, he had carefully blindfolded him, and stretched him on the hearth to recover. Master Absolon's first thoughts turned to his duties, and finding all dark, without considering the hour, he supposed it to be about curfew time, and so began to toll. The citizens came hastily together, but a previous alarm was already spread, that a riot had been commenced at the Still-yard, which was fearfully increasing: The insurgents consisted chiefly of parties from the several trades which were, or supposed to be, injured by the Easterlings, being chiefly mercers, clothiers, and haberdashers; aided by that numerous and quarrelsome class of citizens, the apprentices of London, of whom our friend Pierce Malefant was one of the foremost.

The Still-yard, or Mart-house, was a large stone building on the banks of the Thames, a short distance above London-bridge, erected upon the spot which even now bears the same name. Round this edifice, which the foreign merchants used as a hall, were several other smaller buildings, some of which were of wood, occupied as dwellings and warehouses, and towards which the tumultuous force more immediately advanced; the riotous shouts of their march, becoming distinguishable by the alarming

cries of "Clubs! clubs! Down with the Easterlings!
 —Away with the dog Flemings!—Fire the Still-yard!
 and carry away the wares to honest men's houses!
 —Rise, men of London! rise on the false Easterlings!
 —Clubs! clubs! cry all—cry all!"

Nor were the actual depredations of these over-
 heated artizans less ferocious than their clamorous
 advance, since they instantly began to break open
 and plunder all the buildings where they could
 effect an entrance; whilst the unhappy foreigners
 were saved from entire destruction only by the
 assistance of some smiths and carpenters, who
 crossed over to them from Southwark. In the
 mean time, however, notice of the tumult had been
 sent to Master William Martin, the then Lord Mayor,
 who hastily assembled the Sheriffs and principal
 citizens, and increased the confusion at Touch-
 stone's house by calling on him for his aid, assuring
 him that his apprentice, Pierce, was one of the fore-
 most of the rioters. The Lord Mayor's engagement
 that Master Touchstone should be forthcoming to
 answer any charges, soon liberated him from the
 apparitors; and Cornelius having rushed out of
 the house the moment he heard of an attack upon the
 Still-yard, the party hastened down to the scene of
 action, from which, however, most of the rioters fled
 on the arrival of the civic force, though several others
 were taken and lodged in the Tower.

Considerable destruction had, notwithstanding,
 already been effected. Several storehouses were
 partly broken down and despoiled; and the dwell-
 ing of Zaubergoldt, being of wood, was in flames;
 whilst the unhappy German, distracted with his
 losses, was running wildly to and fro in front of it

“See, see!” he exclaimed, pointing to Pierce Malefant, in the hottest of the fray, with the Talisman of St. Barnabas suspended about his neck; “see how the foul robber bears away the holy image of the Spirit of gold!—*Ha! now the wondrous influence works, and 'tis drawn to the fire by the gold which is burning within! Holy saints, how the fated youth climbs the burning ruins! Wretch that I am! to behold the greatest treasure of the world perish before mine eyes!—Now he stands upon the roof!—Now the gold is attracted to that beneath!—and now—*”

Cornelius sank senseless on the ground, as the unhappy Pierce Malefant fell into the flames, dragged thither by the force of the Talisman he wore: but though the old German recovered, and even lived to a very old age, his senses and tranquillity were gone for ever! And it is recorded, that in the streets of Venice, anciently at the Carnival time, there was wont to come upon the Piazza di san Marco the figure of a tall venerable man, dressed in a torn but rich Eastern habit, with a silver cross upon his breast, anxiously looking at every one, and then turning disappointed away. He was commonly known by the name of “The mad Goldsmith of Milan;” and one who wrote of him in the sixteenth century gave him this character (which, with the foregoing circumstances, makes it extremely probable that he could be no other than Cornelius Zaubergoldt):—“Suche is my reporte of this strange wanderer, and so shall he roame till deathe or doomes-day take him from the worlde. He hathe traversed o’er manie countries, and is well seene in many tongues; but thoughe he mighte

beholde the fairest sightes of the earthe, and coulde talke of its moste approved marvailes, yet hathe he no eyes but to searche after that which he hathe loste, and no speeche save to enquire if any man hathe founde his treasure."

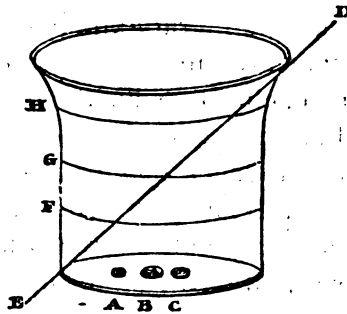
For Master Touchstone, it remains only to be recorded, that he soon cleared himself from all charges of sorcery; but from that day he was said to be an altered man, seldom using his walking-staff as a weapon, and never swearing his usual oaths. The golden chalice which the Talisman of St. Barnabas discovered in his laboratory, he bequeathed to the Goldsmiths' Company, though it was lost in the great fire of London; after which also his other gifts ceased; though the following literal extract from his ancient Will and Testament, will perhaps be the best moral and the best conclusion which I can now put to this extended narrative.—“ And forasmuche as grete and memorable thynges oughte not by man to be soone forgottene, I give and bequeathe to the worshipfull Companye of Gouldsmythe's a high standynge cuppe and cover, all of the beste goulde, called Cornelius, in memorye of an Almayne of that name with whom I sometime had famylyaritye; the said cuppe to be fylled with sacke, and drunke from by all the free brothers of this Companye, on the Tuesdaye nexte before the feaste of the Translation of Saint Edwarde, yearly; and I also give Xs. for a dinner for the sayd Companye, to be helde on that day for ever. In worthe memorie that on that day I sawe the sudden falle of prosperous vyllyayne, and howe vyl-gotten ryches wyll oftentymes ead a man to daunger, and even unto deth.”

NATURAL MAGIC.

TO FASCINATE BIRDS.

MIX together the juice of rue and vinegar, and steep corn therein; this corn, thrown to birds, shall so fascinate them upon their eating thereof, that they may be easily caught with the hand. In like manner, poppy seeds steeped in brandy for twenty-four hours will have the same effect.

THE MAGIC VESSEL.



Upon the bottom of a vessel (see above figure) lay three pieces of money, the first at A, the second at B, and the third at C. Then place a person at D, where he can see no farther into the vessel than E. You may then inform him, that by pouring water into the vessel you will make him see three different pieces of money; and bid him observe that you do not convey any money in with the water. But be careful that you pour the water in gently, or the pieces will move out of their places, and thereby destroy the object.

Now when the water rises up to *F*, the piece at *A* will be visible; when it reaches *G*, both *A* and *B* will be visible; and when it comes up to *H*, all three pieces can be distinguished!

TO MAKE THE FACES OF A PARTY APPEAR GHASTLY AND DEATH-LIKE.

This is a curious experiment, and formerly the work of superstition, invented by the cunning friars (as an old author writes). In order to perform this strange feat, take half a pint of spirits of wine, or of strong brandy, and having warmed it, put a handful of salt with it into a basin; then set it on fire with a lighted piece of paper, and it will have the effect of making every one present look "as if they were newly risen from their cold graves."

Note.—This can only be done in a close room.



TRADITIONS AND SUPERSTITIONS OF FORMER TIMES

PROGNOSTICATIONS FROM THE MOON'S AGE

Moon's Age.

- 1st day. THE child born is said to be long-lived. The dream true, and the event satisfying.
- 2d day. The dream will be unprofitable. The child born on this day grows fast. It is a fortunate day for searching after remarkable things.
- 3d day. The dream good. The child born this day is said to be fortunate with great men or Princes.
- 4th day. Unhappy, evil, and perilous, especially to those who fall sick. The dream will not be effected.
- 5th day. Good to begin any work, or to voyage on water. A *good* dream will be effected and brought about; but a bad dream will have no meaning. The child born this day proves a traitor.
- 6th day. The fugitive shall be recovered. Dreams suspended. The child born will, it is said, be short-lived.
- 7th day. The sick person whose sickness began on this day shall soon be well. The dream must be kept secret. The child born this day will be long-lived and liable to trouble.

- 8th day. The dream true and certain. The child born long-lived.
- 9th day. The dream will turn out good next day.
- 10th day. The dream will be soon effected. The sickness perilous. The child born this day is said to be fated to long life. The ☉ being Alchochodon.
- 11th day. Here rules Babel, enemy to dreams; hence the dreams will be of no effect. The child born this day shall be afflicted in travelling, and irreligious.
- 12th day. The dream good and effective. The child ingenious and long-lived.
- 13th day. The dream true and effective. The child then born will be foolish or a zealot.
- 14th day. The dream shall be ambiguous, doubtful, and the effect suspended. The child born this day will be an extraordinary genius. His fate is ruled by the demon or angel Cassiel, in the hierarchy of Uriel.
- 15th day. He who falls sick this day it shall be unto death. The dream true. Fortune indifferent. The child under ♁, handsome, fair, and fortunate.
- 16th day. The dreams will be accomplished. The child long-lived. ♁ is said to be Alchochodon.
- 17th day. If this fall on a Saturday, it is said to prove very unfortunate. The dream not effected for three days. The child born on this day is said to be unhappy.

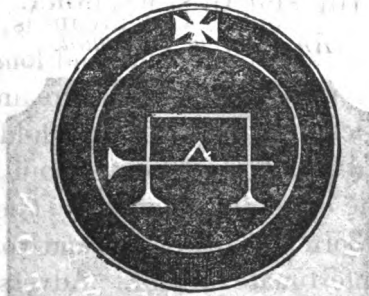
- 18th day.** The dream is said to be true and certain. The child, through much labour and travel, will come to high dignity and honours.
- 19th day.** Hiel rules. The day dangerous. Dream forbodes ill fortune. The child likely to prove mischievous, or a thief.
- 20th day.** The dream true. The child, as before, a cheat.
- 21st day.** The day is said to be good. The dream unprofitable. The child corpulent, strong, but a cheat.
- 22d day.** Gebil rules. The dream is true. The child good, docile, and long-lived.
- 23d day.** A fortunate day. The dream, nevertheless, is false. The child born this day will be deformed, but clever.
- 24th day.** The dream of no effect. The child then born soft-tempered, and voluptuous.
- 25th day.** Unfortunate dream. Adversity for the child then born.
- 26th day.** Dream certain. The child, when adult, will be rich and honoured.
- 27th day.** A good day. The child fortunate, but a great dreamer. Dreams prevail.
- 28th day.** The sick will die. The dream bad, as the spirits are troubled with religious whims. The child born this day will die young; and if it live past five months, will prove a zealot, or an idiot.
- 29th day.** Fortunate; Raphael predominates. The child born long-lived, and fated to riches. Dreams true.

30th and last day. Unfortunate. Child short lived.
The sick person will die. Cassiel predominates.

With respect to the foregoing traditions, they are very ancient, and are therefore curious. Their truth or falsehood may be proved by observation.—The days of the *moon's age* may be known by the commonest almanack.

AN AMULET OR CHARM

FOR LOVE.



“HE that beareth this charm about him, written on virgin parchment, shall obtain love of lord and lady.”—*Ancient MSS.*

CHARMING AWAY THE HOOPING COUGH

An English lady, the wife of an officer, accompanied her husband to Dublin not very long ago, when his regiment was ordered to that station. She engaged an Irish girl as nurse-maid in her family, and a short time after her arrival was astonished by an urgent request from this damsel to permit her to *charm little miss from ever having the hooping cough*—(then prevailing in Dublin)!

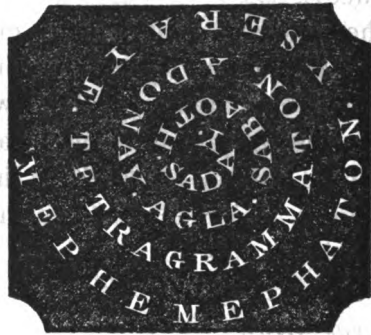
The lady inquired how this was performed; and

not long after had, in walking through the streets, many times the pleasure of witnessing the process, which is simply this:—An *ass* is brought before the door of the house, into whose mouth a piece of bread is introduced, and the child being passed *three times* over and under the animal's body, the charm is completed; and of its efficacy in preventing the spread of a very distressing, and sometimes fatal disorder, the lower class of Irish are certain.

TALISMANS.

THE SPIRAL SEMAPHORA.

An Hebrew Talisman.



Among the Hebrew Cabalists, the following charm is said to be of singular efficacy towards *success in life*. "Procure a piece of virgin silver in the increase of the moon; let it be well guarded, and kept free from contamination with other metals. Then, on the day when the sun is in trine to the moon from the signs Scorpio and Pisces, mould the metal into the form of a medal, and engrave the words thereon. It will be more precious to thee than the gold of Ophir."—*Manuscript of the late Dr. Telloch.*

GEOMANCY.

No. 2.

TO CAST A FIGURE OF THE TRIPLICITIES, ACCORDING TO SIMPLE GEOMANCY.

It has been before observed (page 29), that the method made use of in working the Schemes of Geomancy, was to mark down a certain number of points or dots, casually, without counting the number, and then joining them by the rules of art into a Scheme, or *Figure*, whence the answers were readily obtained.

Such is the process; but a very curious, and, indeed, *ancient*, manuscript now before me gives the following formula for divining, which will probably be read with interest, as affording a partial view of the singular hold which superstition had upon the customs, and even amusements, of former times.

Extract from an ancient Manuscript of the Eleventh Century.

“The Seven Planets are called *the Kings of the World*; and every one of these may do in his hemisphere as an emperor in his empire, or a prince in his kingdom. They are termed by some of the wisest of men, *Seven Candlesticks of Light and of Life*, and are as seven quick spirits, whereunto all living things and all terrestrial affairs are subject.

“Now to *divine* by their influences is the scope of our doctrine, even by the art called Geomancy, which is none other but the cogitation of the heart of the asker, joined to the earnest desire of *the will*

to know the thing or matter uncertain and dark, which nevertheless is contained in the arcanum, or hidden cabinet of nature and governed by the secrets of fortune.

“This art, curious in its method, and of diverse efficacy, is attainable by him alone who will, amidst thorny paths and rugged journeys, guide his footsteps aright; for doubtless divers ways lead to the selfsame end. But know, O man! whoever thou art, that shall inquire into these hidden mysteries, that thou must forbear to consult the heavenly oracles, or to cast thy divining points, in a cloudy, windy, or rainy season; or when the heavens above thee are stricken with thunder; or when the lightnings glare amidst thy path; for thou art governed by an invisible demon who wills thy answer, and will guide thy trembling fingers to cast thy figure rightly. So that what to thee may seem the sport and pastime of very chance, is the work of an unseen power. Therefore, mark well, else the mighty spirits of the earth, who rule thy destiny, will be to thee as deceivers, and even as the false and lying spirits recorded in holy writ.

“Thou shalt therefore cast thy divining points in earth (thy fellow clay) tempered according to the high and hidden mysteries of the seven wandering fires of heaven, which the vulgar call planets, or stars. Thou shalt take clean earth, in the manner of sand, *mingled with the dews of the night, and the rain of the clouds that shall fall during the full of the moon, commixed in equal portions for the space of seven days*, under the celestial signs or reigning constellations, or otherwise in the lordship of the hours of the presiding planets; and then shalt thou

mingle the whole mass together, to the intent that by their commixion the universal effect may be the better known, and the end thereof prophesied.

“Choose, therefore, a clear and goodly season, bright and fair, and neither dark, windy, nor rainy—and fear not, but rest assured thou shalt be satisfied.

“Moreover, shouldest thou make use of the *magical* suffumigations of the heavenly orbs, thou shalt make glad (by sympathy) the spirits of the air. They are these;—viz. mastic, cinnamon, frankincense, musk, the wood of aloes, coriandrum, violets, saunders, and saffron. Commix and ignite these in due and just proportions; and then mayest thou proceed to consult thy future lot. Therefore, cast aside all unbelief and all vain scoffings; for the Fathers of the Church, and the wise and holy men of all ages, have exercised these matters, —and truth is in them, *if thou searchest rightly.*”

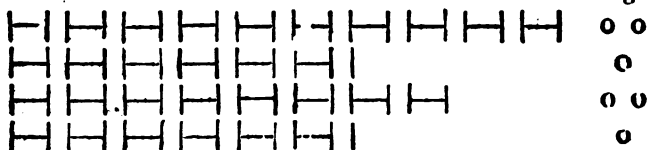
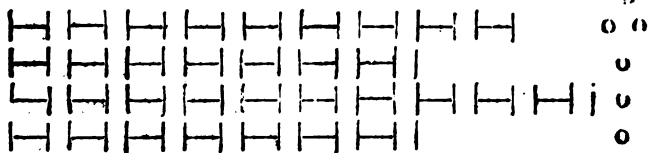
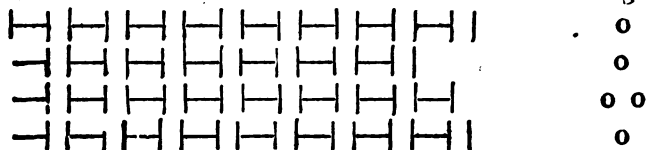
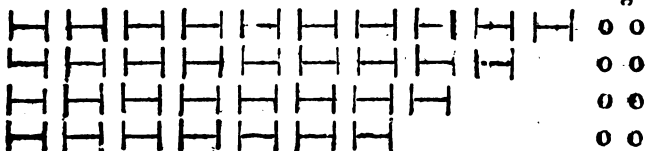
Happily for the reader, there is not the least occasion for the superstitious observance contained in the foregoing ceremonial, or he might grope on in darkness and mystery, till utterly bewildered in the labyrinth of error. It is quite sufficient, and has equally the same effect, to cast the points upon slate or paper, or with pen or pencil, as on the earth.

The following are therefore

The First Steps of the Figure.

When the asker or inquirer has thought earnestly upon the subject or matter of which he inquires, let him mark down *sixteen* lines of dots, marks, or points, without counting them, so that at the least there be not less than twelve points in each line,—

which done, let him join the points or marks in each line together, two and two; and if the number of points in the line be *even*, which is if they will all join together, let him mark down at the end of the line *two* dots, ciphers, or marks; but if the number of points in the line be *odd*, which is *when one remains, after they are joined by two and two*, then let him write down but one point. Every four lines form one Geomantic figure, as follows:—

First Figure.*Second Figure.**Third Figure.**Fourth Figure.*

To exemplify and explain the *first steps*, it will be seen, by counting the points in line the first, that the number of points are twenty, and *even*, consequently they admit of being joined together two and two; but in the second line the number of points are but thirteen, and consequently being *odd*, cannot be all joined but by leaving one point unjoined to the rest. The same rules are observed in the other lines, which produces the four first steps of the figure; and in placing them they must be read from right to left, as underneath.

4th	3d	2d	1st
o o	o	o o	o o
o o	o	o	o
o o	o o	o	o o
o o	o	o	o

In all cases they are placed in the same manner.

The next process is to form *four* other figures from out of the first four, which is done by taking the number of points in the separate lines of each figure; thus, in the figure

Figure 6.

No. 1, the points in the first line are *two*, placed thus

o o

In No. 2, the points in the first line are also *two*, placed thus

o o

In No. 3 there is but *one* point, thus

o

In No. 4 there are again *two*, thus

o o

Giving this figure,
No. 5.

} o o
o o
o
o o

Figure the 6th is found the same way, by taking the odd or even points in the *second* line of the figures, thus:—

Figure 6.

In the second line of No. 1 is an odd point, thus o
 In the second line of No. 2 is also an odd point o
 In the second line of No. 3 is also an odd point o
 In the second line of No. 4 are two points, thus o o

Giving this figure,
 No. 6.

} o
 } o
 } o
 } o o

Figure the 7th is also found the same way; thus

Figure 7.

In the *third* line of No. 1, there are two points,
 thus o o
 In the third line of No. 2, one point, thus o
 In the third line of No. 3, two points, thus o o
 In the third line of No. 4, also two points, thus o o

Giving this figure,
 No. 7.

} o o
 } o
 } o o
 } o o

Figure the 8th is formed thus, the same way.

Figure 8.

In the *fourth* line of No. 1, one point o
 In the fourth line of No. 2, one point o
 In the fourth line of No. 3, one point o
 In the fourth line of No. 4, two points o o

Giving this figure,
 No. 8.

} o
 } o
 } o
 } o o

The next step is to place the whole in order from right to left, as under.

8	7	6	5	4	3	2	1
o	o o	o	o o	o o	o	o o	o o
o	o	o	o o	o o	o	o	o
o	o o	o	o	o o	o o	o	o o
o o	o o	o o	o o	o o	o	o	o

Next, a triangle is formed out of each, by joining together the 1st and 2d, the 3d and 4th, the 5th and 6th, and the 7th and 8th figures thus, according as the points in each are odd or even.

8	7	6	5	4	3	2	1
o	o o	o	o o	o o	o	o o	o o
o	o	o	o o	o o	o	o	o
o	o o	o	o	o o	o o	o	o o
o o	o o	o o	o o	o o	o	o	o
12	11	10	9				
o	o	o	o o				
o o	o	o	o o				
o	o o	o o	o				
o o	o	o	o o				

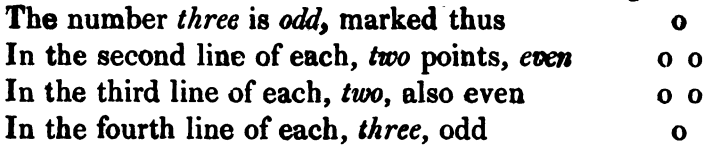
By this means, an additional four figures, Nos. 9, 10, 11, and 12, are gained, after which they are again to be joined together triangularly, as 9 and 10, and 11 and 12, thus:

8	7	6	5	4	3	2	1
o	o o	o	o o	o o	o	o o	o o
o	o	o	o o	o o	o	o	o
o	o o	o	o	o	o o	o	o o
o o	o o	o o	o o	o o	o	o	o
12	11	10	9				
o	o	o	o o				
o o	o	o	o o				
o	o o	o o	o				
o o	o o	o	o o				



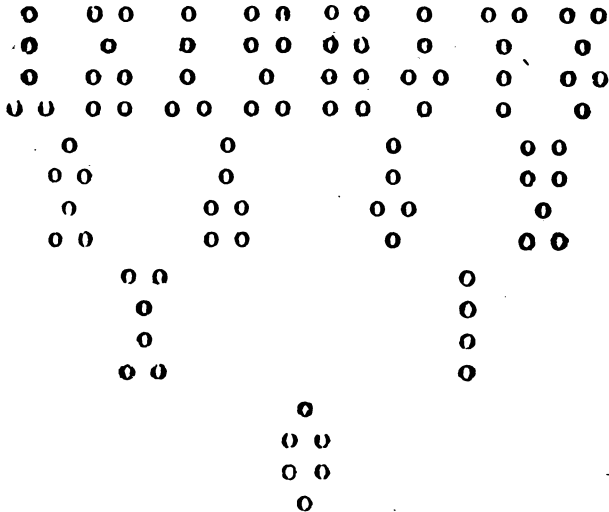
And lastly, No. 13 and 14 are joined in like manner together thus ; No. 13 has one mark and odd in the first line, and No. 14 two.

Figure 15.



The whole process is exemplified in the complete figure which is here given.

Example 1



In order, however, to render the reader *perfect* in casting his figures, I shall subjoin one more example at large.

Example 2.

```

H H H H H H |
H H H H H H H
H H H H H H |
H H H H H H |
    
```

No. 1.

```

o
o o
o
o
    
```

```

H H H H H H H H |
H H H H H H H |
H H H H H H |
H H H H H H H H |
    
```

No. 2.

```

o
o
u
o
    
```

```

H H H H H H H H H H H H |
H H H H H H H H H |
H H H H H H H H |
H H H H H H H |
    
```

No. 3.

```

o o
o
o
o o
    
```

```

H H H H H H H |
H H H H H H H H
H H H H H H H
H H H H H H |
    
```

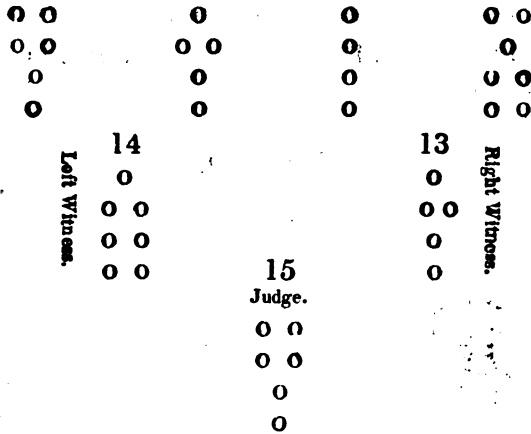
No. 4.

```

o
o o
o o
o
    
```

```

o o o o | o o o o
o o o o | o o o o
o o o o | o o o o
o u o o | o u o o
    
```



In resolving questions by *simple* Geomancy, it is the *three last figures alone*, No. 13, 14, and 15, which are used in giving the answers. These are termed

A FIGURE OF TRIPPLICITY.

Of these three figures, No. 13 is termed the *Right Witness*, and No. 14 the *Left Witness*; out of these two is drawn the **JUDGE** of the whole figure, to whom the sentence or answer of the whole question belongs, as will be hereafter shown.

There is a striking peculiarity, or *arithmetical* property, in a scheme of Geomancy thus cast; which is, that only eight out of the sixteen figures can ever be found in the place of the Judge; the latter, therefore, is always formed of *even* points. For it must be observed, that to the first four figures belong the ground-work of the whole; and these must be either odd or even:—if odd, the next four figures will be also odd; and, according to a geometrical axiom, out of two negative qualities comes an affirmative; and, therefore, the *Judge* will be

even. Again, if the first four figures are even, the next four figures will be even also, and of course *the Judge will always be even*. Thus, the figures

```

o o  o  o o  o  o  o o  o o  o
o o  o  o  o o  o o  o  o o  o
o o  o  o o  o  o o  o  o  o o
o o  o  o  o o  o  o o  o  o o

```

are the only figures which can *ever* be the Judge, being all of an even number of points; and the figures

```

o  o  o  o o  o o  o o  o o  o
o o  o  o o  o o  o  o o  o  o
o  o o  o o  o o  o o  o  o  o
o  o  o o  o  o o  o o  o  o o

```

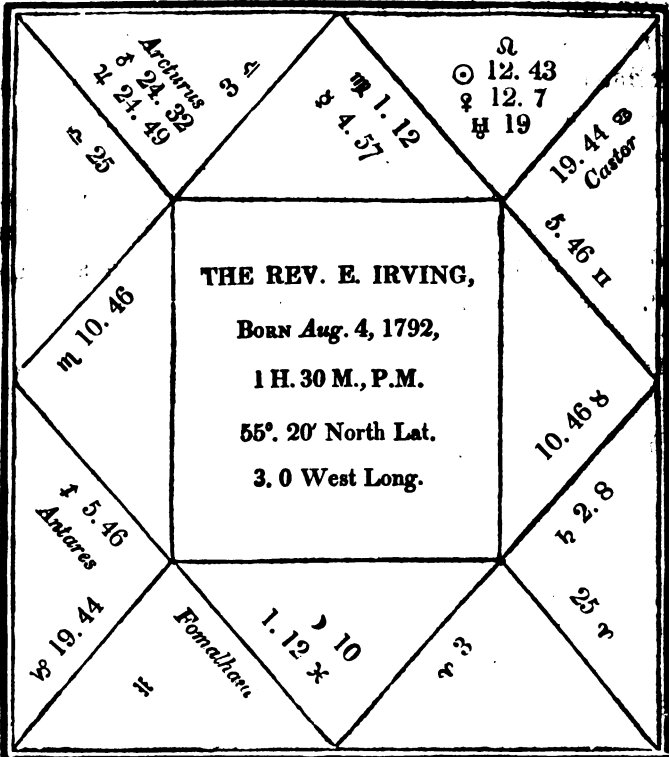
never can be judges, for the reasons before shown.

At first sight, the reader may probably feel inclined to discover many difficulties in the way of casting a figure; but a little practice will render the system familiar, plain, and easy, therefore let him not reject it without a trial. The next paper (No. III.) will explain the method of obtaining the answers, in which the reader will at once see the easiness of the method propounded.

THE ASTROLOGER.

No. III.

NATIVITY OF THAT CELEBRATED PREACHER,
THE REV. EDW. IRVING, A.M.



PLANETS' DECLINATION.

☉	17. 0 N.
♃	6. 30 S.
♅	15. 45 N.
♁	9. 49 N.
♂	8. 30 S.
♄	10. 30 S.
♆	18. 0 N.
♁	10. 0 N.

THE Nativity of the Rev. Edw. Irving, a man who has obtained such remarkable celebrity both as an orator and as a writer among the religious world, cannot fail to be considered as a curiosity by the astrological student; particularly at the present time, when the reverend orator is assuming the dignity of a *prophetic* interpreter of the sacred writings; which his recent discourses upon the millennium, the return of the Jews to the Holy Land, and the temporal advent of the Messiah, evinces; and which have lately made rather an unusual noise among a certain class of persons.

It was obtained *from* Mr. Irving himself by a gentleman, who, being a student in Astrology, had sufficient tact to raise a desire in Mr. Irving relative to his nativity being calculated, while arguing in favour of the Astral Science, and setting forth its advantages over the new-fangled doctrines of Phrenology. The student may, therefore, depend upon the horoscope being perfectly correct.

I have stated the manner in which the horoscope was obtained, merely to guard against misrepresentation; but the merest tyro in the celestial

science will at once perceive the extraordinary positions therein, and will be led to appreciate the *real* value of an art, which shines the more brilliant, the more its doctrines are put to the test of experience.

What, for instance, can better evince the singular character of this orator, than *Mercury, the ruler of the mental and intellectual faculties, angular in the mid-heaven, the house of Honour, within three degrees of culminating, in the sign Virgo; his celestial exaltation?* or, what can depicture the energy and fiery ardour which the native displays in his discourses, better than Mercury being in close zodiacal parallel to Mars? or, what can set forth his peculiar devotion to the pulpit, and contempt of the reigning fashions and vices of the day, more, than the moon being in close zodiacal parallel to Jupiter, and Jupiter in parallel to Saturn?

His *celebrity* in life is plain enough to be seen from the conjunction of three planets in the sign *Leo*,—Sol, Venus, and Herschel,—in the ninth house (the house of religion, astrologically speaking), and in quintile ray to Mars and Jupiter, the latter two in conjunction, in the cardinal equinoctial sign *Libra*. The same configuration portends the most eminent friends and eminent popularity, or public notice, which is the most fortunate configuration in the horoscope.

Still, the nativity, *although fortunate in an eminent degree*, is not without evil aspects, for no human good is perfect; so say the sublime doctrines which the native promulgates, and so says Mr. Irving's horoscope. Here is the Moon in opposition to Mercury, and in sesquiquadrate to Mars and

Jupiter, which naturally denotes irritability and impatience of temper, restlessness of ideas, powerfulness of passion, too much sensibility and acuteness of feelings to admit of contentment (leaving religion, and its power over the mind, out of the question), and many *losses of money, defection of supporters, faithlessness of friends*, and the consequent evils attendant upon sudden elevation as an orator; which I need not mention, but by which he will *never* be overcome.

It would be invidious and censurable to lay open the secrets of the *future* events of his life, as I could do by my art. Sufficient is written to prove its truth. *That* only is my aim in the present instance.

THE THEORY OF

FORTUNATE AND UNFORTUNATE DAYS,

BY THE LUNAR MOTIONS.

I HAVE already spoken of the powerful influence which *the Moon possesses over the earth and the whole of its inhabitants*; this daily experience proves, beyond the shadow of a doubt: for which reason, the Moon is a chief significator in every horoscope, or theme of heaven, and as such the student must invariably observe her aspects, ere he can obtain the truth of the matter. I shall, probably, give many instances thereof in the course of these pages; but, for the present, I shall confine myself to the diurnal lunar aspects, or the configurations the Moon is perpetually forming with the remaining

seven primary planets, the Sun, Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, and Herschel.

The theory of fortunate and unfortunate days has, therefore, a real foundation in nature; since those days *only* are considered as fortunate, on which the Moon forms a favourable aspect with a fortunate planet; and the unfortunate ones are those on which her configurations are malignant and evil.

To be more explicit: the *best*, or most fortunate days, are those on which the Moon is in $*$, Δ , quintile or ζ of Jupiter; the *next* in power, when she is in the like configurations with Venus; and the *worst*, or most malignant and unfortunate, are those days whereon the Moon is in ζ , semiquartile, \square or \wp of Saturn or Mars; and next to those, when she is in \square or \wp of Herschel; the δ of Herschel not being near so evil.

Those days, also, whereon the Moon is in δ , \square , semiquartile, or \wp of the Sun, are eminently evil. But of these, the δ , and next the \square , are the worst; the \wp being beneficial in some cases, such as where publicity is concerned, &c.

Again, on those days that the Moon comes to the \square , semiquartile, or \wp of Mercury, astrologers account it unfortunate for business, or travelling, or writings and speculations of any kind. Also, those days when she is in *evil* aspect to Jupiter or Venus, as the \square , semiquartile, or \wp are accounted far from *good*; but the quartile, in these cases, acts worse than the opposition.

On the other hand, even the fortunate aspects of the *evil* planets, as the $*$ or Δ of Saturn, Mars, or Herschel *are rarely considered as benevolent*; the δ ,

♄, or ♀, of Mercury is good for business ; and the like aspects of the Sun for affairs connected with requests, petitions, or affairs where patronage is concerned. And on those days whereon the Moon forms no aspect, but is *void of course*, as astrologers term it—which is, when she in no aspect whatever with any planet,—it is generally accounted that the chief or reigning influence is *evil*. Seldom does any new undertaking prosper or come to maturity which is *then* commenced.

It follows, therefore, as a mathematical consequence which should be well remembered, that *there is nothing superstitious in attending to the choice of times and seasons, since the celestial configurations do exist in the heavens*, and are by no means chimerical ; and he that rejects them, or laughs at the student who (by consulting his Ephemeris) appoints a peculiar time when the heavenly influences are fraught with fortunate aspects ; might with equal propriety make sport of the patient who attends to the mandates of his physician ; as to his choice of the vernal sunshine, or refreshing breeze of summer, in preference to the dews of the night ; or the chilling airs of the humid and streaming atmosphere : when he ventures abroad for the restoration of his health.

To settle at once, and set aside the noisy and incredulous laugh of the disbeliever in the celestial influences, I will give one instance of the lunar configurations in a case still fresh in the minds of my readers, from the dreadful scene of death and destruction it caused ; a scene truly of horror, and fraught with dire remembrances. I allude to the Royal Brunswick Theatre, which opened with unusual splendour on Monday, the 25th of February,

1828, and within a few days was nothing but a pile of ruins!

On the 25th of February, 1828, at noon-day, the Moon was in seven degrees thirty-six minutes of the sign *Cancer*, and Saturn was in thirteen degrees thirty-nine minutes of the same sign. Consequently, the Moon was fast hastening to the malignant conjunction of that evil star. The aspect, or the meeting of those two planets, took place at a quarter past twelve o'clock that night; consequently, the whole of that day, during the opening, the rehearsal, and the first performance, *the Moon was terribly afflicted*. The Moon also signifies the community at large (as all astrological authors teach); and what could more truly depicture the unfortunate end of this ill-fated commencement, than the above evil configuration? To an unprejudiced mind, this single instance, which every Almanack or Ephemeris of the year can prove, will be sufficient to entitle my theory to *attention*—and attention is all that is wanting to prove its truth.

To calculate the aspects of the Moon with the other seven planets, the student should make use of "*White's Ephemeris*," wherein the places of the heavenly bodies are set down for noon for each day in the year.—The easiest

RULE FOR CALCULATING THE LUNAR ASPECTS

Is as follows:—First, obtain the diurnal motion of each planet whose conjunction or aspect you want; which is done by subtracting one day's motion from the next; and if they are both direct, or both retrograde, *subtract the lesser from the greater*, and use the difference. But if one is direct and the

other retrograde, then *add both their motions together*, and make use of the sum; and this sum or difference shall be the true diurnal motion of the *swifter* planet from the slower.

THE DEVIL'S BANQUET.

A SILESIAŃ LEGEND.

A NOBLEMAN in Silesia having caused a sumptuous entertainment to be prepared for several of his friends, they, instead of being punctual to the time, according to promise, alleged divers excuses for the necessity they were under of absenting themselves; which so exasperated him, that he fell into a paroxysm of rage, exclaiming,—“Since they have thus disappointed me, may as many devils from hell come and eat up the provisions those friends of mine refuse to partake of!” which said, he sallied out of the house, and went to church to hear a sermon. He had not been long gone, when a numerous company of horsemen, all arrayed in black, of extraordinary aspect and stature, appeared in his court-yard; and, alighting, called a groom to take the horses, bidding another run presently to his master and tell him his guests were arrived.

The servant, with hair erect, and looks betokening horror, entered the church where his master was, and acquainted him with the circumstance, as well as his fright would permit him. The nobleman immediately interrupted the sermon, intreating the preacher to assist him with his ghostly counsel!

He, with all his congregation, made all speed towards the mansion, which had been deserted by the servants; who, in the hurry of their flight had left behind them a young child, their master's son, sleeping in the cradle. By this time, the devils were revelling in the dining-room, making a great noise, as if they saluted and welcomed each other.

They looked through the casements, one with the head of a bear, another with that of a wolf, &c.; taking bowls at the same time, and quaffing, as if they had drank to the master of the house. The nobleman, who, among others, was a witness of their revelry, seeing his servants safe, bethought himself of his son, and asked, "what was become of him?" The words had scarcely passed his lips when one of the devils had the infant in his arms, and showed it to him at the window. The father, half frantic with his feelings, on seeing his beloved offspring so perilously situated, fetched a deep sigh, and turning to an old and faithful servant, said, "What shall become of my boy?" "Sir," said the trusty domestic, truly affected by the agony of despair he saw his master in, "by God's help, I will enter the house, and rescue the babe from yon devil, or perish with him." "Heaven prosper thy attempt," returned his master, "and strengthen thee in thy purpose!" He accordingly went, followed by the prayers of all present; and, having entered a room adjoining that in which the devils were rioting, he fell upon his knees and commended himself to the protection of heaven; after which, he burst in amongst them, and beheld them in their horrible shapes! That instant, they all pressed round him, inquiring what his business was there?

He, under great terror, though resolved to fulfil the intent of his coming, addressing himself to the spirit that held the child, said—"In the name of God, deliver the child to me!" "No!" replied the fiend, "let thy master, who is more interested in him, come." "I am come," rejoined the man, "to do that service to which God hath called me; by virtue of which, and by his power, I do seize upon the innocent." So saying, he snatched him from the devil, and bore him off, the spirits clamouring as he departed—"Knavè, knave, leave the child, or we tear thee in pieces!" But he, undismayed by their diabolical menaces, effected his purpose, and restored the boy to his afflicted father!

APPARITIONS IN TURKEY.

It is the received opinion of the Persians and Turks, that, near the close of life, every person has some sort of extraordinary revelation of that awful event; and the most ancient of their writings prove it. Herbelot (in his *Bibliothèque Orientale*) relates, that the Sultan Metandi, as he rose one day from table, said to one of his wives, who was present, "Who are these people that are come in here, without leave?" Upon looking round, she could see none, but observed that he grew pale, and immediately fell down dead!

The Mahomedan writings are full of narrations, which show that the doctrine of spiritual manifestation has from the earliest time prevailed amongst them.

AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT OF AN APPARITION BEFORE
DEATH

The following extraordinary, and evidently supernatural, occurrence, caused a considerable sensation in the middle of the eighteenth century; as the names and places of abode of the parties were made known at the time—a circumstance not frequently the case in ghost stories.

Mr. Joseph Glew, a sword-hilt maker, lived with his wife (both elderly people) many years, and one female lodger, in the house over the archway in the passage to Bear-yard, near the Oratory in Lincoln's-inn-fields; and, for the sake of company, desired a nephew of his by marriage to come and lodge in his house. Accordingly, in the beginning of January 1739, the nephew came to his uncle, and spent every evening with him and his wife, in reading, &c. for their amusement.

About the twenty-fifth of the same month, after the nephew had been reading to his uncle and aunt (who were at that time in very good health), some meditations out of Dr. Thomas Coney's "Devout Soul," he retired to his chamber—a large *back* room, up two pair of stairs; and, having fastened the door, went to bed, and fell asleep before ten o'clock.

A little before the clock struck twelve, he was awakened by the drawing of the curtains of his bed, and, on starting up, saw, by a glimmering light, resembling that of the moon, the spirit of his uncle, in the night-gown and cap he had on when he last parted with him, standing on the right side, near the head of the bed, holding the head curtain back with his left hand, and seemed as if he was either

going to strike or caress him with his right ; but the nephew believed the latter, as the face of the ghost had a cheerful look, and they lived in the greatest amity.

At this instant, Mrs. Cooke, an elderly woman that lodged in the *fore* two pair of stairs room, and who formerly belonged to Mr. Rich's company of comedians several years, came out of her apartment to light down stairs the widow of the facetious James Spiller, who had been this evening to visit her. He now heard the clock, which was in his uncle's apartments underneath, strike *twelve*, and tried to call out to the two women as they passed by his door ; but in vain, for he had lost all power of utterance. The spectre kept its position, and the nephew kept his eyes fixed on it ; and, to be certain of his being actually awake, remembered hearing, that when the two women opened the street-door, they called to the watchman, as he came by crying the hour of twelve, and agreed to give him some pence to light Mrs. Spiller to her lodging, which was but at a little distance ; on which she went away, and Mrs. Cooke having again fastened the door, was coming up-stairs, when the nephew supposes he swooned away ; for, on coming again to the use of his reason, he found himself half out of bed, and immersed in a cold and clammy sweat.

The first thing he heard, after he had recovered from his fright, was the clock striking *one* ! He now wrapped himself up in his bed clothes, but closed his eyes no more the whole night. About eight in the morning, as soon as he heard his aunt open the door of her apartment, he jumped out of

bed, and putting on his apparel with as much expedition as he could, hurried down to his aunt's room, and having asked how his uncle did, heard he was pretty well.

On this, he told his aunt what he had seen, with the time and circumstances; but she, looking on it as chimerical, they called for Mrs. Cooke, who was just got up, and she confirmed everything he had said concerning Mrs. Spiller and the watchman—a positive proof he was awake, and in his senses. The aunt now desired he would not mention it to his uncle, which he promised he would not, but told her he could never sleep in that chamber any more, and took his leave.

The same day, before one o'clock, the nephew received a message from his aunt, where he was at work, in Fleet Street, desiring him to come immediately to her. He accordingly went to her house, when he found his uncle dead, and was told that he fell down in crossing the room, and died suddenly, about three minutes before twelve o'clock; exactly twelve hours from his ghost's appearance to his nephew.

This circumstance induced the young man to think his uncle might want to reveal something to him; and, therefore, he desired to sit up with his corpse the night preceding his interment; which the aunt agreeing to, he fortified his mind, and prepared a devotional book for his companion, with which he shut himself up in the room with the body, about six in the evening, in hopes he might see the spirit of his uncle, if he had anything to say or open to him; but, as nothing occurred during fourteen hours he was alone with the corpse, the

following evening he attended his funeral to the north part of the churchyard of St. Giles in the Fields, where his body was interred; leaving behind him the character of a good Christian, a tender husband, and a sincere friend!

AN HISTORICAL OCCURRENCE IN THE REIGN OF HENRY THE SIXTH.

“Truth is strange—
Stranger than fiction.”

“**F**EAR me not, fear me not, good, Sir John: the stout heart of Eleanor Cobham will not fail her; albeit that as yet I do not choose to be present at these orgies. How sayest thou, Margaret Jourdain is there, and assisted by Roger Bolinbroke?”

The person by whom this question was asked was a female; who, although somewhat declined into the vale of years, was still remarkable for her stately and majestic gait, and the symmetry and beauty of her features. Her stature seemed to be above six feet; her long, flowing, and once jet black, but now grey, tresses, fell in rich ringlets down her back; and her high, pale forehead was singularly contrasted with her dark and fiery eye. Her rank and wealth were sufficiently indicated by the splendour of her dress. She wore a long flowing robe of silk; her hair was plaited with jewels, whence pendant drops, composed of precious stones of great value and size, hung upon her forehead; and a collar of gold, from which hung a chain of the same costly material, was fastened round her

neck. She sat in a massive oaken chair, curiously carved, and placed in the midst of a large Gothic chamber, through whose windows the moonbeams poured a flood of many-coloured light, as they took the tinge of the painted glass through which they streamed.

The walls of the apartment were hung with rich tapestry, and the floor was strewn with rushes. A large silver candelabra, bearing lighted waxen tapers, descended from the ceiling and illuminated the whole apartment. A small table, of similar workmanship to the chair in which she sat, stood before the lady, and on it was spread, wide open, a large parchment volume, in the perusal of which she appeared to have been very recently occupied.

Opposite to her stood a man, whose shaven crown, the beads and cross dependent from his neck, his white cassock, and his narrow scapulary, proclaimed him to be a monk of the Cistercian order. He was a short and meagre figure; with small red eyes, a sharp aquiline nose, black beard and brows, and an extraordinarily intelligent, but at the same time somewhat repulsive and malignant, expression of countenance.

“They have been busily engaged, madam,” he said, in answer to the lady’s question, “in your Grace’s service, since the hour of noon. At that hour the waxen image was completed, and the fatal fire was lighted; and *from that hour* did Henry, marrow, bones, and all, begin to waste and wither away; and shall continue so to do, until the throne of England shall be left vacant for a worthier occupant.”

“Thanks, good Sir John,” said the lady, unclasping the collar of gold round her neck, and

placing it, with the chain attached to it, in the priest's hands; "A thousand thanks! Do I not well, Sir John? Heaven knows that it is not for the sake of gratifying any ambitious thoughts of my own that I enter upon this seemingly unhal-
lowed work; but in compassion of the miseries which the unhappy people of England endure under the sway of the feeble and incapable Henry, who is the unresisting instrument of all their ill, in the hands of that she-wolf of France, and this newly-created Duke of York, Richard Plantagenet."

"Your Grace is but to blame," said the obsequious priest, "for having so long delayed to avail yourself of that knowledge, and those arts, into the mysteries of which your poor servant has been the unworthy means of initiating you, for the purpose of putting an end to the evils with which our country is overwhelmed. How will the loyal heart of your servant Hume rejoice, when he hears the welcome shouts of 'God save King Humphrey!' 'God save Queen Eleanor!'"

"Peace, peace, good Hume!" said the lady; "thou talkest idly." But a smile of hope brightened her features at the same time, and belied the expression of her lips. "Heaven knows that there is no one in this realm would pray more fervently for the welfare of Henry of Lancaster than Eleanor Cobham; but that, while he lives, England must lie at the mercy of Margaret of Anjou, and Richard of Plantagenet. Yet, Hume, I would fain receive some more certain assurance as to my future destiny. When wilt thou invoke to my presence the spirit who is to answer such questions as I shall propound?"

“Madam,” answered Hume, “it is by severe and painful penance, anxious watching, and long fasting, alone, that I can prevail upon that invisible power whom I serve, to gratify your Grace’s desire. Neither can Margaret Jourdain nor Roger Bolinbroke assist me; for they have not attained such proficiency in the occult sciences as to be able to command spirits to do their bidding. Time, a short but carefully spent time, will empower me to call one before you who shall reveal to your Grace the secrets of futurity.”

Had the Duchess at that moment fixed her eye upon her chaplain, she would have detected, in his changing colour and trembling limbs, the hypocrite and the impostor. Whatever might have been the reality of the pretensions to occult lore on the part of Jourdain and Bolinbroke, the only magic of which Hume was master, was the ascendancy of a strong mind over a weak one. The Duchess knew him to be a man of vast and various learning and acquirements; and had been initiated by him into the study of languages, and of the natural sciences. She therefore readily credited his pretensions to knowledge of a more profound and mysterious character; and he, by flattering her ambitious hopes, and pretending to minister to their gratification, continued to store his own purse at her expense, and to indulge himself in such pleasures as his straitened means, and not his sacerdotal oath, alone debarred him from. He had accordingly promised to raise a spirit who should reveal her future destiny to her, being deficient in the science of Astrology (which was then, as it is now, the only *lawful* means made use of for decyphering futurity, without the

imputation of crime). He had, for this purpose, hired two professors of the black art, or witchcraft, to construct a waxen image of the King, who, they pretended, would waste away under the influence of a strange disease, as that image melted before a fire which they had kindled. Hume knew his own pretensions to occult knowledge to be unfounded, and believed those of his associates to be the same. The death of the King, and the elevation of dame Eleanor, were not the objects which the crafty priest had in view; but the multiplication of his own wealth and pleasures, by means of the well-stored purse of the Duchess of Gloucester.

"Hume!" said the lady, "hasten the period at which my desires may be gratified. In the mean time, receive my thanks for the services which thou hast already rendered me. But, give us leave awhile, good Sir John; my Lord approaches."

The priest made a lowly reverence, and left the apartment, almost at the same moment that the Duke of Gloucester entered. This was the son of King Henry the Fourth, who, by his virtues, had acquired the appellation of "the good Duke Humphrey." He entered with a hurried and agitated step; his face was pale; his lip quivered; and his eye rolled wildly and fearfully.

"My gracious Lord," said the Duchess, "what has happened? I fear some strange and unlooked for misfortune."

"Eleanor," said the Duke, "the young King is taken suddenly and dangerously ill. His physicians can neither divine the nature of his malady, nor devise any cure."

"Ha!" said the Duchess; her eyes sparkling,

and her cheek glowing as she spoke;—"suddenly, Duke Humphrey, sayest thou, that the King was thus attacked? And at what hour, I pray thee?"

"At the hour of noon;" answered the Duke.

"At noon—at noon!" repeated the Duchess to herself, clasping her hands, and pacing the apartment in a state of mental abstraction. "It was at *that hour*, as Hume informed me, that the wise woman's labours were completed. Humphrey," she added, turning towards the Duke, "the King will die."

"Now heaven forefend!" replied Duke Humphrey; "so young—so good—so pious!"

"The fitter for heaven!" interrupted the Duchess. "For this world, and especially for the station he fills, *he is*, of all men, most unfit. The monk's cloister, or the hermit's cell, indeed, might have found in him a fitting occupant; but the throne of France and England suits him not; and the sceptre of Henry the Fifth is not adapted to his puny grasp."

"Alas, alas!" said the Duke of Gloucester; "he will neither fill the one nor grasp the other long."

"The will of heaven must be submitted to," said Eleanor; "and the people of England, when they are obliged to exchange King Henry for King Humphrey, must learn to yield in patience to so fearful a visitation."

"Now, by heaven, Nell!" said the Duke; and an expression of indignation and anger succeeded that of deep distress which had clouded his fine features—"thou maddest me. Is ours an age at which to nurse the idle dreams of ambition? and is the malady of a young and virtuous prince, like

Henry, a fitting subject of exultation to his nearest relatives? I fear, Eleanor, that pride and ambition have dried up the milk of human charity in thy bosom. I fear, too,"—here he spoke in a low and stifled tone, while cold big drops stood upon his temples,—“that thou pursuest unholy and unlawful studies. Beware! Eleanor Cobham, beware!—the public suspicion is awakened against thee; the Queen loves thee not; the Duke of York thirsts for thy blood; and Humphrey of Gloucester’s power to defend and protect thee is becoming smaller and weaker with each waning moon.”

The consciousness of her guilt, and the abruptness and suddenness of the accusation, struck the Duchess of Gloucester mute; while her cheek changed from a fiery red to an ashy paleness, her breath came short and thick, and her limbs trembled under her. “Humphrey,” she at length said, as with a violent effort she recovered her self-possession, drew her stately figure up to its utmost height, and laid her hand upon the arm of the Duke; “this is cruel and unkind; and, from thee, most unexpected. Because I have devoted myself to study, the ignorant vulgar have charged me with the practice of magic; and the malignity of those, my foes, whose superior education and station prevent them from being themselves the dupe of so idle an accusation, has nevertheless given sanction and confirmation to it; but, that the Duke of Gloucester,—the most accomplished and learned prince in Christendom, in whose well-stored library I have acquired that knowledge which is now imputed to me as a crime,—that *he* should join in the senseless outcry of the vulgar and malignant, is a

calamity against the occurrence of which I confess that I was not sufficiently prepared. Go! Duke Humphrey; denounce me to the King! offer up your wife as an expiatory sacrifice to the wrath of Margaret of Anjou, and Richard Plantagenet! Suffolk will smile upon you—your good uncle Beaufort will once more admit you to his paternal embrace; and rare and jocund will be the dance and the wassailing over the grave of Eleanor Cobham."

Thus saying, she rushed out of the apartment, leaving the Duke, over whose feelings she well knew the extent of her influence, penetrated with uneasiness and sorrow at having given her pain or offence; although he could not entirely banish from his mind the suspicions which had been awakened in it.

To the wonder and joy of the Duchess, and the consternation of Hume, day after day brought news to the Duke of Gloucester's palace of the increasing malady of the King, and of the inutility of every effort which had been made to stop its fatal progress. The chaplain, who had believed that the associates whom he had engaged to assist him in his attack on the Duchess's purse were no more able to effect the King's death by magic than he was to raise a spirit, began to fear that their diabolical learning was no vain pretension—so strangely coincident was the progress of the King's disease with the work on which the Witch of Eye and Bolinbroke were engaged.

Dissolute and avaricious as he was, his heart sunk within him at the idea of being an accomplice in the murder of his sovereign, especially by such means. Remorse for his crime was also mingled

with no small portion of fear as to its consequences to himself; for it was by no means certain, that amidst the contentions of parties which would necessarily follow the death of the King, his patroness would rule the ascendant. To add to his perplexity, Eleanor had become importunate with him to raise the spirit who, he had promised, should reveal to her her future destiny; and, on his repeated excuses and postponements, had rated him in terms which his wounded pride could ill brook. Moodily and dejectedly pondering over these circumstances, Hume was pacing the great hall of the ducal palace. He had just received an intimation from Bolinbroke, that their work was proceeding most auspiciously; that in less than twelve hours the waxen image would entirely melt away; and that within that time, therefore, King Henry must sink under the influence of his disease.

“Save me! save me, gracious heaven!” he exclaimed; “wherefore have I sold myself, body and soul, to this diabolical confederacy? I will break the hellish trammels in which I am bound. I will hasten to the Duke of York, reveal all, and while there is yet time, save the King from the machinations of his enemies. And yet,” he added, after a short pause, this is but an idle fear by which I am suffering myself to be unmanned. Strange as it is that the King’s illness should happen at the same time that these idle mummeries are practising, it does not therefore follow that it is caused by them; neither do I yet know that any symptoms have to-day appeared to render the near approach of death probable.”

At that moment the Duke of Gloucester, with

several attendants, passed through the hall. As he passed Hume, the priest made a lowly reverence. "To your prayers, to your prayers, good Sir John," said the Duke; "pray for our pious King, whose mortal career is fast drawing to its close."

"I trust," said Hume, crossing himself, "that his Highness will yet live many years to rule over a happy and loyal people."

"That hope is vain, Hume," said the Duke. "I have just received a message from Queen Margaret, commanding my immediate attendance; and informing me, that *the King has not twelve hours' life in him*. Fare thee well, reverend father! and forget not to pray for good King Henry's soul."

Hume gazed on the Duke without answering him, astounded and dismayed. "Twelve hours!" he exclaimed, after Humphrey and his followers had disappeared. "It is the very period which Bolinbroke mentioned, as that at which his hellish purpose would be achieved. I will wash my hands of this unhallowed deed. The Duke of York shall know the fiend-like purpose of the Duchess. Yet would I not willingly lead to destruction the woman to whom I owe my rank and fortune. I would not lead to the scaffold or to the stake——"

At that moment he felt his arm wrung forcibly, and, turning round, beheld the very person who principally occupied his thoughts, standing before him. There was an unusual flush on the cheek of the Duchess; her eye seemed to flash fire, and her stately form appeared to dilate to still more majestic proportions. She looked as though she already grasped the sceptre of France and England, and had placed the diadem upon her brow.

“So moody and contemplative, Sir John Hume?” she said; “and at the hour when all our labours are about to be crowned with success?”

“I understand your Grace’s meaning,” said the priest: “the King is dying?”

“*Even so,*” said the Duchess; “thanks to thy powerful arts!”

Hume shuddered; and, lifting his sleeve to his brow, wiped away the drops which had started there. “Gracious madam, say not so!” he exclaimed. “I trust that his Highness will yet—will at least for a time;—pardon me, pardon me! I know not what I say; yet, were it not well that these proceedings should be stayed for a time? The King’s disorder may be natural; and then——”

“Peace, peace!” said Eleanor; thou talkest childishly. It was the will of fate that Margaret of Anjou’s crown should be transferred to these brows of mine. But, Hume,” she added, in a determined and somewhat angry tone, “I must see and converse with this spirit immediately. I will not be delayed longer; and if thy art cannot raise him, I must seek the aid of others who are greater proficient.”

“Not yet, gracious madam, not yet,” said Hume: and I pray thee again consider whether we are not somewhat too sudden in our machinations for the death of the King. Command the Witch of Eye and Bolinbroke to suspend their operations for the present. If the King’s illness is so speedily followed by *death*, the public will suspect——”

“Peace, man!” said the Duchess, whose naughty and imperious temper for a moment got the better of her discretion, and smiting the priest violently

on his cheek—"peace, doting prattler! counsel me not, but obey me. Raise me the spirit, or by heaven——"

At that moment the Duchess's eye caught the expression of Hume's features, and she was startled and awed at the mingled malignity, contempt, and triumph, which she read there. Eleanor Cobham, although noted for the violence and impetuosity of her passions, was equally remarkable for the swiftness and adroitness with which she could master and disguise them. In an instant, the flush of anger passed from her face, her lip curled with a smile, and her whole countenance seemed lighted up with gaiety.

"Why, Hume, man," she said, "thou lookest as if thou believedst us in earnest offended, and forgetful of the services which our good chaplain has performed on our behalf. But in truth, Sir John, I *must* converse with this spirit. Gratify the wish of thy Duchess——"

"Of my Queen!" said Hume, sinking on his knee, and taking the opportunity of his prostration to mask his features in an expression of becoming reverence and humility.

"Whether Duchess or Queen," said the lady, "the reward bestowed by Eleanor Cobham on those who obey her will shall be princely."

"Your Grace's will," said Hume, "is your lowly servant's law. This night, if it so please ye, your wish shall be gratified."

"Ha!" said the Duchess; "at what hour?"

"At the hour of eleven, which is just one hour before the charm which is to work King Henry's death will be complete, will I conduct you to my

apartment, where the Witch of Eye and Bolinbroke are busily at work. . There you shall see and hear the spirit which will reveal to you your future destiny."

"I will not fail thee, good Sir John," said Eleanor, thrusting a purse into his hand. "At the hour of eleven thou shalt find we are ready to accompany thee." Thus saying, and waving her hand to the priest, she hurried from his presence.

"And at the hour of eleven, proud Eleanor Cobham," said Hume, following her slowly with his eye till she disappeared from the hall, "I will raise thee such a spirit as thou wouldst give the wealth of England to *lay*. There needed but this," he added, while his features assumed an expression of demoniacal ferocity—"there needed but this dishonest blow to wind my spirit to its purpose."—He paused a moment; but, in that moment, his flashing eye, his changing brow, and his heaving breast, seemed to indicate thoughts sufficient to occupy his mind for a century. At length, wrapping his cloak closely round him, drawing his cowl over his brow, and exclaiming, "I have it! I have it!" he rushed out of the hall.

This conversation took place at about the hour of noon; and the bell had just tolled the eleventh hour, when the Duchess of Gloucester, leaning on the arm of Hume, entered the chamber in which her emissaries were performing, or pretending to perform, their wicked ceremonies.

It was a lofty and spacious apartment, which the Duke of Gloucester had specially appropriated to the use of the chaplain, and which was held sacred from the intrusion of every other person. Here,

therefore, Hume had an opportunity of pursuing, without interruption or discovery, his studies in those occult sciences to which he had devoted himself. The Duchess started as she entered; for the pale lurid flame by which alone the chamber was illuminated, cast a fearful and preternatural light over every object on which it glanced. Eleanor, however, soon suppressed the feeling of fear by which she had at first been overpowered, and advanced into the apartment.

The fire from which this ghastly and melancholy light proceeded, glowed on the hearth, at the eastern end of the room. Over it cowered two figures, whose squalid dresses, misshapen forms, and wan and emaciated features, were in fearful unison with the whole scene. One was a woman, bent nearly double with age and infirmity; a very few tufts, or patches, of white hair were upon her head; but the scantiness of hair there was compensated by the profusion with which it grew above her lip and chin. Her cheek was sunken and hollow, her lips dry and withered, and, as they moved up and down, while she seemed to be mumbling some diabolical prayer or incantation, they showed that the hag could not boast of the possession of a single tooth. Her right hand rested on a stick, while her left was elevated, and moved to and fro in accompaniment to the spell which she was muttering. Her companion was a lean and shrivelled old man, whose grey beard swept his breast, and who, with a large volume in his hand, which he was attentively perusing, knelt by the fire, and seemed to be examining, by his book, the accuracy of the lesson which the old woman was repeating.

The Duchess, bold of heart as she was, could not help shuddering, and clasped more firmly the arm of Hume, as she gazed upon these two fearful beings; especially as she perceived, that although they stood in the full blaze of the fire, their figures cast no shadow on the floor of the apartment. But an object of still more intense interest to *her*, soon diverted her gaze another way.

At the opposite end of the apartment stood a large waxen image, which needed not the crown upon its head, or the sceptre in its hand, to tell her that it was intended to represent King Henry; so perfect and faithful a portraiture did it present of that monarch. For nearly a month had this image been stationed opposite the fire which we have described, and which had been kept incessantly burning, night and day.

During that time, the figure had melted and wasted beneath the influence of the heat; and it now presented the appearance of a man emaciated by illness, and fast sinking into the grave. The Duchess, who had on the previous day seen the King, gave a smile of grim delight, as she saw the evidence of the success of her magical practices before her. The most intense silence reigned in the apartment, interrupted only by the low faint mumbling of the hag, and the crackling of the faggots in the blaze. The Duchess, however, soon broke this portentous silence, by advancing towards the fire, and saying to the unearthly-looking beings who stood beside it—"Rare artists! accept the thanks of Eleanor Cobham; and doubt not, as soon as the work is accomplished, that your recompense shall be far more substantial."

The people whom she addressed, were Margaret Jourdain, or Jourdain, who was better known as "the Witch of Eye," from the place of her birth; and Roger Bolinbroke, who was, like Hume, a priest, but had devoted his learning and talents to the study of sorcery. These persons had long been employed by Hume, and paid him the utmost respect and deference; not only on account of the liberal gifts by which he repaid their services, but because they believed him to be a greater proficient in the arts of magic than themselves, and to be able even to raise spirits—a degree of proficiency in those diabolical arts to which they did not pretend. They answered the address of the Duchess by directing their eyes slowly towards her, making the sign of the cross, not upon their foreheads, but their backs, and then sinking upon their knees before her, exclaiming, "God save *Queen Eleanor!*"

"Thanks, gentle friends; thanks for your unshaken loyalty and unremitting services!" said the Duchess. "But tell me, I pray ye, when the work shall be accomplished?"

"*When the bell,*" said the witch, in a discordant tone, or rather shriek, "*shall have tolled the midnight hour!*"

At that moment the bell of the ducal palace drowned all other sounds, by tolling heavily and solemnly the first quarter after the hour of eleven.

"Ha! sayest thou so?" said the Duchess; and as the lurid blaze brightened her features, it showed them still more brightened by the hope of approaching grandeur and sovereignty.

"Even so," said the hag; "then will yonder

image sink to the ground, destroyed and dissolved in that flame; *and then will the spirit of Henry of Windsor melt beneath the influence of his disease, dissolve, and mingle with the elements.*"

"Then look to it, Margaret of Anjou! look to it, Richard Plantaganet!" said the Duchess; "for Eleanor Cobham has been injured, and will be revenged. But still I am troubled; doubt and uncertainty *yet* hang over my future fate. Henry may cease to be King, and yet Eleanor not become Queen. These signs and symbols may be delusions. Hume, I claim the performance of thy promise. Call up a spirit who shall make answer to such questions as I shall propound."

"Your Grace," said Hume, "shall be obeyed; yet, pardon me, but I fear your courage may fail."

"Nay, nay, dotard!" said the Duchess, impatiently; "I mean," she added, eager to retract the offensive epithet, "my good Sir John—fear not my courage; I have gone too far to recede."

The chaplain then bowed reverentially, and, drawing a white wand from beneath his cloak, advanced into the midst of the apartment. With this wand he described a circle on the floor, which he perambulated three times, pouring from a phial which he held in his hand a blood-red liquor, and chanting, in a low and solemn tone, something which appeared to be a metrical composition, but was in a language unintelligible to the Duchess. He then threw himself on the floor, and remained in a posture apparently of adoration, and groaning bitterly for several minutes; then, starting up, he rushed towards the fire, seized the volume which Bolinbroke held in his hand, and, returning

to the circle, began to read loudly and rapidly from it; but still in a language which the Duchess did not understand.

At length he closed the volume, bowed reverently three times, and retreated backwards out of the circle. At that moment, the bell tolled the second quarter after eleven. A noise like the sound of distant thunder was heard, the floor of the apartment opened, and a figure which could not be distinctly seen, but appeared to be tall, and wrapped in a black mantle, stood before them.

A shriek burst from the lips of the Duchess, and even from those of Bolinbroke and the Witch. "For the love of heaven, be silent!" said Hume, in a whisper to the former: "waste not these precious moments in idle alarms: demand what ye will of the spirit; but, be courageous, and be brief."

"Tell me," said Eleanor, advancing towards the circle, but trembling in every limb—"tell me what fate awaits King Henry?"

She gazed with dim, but anxiously straining eyes, on the being whom she interrogated; as, in a sullen, feeble voice the spirit answered:—

"When yonder image melts in yonder blaze,
Henry shall number out his mortal days."

"Why, that is well!" exclaimed the Duchess, forgetting her alarm in the confirmation which this prediction gave to her wildest hopes. "But, Henry," she added, is not the only person whose existence gives me uneasiness. Tell me, too, what fate awaits the Duke of York?"

The spirit answered, in the same tone—

“ Plantagenet from earth shall fly,
Swiftly and speedily as *I*.”

“ Why that,” said Eleanor, “ is better tidings still: *thou* wilt vanish in an instant, when my bidding is performed. And shall the residue of Plantagenet on this earth be no more permanent than thy own? Happy, happy Eleanor !”

“ For heaven’s sake, madam,” said Hume, gazing anxiously on a dial on which the rays of the fire at that moment fell, telling him that the midnight hour was fast approaching—“ this is idle and inauspicious delay. Would you demand ought farther of the spirit ?”

“ One, one more question !” she exclaimed; “ Tell me,” she said; and then hesitating for a moment, seemed anxious yet fearful to put the question—“ tell me my own future fate—the fate of Eleanor Cobham ?”

The answer was not given to this question so speedily as before; but, when it was pronounced, it was in a peculiarly emphatic and impressive tone :—

“ The secrets of thy future fate
Let my attending spirits state;
Tell the Dame of Gloucester’s doom;
Come, attending spirits, come !”

The spirit, as he finished his prediction, was seen to apply something to his lips; and presently afterwards, no unearthly and aerial sound was heard

to proceed from them, but the loud and distinct blast of a bugle. A responsive shout was heard to follow it, and then the doors of the apartment were burst open, and a band of soldiers, carrying drawn swords and lighted torches in their hands, rushed in. The pretended spirit advanced towards them, and, throwing away the black mantle in which his form and face had been enveloped, discovered to the terrified and astonished Duchess the features of the Duke of York!

“The fire! the fire!” said Hume, darting a look of agony at the dial.

“Ha! I did indeed forget!” said the Duke of Buckingham, who was the leader of the soldiers. “Fellows, extinguish that accursed light!”

The soldiers immediately advanced to the fire; and, trampling upon the now faint and decaying embers, speedily succeeded in extinguishing it. The last spark, however, had scarcely been trodden out, before the bell tolled the hour of midnight.

“Heaven be praised!” said Hume; “the accursed deed has been prevented. Had yonder spark retained a gleam of light for an instant *longer*, the spirit of good King Henry had passed away for ever.”

“Peace, double traitor!” said the Duke of York. “Good King Henry is doubtless indebted to thee for his life; but he has to thank not thy loyalty, but thy malignity and avarice. Both, however, shall be gratified, agreeably to the promise which I made thee. The woman, Duchess though she be, who insulted thee, shall be brought to a terrible expiation of her crimes; and the reward which she

promised thee for aiding and concealing her damnable practices, shall be more than doubled for having revealed them."

Eleanor gazed in sullen silence on the scene that had terminated all her hopes, and probably her life. She saw herself too completely in the hands of her enemies for any effort at resistance or escape to be availing; and was too proud to expose the bitterness and humiliation of her feelings, by tears or idle upbraidings. One scornful and malignant smile, which she glanced at Hume, was the only expression of her sentiments in which she indulged; and then she left the apartment, with her arms fettered to those of Bolinbroke and the Witch of Eye, in the custody of Buckingham and the soldiers.

The events which followed are matter of history, and too well known to require more than a brief recital. The Duchess of Gloucester, Hume, the Witch of Eye, and Bolinbroke, were tried and condemned, on the clearest evidence, for the crimes of conspiring the death of the King, and practising the arts of magic and witchcraft.

The Witch was burned in Smithfield, Bolinbroke was hanged at Tyburn, and the Duchess sentenced to do open penance in four public places within the city of London, and afterwards to imprisonment for life in the Isle of Man. Hume was not only pardoned, but liberally rewarded. This man did not appear really to have possessed any knowledge of the occult sciences; but seems to have imposed on the credulity of the Duchess.

That Margaret Jourdain and Roger Bolinbroke were *really* magicians and wizards, was religiously

believed by all, and the *fact* that the King, at the very moment that the magical fire was extinguished in the house of the Duke of Gloucester, recovered his full and perfect health, at his palace at Westminster, gave support and confirmation to such a belief, however irrational it may *now* appear.

The Duke of Gloucester, whatever might be his feelings at the disgrace and punishment of his Duchess, did not attempt any exercise of his authority for their prevention; but, to use the language of an old chronicler, "toke all these thynges patiently, and saied little."*

* Neale's "Romance of History,"

The World of Spirits.

CROMWELL'S COMPACT WITH THE DEVIL.

THE following* "True and faithful Narrative of Oliver Cromwell's Compact with the Devil for seven years, on the day on which he gained the Battle of Worcester," may not prove uninteresting to many of our readers.

The tract opens with the following extract from Mr. Archdeacon Eachard's History of the Kings of England, which he quotes from the "History of Independency," part 4, p. 13.

"It was believed, and not without some good cause, that Cromwell, the same morning he had defeated the King's army at Worcester fight, had conference personally with the devil, with whom he made a contract, that to have his will then, and in all things else after, *for seven years from that time*, (being the 3rd of September, 1651); he should at the expiration of the said years, have him at his command, both his soul and his body. Now, if any one will please to reckon from the 3rd of September, 1651, till the 3rd of September, 1658, he shall find it to a day just *seven years*, and no more; at the end of which he died, but with extremity of tempestuous weather that was by all men judged to

* A tract printed and sold by W. Boreham, at the Angel in Paternoster Row. 6d.

be prodigious : neither, indeed, was his end more miserable (for he died mad and despairing) than he had left his name infamous."

Archdeacon Eachard then gives "a relation or narrative of a valiant officer called *Lindsey*, an intimate friend of Cromwell's, the first Captain of his regiment, and therefore commonly called Colonel Lindsey," which is to this effect :—

"On the 3rd of September, in the morning, Cromwell took this officer to a wood side, not far from the army, and bid him alight and follow him into that wood, and to *take particular notice of what he saw and heard!* After they had both alighted and secured their horses, and walked some small way into the wood, Lindsey began to turn pale, and to be seized with horror from some unknown cause ; upon which Cromwell asked him how he did, or how he felt himself? He answered that he was in such a trembling and consternation, that he never felt the like in all the conflicts and battles he had engaged in ; but whether it proceeded from the gloominess of the place, or the temperament of his body, he knew not. 'How now,' said Cromwell, 'what! troubled with vapours? Come forward man.' They had not gone above twenty yards before Lindsey on a sudden stood still, and cried out by all that was good, that he was seized with such unaccountable terror and astonishment, that it was impossible for him to stir one step farther.

"Upon this, Cromwell called him a faint-hearted fool, and bid him stand there and observe, or be a witness ; and then advancing to some distance from him, *he met with a grave elderly man*, with a roll of parchment in his hand, who delivered it to Cromwell,

who eagerly perused it. Lindsey, a little recovered from his fear, heard several loud words between them: particularly, Cromwell said, 'This is but for seven years—I was to have it for one-and-twenty, and it must and shall be so.' The other told him positively, 'it could not be for above seven years;' upon which Cromwell cried with great fierceness, 'it should be for fourteen years.' But the other peremptorily declared it could not possibly be for any longer time; and if he would not take it so, there were others who would accept it.

"Upon this, Cromwell, at last, took the parchment, and returned to Lindsey with great joy in his countenance, and cried, 'Now, Lindsey, the battle is our own—I long to be engaged.' Returning out of the wood, they rode to the army—Cromwell with a resolution to engage as soon as it was possible, and the other with the design of leaving the army as soon. After the first charge, Lindsey deserted his post, and rode away with all possible speed, day and night, till he came into the county of Norfolk, to the house of an intimate friend, one Mr. Thorogood, minister of the parish.

"Cromwell, as soon as he missed him, sent all ways after him, with a promise of a great reward to any one who should bring him alive or dead. Thus far the narrative of Lindsey himself; but something further is to be remembered to complete and confirm the story.

"When Mr. Thorogood saw his friend Lindsey come into his yard, his horse and himself just tired, in a sort of amaze he said, 'How now, Colonel, we hear there is likely to be a battle shortly! What; fled from your colours?' 'A battle,' said the

other, 'yes, there has been a battle, and I am sure the King is beaten : but if ever I strike a stroke for Cromwell again, may I perish eternally ; for I am sure he has made a league with the devil, and the devil will have him in due time.' Then desiring protection from Cromwell's inquisitors, he went in and related the whole story, and all the circumstances, concluding with these remarkable words : 'That Cromwell *would certainly die that day seven years* the battle was fought !'

"The strangeness of the relation caused Mr. Thorogood to order his son John to write it at full length in his common place book, which I am assured is still preserved in the family of the Thorogoods."

In corroboration of the above marvellous narrative, we have also "Minutes taken out of Mr. Secretary Thurloe's pocket-book, by the late Mr. John Milton, and given by him to his nephew, Mr. John Phillips." The following is an extract :—
"August 17, 1658, my master, the Protector, caused me to take *a bond* out of a little ebony casket, and to burn it, saying, '*The completion of it was well nigh come to pass.*' He died the 3rd of September following !"

We have also a long letter from his daughter to her sister, the Lady Viscountess of Falconbridge : this is part thereof :—"When he and I are only sitting in his bed chamber together, he seems very often talking to a third person, and cries, 'You have cheated me ; the purchase was intended by me for seven years longer : I will not be so served.' And again, sometimes as the fit strikes him, to divert the melancholy, he dines with the officers at Hampton

Court, and shows an hundred anti-tricks, as throwing cushions at them, and putting burning hot coals into their pockets and boots ! At others, before he has half dined, he gives orders for a drum to beat, and call in the foot guards, like a kennel of hounds; to snatch off the meat from his table, and tear it in pieces,—with many other unaccountable whimsies ; immediately after this, fear and astonishment sits in his countenance, and not a nobleman approaches him but he fells him ! Now he calls for his guards, with whom he rides out encompassed behind and before for the preservation of his highness ; and at his return at night, shifts from bed to bed for fear of surprise.”

The above narrative is strange, and the marvellous part thereof seems to have strong confirmation. The reader, be he sceptical or otherwise, must use his own judgment as to the interpretation of the facts above described, for the narration is strictly copied from the sources therein stated.

MOZART'S OMINOUS REQUIEM.

A short time before the death of Mozart, the great musician, a stranger of remarkable appearance, and dressed in deep mourning, called at his house and requested him to compose a requiem in his best style, for the funeral of a person of distinction.

The sensitive imagination of the composer (who was at that time out of health) immediately seized upon the idea that this was *an omen of his own death*, and that the requiem would be for himself.

Whether or not it was owing to the nervous excitement under which he laboured to complete the task, it is an extraordinary fact, that the presentiment

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was realized, for he died soon after, and the music was actually performed at his funeral!

Who the stranger was that ordered the requiem has never been ascertained: it is singular he never afterwards made his appearance.

AFRICAN NECROMANCY.

THE OBEAH MAN.

I was present, some years ago, at the trial of a notorious Obeah man, driven on an estate in the parish of St. David, who, by the overwhelming influence he had acquired over the minds of his deluded victims, and the more potent means he had at command to accomplish his ends, had done great injury among the slaves on the property before it was discovered.

One of the witnesses, a negro belonging to the same estate, was asked, "Do you know the prisoner to be an Obeah-man?" "Ees, massa; shadow catcher, true." "What do you mean by a shadow catcher?" "Him ha coffin, (a little coffin was produced), him set for catch dem shadow." "What shadow do you mean?" "When him set obeah for somebody, him catch dem shadow and dem go dead." And too surely they *were* soon dead, when he pretended to have caught their shadows, by whatever means it was effected.—*Barclay's Slavery.*

SINGULAR AUTHENTICATED APPEARANCE OF A FAIRY.

For nearly half a century, a weekly dinner party of literary men took place at the house of Joseph

Johnson, a respectable and honest bookseller in St. Paul's Church Yard. Johnson was the publisher of Captain Steadman's Work on Surinam; and as the Captain lived at Hammersmith, he usually came to town on the morning of the weekly dinner by the Hammersmith stage.

As the coach was proceeding at its usual rumbling rate towards London, Captain Steadman was aroused by a very uncommon sound in the air; and on looking out of the coach door, his surprise was increased by the apparition of a little fellow, *about two feet high*, dressed in a full suit of regimentals, with a gold-laced cocked hat, and a gold-headed cane, striding along the footpath, "and raising such a devil of a sough," that the Captain's astonishment knew no bounds. He rubbed his eyes, looked, doubted, and looked again; but there, to visible certainty, was the little man striding away, swinging his arm, and "swishing his cane" in full force, going at the rate of nine miles an hour, and leaving the coach far behind him. Away he went at this prodigious pace until he came to a green lane which led to Holland House, up which he whisked with the greatest nimbleness. When the coach came opposite to the lane, the little man was nowhere to be seen.

This was related by Captain Steadman at dinner the very day it occurred, and he continued to affirm his belief in the appearance of the goblin, to the day of his death.

Crofton Croker, Esq., author of "The Fairy Legends," gives this relation on the authority of the late Mr. Fuseli, the celebrated artist, who was then present.

ANTONELLI;

AN AUTHENTICATED GHOST STORY.

Related by Goethe, the great German Author.

When I was in Italy, Antonelli, an opera-singer, was the favourite of the Neapolitan public. Her youth, beauty, and talents, insured her applause on the stage: nor was she deficient in any quality that could render her agreeable to a small circle of friends. She was not indifferent either to love or praise; but her discretion was such as to enable her to enjoy both with becoming dignity. Every young man of rank or fortune in Naples was eager to be numbered among her suitors: few, however, met with a favourable reception; and though she was, in the choice of her lovers, directed chiefly by her eyes and her heart, she displayed on all occasions a firmness, and stability of character, that never failed to engage even such as were indifferent to her favours. I had frequent opportunities of seeing her, being on terms of the closest intimacy with one of her favoured admirers.

Several years were now elapsed, and she had become acquainted with a number of gentlemen, many of whom had rendered themselves disgusting by the extreme levity and fickleness of their manners. She had repeatedly observed young gentlemen, whose professions of constancy and attachment would persuade their mistress of the impossibility of their ever deserting her, withhold their protection in those very cases where it was most needed; or, what is still worse, incited by the temptation of ridding themselves of a troublesome connexion, she

had known them give advice which has entailed misery and ruin.

Her acquaintance hitherto had been of such a nature as to leave her mind inactive. She now began to feel a desire to which she had before been a stranger. She wished to possess a friend, to whom she might communicate her most secret thoughts; and happily, just at that time, she found one among those who surrounded her, possessed of every requisite quality, and who seemed, in every respect, worthy of her confidence.

This gentleman was by birth a Genoese, and resided at Naples for the purpose of transacting some commercial business of great importance, for the house with which he was connected. In possession of good parts, he had, in addition, received a very finished education. His knowledge was extensive; and no less care had been bestowed on his body than on his mind. He was inspired with the commercial spirit natural to his countrymen, and considered mercantile affairs on a grand scale. His situation was, however, not the most enviable; his house had unfortunately been drawn into hazardous speculations, which were afterwards attended with expensive law-suits. The state of his affairs grew daily more intricate, and the uneasiness thereby produced gave him an air of seriousness, which in the present case was not to his disadvantage; for it encouraged our young heroine to seek his friendship, rightly judging that he himself stood in need of a friend.

Hitherto, he had seen her only occasionally, and at places of public resort: she now, on his first request, granted him access to her house: she even

invited him very pressingly, and he was not reticent in obeying the invitation.

She lost no time in making him acquainted with her wishes, and the confidence she reposed in him. He was surprised, and rejoiced at the proposal. She was urgent in the request that he might always remain her friend, and never shade that sacred name with the ambiguous claims of a lover. She made him acquainted with some difficulties which then perplexed her, and on which his experience would enable him to give the best advice, and propose the most speedy means for her relief. In return for this confidence, he did not hesitate to disclose to her his own situation; and her endeavours to sooth and console him were, in reality, not without a beneficial consequence, as they served to put him in that state of mind so necessary for acting with deliberation and effect. Thus a friendship was in a short time cemented, founded on the most exalted esteem, and on the consciousness that each was necessary to the well-being of the other.

It happens but too often, that we make agreements without considering whether it is in our power to fulfil their conditions. He had promised to be only her friend, and not to think of her as a mistress; and yet he could not deny that he was mortified and disgusted with the sight of any other visitor. His ill-humour was particularly excited by hearing her, in a jesting manner, enumerate the good or bad qualities of some favourite; and after having shown much good sense in pointing out his blemishes, neglect her friend, and prefer his company that very evening.

It happened soon after that the heart of the fair

was disengaged. Her friend was rejoiced at the discovery, and represented to her that he was entitled to her affection before all others. She gave ear to his petition, when she found resistance was vain. "I fear," said she, "that I am parting with the most valuable possession on earth—a friend, and that I shall get nothing in return but a lover." Her suspicions were well founded: he had not enjoyed his double capacity long, when he showed a degree of peevishness, of which he had before thought himself incapable. As a friend, he demanded her esteem; as a lover, he claimed her undivided affection; and as a man of sense and education, he expected rational and pleasing conversation. These complicated claims, however, ill accorded with the sprightly disposition of Antonelli; she could consent to no sacrifices, and was unwilling to grant exclusive rights. She therefore endeavoured in a delicate manner to shorten his visits, to see him less frequently, and intimated that she would upon no consideration whatever give up her freedom.

As soon as he remarked this new treatment, his misery was beyond endurance; and, unfortunately, this was not the only mischance that befel him. His mercantile affairs assumed a very doubtful appearance; besides this, a view of his past life called forth many mortifying reflections: he had, from his earliest youth, looked upon his fortune as inexhaustible; his business often lay neglected, while engaged in long and expensive travels, endeavouring to make a figure in the fashionable world, far above his birth and fortune. The law-suits, which were now his only hope, proceeded slowly, and were connected with a vast expense. These required his

presence in Palermo several times, and while absent on his last journey, Antonelli made arrangements calculated, by degrees, to banish him entirely from her house. On his return, he found she had taken another house at a considerable distance from his own; the Marquess de S., who, at that time, had great influence on plays and public diversions, visited her daily, and, to all appearance, with great familiarity. This mortified him severely, and a serious illness was the consequence. When the news of his sickness reached his friend, she hastened to him, was anxious to see him comfortable, and discovering that he was in great pecuniary difficulties, on going away she left him a sum of money sufficient to relieve his wants.

Her friend had once presumed to encroach on her freedom; this attempt was with her an unpardonable offence, and the discovery of his having acted so indiscreetly in his own affairs, had not given her the most favourable opinion of his understanding and his character; notwithstanding the decrease of her affection, her assiduity for him had redoubled. He did not, however, remark the great change which had really taken place; her anxiety for his recovery, her watching for hours at his bedside, appeared to him rather proofs of friendship and love, than the effects of compassion; and he hoped, on his recovery, to be reinstated in all his former rights.

But how greatly was he mistaken! In proportion as his health and strength returned, all tenderness and affection for him vanished; nay, her aversion for him now was equal to the pleasure with which she formerly regarded him. He had also, in consequence of these multiplied reverses, contracted a

habit of ill humour, of which he was himself not aware, and which greatly contributed to alienate Antonelli. His own bad management in business he attributed to others; so that, in his opinion, he was perfectly justified. He looked upon himself as an unfortunate man, persecuted by the world, and hoped for an equivalent to all his sufferings and misfortunes in the undivided affection of his mistress.

This concession he insisted on, the first day he was able to leave his chamber, and visit her. He demanded nothing less than that she should resign herself up to him entirely, dismiss her other friends and acquaintances, leave the stage, and live solely with him, and for him. She showed him the impossibility of granting his demands, at first mildly, but was at last obliged to confess the melancholy truth, that her former relation existed no more. He left her, and never saw her again.

He lived some years longer, seeing but few acquaintances, and chiefly in the company of a pious old lady, with whom he occupied the same dwelling, and who lived on the rent of an adjoining house, her only income. During this interval, he gained one of his law-suits, and soon after the other; but his health was destroyed, and his future prospects blasted. A slight cause brought on a relapse of his former illness; the physician acquainted him with his approaching end. He was resigned to his fate, and his only remaining wish was, once more to see his lovely friend. He sent the servant to her, who, in more happy days, had often been the bearer of tender messages. He prayed her to grant his request: she refused. He sent a second time, entreating most ardently she might not be deaf to

his prayers, with no better success. She persisted in her first answer. The night was already far advanced, when he sent a third time: she showed great agitation, and confided to me the cause of her embarrassment, (for I had just happened to be at supper at her house, with the Marquess, and some other friends). I advised her—I entreated her, to show her friend this last act of kindness. She seemed undecided, and in great emotion; but after a few moments she became more collected. She sent away the servant with a refusal, and he returned no more.

When supper was over, we sat together in familiar conversation, while cheerfulness and good humour reigned among us. It was near midnight, when suddenly a hollow, doleful sound was heard, like the groaning of a human being; gradually it grew weaker, and at last died away entirely. A momentary trembling seized us all; we stared at each other, and then around us, unable to explain the mystery.

The Marquess ran to the window, while the rest of us were endeavouring to restore the lady, who lay senseless on the floor. It was some time before she recovered. The jealous Italian would scarcely give her time to open her eyes, when he began to load her with reproaches. "If you agree on signs with your friends," said the Marquess, "I pray you let them be less open and terrifying." She replied, with her usual presence of mind, that, having the right to see any person, at any time, in her house, she could hardly be supposed to choose such appalling sounds as the forerunners of happy moments.

And really there was something uncommonly

terrifying in the sound; its slowly lengthened vibrations were still fresh in our ears. Antonelli was pale, confused, and every moment in danger of falling into a swoon. We were obliged to remain with her half the night. Nothing more was heard. On the following evening the same company was assembled; and although the cheerfulness of the preceding day was wanting, we were not dejected. Precisely at the same hour we heard the same hollow groan as the night before.

We had, in the mean time, formed many conjectures on the origin of this strange sound, which were as contradictory as they were extravagant. It is unnecessary to relate every particular: in short, whenever Antonelli supped at home, the alarming noise was heard at the same hour, sometimes stronger, at others weaker. This occurrence was spoken of all over Naples. Every inmate of the house, every friend and acquaintance, took the most lively interest; even the police was summoned to attend. Spies were placed at proper distances around the house. To such as stood in the street, the sound seemed to arise in the open air, while those in the room heard it close by them. As often as she supped out all was silent, but whenever she remained at home, she was sure to be visited by her uncivil guest: but leaving her house was not always a means of escaping him. Her talent and character gained her admittance into the first houses; the elegance of her manners, and her lively conversation, made her everywhere welcome; and, in order to avoid her unwelcome visitor, she used to pass her evenings in company out of the house.

A gentleman, whose age and rank made him

respectable, accompanied her home one evening in his coach. On taking leave of him at her door, the well known voice issued from the steps beneath them; and the old gentleman, who was perfectly well-acquainted with the story, was helped into his coach more dead than alive.

She was one evening accompanied by a young singer, in her coach, on a visit to a friend's. He had heard of this mysterious affair, and being of a lively disposition, expressed some doubts on the subject. I most ardently wish, continued he, to hear the voice of your invisible companion; do call him, there are two of us, we shall not be frightened. Without reflecting, she had courage to summon the spirit, and presently, from the floor of the coach, arose the appalling sound: it was repeated three times in rapid succession, and died away in a hollow moan. When the door of the carriage was opened, both were found in a swoon, and it was some time before they were restored, and could inform those present of their unhappy adventure.

This frequent repetition, at length, affected her health; and the spirit, who seemed to have compassion on her, for some weeks gave no signs of his presence. She even began to cherish a hope that she was now entirely rid of him; but in this she was mistaken.

When the Carnival was over, she went into the country on a visit, in the company of a lady, and attended only by one waiting maid. Night overtook them before they could reach their journey's end; and suffering an interruption, from the breaking of a chain, they were compelled to stop for the night at an obscure inn by the road side. Fatigue made

Antonelli seek for repose immediately on their arrival; and she had just lain down, when the waiting-maid, who was arranging a night lamp, in a jesting tone, observed, "We are here, in a manner at the end of the earth, and the weather is horrible—will he be able to find us here?" That moment the voice was heard, louder and more terrible than ever. The lady imagined the room filled with demons, and, leaping out of bed, ran down stairs, alarming the whole house. Nobody slept a wink that night. This was the last time the noise was heard. But this unwelcome visitor had soon another, and more disagreeable method of notifying his presence.

She had been left in peace some time, when one evening, at the usual hour, while she was sitting at table with her friends, she was startled at the discharge of a gun, or a well-charged pistol: it seemed to have passed through the window. All present heard the report and saw the flash, but on examination the pane was found uninjured. The company was nevertheless greatly concerned, and it was generally believed that some one's life had been attempted. Some present ran to the police, while the rest searched the adjoining houses—but in vain; nothing was discovered that could excite the least suspicion. The next evening, sentinels were stationed at all the neighbouring windows; the house itself, where Antonelli lived, was closely searched, and spies were placed in the street.

But all this precaution availed nothing. Three months in succession, at the same moment, the report was heard: the charge entered at the same pane of glass without making the least alteration in its appearance; and what is remarkable, it in-

variably took place precisely one hour before midnight, although the Neapolitans have the Italian way of keeping time according to which midnight forms no remarkable division. At length, the shooting grew as familiar as the voice had formerly been, and this innocent malice of the spirit was forgiven him. The report often took place without disturbing the company, or even interrupting their conversation.

One evening, after a sultry day, Antonelli, without thinking of the approaching hour, opened the window, and stepped with the Marquess on the balcony. But a few moments had elapsed, when the invisible gun was discharged, and both were thrown back into the room with a violent shock. On recovering, the Marquess felt the pain of a smart blow on his right cheek, and the singer, on her left. But no other injury being received, this event gave rise to a number of merry observations. This was the last time she was alarmed in her house, and she had hopes of being at last entirely rid of her unrelenting persecutor, when, one evening, riding out with a friend, she was once more greatly terrified. They drove through the Chiaja, where the once-favoured Genoese had resided. The moon shone bright. The lady with her demanded, "Is not that the house where Mr. —— died?" "It is one of those two, if I am not mistaken," replied Antonelli. That instant the report burst upon their ears louder than ever: the flash issuing from one of the houses, seemed to pass through the carriage. The coachman supposing they were attacked by robbers, drove off in great haste. On arriving at the place of destination, the two ladies were taken out in a state of insensibility.

This was, however, the last scene of terror. The invisible tormentor now changed his manner, and used more gentle means. One evening, soon after, a loud clapping of hands was heard under her window. Antonelli, as a favourite actress and singer, was no stranger to these sounds: they carried in them nothing terrifying, and they might be ascribed to one of her admirers. She paid little attention to it: her friends, however, were more vigilant; they sent out spies as formerly. The clapping was heard, but no one was to be seen; and it was hoped that these mysterious doings would soon entirely cease.

After some evenings the clapping was no longer heard, and more agreeable sounds succeeded. They were not properly melodious, but unspeakably delightful and agreeable: they seemed to issue from the corner of an opposite street, approach the window, and die gently away. It seemed as if some ærial spirit intended them as a prelude to some piece of music that he was about to perform. These tones soon became weaker, and at last they were heard no more.

I had the curiosity, soon after the first disturbance, to go to the house of the deceased, under the pretext of visiting the old lady, who had so faithfully attended him in his last illness. She told me her friend had an unbounded affection for Antonelli; that he had, for some weeks previous to his death, talked only of her, and sometimes represented her as an angel, and then again as a devil. When his illness became serious, his only wish was to see her before his dissolution,—probably in hopes of re-
having from her some kind expression, or prevailing

on her to give him some consoling proof of her love and attachment. Her obstinate refusal caused him the greatest torments, and her last answer evidently hastened his end; for, added she, he made one violent effort, and raising his head, he cried out in despair, “ *No, it shall avail her nothing; she avoids me, but I’ll torment her, though the grave divide us!*” And indeed the event proved that a man may perform his promise in spite of death itself.

MYSTIC ENCHANTMENT.

From the MSS. of Philadelphus.

The following is related by Eckartshausen, in his German work, entitled “*Magic.*”

Eckartshausen was acquainted with a Scotsman, who was *not* given to the practice of incantations, but merely acquired the knowledge of an extraordinary process, which had been communicated to him by a Jew. *He made the experiment in company with Eckartshausen;*—it is extraordinary, and deserves to be related.

The person who wishes to see a particular spirit, (either of a living or dead person), must, for some days previous, undergo a state of physical and spiritual preparation. Very remarkable conditions

• “*Letzt*,” old word; to obstruct, to hinder.

and correspondencies seem required between the person who wishes to see the spirit, and the spirit itself, (conditions we can only explain by admission that a dawning of the spiritual world begins on our side of the grave). When these preparations are completed, a fumigation from certain ingredients (the knowledge of which Mr. E. very properly, from a fear of their abuse, declines to communicate) is made in a room. *The vapour forms itself into a figure, which is the perfect resemblance of the person the operator wishes to see!* Magic lights, optical deceptions, &c., are here out of the question. THE VAPOUR PRODUCES A HUMAN FIGURE, resembling him we desire to see! The following are Eckartshausen's own words:—

“Some time after the departure of the foreigner (the Scotsman), I repeated the experiment with one of my friends—he *saw* and felt as I did myself. The observations we made were these:—as soon as the ingredients were thrown into the chafingdish, a whitish figure forms itself, and seems of natural size to hover just above the chafingdish. *It possesses a most perfect resemblance with the person to be seen, only that the figure is ashy pale.* Upon approaching the figure, a considerable resistance is felt, something like walking against a strong wind. If it is spoken to, no distinct recollection remains of what has been said; and when the phantom disappears, it seems like awakening from a dream. The head is stupified, and there is a great tightness felt in the lower parts of the body. It is singular, that the same appearance presents itself upon being *in the dark, or looking afterwards upon dark bodies.*

No. 11.

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“The unpleasantness of this sensation was such that, however solicited, I was unwilling to repeat the experiment. A young gentleman came to me, and positively *insisted* upon seeing the apparition. As he was a man of a delicate constitution and lively imagination, I hesitated, and consulted an experienced physician, to whom I discovered the entire secret. He was of opinion that the narcotics used must powerfully excite the imagination, and might, under certain circumstances, be very dangerous. He thought the preparatory forms increased the power of their operation, and advised me to make trial of their effect in very small portions, *without* previous preparations.

“This I did, one day after dinner, when this gentleman, who dined with me, was present. The materials were all thrown into the chafingdish, when certainly *a figure showed itself*; but a shuddering, which I was unable to controul, overcame me. I was obliged to leave the room for three hours; I was extremely ill, and had the figure constantly before me. By the use of a great deal of vinegar, which I inhaled, and drank with water, I recovered, towards the evening; yet, for three weeks afterwards, I felt a loss of strength: and what is most singular, is, that, even to this time, when I think on the circumstance, and look upon a dark body, *a lively representation of the ashy-pale figure* presents itself before me. Since that time (adds he) I have never ventured to repeat the experiment.”

The following note is added by a lady of erudition, who had read Eckartshausen's work, and remembers these particulars, viz.—“that certain

previous forms and conditions are required before the operation takes place; upon omission of these, the operator is threatened with either loss of health, insanity, or the most serious derangement of his temporal circumstances. The particulars I do not remember distinctly, but I think *three days' utter seclusion* is commanded. During these days, the operator must employ himself in devotional exercises, he must often turn his thoughts to the subject he wishes to see, must have a particular regard to him in his prayers, must recollect and dwell on his good qualities, and be very certain that no impure view mixes with his wish to see him. The subject must have committed no crime; and if a living person, he must have no wound in any part of his body. This *last* condition is remarkable; the tendency of the other is obvious, when it is considered that they came from Arabia (where the Jew first found the secret), and therefore originate with a people not professedly Christian. I think it will be allowed that their piety is worthy notice."

Mr. E., in his second volume, says that he may venture to give the fumigating ingredients without fear, as the success of the experiment depends upon their exact proportions of *Opium, Saffron, Aloes, Henbane, Nihshade, Poppy-seed, and Hemlock.*

I must here regret that the author did not communicate whether his own experiments were made with a living subject, and what the state of that person might be during the operation.

The Astrologer

AT THE FUNERAL OF THE LAMENTED

CARL MARIA VON WEBER.

'Tis finished ! and the sting of death is o'er,
 And his pure Spirit seeks that heavenly shore
 Where sorrow has no place ; where only joy
 And peace are known, and felt without alloy.
 His was no common mind, and there should be
 No common tomb to grace his memory.
 The great, the good, who perish in their prime,
 Become the lasting creditors of time
 And we must render to the mighty dead
 The debt we owe them for the joy they shed.

It was on the 21st of June, 1826, that the earthly remains of the lamented Carl Maria Von Weber, the celebrated author of *Der Freitshutz* and *Oberon*, were committed, with the funeral solemnity of the Catholic Church, to the silent sepulchre. On the morning of that day, I had, by appointment, met my friend Captain B—— on the Royal Exchange, having sold a few thousands of consols for the following July account, which, although I am naturally averse to “high play” of any description, I had been induced to do at the persuasion of a friend, chiefly to convince an unbeliever in celestial lore of the ample means possessed by an *Astrologer* for increasing the store of this world's wealth, even where the chances are so much against the speculator, as they proverbially are, among the bulls and bears of the Stock Exchange.

The day was unusually gloomy ; and although it was at that season of the year when even the streets of the metropolis assume a gayer appearance than usual, from the general serenity of the atmo-

sphere, yet the rack of drifting fleeces, as they shot swiftly through the azure vault above, were occasionally tinged with crimson, and anon skirted with a lurid and lowering hue,—the general fore-runners of a rainy day. As the morning advanced, the sky would for an instant become clearer; but the too sudden bursting of the solar rays from the accumulating masses of dense and sombre clouds, told plainly to the observing eye, that these ephemeral indications of serenity were even like the gay and gaudy sunshine of man's transitory life,—most liable, alas! to storms and tempests!

While my friend and myself were busily conversing upon the *already* palpable effects of Saturn's celestial progress through the constellation *Gemini*, the ascendant in astrological lore of the proud metropolis, which reared its walls and mansions around us, proclaiming itself the mart of Europe, and mistress of the civilized world; and while we were ever and anon breaking through the thread of our discourse, to remark upon the motley assemblage of merchants, Jews, jobbers, and all the usual corollaries of a commercial life, which passed in quick succession before us—some of them most eagerly disseminating the political news of the day, and commenting upon the sudden decline in the price of the public securities, through the defalcation in the revenue, the warlike news from India, the revolt of the Janissaries in Constantinople, and such like *unexpected* events, which myself had *foreseen and predicted were certain to occur, from the celestial agency that the peculiar positions of the stars evinced.* While we were remarking upon the wonderful advantages which astrology gave even to the merchant

of the speculator, over the mere man of the world; who had his business, as it were, at "his fingers' ends," and were moralizing upon the variety of those diversified scenes that daily occur in the vicinity of the Royal Exchange, we were casually informed that the cavalcade and procession of Weber's funeral was on its way to the chapel in Moorfields.

Laying aside every other engagement, we immediately hastened to the place—resolved to witness the last honours paid to the late illustrious son of Apollo, whose sublime enchanting strains of unearthly music had so frequently engaged our most delighted attention, as well in the theatre, the throne of his fame, as in the retirement of the closet.

The atmosphere, which, a short time previous, had appeared as if brightening up into a partial sunshine, now seemed entirely changed—"a mist hung hovering in the air," and the sky looked unusually fitful and gloomy. As we proceeded towards the scene of woe, we were frequently interrupted by groups of pedestrians who pursued the same path; but, on arriving at the gates of the Catholic Chapel, in Moorfields, the assembled throng was immense, and it was with great difficulty we penetrated the crowded but sorrowful multitude,—so thickly were they congregated.

On entering the walls of this beautiful edifice, the awful sublimity and mournfully interesting nature of the melancholy spectacle which was presented to our view, nearly overpowered our feelings. In the centre aisle, raised on trestles, surmounted by a canopy of sable plumes, which were ever and anon waving and nodding as if in mockery of mortality, surrounded by the bearers of

incense, the officiating priests, and accompanied by the whole of the sad, yet gorgeous, funeral pomp of the ennobled dead, lay the coffin of Weber! The rites and ceremonies of the Roman Church are at all times most peculiarly grand and imposing; but on the present mournful occasion they were infinitely more so than upon ordinary occasions; added to which, the vocal choir, who chanted forth the solemn, yet melodious dirge of death, with harmonious voices, were of the first order, as the most celebrated professors of English song, residing in the metropolis, had seized the occasion of paying a willing tribute to the departed genius of the gifted deceased.

During the solemnization of high mass, the feelings of the assembled multitude were partially quiescent, as if meditating upon the consolations which religion offered, even beyond the grave, where all, alas! is darkness. But these feelings of partial repose on unearthly comforts were soon aroused in the numerous assembly by the deep and swelling tone of the funeral anthem. And those feelings of sorrow were felt by none more deeply than myself. Born with a soul susceptible to the most lively degree of joy and sorrow, and at a time when Venus, the star of music and poetry, the fair planet of genius, claimed powerful preeminence over my horoscope; that star has never ceased to endue my mind with a love of the solemn and the pathetic, which only those who have, as Shakspeare expresses it, "music in their souls," can describe. And such *only* can sympathize truly with my feelings, as the dirge of death, beginning at first in low and solemn sounds, now swelled forth in loud

and awful tones, deep and intoned, like Nature's wailings, and anon with a sweep of mournful cadence, became lost to the ear; while again bursting forth, as it were, with apparent fury, scornful of controul, it rose in notes of rapture, as if directing the soul to heaven and disdainng the earth, till it vanished at length in a swift full sound of ecstasy. Such are the well known qualities of Mozart's celebrated Requiem — well known to the musical world for many sad recollections, and which was, perhaps, never better performed than on that day of sadness. Sob after sob announced the stifled but poignant sorrows which pervaded the immense assemblage, as the sepulchral requiem was chanted; and till, amidst a thousand spectators, scarcely a tearless eye was visible!

At length it ceased; when, with slow and silent steps, the coffin, attended by the officiating priests, ceremoniously commending the soul of the deceased to the protection of heaven, with religious awe, and surrounded by the pompous but awful insignia of death, was bore out of the chapel to the vaults beneath. It is a singular fact, that at the moment the receptacle of mortality descended the steps of its last abode, the evil and malevolent star of Saturn culminated in the zenith, and crossed the meridian of London, as if it were revelling in the woe of mankind, and rejoicing in the sorrow of thousands. My astrological friends, by referring to their ephemeris for noon day, on the 21st June, 1826, will observe this singular and remarkable agreement between celestial and terrestrial agency, even where the objects are death and the grave!

Arrived in the vault, and deposited on its last

and final resting place, there lay the coffin, and mortal remains of the inimitable Weber—of him who had enchanted thousands with his immortal productions—whose genius, as “a living fire,” consumed its votary, ere age had tinted his raven locks. There lay the coffin, surrounded by many noble, and many illustrious dead; but none more truly noble, more truly illustrious, more known to fame, more worthy of funeral honours, and a lasting renown, than himself! Scarcely had the coffin been deposited in the vaults, when the rain, which the clouds of the morning portended as concentrating, descended in copious showers: the mist which had hovered in the air, as if unwilling that the day should prove cheering even in appearance, became suddenly the precursor of a storm; and, as numbers remarked, the very elements seemed to weep for the wreck of genius. At this moment, the scene was sublimely and awfully picturesque. The interest which attended the last rites of humanity, had descended to the sepulchre, even to the last gloomy mansions of the dead, which were quickly filled with weeping spectators. The place was entirely lit by the glare of funeral torches, that threw their lengthened shadows to the extremity of the vaults, which, however, were so ample in extent, that only a partial view could be discovered of the numerous coffins which lay mouldering therein. Piled heaps on heaps, a sad memento of human frailty; yet their flickering lights imparted a melancholy hue of grandeur to the scene, which could scarcely be conceived by those who are unused to such spectacles. And it was while reclining over the coffin of the illustrious dead, and gazing upon the trophies of the

“fell destroyer,” that I remarked to my friend, “How infinitely more imposing, and worthy attention, was the sad and awful solemnity of the scene around us, than aught which the pomps and levities of the “fashionable world,” with all its boasted refinement and splendour, its gaieties, its heartlessness, and its numerous vagaries, could produce! Yes,” exclaimed I, “even in death does Weber triumph!”

PEACE BE TO HIS ASHES!

And may his name and memory ever be held in as much veneration as it is by

Raphael,

“THE ASTROLOGER OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.”

AGAINST WITCHCRAFT.

“Vervain and Dill

Hinder Witches from their will.”

Weekly Review.

THE SPRING ROOT,

And a Legend of its marvellous Efficacy.

Rubezahl has his own vegetable garden in the mountain; it is shown upon the declivity of Aupengrund. The mountain is rich in excellent

herbs, which have been employed, from very ancient times, in the preparation of costly essences. Even at this day the inhabitants of Krumhubel gain their livelihood by the preparation of these essences from the herbs which grow in those parts,—an art they may probably have derived from the pupils of the once celebrated school of Paracelsus at Prague, who were driven by the wars of the Hussites into the more secluded parts of the country; whence it is possible the people of Krumhubel may yet be in possession of many curious and valuable traditions. Among these herbs there is one which has become peculiarly celebrated in legendary lore; it is called *the Spring-root*, and is found only in Rubezahl's garden. This root is of most costly species, and possesses virtues to heal the most obstinate and inveterate diseases. But it serves besides as a nourishment to the spirits themselves, and Rubezahl allows none but his particular favorites to gather it.

A lady of high birth once lay dangerously ill at Liegnitz, and promised a peasant from the high mountain a great reward if he could procure her the *Spring-root* from Rubezahl's garden. Allured by her tempting promises, he undertook the task. When he reached the lonely desert country where the garden lies, he seized his spade, and began to dig up the *Spring-root*, which was not unknown to him. Whilst he was yet stooping at his labour, the wind began to howl from one quarter, and he heard loud thundering words which he did not understand. He started up in alarm, in order to satisfy himself whence it came, but he was not able to stand upright against the rush of the wind. He perceived,

however, upon the extreme edge of a projecting cliff, a tall gigantic form; a long beard descended over his breast, and a large crooked nose disfigured his countenance. The figure looked upon him with fearfully glowing eyes; his streaming locks, and a large white cloak which he wore, waved in the storm, and in his hand he bore a large knotted club. "What are you doing there?" screamed the apparition to him; and the rough voice was scarcely distinguishable from the howling of the storm. The peasant, though a very bold man, was overcome by the terror which now seized him, and replied, "I am seeking the Spring root for a sick lady, who has promised to pay me well for it." "What you have got you may keep; but return again, and ——," screamed the figure; and brandishing his club with threatening gestures, he vanished.

The peasant went down from the mountain lost in deep thought, and the lady at Liegnitz considered herself extremely fortunate in getting possession of the potent root to sooth her pains. Her illness visibly diminished, and as she could only expect her complete recovery from the continued use of the root, she desired that the peasant might be again brought into her presence. "Would you venture once more to fetch me the Spring-root?" inquired the lady. "My good lady," answered the peasant, "the first time the Lord of the mountain appeared to me in fearful form, and threatened me so seriously, that I dare not venture a second time." But the lady conquered his fear by dint of liberal promises: she offered him a much larger sum than the first time, and the peasant, no longer able to withstand

the temptation; ventured once again to take a solitary journey into the inmost recesses of the mountain.

As soon as he began to dig the root, there arose a fearful storm in the same quarter as before; and when he looked towards it he beheld the same figure menacing him in a still more threatening posture; the long hair and wide mantle of the spirit seemed to stream on the wind towards him—fire shone in his eyes—the frightful voice, which again screamed “What are you doing?” re-echoed from the barren rocks, and seemed to be shouted with redoubled violence from the hidden abyss. When the peasant answered, “I seek the Spring-root,—a sick lady has promised to reward me well for it,” the wrathful spirit roared out, “Have I not warned you, you madman! and you dare to come back again? But you have it already; so save yourself, if you can!” The lightnings of his eyes seemed to strike upon the fainting peasant, and to scorch his countenance: his mighty club whirled through the air and sunk close beside him deep into the solid rock—the ground trembled—a loud thunder-clap benumbed his senses, and he sank down unconscious upon the turf. On recovering from his trance, he felt as if every bone in his body had been broken. The club had disappeared, thunder rolled in the distance, and he thought he could distinguish the threatening voice amid its roar; but the Spring-root remained in his hand, and so he crept about drenched by the rain, surrounded by the thick fog, attacked by flitting sprites hither and thither, the whole night and the following day, without knowing where he was, till a charcoal-

burner found him half-starved, and took him to his hut. Here he recovered, and then hastened to Liegnitz.

The lady was delighted when he again stood before her with the Spring-root, and gave him so great a reward that he forgot all his misfortunes and joyfully hastened home. Some time elapsed, and the lady seemed almost well, but still she had not thoroughly recovered. "If I could get the Spring-root once more, I feel I could be quite well," she said. So she sent again to the peasant, who refused to go to her; but it was as if he was urged by an evil spirit against his will, and he at last yielded. "Here I am again, lady," said the peasant, "what do you wish of me? I hope it is not to go again for the Spring-root?—heaven preserve me from that!—the last time, I scarcely escaped with my life. I yet shudder when I think of it." Here the lady began to embrace him, and promised him a whole rich farm and great treasures with it, and so dazzled the poor man's imagination, that he resolved to brave all danger and endeavour to steal a third time the Spring-root from the enchanted garden, though he should perish in the attempt. "Hitherto," said the peasant, "the Lord of the mountain has only threatened me; and this shall be the last time, for then I am a rich man and can spend my life in glory and joy.

The peasant dared not go alone this time to the mountain. "Dear boy," said he, to his eldest son, who was now beyond childhood, "we shall go to the chapel upon the mountain: you shall accompany the." They proceeded together till the ravines became more and more narrow, and the rocks more

rugged and barren. As they passed along the margin of the dark lakes eternally overshadowed by the steep rocks, the father became silent and thoughtful, and deep horror fell upon his inmost soul; his eyes gleamed so wildly that his son shuddered to look upon them. "What ails you, father?" said he, at last; but the father did not answer him, and gazed in silence on the ground. Then they ascended higher and higher up the mountain, till they drew near the garden, when the father thus addressed his son:—"Evil spirits have beguiled thy father from his earliest years. I have cared only for riches, and have remained a stranger to the fear of God and of religion. I have led a wild and couchless life, and never set before you a good example. Now Hell calls me, and I must purloin the Spring-root from the Lord of the mountain, for which he will tear me to pieces." At this the son wept sore, and said, "Father, leave it, and turn back with me; heaven is merciful." But in the distraction of despair, the father had already seized the spade and begun to dig. Then arose a fearful hurricane—a water-spout rushed down and flooded all the brooks into wild torrents—a moaning, heartwringing lament seemed to rise up from the roots of the garden—all the elements mingled wildly with one another—yawning cliffs opened around—and from above, a huge figure, itself like a mountain, descended with a gigantic club, seized the peasant, and flew up with him to the height; then a large rock fell down and shivered into a thousand pieces. The son heard the moaning of his father, farther and still farther in the distance, and for a long time lay on the ground in deep stupor. At last the hurricane

ceased to war, the sky cleared up, and the forsaken son, full of terror, sought the mountain-chapel to commend himself to God's mercy and protection. *At the same hour the lady at Liegnitz, who seemed almost recovered, died suddenly.*

Weekly Review.

THE FAIRY LAND OF YOUTH

Beneath the water (*tradition relates*) there is a country, as well as above the earth, where the glorious sun shines forth in splendour, beautiful meadows flourish in luxuriance, trees put forth their gaudy blossoms, fields and woods vary the goodly scene, splendid cities and gorgeous palaces arise aloft in beaming splendour, equalled by none on earth, which are inhabited by legends of *Fairies* and myriads of *Elves*.

Tradition relates, that if you have found, at the proper moment, the right spot upon the banks of the water, the splendid scene may be easily beheld. Persons who are said to have fallen in, and reached this sub-aqueous world without accident, on their return have related wonders of this enchanted region.

It is called "*the Fairy Land of Youth*," for it is affirmed that time has no power there, over years, or months, or weeks, or days, or hours, or moments; no one ever, *there*, becomes old; no one regards time as passing fleetly; and those persons who have passed whole years there, nay, even an age, have fancied the enchanted period as only a moment.

On particular days, *at the rising of the sun*, it is said, the fairy inhabitants appear above the surface of the water, decked forth in all the resplendent colours of the rainbow, and apparelled like immortals, in never fading garments, bright, ethereal, and magnificent. With the song, the dance, and the sweetest strains of enlivening music, they are said to pass joyously, in a certain track along the water, which no more yields to the pressure of their little feet, than the solid earth under the foot of frail man, till they at length vanish, and disappear in *mist*.

“ He ask’d how many charming hours had flown
 Since on her slave her heaven of beauty shown.
 ‘ Should I consult my heart,’ cried he, ‘ the rate
 Were small—*a week* would be the utmost date ;
 But when my mind reflects on actions past,
 And counts its joys, time must have fled more fast :
 Perhaps I might have said *three months* are gone.’
 ‘ Three months !’ replied the fair ; ‘ *three months alone*,
 Know that *three hundred years* have roll’d away,
 Since at my feet my lovely phoenix lay.’
 ‘ Three hundred years !’ re-echoed back the prince,
 ‘ A whole three hundred years completed since
 I landed here ! !’ ”

The Enchanted Lake.

THE LEGEND OF O'DONOGHUE.

In an age, so distant that the precise period is unknown, a chieftain, named O'Donoghue, ruled over the country which surrounds the romantic Lough Lean, now called the Lake of Killarney. Wisdom, beneficence, and justice, distinguished his reign, and the prosperity and happiness of his subjects were their natural results.

He is said to have been as renowned for his warlike exploits as for his pacific virtues ; and as a proof that his domestic administration was not the less vigorous because it was mild, a rocky island is

pointed out to strangers, called "O'Donoghue's Prison," in which this prince once confined his own son for some act of disorder and disobedience.

His end (for it cannot correctly be called his death) was singular and mysterious. At one of those splendid feasts, for which his Court was celebrated, surrounded by the most distinguished of his subjects, he was engaged in a prophetic vision of the events which were to happen in ages yet to come. His auditors listened to his relation, — now wrapped in wonder, now fixed with indignation, burning with shame, or melted into sorrow, — as he faithfully related the heroism, the injuries, the crimes, and the miseries, of their descendants.

In the midst of his predictions, he rose slowly from his seat, advanced with a solemn, measured, and majestic tread, to the shore of the lake, and walked forward composedly upon its unyielding surface. When he had nearly reached the centre, he paused for a moment, then turning slowly round, looked forward to his friends, and waving his arms to them, with the cheerful air of one taking a short farewell, *disappeared from their view.*

The memory of the "*good O'Donoghue,*" has been cherished by successive generations with affectionate reverence; and it is believed that, at sun-rise, on every May-day morning, the anniversary of his departure, he revisits his ancient domain: a favoured few only are in general permitted to see him, and this distinction is always an omen of *good* fortune to the beholders. When it is granted to many, it is a sure token of an abundant harvest—a blessing, the want of which, during this prince's reign, was never felt by his people.

Some years have elapsed since the last appearance of O'Donoghue. The April of *that* year had been remarkably wild and stormy, but on May morning the fury of the elements had altogether subsided. The air was hushed and still, and the sky, which was reflected in the serene lake, resembled a beautiful but deceitful countenance, whose smiles, after the most tempestuous emotions, tempt the stranger to believe that it belongs to a soul which no passion has ever ruffled,

The first beams of the rising sun were just gilding the lofty summit of Glenaa, when the waters, near the eastern shore of the lake, became suddenly and violently agitated, though all the rest of its surface lay smooth and still as a tomb of polished marble. The next moment a foaming wave darted forward, and, like a proud high-crested war-horse, exulting in his strength, rushed across the lake towards Toomies mountain. Behind this wave, *appeared a stately warrior fully armed, mounted upon a milk-white steed, and at his back fluttered a light blue scarf.* The horse, apparently exulting in his noble burthen, sprung after the wave along the water, which bore him up like firm earth, while showers of spray, that glittered brightly in the morning sun, were dashed up at every bound.

The warrior was O'Donoghue; he was followed by numberless youths and maidens, who moved light and unconstrained over the watery plain, *as the moonlight fairies glide through the fields of air.* They were linked together by garlands of delicious spring flowers, and they timed their movements to strains of enchanting melody. When O'Donoghue had nearly reached the western side of the lake, he

suddenly turned his steed, and directed his course along the wood-fringed shore of Glenaa, preceded by the huge wave that curled and foamed up as high as the horse's neck, whose fiery nostrils snorted above it. The long train of attendants followed, with playful deviations, the track of their leader, and moved on with unabated fleetness to their celestial music, till gradually, as they entered the narrow straight between Glenaa and Dinis, they became involved in the mists which still partially floated over the lakes, and *faded from the view* of the wondering beholders! But the sound of their music still fell upon the ear, and echo, catching up the harmonious strains, fondly repeated and prolonged them in soft and softer tones, till the last faint repetition died away, and the hearers awoke as from a dream of bliss.

From Crofton Croker's delightful Fairy Legends.

INVOCATION OF THE FAIRY QUEEN.

From the Life of the celebrated William Lilly.

“Since I have related of the Queen of the Fairies, I shall acquaint you that it is not for every one, or every person, that these *angelical creatures* will appear unto, though they may say over the call over and over; or, indeed, is it given to very many persons to endure their glorious aspects. Even very many have failed just at that present time when they are ready to manifest themselves: even persons, otherwise of undaunted spirits and firm resolution,

are herewith astonished, and tremble, *as it happened not many years since with us*. A very sober discreet person, of virtuous life and conversation, was beyond measure desirous to see something in this nature.

“Accordingly he went with a friend into my Hurst Wood. The Queen of Fairies was invocated: a gentle murmuring wind came first, after that, amongst the hedges, a smart whirlwind; by and by a strong blast of wind blew upon the face of the friend, *and the Queen appearing in a most illustrious glory*, ‘No more, I beseech you,’ quoth he, ‘my heart fails—I am not able to endure longer.’ Nor was he; his black curling hair rose up, and I believe a bullrush would have beat him to the ground—He was soundly laughed at.

“There was, in the times of the late troubles, one Mortlack, who pretended unto speculations, had a *crystal*, a *call* of Queen Mab, one of the Queens of fairies: he deluded many thereby. At last, *I* was brought into his company: he was desired to make invocation. He did so: *nothing* appeared, or would. Three or four times, in my company, he was put upon to do the work, but could not: at last, he said he could do nothing as long as *I* was in presence. *I*, at last, showed him his error, but left him, as *I* found him, a pretended ignoramus.

“I may seem, to some, to write *incredibilia*;—be it so: but knowing unto whom, and for whose sake only, I do write them, I am much comforted therewith, well knowing you are the most knowing in these curiosities of any now living in England.”

Lilly's Life and Times.

“Fairy King, attend and mark,
do hear the morning lark ;
Then, my *Queen*, in silence sad,
Trip we after the night’s shade !
We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wandering moon.”

Shakspeare.

THE TYLWYTH TEG.

In the mountains, near Brecknock, there is a small lake, to which tradition assigns the following tale :—

In ancient times, a door in a rock, near this lake, was found open upon a certain day every year : I think it was *May-day*. Those who had the curiosity and resolution to enter, were conducted by a secret passage, which terminated in a small island in the centre of the lake. Here the visitors were surprised with the prospect of *a most enchanting garden*, stored with the choicest fruits and flowers, and inhabited by the *Tylwyth Teg*, or fair family—a kind of fairies whose beauty could be equalled only by the courtesy and affability which they exhibited to those who pleased them. They gathered fruit and flowers for each of their guests, entertained them with the most exquisite music, disclosed to them many secrets of futurity, and invited them to stay as long as they should find their attention agreeable. But the island was *secret*, and nothing of its produce must be carried away.

The whole of this scene was invisible to those who stood without the margin of the lake. Only an indistinct mass was seen in the middle, and it was observed that no bird would fly over the water, and that a soft strain of music, at times, breathed with rapturous sweetness in the breeze of the morning.

It happened, upon one of these annual visits, that a sacrilegious wretch, when he was about to leave the garden, put a flower, with which he had been presented, into his pocket; but the theft boded him no good. As soon as he had touched unhallowed ground, the flower vanished, and he lost his senses.

Of this injury, the fair family took no notice at the time. They dismissed their guests with their accustomed courtesy, and the door was closed as usual. But their resentment ran high: for though, as the tale goes, the Tylwyth Teg and their garden undoubtedly occupy the spot to this day, though the birds still keep a respectful distance from the lake, and some broken strains of music are still heard at times, yet the door which led to the island was never re-opened; and, from the day of this sacrilegious act, the Cymry have been unfortunate.

Some time after this, an adventurous person attempted to draw off the water, in order to discover its contents, when a *terrific form* arose from the midst of the lake, commanding him to desist, or otherwise he would drown the country

“Come now a roundel, and a *faery* song;
Then for the third part of a minute, hence:
Some war with rear-mice for their leathern wings,
To make my small Elves coats; and some keep back
The clamorous owl, that rightly hoots and wonders
At our quaint spirits. Sing me now to sleep;
Then to your offices, and let me rest.”

A Midsummer Night's Dream.

THE FAIRY WIFE

A MARVELLOUS LEGEND.

Translated from the German.

“By way of introduction, let me confess that I have not always so arranged my scheme of life as to be certain of the next period in it, or even of the next day. In my youth I was no first-rate economist, and often found myself in manifold perplexity. At one time I undertook a journey, thinking to derive good profit in the course of it: but the scale I went upon was too liberal; and, after having commenced my travel with extra-post, and then prosecuted it for a time in the diligence, I at last found myself obliged to front the end of it on foot. Like a gay young blade, it had been, from of old, my custom, on entering any inn, to look round for the landlady, or even the cook, and wheedle myself into favour with her; whereby, for most part, my shot was somewhat reduced. One night at dusk, as I was entering a post-house of a little town, and purposing to set about my customary operations, there came a fair double-seated coach, with four horses, rattling up to the door behind me. I turned round, and observed in it a young lady, without maid, without servants. I hastened to open the carriage for her, and to ask her if I could help her in any thing. On stepping out, a fair form displayed itself; and her lovely countenance, if you looked at it narrowly, was adorned with a slight shade of sorrow. I again asked if there was aught I could do for her. “O yes!” said she, “if you will lift that little box carefully, which you will find standing on the seat, and

bring it in : but I beg very much of you to carry it with all steadiness, and not to move or shake it in the least." I took out the box with great care ; she shut the coach-door ; we walked upstairs together ; and she told the servants that she was to stay here for the night. We were now alone in the chamber : she desired me to put the box on the table which was standing at the wall ; and as, by several of her movements, I observed that she wished to be alone, I took my leave, reverently but warmly kissing her hand. " Order supper for us two," said she, then : and you may well conceive with what pleasure I executed the commission ; scarcely deigning, in the pride of my heart, to cast even a side look at the landlady and menials. With impatience I expected the moment that was to lead me back to her. Supper was served : we took our seats opposite each other ; I refreshed my heart, for the first time during a considerable while, with a good meal ; and no less with so desirable a sight beside me ; nay, it seemed as if she were growing fairer and fairer every moment. Her conversation was pleasant, yet she carefully waved whatever had reference to affection or love. The cloth was removed : I still lingered, I tried all sorts of manœuvres to get near her, but in vain : she kept me at my distance, by a certain dignity that I could not withstand ; nay, against my will, I had to part from her at a rather early hour. After a night passed in waking or unrestfully dreaming, I rose early, inquired whether she had ordered horses, and learning that she had not, I walked into the garden, saw her standing dressed at the window, and hastened up to her. Here, as she looked so fair, and fairer than ever, love, roguery,

and audacity, all at once started into motion within me: I rushed towards her, and clasped her in my arms. "Angelic, irresistible being!" cried I, "pardon! but it is impossible!" With incredible dexterity she whisked herself out of my arms, and I had not even time to imprint a kiss on her cheek. "Forbear such outbreaks of a sudden, foolish passion," said she, "if you would not scare away a happiness which lies close beside you, but which cannot be laid hold of till after some trials." "Ask of me what thou pleaseth, angelic spirit!" cried I, "but do not drive me to despair." She answered with a smile, "If you mean to devote yourself to my service, hear the terms. I am come hither to visit a lady of my friends, and with her I purpose to continue for a time: in the meanwhile, I could wish that my carriage and this box were taken forward. Will you engage with it? You have nothing to do, but carefully to lift the box into the carriage and out; to sit down beside it, and punctually take charge that it receive no harm. When you enter an inn, it is put upon a table, in a chamber by itself, in which you must neither sit nor sleep. You lock the chamber-door with this key, which will open and shut any lock, and has the peculiar property that no lock shut by it can be opened in the interim." I looked at her; I felt strangely enough at heart: I promised to do all, if I might hope to see her soon, and if she would seal this hope to me with a kiss. She did so, and from that moment I had become entirely her bondman. I was now to order horses, she said. We settled the way I was to take—the places where I was to wait, and expect her. She at last pressed a purse of gold into my hand, and I

pressed my lips on the fair hand that gave it me. She seemed moved at parting; and for me, I no longer knew what I was doing or was to do. On my return from giving my orders, I found the room-door locked. I directly tried my master-key, and it performed its duty perfectly. The door flew up. I found the chamber empty, only the box standing on the table where I had laid it. The carriage drove up; I carried the box carefully down with me, and placed it by my side. The hostess asked, "Where is the lady, then?" A child answered, "She is gone into the town." I nodded to the people, and rolled off in triumph from the door which I had last night entered with dusty gaiters. That in my hours of leisure I diligently meditated on this adventure, counted my money, laid many schemes, and still now and then kept glancing at the box, you will readily imagine. I posted right forward, passed several stages without alighting, and rested not till I had reached a considerable town, where my fair one had appointed me to wait. Her commands had been pointedly obeyed; the box always carried to a separate room, and two wax candles lighted beside it; for such also had been her order. I would then lock the chamber, establish myself in my own, and take such comfort as the place afforded. For a while, I was able to employ myself with thinking of her; but, by degrees, the time began to hang heavy on my hands. I was not used to live without companions: these I soon found at tables-d'hôte, in coffee-houses, and public places, altogether to my wish. In such a mode of living, my money soon began to melt away; and one night it vanished entirely from my purse, in a fit of passionate gaming.

which I had not had the prudence to abandon. Void of money; with the appearance of a rich man, expecting a heavy bill of charges; uncertain whether and when my fair one would again make her appearance, I felt myself in the deepest embarrassment. Doubly did I now long for her; and believe that, without her and her gold, it was quite impossible for me to live. After supper, which I had relished very little, being forced for this time to consume it in solitude, I took to walking violently up and down my room: I spoke aloud to myself, cursed my folly with horrid execrations, threw myself on the floor, tore my hair, and, indeed, behaved in the most outrageous fashion. Suddenly, in the adjoining chamber, where the box was, I heard a slight movement, and then a soft knocking at the well-bolted door which entered from my apartment. I gather myself, grope for my master-key; but the door-leaves fly up of themselves, and, in the splendour of those burning wax-lights, enters my beauty. I cast myself at her feet, kiss her robe, her hands: she raises me; I venture not to clasp her, scarcely to look at her, but candidly and repentantly confess to her my fault. "It is pardonable," said she, "only it postpones your happiness and mine. You must now make another tour into the world, before we can meet again. Here is more money," continued she, "sufficient, if you husband it with any kind of reason. But as wine and play have brought you into this perplexity, be on your guard in future against wine and women, and let me hope for a glad meeting when the time comes." She retired over the threshold; the door-leaves flew together: I knocked, I entreated, but nothing farther stirred.

Next morning, while presenting his bill, the waiter smiled, and said, "So we have found out at last, then, why you lock your door in so artful and incomprehensible a way that no master-key can open it. We supposed you must have much money and precious ware laid up by you, but now we have seen your treasure walking down stairs; and, in good truth, it seemed worthy of being well kept." To this I answered nothing, but paid my reckoning, and mounted with my box into the carriage. I again rolled forth into the world, with the firmest resolution to be heedful in future of the warning given me by my fair and mysterious friend. Scarcely, however, had I once more reached a large town, when forthwith I got acquainted with certain interesting ladies, from whom I absolutely could not tear myself away. They seemed inclined to make me pay dear for their favour; for, while they kept me at a certain distance, they led me into one expense after the other; and I, being anxious only to promote their satisfaction, once more ceased to think of my purse, but paid and spent straight forward, as occasion needed. But how great was my astonishment and joy, when, after some weeks, I observed that the fulness of my store was not in the least diminished, that my purse was still as round and crammed as ever! Wishing to obtain more strict knowledge of this pretty quality, I set myself down to count; I accurately marked the sum, and again proceeded in my joyous life as before. We had no want of excursions by land, and excursions by water; of dancing, singing, and other recreations. But now it required small attention to observe that the purse was actually

diminishing, as if, by my cursed counting, I had robbed it of the property of being uncountable. However, this gay mode of existence had been once entered on: I could not draw back, and yet my ready money soon verged to a close. I execrated my situation; upbraided my fair friend, for having so led me into temptation; took it as an offence that she did not again show herself to me; renounced, in my spleen, all duties towards her; and resolved to break open the box, and see if peradventure any help might be found there. I was just about proceeding with my purpose, but I put it off till night, that I might go through the business with full composure; and, in the mean time, I hastened off to a banquet, for which this was the appointed hour. Here, again, we got into a high key; the wine and trumpet-sounding had flushed me not a little, when, by the most villanous luck, it chanced, that during the desert, a former friend of my dearest fair one, returning from a journey, entered unexpectedly, placed himself beside her, and, without much ceremony, set about asserting his old privileges. Hence, very soon arose ill-humour, quarrelling, and battle; we plucked out our spits, and I was carried home half dead of several wounds. The surgeon had bandaged me and gone away; it was far in the night; my sick nurse had fallen asleep; the door of my side-room went up; my fair mysterious friend came in, and sat down by me on the bed. She asked how I was: I answered not, for I was faint and sullen. She continued speaking with much sympathy: she rubbed my temples with a certain balsam, whereby I felt myself rapidly and decidedly strengthened, so

strengthened, that I could now get angry and upbraid her. In a violent speech, I threw all the blame of my misfortune on her, on the passion she had inspired me with, on her appearing and vanishing, and the tedium, the longing which, in such a case, I could not but feel. I waxed more and more vehement, as if a fever had been coming on; and I swore to her, at last, that, if she would not be mine, would not now abide with me and wed me, I had no wish to live any longer: to all which, I required a peremptory answer. As she lingered and held back with her explanation, I got altogether beside myself, and tore off my double and triple bandages, in the firmest resolution to bleed to death. But what was my amazement, when I found all my wounds healed, my skin smooth and entire, and this fair friend in my arms! Henceforth we were the happiest pair in the world. We both begged pardon of each other, without either of us rightly knowing why. She now promised to travel on along with me; and soon we were sitting side by side in the carriage, the little box lying opposite us on the other seat. Of this I had never spoken to her, nor did I now think of speaking, though it lay there before our eyes; and both of us, by tacit agreement, took charge of it, as circumstances might require: I, however, still carrying it to and from the carriage, and busying myself, as formerly, with the locking of the doors. So long as aught remained in my purse, I had continued to pay; but when my cash went down, I signified the fact to her. "This is easily helped," said she, pointing to a couple of little pouches, fixed at the top to the side of the carriage. These I had often observed

before, but never turned to use. She put her hand into one, and pulled out some gold pieces, as from the other some coins of silver; thereby showing me the possibility of meeting any scale of expenditure which we might choose to adopt. And thus we journeyed on from town to town, from land to land, contented with each other and with the world; and I fancied not that she would again leave me; the less so, that for some time she had evidently been as loving wives wish to be,—a circumstance by which our happiness and mutual affection was increased still farther. But one morning, alas! she could not be found; and as my actual residence, without her company, became displeasing, I again took the road with my box; tried the virtue of the two pouches, and found it still unimpaired. My journey proceeded without accident. But if I had hitherto paid little heed to the mysteries of my adventure, expecting a natural solution of the whole, there now occurred something which threw me into astonishment, into anxiety, nay, into fear. Being wont, in my impatience for change of place, to hurry forward day and night, it was often my hap to be travelling in the dark; and when the lamps, by any chance, went out, to be left in utter obscurity. Once in the dead of such a night I had fallen to sleep, and, on awaking, I observed the glimmer of a light on the covering of my carriage. I examined this more strictly, and found that it was issuing from the box, in which there seemed to be a chink, as if it had been chapped by the warm and dry weather of summer, which was now come on. My thoughts of jewels again came into my head; I supposed there must be some carbuncle lying in the box, and this point

I forthwith set about investigating. I postured myself as well as might be, so that my eye was in immediate contact with the chink. But how great was my surprise, when a fair apartment, well lighted, and furnished with much taste and, even costliness, met my inspection, just as if I had been looking down through the opening of a dome into a royal saloon! A fire was burning in the grate, and before it stood an arm chair. I held my breath, and continued to observe. And now there entered, from the other side of the apartment, a lady with a book in her hand, whom I at once recognised for my wife, though her figure was contracted into the extreme of diminution. She sat down in the chair by the fire to read; she trimmed the coals with the most dainty pair of tongs; and, in the course of her movements, I could clearly perceive that this fairest little creature was also in the family way. But now I was obliged to shift my constrained posture a little, and the next moment, when I bent down to look in again, and convince myself that it was no dream, the light had vanished, and my eye rested on empty darkness. How amazed, nay, terrified, I was, you may easily conceive. I started a thousand thoughts on this discovery, and in truth could think nothing. In the midst of this, I fell asleep; and, on awakening, I fancied that it must have been a mere dream: yet I felt myself in some degree estranged from my fair one; and though I watched over the box but so much the more carefully, I knew not whether the event of her re-appearance in human size was a thing which I should wish or dread. After some time, she did, in fact, re-appear: one evening, in a white robe, she came gliding in; and as it was just then

growing dusky in my room, she seemed to me taller than when I had seen her last; and I remembered having heard that all beings of the mermaid and gnome species increase in stature very perceptibly at the fall of night. She flew, as usual, to my arms; but I could not with right gladness press her to my obstructed breast. "My dearest," said she, "I now feel, by thy reception of me, what, alas! I know already too well. Thou hast seen me in the interim; thou art acquainted with the state in which, at certain times, I find myself: thy happiness and mine is interrupted, nay, it stands on the brink of being annihilated altogether. I must leave thee, and I know not whether I shall ever see thee again." Her presence, the grace with which she spoke, directly banished from my memory almost every trace of that vision, which, indeed, had already hovered before me as little more than a dream. I addressed her with kind vivacity, convinced her of my passion, assured her that I was innocent, that my discovery was accidental; in short, I so managed it that she appeared composed, and endeavoured to compose me. "Try thyself strictly," said she, "whether this discovery has not hurt thy love, whether thou canst forget that I live in two forms beside thee, whether the diminution of my being will not also contract thy affection." I looked at her; she was fairer than ever; and I thought within myself, Is it so great a misfortune, after all, to have a wife, who, from time to time, becomes a dwarf, so that one can carry her about with him in a casket? Were it not much worse if she became a giantess, and put her husband in the box? My gaiety of heart had returned. I would not for the whole

world have let her go. "Best heart," said I, "let us be and continue ever as we have been. Could either of us wish to be better? Enjoy thy conveniency, and I promise thee to guard the box with so much the more faithfulness. Why should the prettiest sight I have ever seen in my life make a bad impression on me? How happy would lovers be, could they but procure such miniature pictures! And, after all, it was but a picture—a little sleight-of-hand deception. Thou art trying and teasing me; but thou shalt see how I will stand it." "The matter is more serious than thou thinkest," said the fair one; "however, I am truly glad to see thee take it so lightly, for much good may still be awaiting us both. I will trust in thee, and, for my own part, do my utmost; only promise me that thou wilt never mention this discovery by way of reproach. Another prayer, likewise, I most earnestly make to thee: be more than ever on thy guard against wine and anger." I promised what she required; I could have gone on promising to all lengths, but she herself turned aside the conversation, and thenceforth all proceeded in its former routine. We had no inducement to alter our place of residence; the town was large, the society various; and the fine season gave rise to many an excursion and garden festival.

In all such amusements the presence of my wife was welcome, nay, eagerly desired, by women as well as men. A kind insinuating manner, joined with a certain dignity of bearing, secured to her, on all hands, praise and estimation. Besides, she could play beautifully on the lute, accompanying it with her voice; and no social night could be per-

fect. unless crowned by the graces of this talent. I will be free to confess that I have never got much good of music ; on the contrary, it has always rather had a disagreeable effect on me. My fair one soon noticed this, and accordingly, when by ourselves, she never tried to entertain me by such means : in return, however, she appeared to indemnify herself while in society, where, indeed, she always found a crowd of admirers. And now, why should I deny it, our late dialogue, in spite of my best intentions, had by no means sufficed to abolish the matter within me : on the contrary, my temper of mind had, by degrees, got into the strangest tune, almost without my being conscious of it. One night, in a large company, this hidden grudge broke loose, and by its consequences produced to myself the greatest damage. When I look back on it now, I in fact loved my beauty far less after that unlucky discovery : I was also growing jealous of her,—a whim that had never struck me before. This night, at table, I found myself placed, very much to my mind, beside my two neighbours—a couple of ladies, who, for some time, had appeared to me very charming. Amid jesting and soft small talk, I was not sparing of my wine : while, on the other side, a pair of musical diletanti had got hold of my wife, and at last contrived to lead the company into singing separately, and by way of chorus. This put me into ill-humour. The two amateurs appeared to me impertinent : the singing vexed me ; and when, as my turn came, they even requested a solo-strophe from me, I grew truly indignant, I emptied my glass, and set it down again with no soft movement. The grace of my two fair neighbours soon pacified me, indeed ;

but there is an evil nature in wrath, when once it is set agoing. It went on fermenting within me, though all things were of a kind to induce joy and complaisance. On the contrary, I waxed more splenetic than ever when a lute was produced, and my fair one began fingering it, and singing, to the admiration of all the rest. Unhappily, a general silence was requested. So, then, I was not even to talk any more; and these tones were going through me like a tooth-ach. Was it any wonder that, at last, the smallest spark should blow up the mine? The songstress had just ended a song amid the loudest applauses, when she looked over to me; and this truly with the most loving face in the world. Unluckily, its lovingness could not penetrate so far. She perceived that I had just gulped down a cup of wine, and was pouring out a fresh one. With her right forefinger, she beckoned me in kind threatening. "Consider that is wine!" said she, not louder than for myself to hear it. "Water is for mermaids!" cried I. "My ladies," said she to my neighbours, "crown the cup with all your gracefulness, that it be not too often emptied." "You will not let yourself be tutored," whispered one of them in my ear. "What ails the dwarf?" cried I, with a more violent gesture, in which I overset the glass. "Ah, what you have spilt!" cried the paragon of women; at the same time, twanging her strings, as if to lead back the attention of the company from this disturbance to herself. Her attempt succeeded; the more completely, as she rose to her feet, seemingly that she might play with greater convenience, and in this attitude continued preluding. At the sight of the red wine

running over the table-cloth, I returned to myself, I perceived the great fault I had been guilty of, and it cut me through the very heart. Never till now had music spoken to me: the first verse she sang was a friendly good-night to the company, here as they were, as they might still feel themselves together. With the next verse they became as if scattered asunder; each felt himself solitary, separated,—no one could fancy that he was present any longer. But what shall I say of the last verse? It was directed to me alone: the voice of injured love bidding farewell to moroseness and caprice. In silence I conducted her home, foreboding no good. Scarcely, however, had we reached our chamber, when she began to show herself exceedingly kind and graceful—nay, even roguish: she made me the happiest of all men. Next morning, in high spirits and full of love, I said to her, “Thou hast so often sung, when asked in company,—as, for example, thy touching farewell song last night,—come, now, for my sake, and sing me a dainty gay welcome to this morning hour, that we may feel as if we were meeting for the first time.” “That I may not do, my friend,” said she seriously. “The song of last night referred to our parting, which must now forthwith take place; for I can only tell thee, the violation of thy promise and oath will have the worst consequences for us both: thou hast scoffed away a great felicity, and I too must renounce my dearest wishes.” As I now pressed and entreated her to explain herself more clearly, she answered, “That, alas, I can well do; for, at all events, my continuance with thee is over. Hear, then, what I would rather have concealed to

the latest times. The form under which thou sawest me in the box, is my natural and proper form: for I am of the race of King Eckwald, the dread Sovereign of the Dwarfs, concerning whom authentic history has recorded so much. Our people are still, as of old, laborious and busy, and therefore easy to govern. Thou must not fancy that the dwarfs are behindhand in their manufacturing skill. Swords which followed the foe when you cast them after him, invisible and mysteriously binding chains, impenetrable shields, and such like ware, in old times, formed their staple produce. But now they chiefly employ themselves with articles of convenience and ornament; in which truly they surpass all people of the earth. I may well say, it would astonish thee to walk through our workshops and warehouses. All this would be right and good, were it not that with the whole nation in general, but more particularly with the royal family, there is one peculiar circumstance connected." She paused for a moment, and I again begged farther light on these wonderful secrets; which, accordingly, she forthwith proceeded to grant. "It is well known," said she, "that God, so soon as he had created the world, and the ground was dry, and the mountains were standing bright and glorious, that God, I say, thereupon, in the very first place, created the dwarfs, to the end that there might be reasonable beings also, who, in their passages and chasms, might contemplate and adore his wonders in the inward parts of the earth. It is farther well known, that this little race, by degrees, became uplifted in heart, and attempted to acquire the dominion of the earth: for which reason God then created the dragons, in

order to drive back the dwarfs into their mountains. Now, as the dragons themselves were wont to nestle in the large caverns and clefts, and dwell there, and many of them, too, were in the habit of spitting fire, and working much other mischief, the poor little dwarfs were by this means thrown into exceeding straits and distress, so that, not knowing what in the world to do, they humbly and fervently turned to God, and called to him in prayer, that he would vouchsafe to abolish this unclean dragon generation. But though it consisted not with his wisdom to destroy his own creatures, yet the heavy sufferings of the poor dwarfs so moved his compassion, that anon he created the giants, ordering them to fight these dragons, and if not root them out, at least lessen their numbers. Now, no sooner had the giants got moderately well through with the dragons, than their hearts also began to wax wanton; and, in their presumption, they practised much tyranny, especially on the good little dwarfs, who then once more in their need turned to the Lord; and he, by the power of his hand, created the knights, who were to make war on the giants and dragons, and to live in concord with the dwarfs. Hereby was the work of creation completed on this side; and it is plain, that henceforth giants and dragons, as well as knights and dwarfs, have always maintained themselves in being. From this, my friend, it will be clear to thee, that we are of the oldest race on the earth,—a circumstance which does us honour, but, at the same time, brings great disadvantages along with it. For as there is nothing in the world that can endure for ever, but all that has once been great must

become little and fade, it is our lot, also, that ever since the creation of the world, we have been waning and growing smaller, especially the royal family, on whom, by reason of their pure blood, this destiny presses with the heaviest force. To remedy this evil, our wise teachers have many years ago devised the expedient of sending forth a princess of the royal house from time to time into the world, to wed some honourable knight, that so the dwarf progeny may be refected, and saved from entire decay." Though my fair one related these things with an air of the utmost sincerity, I looked at her hesitatingly, for it seemed as if she meant to palm some fable on me. As to her own dainty lineage, I had not the smallest doubt: but that she should have laid hold of me in place of a knight, occasioned some mistrust; seeing I knew myself too well to suppose that my ancestors had come into the world by an immediate act of creation. I concealed my wonder and scepticism, and asked her kindly, "But tell me, my dear child, how thou hast attained this large and stately shape? For I know few women that, in riches of form, can compare with thee." "Thou shalt hear," replied she. "It is a settled maxim in the council of the dwarf kings, that this extraordinary step be forborne as long as it possibly can; which, indeed, I cannot but say is quite natural and proper. Perhaps they might have lingered still longer, had not my brother, born after me, came into the world so exceedingly small, that the nurses actually lost him out of his swaddling-clothes, and no creature yet knows whither he is gone. On this occurrence, unexampled in the annals of dwarfdom, the sages were assembled;

and without more ado, the resolution was taken, and I sent out in quest of a husband." "The resolution!" exclaimed I, "that is all extremely well. One can resolve, one can take his resolution; but to give a dwarf this heavenly shape, how did your sages manage that?" "It had been provided for already," said she, "by our ancestors. In the royal treasury lay a monstrous gold ring. I speak of it as it then appeared to me, when I saw it in my childhood; for it was this same ring which I have here on my finger. We now went to work as follows:—I was informed of all that awaited me, and instructed what I had to do and to forbear. A splendid palace, after the pattern of my father's favourite summer residence, was then got ready: a main edifice, wings, and whatever else you could think of. It stood at the entrance of a large rock-cleft, which it decorated in the handsomest style. On the appointed day, our court moved thither, my parents also, and myself. The army paraded, and four-and-twenty priests, not without difficulty, carried on a costly litter the mysterious ring. It was placed on the threshold of the building, just within the spot where you entered. Many ceremonies were observed, and after a pathetic farewell, I proceeded to my task. I stepped forward to the ring, laid my finger on it, and that instant began perceptibly to wax in stature. In a few moments, I reached my present size, and then I put the ring on my finger. But now, in the twinkling of an eye, the doors, windows, gates, flapped to; the wings drew up into the body of the edifice: instead of a palace, stood a little box beside me, which I forthwith lifted, and carried off with me, not without a pleasant

feeling in being so tall and strong : still, indeed, a dwarf to trees and mountains, to streams and tracts of land, yet a giant to grass and herbs, and, above all, to ants, from whom we dwarfs, not being always on the best terms with them, often suffer considerable annoyance. How it fared with me on my pilgrimage, I might tell thee at great length. Suffice it to say, I tried many, but no one save thou seemed worthy of being honoured to renovate and perpetuate the line of the glorious Eckwald." In the course of these narrations, my head had now and then kept wagging, without myself absolutely shaking it. I put several questions, to which I received no very satisfactory answers : on the contrary, I learned, to my great affliction, that after what had happened, she must needs return to her parents. She had hopes still, she said, of getting back to me ; but, for the present, it was indispensably necessary to present herself at court ; as otherwise, both for her and me, there was nothing but utter ruin. The purses would soon cease to pay, and who knew what would be the consequences ? On hearing that our money would run short, I inquired no farther into consequences : I shrugged my shoulders, I was silent, and she seemed to understand me. We now packed up, and got into our carriage, the box standing opposite us ; in which, however, I could still see no symptoms of a palace. In this way we proceeded several stages. Post-money and drink-money were readily and richly paid from the pouches to the right and left, till, at last, we reached a mountainous district ; and no sooner had we alighted here, than my fair one walked forward, directing me to follow her with the box. She led

me by rather steep paths to a narrow plot of green ground, through which a clear brook now gushed in little falls, now ran in quiet windings. She pointed to a little knoll, bade me set the box down there, then said, "Farewell! thou wilt easily find the way back: remember me. I hope to see thee again." At this moment, I felt as if I could not leave her. She was just now in one of her fine days, or, if you will, her fine hours. Alone with so fair a being, on the green sward, among grass and flowers, girt in by rocks, waters murmuring round you, what heart could have remained insensible? I came forward to seize her hand, to clasp her in my arms; but she motioned me back, threatening me, though still kindly enough, with great danger, if I did not instantly withdraw. "Is there no possibility, then," exclaimed I, "of my staying with thee, of thy keeping me beside thee?" These words I uttered with such rueful tones and gestures, that she seemed touched by them; and, after some thought, confessed to me that a continuance of our union was not entirely impossible. Who happier than I! My importunity, which increased every moment, compelled her at last to come out with her scheme, and inform me that if I too could resolve on becoming as little as I had once seen her, I might still remain with her, be admitted to her house, her kingdom, her family. The proposal was not altogether to my mind; yet, at this moment, I could not positively tear myself away; so, having already for a good while been accustomed to the marvellous, and being at all times prone to bold enterprises, I closed with her offer, and said she might do with me as she pleased. I was thereupon directed to hold out the

little finger of my right hand ; she placed her own against it ; then, with her left hand, she quite softly pulled the ring from her finger, and let it run along mine. That instant, I felt a violent twinge on my finger : the ring shrunk together, and tortured me horribly. I gave a loud cry, and caught round me for my fair one, but she had disappeared. What state of mind I was in during this moment, I find no words to express ; so I have nothing more to say, but that I very soon, in my miniature size, found myself beside my fair one in a wood of grass-stalks. The joy of meeting after this short, yet most strange separation—or, if you will, of this re-union without separation—exceeds all conception. I fell on her neck, she replied to my caresses, and the little pair was as happy as the large one. With some difficulty we now mounted a hill : I say difficulty, because the sward had become for us an almost impenetrable forest. Yet, at length, we reached a bare space ; and how surprised was I at perceiving there a large bolted mass, which, ere long, I could not but recognize for the box, in the same state as when I had sat it down. “ Go up to it, my friend,” said she ; “ and do but knock with the ring, thou shalt see wonders.” I went up accordingly, and no sooner had I rapped, than I did, in fact, witness the greatest wonder. Two wings came jutting out ; and at the same time there fell, like scales and chips, various pieces this way and that ; while doors, windows, colonnades, and all that belongs to a complete palace, at once came into view. If ever you have seen one of Röntchen’s desks, how, at one pull, a multitude of springs and latches get in motion, and writing board and writing materials,

letter and money compartments, all at once, or in quick succession, start forward, you will partly conceive how this palace unfolded itself, into which my sweet attendant now introduced me. In the large saloon I directly recognized the fire-place which I had formerly seen from above, and the chair in which she had then been sitting. And on looking up, I actually fancied I could still see something of the chink in the dome, through which I had peeped in. I spare you the description of the rest: in a word, all was spacious, splendid, and tasteful. Scarcely had I recovered from my astonishment, when I heard afar off a sound of military music. My better half sprang up, and with rapture announced to me the approach of his majesty her father. We stepped out to the threshold, and here beheld a magnificent procession moving towards us, from a considerable cleft in the rock. Soldiers, servants, officers of state, and glittering courtiers, followed in order. At last you observed a golden throng, and in the midst of it the king himself. So soon as the whole procession had drawn up before the palace, the king, with his nearest retinue, stepped forward. His loving daughter hastened out to him, pulling me along with her. We threw ourselves at his feet: he raised me very graciously; and, on coming to stand before him, I perceived that in this little world I was still the most considerable figure. We proceeded together to the palace, where his majesty, in presence of his whole court, was pleased to welcome me with a well-studied oration, in which he expressed his surprise at finding us here, acknowledged me as his son-in-law, and appointed the nuptial ceremony to take

place on the morrow. A cold sweat came over me as I heard him speak of marriage; for I dreaded this even more than music, which otherwise appeared to me the most hateful thing on earth. Your music-makers, I used to say, enjoy at least the conceit of being in unison with each other, and working in concord; for when they have tweaked and tuned long enough, grating our ears with all manner of screeches, they believe in their hearts that the matter is now adjusted, and one instrument accurately suited to the other. The band-master himself is in this happy delusion; and so they set forth joyfully, though still tearing our nerves to pieces. In the marriage state, even this is not the case; for although it is but a duet, and you might think two voices, or even two instruments, might in some degree be attuned to each other, yet this happens very seldom; for while the man gives out one tone, the wife directly takes a higher one, and the man again a higher; and so it rises from the chamber to the choral pitch—and farther and farther, till at last wind instruments themselves cannot reach it. And now, as harmonical music itself is an offence to me, it will not be surprising that disharmonical should be a thing which I cannot endure. Of the festivities in which the day was spent, I shall and can say nothing, for I paid small heed to any of them. The sumptuous victuals, the generous wine, the royal amusements, I could not relish. I kept thinking and considering what I was to do. Here, however, there was but little to be considered. I determined, once for all, to take myself away, and hide somewhere. Accordingly, I succeeded in reaching the chink of a stone, where I entrenched

and concealed myself as well as might be. My first care after this, was to get the unhappy ring off my finger,—an enterprise, however, which would by no means prosper, for, on the contrary, I felt that every pull I gave, the metal grew straiter, and cramped me with violent pains, which again abated so soon as I desisted from my purpose. Early in the morning I awoke, (for my little person had slept; and very soundly), and was just stepping out to look farther about me, when I felt a kind of rain coming on. Through the grass, flowers, and leaves, there fell, as it were, something like sand and grit in large quantities: but what was my horror when the whole of it became alive, and an innumerable host of ants rushed down on me. No sooner did they observe me, than they made an attack on all sides; and though I defended myself stoutly and gallantly enough, they at last so hemmed me in, so nipped and pinched me, that I was glad to hear them calling to surrender. I surrendered instantly and wholly; whereupon an ant of respectable stature approached me with courtesy—nay, with reverence, and even recommended itself to my good graces. I learned that the ants had now become allies of my father-in-law, and by him been called out in the present emergency, and commissioned to fetch me back. Here then was little I in the hands of creatures still less. I had nothing for it but looking forward to the marriage,—nay, I must now thank heaven, if my father-in-law were not wroth, if my fair one had not taken the sullens. Let me skip over the whole train of ceremonies: in a word, we were wedded. Gaily and joyously as matters went, there were, nevertheless, solitary hours, in

which you are led astray into reflection ; and now there happened to me something which had never happened before : what, and how, you shall learn. Everything about me was completely adapted to my present form and wants : the bottles and glasses were in a fit ratio to a little toper—nay, if you will, better measure, in proportion, than with us. In my tiny palate, the dainty tid-bits tasted excellently ; a kiss from the little mouth of my spouse was still the most charming thing in nature, and I will not deny that novelty made all these circumstances highly agreeable. Unhappily, however, I had not forgotten my former situation. I felt within me a scale of bygone greatness, and it rendered me restless and cheerless. Now, for the first time, did I understand what the philosophers might mean by their ideal, which they say so plagues the mind of man. I had an ideal of myself, and often in dreams I appeared as a giant. In short, my wife, my ring, my dwarf figure, and so many other bonds and restrictions, made me utterly unhappy, so that I began to think seriously about obtaining my deliverance. Being persuaded that the whole magic lay in the ring, I resolved on filing this asunder. From the court-jeweller, accordingly, I borrowed some files. By good luck, I was left-handed, as, indeed, throughout my whole life, I had never done aught in the right-handed way. I stood tightly to the work ; it was not small, for the golden hoop, so thin as it appeared, had grown proportionably thicker in contracting from its former length. All vacant hours I privately applied to this task ; and at last, the metal being nearly through, I was provident enough to step out of

doors. This was a wise measure, for all at once the golden hoop started sharply from my finger, and my frame shot aloft with such violence, that I actually fancied I should dash against the sky; and, at all events, I must have bolted through the dome of our palace—nay, perhaps, in my new awkwardness, have destroyed this summer-residence altogether. Here then was I standing again; in truth, so much the larger, but also, as it seemed to me, so much the more foolish and helpless. On recovering from my stupefaction, I observed the royal strong box lying near me, which I found to be moderately heavy, as I lifted it, and carried it down the foot-path to the next stage, where I directly ordered horses and set forth. By the road, I soon made trial of the two side-pouches. Instead of money, which appeared to be run out, I found a little key: it belonged to the strong-box, in which I got some moderate compensation. So long as this held out, I made use of the carriage: by and by I sold it, and proceeded by the diligence. The strong-box, too, I at length cast from me, having no hope of its ever filling again. And thus, in the end, though after a considerable circuit, I again returned to the kitchen-hearth, to the landlady, and the cook, where you were first introduced to me.”

The Wanderer.

A Legendary Fragment of Supernatural Interest.

“On the evening supposed to be that preceding the dreadful event, Melmoth had thrown an unusual degree of tenderness into his manner—he gazed on her frequently with anxious and silent fondness—he seemed to have something to communicate which he had not courage to disclose. Isidora, well versed in the language of the countenance, which is often, more than that of words, the language of the heart, intreated him to tell her what he *looked*. ‘Your father is returning,’ said Melmoth, reluctantly. ‘He will certainly be here in a few days, perhaps in a few hours.’ Isidora heard him in silent horror. ‘My father!’ she cried—‘I have never seen my father.—Oh, how shall I meet him now! And is my mother ignorant of this?—would she not have apprised me?’ ‘She is ignorant at present, but she will not long be so.’ ‘And from whence could *you* have obtained intelligence that she is ignorant of?’ Melmoth paused some time,—his features assumed a more contracted and gloomy character than they had done latterly—he answered with slow and stern reluctance—‘Never again ask me that question—the intelligence that I can give you must be of more importance to you than the means by which I obtain it—enough for you that it is true.’ ‘Pardon me, love,’ said Isidora; ‘it is

probable that I may never again offend you—will you not, then, forgive my *last* offence?

“Melmoth seemed too intently occupied with his own thoughts to answer even her tears. He added, after a short and sullen pause, ‘Your betrothed bridegroom is coming with your father—Montilla’s father is dead—the arrangements are all concluded for your nuptials—your bridegroom is coming to wed the wife of another—with him comes your fiery, foolish brother, who has set out to meet his father and his future relative. There will be a feast prepared in the house on the occasion of your future nuptials—you may hear of a strange guest appearing at your festival—I will be there!’

“Isidora stood stupified with horror. ‘Festival!’ she repeated—‘a bridal festival!—and I already wedded to you, and about to become a mother!’

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“At this moment the trampling of many horsemen was heard as they approached the villa—the tumult of the domestics hurrying to admit and receive them, resounded through the apartments—and Melmoth, with a gesture that seemed to Isidora rather like a menace than a farewell, instantly disappeared; and within an hour, Isidora knelt to the father she had never till then beheld—suffered herself to be saluted by Montilla—and accepted the embrace of her brother, who, in the petulance of his spirit, half rejected the chill and altered form that advanced to greet him.

* * * * *

‘Every thing at the family meeting was conducted in the true Spanish formality. Aliaga kissed the cold hand of his withered wife—the numerous

domestics exhibited a grave joy at the return of their master—Fra Jose assumed increased importance, and called for dinner in a louder tone. Montilla, the lover, a cold and quiet character, took things as they occurred.

“Every thing lay hushed under a brief and treacherous calm. Isidora, who trembling at the approaching danger, felt her terrors on a sudden suspended. It was not so very near as she apprehended; and she bore with tolerable patience the daily mention of her approaching nuptials, while she was momentarily harassed by her confidential servants with hints of the impossibility of the event of which they were in expectation, being much longer delayed. Isidora heard, felt, endured all with courage—the grave congratulation of her father and mother—the self-complacent attentions of Montilla, sure of the bride and of her dower—the sullen compliance of the brother, who, unable to refuse his consent, was for ever hinting that *his* sister might have formed a higher connexion. All these passed over her mind like a dream—the reality of her existence seemed internal, and she said to herself, ‘Were I at the altar, were my hand locked in that of Montilla, Melmoth would rend me from him.’ A wild but deeply-fixed conviction—a wandering image of preternatural power, overshadowed her mind while she thought of Melmoth; and this image, which had caused her so much terror and inquietude in her early hours of love, now formed her only resource against the hour of inconceivable suffering; as those unfortunate females in the Eastern Tales, whose beauty has attracted the fearful passion of some evil genii, are supposed to

depend, at their nuptial hour, on the presence of the seducing spirit, to tear from the arms of the agonised parent, and the distracted bridegroom, the victim whom he has reserved for himself, and whose wild devotion to him gives a dignity to the union so unhallowed and unnatural.

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“Aliaga’s heart expanded amid the approaching completion of the felicitous plans he had formed, and with his heart, his purse, which was its depository, opened also, and he resolved to give a splendid fête in honour of his daughter’s nuptials. Isidora remembered Melmoth’s prediction of a fatal festival; and his words, ‘*I will be there,*’ gave her for a time a kind of trembling confidence. But as the preparations were carried on under her very eye,—as she was hourly consulted about the disposal of the ornaments, and the decorations of the apartments,—her resolution failed, and while she uttered a few incoherent words, her eye was glazed with horror.

“The entertainment was to be a masked ball; and Isidora, who imagined that this might suggest to Melmoth some auspicious expedient for her escape, watched in vain for some hint of hope,—some allusion to the probability of this event facilitating her extrication from those snares of death that seemed compassing her about. He never uttered a word, and her dependence on him was at one moment confirmed, at another shaken to its foundation, by this terrible silence. In one of these latter moments, the anguish of which was increased beyond expression by a conviction that her hour of danger was not far distant, she exclaimed to

Melmoth, ‘Take me—take me from this place! My existence is nothing—it is a vapour that must soon be exhaled—but my reason is threatened every moment; I cannot sustain the horrors to which I am exposed! All this day I have been dragged through rooms decorated for my impossible nuptials!—Oh, Melmoth, if you no longer love me, at least commiserate me! Save me from a situation of horror unspeakable!—have mercy on your child, if not on me! I have hung on your looks,—I have watched for a word of hope;—you have not uttered a sound—you have not cast a glance of hope on me! I am wild!—I am reckless of all but the imminent and *present* horrors of to-morrow—you have talked of your power to approach, to enter these walls without suspicion or discovery—you boasted of that cloud of mystery in which you could envelope yourself. Oh! in this last moment of my extremity, wrap me in its tremendous folds, and let me escape in them, though they prove my shroud!—Think of the terrible night of our marriage! I followed you then in fear and confidence—your touch dissolved every earthly barrier—your steps trod an unknown path, yet I followed you!—Oh! if you really possess that mysterious and inscrutable power, which I dare not either question or believe, exert it for me in this terrible emergency—aid my escape—and though I feel I shall never live to thank you, the *silent suppliant* will remind you by its smiles of the tears that I now shed; and if they are shed in vain, its smile will have a bitter eloquence as it plays with the flowers on its mother’s grave!’

“Melmoth, as she spoke, was profoundly silent, and deeply attentive. He said at last, ‘Do you then

resign yourself to me?' 'Alas! have I not?' 'A question is not an answer. Will you, renouncing all other engagements, all other hopes, depend on me solely for your extrication from this fearful emergency?' 'I will—I do!' 'Will you promise, that if I render you the service you require, if I employ the power you say I have alluded to, you will be *mine*?' '*Yours!*—Alas! am I not yours already?' 'You embrace *my* protection, then? You voluntarily seek the shelter of that power which I can promise? You yourself will me to employ that power in effecting your escape?—Speak—do I interpret your sentiments aright?—I am unable to exercise those powers you invest me with, unless you yourself require me to do so. I have waited—I have watched for the demand—it has been made—would that it never had!' An expression of the fiercest agony corrugated his stern features as he spoke.—'But it may yet be withdrawn—reflect!' 'And you will not then save me from shame and danger? Is this the proof of your love—is this the boast of your power?' said Isidora, half frantic at this delay. 'If I adjure you to pause—if I myself hesitate and tremble—it is to give time for the salutary whisper of your better angel.' 'Oh! save me, and you shall be my angel!' said Isidora, falling at his feet. Melmoth shook through his whole frame as he heard these words. He raised and soothed her, however, with promises of safety, though in a voice that seemed to announce despair—and then turning from her, burst into a passionate soliloquy. 'Immortal Heaven! what is man?—A being with the ignorance, but not the instinct, of the feeblest animals!—They are like

birds—when thy hand, O Thou whom I dare not call Father, is on them, they scream and quiver, though the gentle pressure is intended only to convey the wanderer back to his cage—while, to shun the light fear that scares the senses, they rush into the snare that is spread in their sight, and where their captivity is hopeless!’ As he spoke, hastily traversing the room, his foot struck against a chair on which a gorgeous dress was spread. ‘What is this?’ he exclaimed—‘What idiot trumpery, what May-queen foolery is this?’ ‘It is the habit I am to wear at the feast to-night,’ said Isidora—‘My attendants are coming—I hear them at the door—oh, with what a throbbing heart I shall put on this glittering mockery!—But you will not desert me then?’ she added, with wild and breathless anxiety. ‘Fear not,’ said Melmoth, solemnly—‘you have demanded my aid, and it shall be accorded. May your heart tremble no more when you throw off that habit, than now when you are about to put it on!’

“The hour approached, and the guests were arriving. Isidora, arrayed in a splendid and fanciful garb, and rejoicing in the shelter which her mask afforded to the expression of her pale features, mingled among the groupe. She walked one measure with Montilla, and then declined dancing on the pretence of assisting her mother in receiving and entertaining her guests.

“After a sumptuous banquet, dancing was renewed in the spacious hall, and Isidora followed the company thither with a beating heart. Twelve was the hour at which Melmoth had promised to meet her, and by the clock, which was placed over

the door of the hall, she saw it wanted but a quarter to twelve. The hand moved on—it arrived at the hour—the clock struck! Isidora, whose eyes had been rivetted on its movements, now withdrew them in despair. At that moment she felt her arm gently touched, and one of the maskers, bending towards her, whispered, ‘*I am here!*’ and he added the sign which Melmoth and she had agreed on as the signal of their meeting. Isidora, unable to reply, could only return the sign. ‘Make haste,’ he added—‘all is arranged for your flight—there is not a moment to be lost—I will leave you now, but meet me in a few moments in the western portico—the lamps are extinguished there, and the servants have neglected to re-light them—be silent and be swift!’ He disappeared as he spoke, and Isidora, after a few moments, followed him. Though the portico was dark, a faint gleam from the splendidly illuminated rooms disclosed to her the figure of Melmoth. He drew her arm under his in silence, and proceeded to hurry her from the spot. ‘Stop, villain, stop!’ exclaimed the voice of her brother, who, followed by Montilla, sprung from the balcony—‘Where do you drag my sister?—and you, degraded wretch, where are you about to fly, and with whom?’ Melmoth attempted to pass him, supporting Isidora with one arm, while the other was extended to repel his approach; but Fernan, drawing his sword, placed himself directly in their way, at the same time calling on Montilla to raise the household, and tear Isidora from his arms. ‘Off, fool—off!’ exclaimed Melmoth—‘Rush not on destruction!—I seek not your life—one victim of your house is enough—let us pass ere you perish!’ Boaster,

prove your words!', said Fernan, making a desperate thrust at him, which Melmoth coolly put by with his hand. 'Draw, coward!' cried Fernan, rendered furious by this action—'My next will be more successful!' Melmoth slowly drew his sword. 'Boy!' said he in an awful voice—'if I turn this point against you, your life is not worth a moment's purchase—be wise, and let us pass.' Fernan made no answer but by a fierce attack, which was instantly met by his antagonist.

"The shrieks of Isidora had now reached the ears of the revellers, who rushed in crowds to the garden—the servants followed them with flambeaux, snatched from the walls adorned for this ill-omened festival, and the scene of the combat was in a moment as light as day, and surrounded by a hundred spectators.

"'Part them—part them—save them!' shrieked Isidora, writhing at the feet of her father and mother, who, with the rest, were gazing in stupid horror at the scene—'Save my brother—save my husband!' The whole dreadful truth rushed on Donna Clara's mind at these words, and casting a conscious look at the terrified priest, she fell to the ground. The combat was short as it was unequal, —in two moments Melmoth passed the sword twice through the body of Fernan, who sunk beside Isidora, and expired! There was a universal pause of horror for some moments: at length a cry of—'Seize the murderer!' burst from every lip and the crowd began to close around Melmoth. He attempted no defence. He retreated a few paces, and sheathing his sword, waved them back only with his arm; and this movement, that seemed

to announce an internal power above all physical force, had the effect of nailing every spectator to the spot where he stood.

“The light of the torches, which the trembling servants held up to gaze on him, fell full on his countenance, and the voices of a few shuddering speakers exclaimed, ‘**MELMOTH THE WANDERER!**’ ‘I am—I am!’ said that unfortunate being; ‘and who now will oppose my passing—who will become my companion? I seek not to injure now—but I will not be detained. Would that breathless fool had yielded to my bidding, not to my sword—there was but one human chord that vibrated in my heart—it is broken to-night, and for ever! I will never tempt woman more! Why should the whirlwind, that can shake the mountains, and overwhelm cities with its breath, descend to scatter the leaves of the rose-bud?’ As he spoke, his eyes fell on the form of Isidora, which lay at his feet extended beside that of Fernan. He bent over it for a moment—a pulsation like returning life agitated her frame. He bent nearer—he whispered, unheard by the rest, ‘Isidora, will you fly with me?—this is the moment—every arm is paralyzed—every mind is frozen to its centre!—Isidora, rise and fly with me—this is your hour of safety!’ Isidora, who recognized the voice but not the speaker, raised herself for a moment—looked on Melmoth—cast a glance on the bleeding bosom of Fernan, and fell on it dyed in that blood. Melmoth started up—there was a slight movement of hostility among some of the guests—he turned one brief and withering glance on them—they stood every man his hand on his sword, without the power to draw them, and the

very domestics held up the torches in their trembling hands, as if with involuntary awe they were lighting him out. So he passed on unmolested amid the group, till he reached the spot where Aliaga, stupified with horror, stood beside the bodies of his son and daughter. 'Wretched old man!' he exclaimed, looking on him as the unhappy father strained his glazing and dilated eyes to see who spoke to him, and at length with difficulty recognized the form of *the stranger*—the companion of his fearful journey some months past—'Wretched old man!—you were warned—but you neglected the warning—I adjured you to save your daughter—I best knew her danger—you saved your gold—now estimate the value of the dross you grasped, and the precious ore you dropt! *I stood between myself and her*—I warned—I menaced—it was not for me to intreat. Wretched old man—see the result!'—and he turned slowly to depart. An involuntary sound of execration and horror, half a howl and half a hiss, pursued his parting steps, and the priest, with a dignity that more became his profession than his character, exclaimed aloud, 'Depart accursed, and trouble us not—go, cursing and to curse.' 'I go conquering and to conquer,' answered Melmoth, with wild and fierce triumph—'wretches! your vices, your passions, and your weaknesses, make you my victims. Upbraid yourselves, and not me. Heroes in your guilt, but cowards in your despair, you would kneel at my feet for the terrible immunity with which I pass through you at this moment.—I go accursed of every human heart, yet untouched by one human hand!' As he retired slowly, the murmur of suppressed but instinctive and irre-

pressible horror and hatred burst from the group. He past on scowling at them like a lion on a pack of bayed hounds, and departed unmolested—unassayed—no weapon was drawn—no arm was lifted—the mark was on his brow,—and those who could read it knew that all human power was alike forceless and needless,—and those who could not succumbed in passive horror. Every sword was in its sheath as Melmoth quitted the garden. ‘Leave him to God!’ was the universal exclamation. ‘You could not leave him in worse hands,’ exclaimed Fra Jose—‘He will certainly be damned—and—that is some comfort to this afflicted family.’

“In less than half an hour, the superb apartments, the illuminated gardens of Aliaga, did not echo a footstep; all were gone, except a few who lingered, some from curiosity, some from humanity, to witness or condole with the sufferings of the wretched parents. The sumptuously decorated garden now presented a sight horrid from the contrasted figures and scenery. The domestics stood like statues, holding the torches still in their hands—Isidora lay beside the bloody corse of her brother, till an attempt was made to remove it, and then she clung to it with a strength that required strength to tear her from it—Aliaga, who had not uttered a word, and scarcely drawn a breath, sunk on his knees to curse his half-lifeless daughter—Donna Clara, who still retained a woman’s heart, lost all fear of her husband in this dreadful emergency, and, kneeling beside him, held his uplifted hands, and struggled hard for the suspension of the malediction—Fra Jose, the only one of the group who appeared to possess any power of recollection or of

mental sanity, addressed repeatedly to Isidora the question, 'Are you married,—and married to that fearful being?' 'I am married!' answered the victim, rising from beside the corse of her brother. 'I am married!' she added, glancing a look at her splendid habit, and displaying it with a frantic laugh. A loud knocking at the garden gate was heard at this moment. 'I *am* married!' shrieked Isidora, 'and here comes the witness of my nuptials!'

"As she spoke, some peasants from the neighbourhood, assisted by the domestics of Don Aliaga, brought in a corse, so altered from the fearful change that passes on the mortal frame, that the nearest relative could not have known it. Isidora recognized it in a moment for the body of the old domestic who had disappeared so mysteriously on the night of her frightful nuptials. The body had been discovered but that evening by the peasants; it was lacerated as by a fall from rocks, and so disfigured and decayed as to retain no resemblance to humanity. It was recognizable only by the livery of Aliaga, which, though much defaced, was still distinguishable by some peculiarities in the dress, that announced that those defaced garments covered the mortal remains of the old domestic. 'There!' cried Isidora, with delirious energy—'there is the witness of my fatal marriage!'

"Fra Jose hung over the illegible fragments of that whereon nature had once written—'This is a human being,' and, turning his eyes on Isidora, with involuntary horror he exclaimed, 'Your witness is dumb!' As the wretched Isidora was dragged away by those who surrounded her, she felt the first throes

of maternal suffering, and exclaimed, 'Oh! there will be a living witness—if you permit it to live!' Her words were soon realized; she was conveyed to her apartment, and in a few hours after, scarcely assisted and wholly unpitied by her attendants, gave birth to a daughter.

"This event excited a sentiment in the family at once ludicrous and horrible. Aliaga, who had remained in a state of stupefaction, since his son's death, uttered but one exclamation—'Let the wife of the sorcerer, and their accursed offspring, be delivered into the hands of the merciful and holy tribunal, the Inquisition.' He afterwards muttered something about his property being confiscated, but to this nobody paid any attention. Donna Clara was almost distracted between compassion for her wretched daughter, and being grandmother to an infant demon, for such she deemed the child of '*Melmoth the Wanderer*' must be—and Fra Jose, while he baptized the infant with trembling hands, almost expected a fearful sponsor to appear and blast the rite with his horrible negative to the appeal made in the name of all that is holy among Christians. The baptismal ceremony was performed, however, with an omission which the good-natured priest overlooked—there was no sponsor—the lowest domestic in the house declined with horror the proposal of being sponsor for the child of that terrible union. The wretched mother heard them from her bed of pain, and loved her infant better for its utter destitution.

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"A few hours put an end to the consternation of the family, on the score of religion at least. The

officers of the Inquisition arrived, armed with all the powers of their tribunal, and strongly excited by the report, that the Wanderer of whom they had been long in search, had lately perpetrated an act that brought him within the sphere of their jurisdiction, by involving the life of the only being his solitary existence held alliance with. 'We hold him by the cords of a man,' said the chief inquisitor, speaking more from what he read than what he felt—'if he burst these cords he is more than man. He has a wife and child, and if there be human elements in him, if there be any thing mortal clinging to his heart, we shall wind round the roots of it, and extract it.'

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"It was not till after some weeks, that Isidora recovered her perfect recollection. When she did, she was in a prison, a pallet of straw was her bed, a crucifix and a death's head the only furniture of her cell; the light struggled through a narrow grate, and struggled in vain, to cast one gleam on the squalid apartment that it visited and shrunk from. Isidora looked round her—she had light enough to see her child—she clasped it to her bosom, from which it had unconsciously drawn its feverish nourishment, and wept in ecstasy. 'It is my own,' she sobbed, 'and only mine! It has no father—he is at the ends of the earth—he has left me alone—but I am not alone while you are left to me!'

"She was left in solitary confinement for many days, undisturbed and unvisited. The persons in whose hands she was had strong reasons for this mode of treatment. They were desirous that she should recover perfect sanity of intellect previous to

her examination, and they also wished to give her time to form that profound attachment to the innocent companion of her solitude, that might be a powerful engine in their hands in discovering those circumstances relative to Melmoth that had hitherto baffled all the power and penetration of the Inquisition itself. All reports agreed that the Wanderer had never before been known to make a woman the object of his temptation, or to entrust her with the terrible secret of his destiny; and the Inquisitors were heard to say to each other, 'Now that we have got the Delilah in our hands, we shall soon have the Sampson.'

"It was on the night previous to her examination, (of which she was unapprized), that Isidora saw the door of her cell opened, and a figure appear at it, whom, amid the dreary obscurity that surrounded her, she recognized in a moment—it was Fra Jose. After a long pause of mutual horror, she knelt in silence to receive his benediction, which he gave with feeling solemnity; and then the good monk, whose propensities, though somewhat 'earthly and sensual,' were 'never devilish,' after vainly drawing his cowl over his face to stifle his sobs, lifted up his voice and 'wept bitterly.'

"Isidora was silent, but her silence was not that of sullen apathy, or of conscience-seared impenitence. At length Fra Jose seated himself on the foot of the pallet, at some distance from the prisoner, who was also sitting, and bending her cheek, down which a cold tear slowly flowed, over her infant. 'Daughter,' said the monk, collecting himself, 'it is to the indulgence of the holy office I

owe this permission to visit you.' 'I thank them,' said Isidora, and her tears flowed fast and relievingly. 'I am permitted also to tell you that your examination will take place to-morrow,—to adjure you to prepare for it,—and, if there be any thing which —' 'My examination!' repeated Isidora with surprise, but evidently without terror, 'on what subject am I then to be examined?' On that of your inconceivable union with a being devoted and accursed.' His voice was choked with horror, and he added, 'Daughter, are you then indeed the wife of —of—that being, whose name makes the flesh creep, and the hair stand on end?' 'I am.' 'Who were the witnesses of your marriage, and what hand dared to bind yours with that unholy and unnatural bond?' 'There were no witnesses—we were wedded in darkness. I saw no form, but I thought I heard words uttered—I know I felt a hand place mine in Melmoth's—its touch was as cold as that of the dead.' 'Oh, complicated and mysterious horror!' said the priest, turning pale, and crossing himself with marks of unfeigned terror; he bowed his head on his arm for some time, and remained silent from unutterable emotion. 'Father,' said Isidora at length, 'you knew the hermit who lived amid the ruins of the monastery near our house,—he was a priest also,—he was a holy man, it was he who united us!' Her voice trembled. 'Wretched victim!' groaned the priest, without raising his head, 'you know not what you utter—that holy man is known to have died the very night preceding that of the dreadful union.'

“Another pause of mute horror followed, which

the priest at length broke. 'Unhappy daughter, said he in a composed and solemn voice, 'I am indulged with permission to give you the benefit of the sacrament of confession, previous to your examination. I adjure you to unburden your soul to me,—will you?' 'I will, my father.' 'Will you answer me, as you would answer at the tribunal of God?' 'Yes,—as I would answer at the tribunal of God.' As she spake, she prostrated herself before the priest in the attitude of confession.

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"And you have now disclosed the whole burthen of your spirit?" 'I have, my father.' The priest sat thoughtfully for a considerable time. He then put to her several singular questions relative to Melmoth, which she was wholly unable to answer. They seemed chiefly the result of those impressions of supernatural power and terror, which were everywhere associated with his image. 'My father, said Isidora, when he had ceased, in a faltering voice—"my father, may I inquire about my unhappy parents?' The priest shook his head, and remained silent. At length, affected by the agony with which she urged her inquiry, he reluctantly said she might guess the effect which the death of their son, and the imprisonment of their daughter in the Inquisition, must have on parents, who were no less eminent for their zeal for the Catholic faith, than for their parental affection. 'Are they alive?' said Isidora. 'Spare yourself the pain of further inquiries, daughter,' said the priest, 'and be assured, that if the answer was such as could give you comfort, it would not be withheld.'

"At this moment a bell was heard to sound in a

distant part of the structure. 'That bell,' said the priest, 'announces that the hour of your examination approaches;—farewell, and may the saints be with you!' 'Stay, father,—stay one moment,—but one moment!' cried Isidora, rushing frantically between him and the door. Fra Jose paused. Isidora sunk before him, and, hiding her face with her hands, exclaimed in a voice choked with agony, '*Father, do you think—that I am—lost for ever?*' 'Daughter,' said the priest, in heavy accents, and in a troubled and doubting spirit, 'daughter,—I have given you what comfort I could—press for no more, lest what I have given (with many struggles of conscience) may be withdrawn. Perhaps you are in a state on which I can form no judgment, and pronounce no sentence. May God be merciful to you, and may the holy tribunal judge you in its mercy also!' 'Yet stay, father—stay one moment—only one moment—only one question more.' As she spoke, she caught her pale and innocent companion from the pallet where it slept, and held it up to the priest. 'Father, tell me, *can* this be the child of a demon?—can it be—this creature that smiles on me—that smiles on you, while you are mustering curses against it?—Oh, holy drops have sprinkled it from your own hand!—Father, you have spoke holy words over it. Father, let them tear me with their pincers, let them roast me on their flames, but will not my child escape—my innocent child, that smiles on you? Holy father, dear father, look back on my child!' And she crawled after him on her knees, holding up the miserable infant in her arms, whose weak cry and wasted frame pleaded against the dungeon-life to which its infancy had been doomed.

“Fra Jose melted at the appeal, and he was about to bestow many a kiss and many a prayer on the wretched babe, when the bell again was sounded, and hastening away, he had but time to exclaim, ‘My daughter, may God protect you!’ ‘God protect me!’ said Isidora, clasping her infant to her bosom. The bell sounded again, and Isidora knew that the hour of her trial approached.

“The first examination of Isidora was conducted with the circumspcctive formality that has always been known to mark the proceedings of that tribunal. The second and the third were alike strict, penetrating, and inoperative, and the holy office began to feel its highest functionaries were no match for the extraordinary prisoner who stood before them; who, combining the extremes of simplicity and magnanimity, uttered every thing that might criminate herself, but evaded, with skill that baffled all the arts of inquisitorial examination, every question that referred to Melmoth.

“In the course of the first examination, they hinted at the torture. Isidora, with something of the free and nature-taught dignity of her early existence, smiled as they spoke of it. An official whispered one of the inquisitors, as he observed the peculiar expression of her countenance, and the torture was mentioned no more.

“A second—a third examination followed at long intervals—but it was observed, that every time the mode of examination was less severe, and the treatment of the prisoner more and more indulgent;—her youth, her beauty, her profound simplicity of character and language, developed strongly on this singular emergency, and the affecting circumstance

of her always appearing with her child in her arms, whose feeble cries she tried to hush, while she bent forward to hear and answer the questions addressed to her,—all these seemed to have wrought powerfully on the minds of men not accustomed to yield to external impressions. There was also a docility, a submission, about this beautiful and unfortunate being—a contrite and bending spirit—a sense of wretchedness for the misfortunes of her family—a consciousness of her own,—that touched the hearts even of inquisitors.

“After repeated examinations, when nothing could be extorted from the prisoner, a skilful and profound artist in the school of mental anatomy whispered to the inquisitor something about the infant whom she held in her arms. ‘She has defied the rack,’ was the answer. ‘Try her on *that* rack,’ was rejoined; and the hint was taken.

“After the usual formalities were gone through, Isidora’s sentence was read to her. She was condemned, as a suspected heretic, to perpetual confinement in the prison of the Inquisition—her child was to be taken from her, and brought up in a convent, in order to —

“Here the reading of the sentence was interrupted by the prisoner, who, uttering one dreadful shriek of maternal agony, louder than any other mode of torture had ever before extorted, fell prostrate on the floor. When she was restored to sensation, no authority or terror of the place or the judges, could prevent her pouring forth those wild and piercing supplications, which, from the energy with which they were uttered, appeared to the speaker himself like commands,—that the latter

part of her sentence might be remitted ;—the former appeared to make not the least impression on her :—eternal solitude, passed in eternal darkness, seemed to give her neither fear or pain, but she wept, and pleaded, and raved, that she might not be separated from her infant.

“ The judges listened with fortified hearts, and in unbroken silence. When she found all was over, she rose from her posture of humiliation and agony—and there was something even of dignity about her as she demanded, in a calm and altered voice, that her child might not be removed from her till the following day. She had also self-possession enough to enforce her petition by the remark, that its life might be the sacrifice, if it was too suddenly deprived of the nourishment it was accustomed to receive from her. To this request the judges acceded, and she was remanded to her cell.

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“ The time elapsed. The person who brought her food departed without uttering a word ; nor did she utter a word to him. It was about midnight that the door of her cell was unlocked, and two persons in official habits appeared at it. They seemed to pause, like the heralds at the tent of Achilles, and then, like them, forced themselves to enter. These men had haggard and livid faces—their attitudes were perfectly stony and automaton-like—their movements appeared the result of mere mechanism,—yet these men were touched. The miserable light within hardly showed the pallet on which the prisoner was seated ; but a strong red light from the torch the attendant held, flared

broadly on the arch of the door under which the figures appeared. They approached with a motion that seemed simultaneous and involuntary—and uttered together, in accents that seemed to issue from one mouth, ‘Deliver your child to us!’ In a voice as hoarse, dry, and natureless, the prisoner answered, ‘Take it!’

“The men looked about the cell—it seemed as if they knew not where to find the offspring of humanity amid the cells of the Inquisition. The prisoner was silent and motionless during their search. It was not long—the narrow apartment, the scanty furniture, afforded little room for the investigation. When it was concluded, however, the prisoner, bursting into a wild laugh, exclaimed, ‘Where would you search for a child but in its mother’s bosom? Here—here it is—take it—take it!’ And she put it into their hands. ‘Oh what fools ye were to seek my child any where but on its mother’s bosom! It is yours *now!*’ she shrieked in a voice that froze the officials,—‘take it—take it from me!’

“The agents of the holy office advanced; and the technicality of their movements was somewhat suspended when Isidora placed in their hands the corse of her infant daughter. Around the throat of the miserable infant, born amid agony and nursed in a dungeon, there was a black mark, which the officials made their use of in representing this extraordinary circumstance to the holy office. By some it was deemed as the sign impressed by the evil one at its birth—by others as the fearful effect of maternal despair.

“It was determined that the prisoner should appear before them within four-and-twenty hours, and account for the death of her child.

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“Within less than half that number of hours, a mightier arm than that of the Inquisition was dealing with the prisoner—an arm that seemed to menace, but was indeed stretched out to save, and before whose touch the barriers of the dreaded Inquisition itself were as frail as the fortress of the spider who hung her web on its walls. Isidora was dying of a disease, not the less mortal because it makes no appearance in an obituary—she was dying of that internal and incurable wound—a broken heart.

“When the inquisitors were at last convinced that there was nothing more to be obtained by torture, bodily or mental torture, they suffered her to die unmolested, and granted her last request, that Fra Jose might be permitted to visit her.

* * * * *

“It was midnight— but its approach was unknown in that place, where day and night are the same. A dim lamp was substituted for that weak and struggling beam that counterfeited day-light. The penitent was stretched on her bed of rest—the humane priest sat beside her; and if his presence gave no dignity to the scene, it at least softened it by the touches of humanity.

* * * * *

“My father,” said the dying Isidora, “you pronounced me forgiven.” “Yes, my daughter,” said the priest; “you have assured me you are innocent

of the death of your infant.' 'You never could have believed me guilty,' said Isidora, raising herself on her pallet at the appeal—'the consciousness of *its* existence alone would have kept me alive, even in my prison. Oh, my father! how was it possible it could live, buried with me in this dreadful place almost as soon as it received life? Even the morbid nourishment it received from me was dried up when my sentence was read. It moaned all night—towards morning its moans grew fainter, and I was glad—at last they ceased, and I was very—happy!' But as she talked of this fearful happiness, she wept.

“‘My daughter, is your heart disengaged from that awful and disastrous tie that bound it to misfortune here, and to perdition hereafter?’ It was long before she could answer; at length she said in a broken voice, ‘My father, I have not now strength to search or to struggle with my heart. Death must very soon break every tie that was twined with it, and it is useless to anticipate my liberation; the effort would be agony,—fruitless agony,—for, while I live, I must love my destroyer! Alas! in being the enemy of mankind, was not his hostility to me inevitable and fatal? In rejecting his last terrible temptation—in resigning him to his destiny, and preferring submission to my own, I feel my triumph complete, and my salvation assured.’ ‘Daughter, I do not comprehend you.’ ‘Melmoth,’ said Isidora, with a strong effort—‘*Melmoth was here last night!*—within the walls of the Inquisition—within this very cell!’ The priest crossed himself with marks of the profoundest horror, and, as the wind swept

hollowly through the long passage, almost expected the shaken door would burst open, and disclose the figure of the Wanderer.

* * * * *

“ ‘My father, I have had many dreams,’ answered the penitent, shaking her head at a suggestion of the priest’s, ‘many—many wanderings, but this was no dream. I have dreamed of the garden-land where I beheld him first—I have dreamed of the nights when he stood at my casement, and trembled in sleep at the sound of my mother’s step—and I have had holy and hopeful visions, in which celestial forms appeared to me, and promised me his conversion;—but this was no dream—I saw him last night! Father, he was here the whole night—he promised—he assured me—he adjured me to accept of liberation and safety, of life and of felicity. He told me, nor could I doubt him, that, by whatever means he effected his entrance, he could also effect my escape. He offered to live with me in that Indian isle—that paradise of ocean, far from human resort or human persecution. He offered to love me alone, and for ever—and then I listened to him. Oh, my father, I am very young, and life and love sounded sweetly in my ears, when I looked at my dungeon, and thought of dying on this floor of stone! But—when he whispered *the terrible condition* on which the fulfilment of his promise depended—when he told me that——’

“ Her voice failed with her failing strength, and she could utter no more. ‘Daughter,’ said the priest, bending over her bed, ‘daughter, I adjure you, by the image represented on this cross I hold to your dying lips—by your hopes of that salvation

which depends on the truth you utter to me, your priest and your friend—the conditions proposed by your tempter!’ ‘Promise me absolution for repeating the words, for I should wish that my last breath might not be exhaled in uttering—what I must.’ ‘*Te absolvo,*’ &c. said the priest, and bent his ear to catch the sounds. The moment they were uttered, he started as from the sting of a serpent, and, seating himself at the extremity of the cell, rocked in dumb horror. ‘My father, you promised me absolution,’ said the penitent. ‘*Jam tibi dedi, moribundu,*’ answered the priest, in the confusion of thoughts using the language appropriated to the service of religion. ‘Moribunda indeed!’ said the sufferer, falling back on her pallet. ‘Father, let me feel a human hand in mine as I part!’ ‘Call upon God, daughter!’ said the priest, applying the crucifix to her cold lips. ‘I loved his religion,’ said the penitent, kissing it devoutly; ‘I loved it before I knew it; and God must have been my teacher, for I had no other! Oh!’ she exclaimed, with that deep conviction that must thrill every dying heart, and whose echo (would to God) might pierce every living one—oh that I had loved none but God—how profound would have been my peace—how glorious my departure!—*now—his* image pursues me even to the brink of the grave, into which I plunge to escape it!’

“ ‘My daughter,’ said the priest, while the tears rolled fast down his cheeks—‘my daughter, you are passing to bliss—the conflict was fierce and short, but the victory is sure—harps are tuned to a new song, even a song of welcome, and wreaths of palm are weaving for you in paradise!’”

“ ‘Paradise!’ uttered Isidora, with her last breath
— ‘Will he be there?’

* * * * *

“ Monçada here concluded the tale of the Indian, —the victim of Melmoth’s passion, no less than of his destiny, both alike unhallowed and unutterable. And he announced his intention of disclosing to him the fates of the other victims, whose skeletons were preserved in the vault of the Jew Adonijah in Madrid. He added, that the circumstances relating to them, were of a character still darker and more awful than those he had recited, as they were the result of impressions made on masculine minds, without any excitement but that of looking into futurity. He mentioned, too, that the circumstances of his residence in the house of the Jew, his escape from it, and the reasons of his subsequent arrival in Ireland, were scarcely less extraordinary than any thing he had hitherto related. Young Melmoth, (whose name perhaps the reader has forgot), did ‘seriously incline’ to the purpose of having his dangerous curiosity further gratified, nor was he perhaps altogether without the wild hope of seeing the original of that portrait he had destroyed, burst from the walls, and take up the fearful tale himself.

“ The narrative of the Spaniard had occupied many days; at their termination, young Melmoth signified to his guest that he was prepared to hear the sequel.

“ A night was fixed for the continuation of the recital. Young Melmoth and his guest met him in the usual apartment—it was a dreary, stormy night—the rain that had fallen all day, seemed now to have yielded to the wind, that came in strong and

sudden bursts, suddenly hushed, as if collecting strength for the tempest of the night. Monçada and Melmoth drew their chairs closer to the fire, looking at each other with the aspect of men who wish to inspire each other with courage to listen, and to tell, and are more eager to inspire it, because neither feels it himself.

“At length Monçada collected his voice and resolution to proceed, but as he went on, he perceived he could not fix his hearer’s attention, and he paused. ‘I thought,’ said Melmoth, answering his silence, ‘I thought I heard a noise—as of a person walking in the passage.’ ‘Hush! and listen,’ said Monçada; ‘I would not wish to be overheard.’ They paused and held their breath—the sound was renewed—it was evidently that of steps approaching the door, and then retiring from it. ‘We are watched,’ said Melmoth, half rising from his chair; but at that time the door opened, and a figure appeared at it, which Monçada recognized for the subject of his narrative, and his mysterious visitor in the prison of the Inquisition; and Melmoth for the original of the picture, and the being whose unaccountable appearance had filled him with consternation, as he sat beside his dying uncle’s bed.

“The figure stood at the door for some time, and then advancing slowly till it gained the centre of the room, it remained there fixed for some time, but without looking at them. It then approached the table where the ysat, in a slow but distinctly heard step, and stood before them as a living being. The profound horror that was equally felt by both, was differently expressed by each. Monçada crossed himself repeatedly, and attempted to utter many

prayers. Melmoth, nailed to his chair, fixed his sightless eyes on the form that stood before him;—it was indeed *Melmoth the Wanderer*—the same as he was in the past century—the same as he may be in centuries to come, should the fearful terms of his existence be renewed. His ‘natural force was not abated,’ but ‘his eye was dim,’—that appalling and supernatural lustre of the visual organ—that beacon lit by an infernal fire, to tempt or to warn the adventurers of despair from that coast on which many struck, and some sunk—that portentous light was no longer visible—the form and figure were those of a living man, of the age indicated in the portrait which the young Melmoth had destroyed, *but the eyes were as the eyes of the dead.*

* * * * *

“As the Wanderer advanced still nearer, till his figure touched the table, Monçada and Melmoth started up in irrepressible horror, and stood in attitudes of defence, though conscious at the moment that all defence was hopeless against a being that withered and mocked at human power. The Wanderer waved his arm with an action that spoke defiance without hostility—and the strange and solemn accents of the only human voice that had respired mortal air beyond the period of mortal life, and never spoken but to the ear of guilt or suffering, and never uttered to that ear aught but despair, rolled slowly on their hearing like a peal of distant thunder.

“Mortals! you are here to talk of my destiny, and of the events which it has involved. That destiny is accomplished, I believe; and with it terminate those events that have stimulated your

wild and wretched curiosity. I am here to tell you of both!—I—I of whom you speak, am here!—Who can tell so well of Melmoth the Wanderer as himself, now that he is about to resign that existence which has been the object of terror and wonder to the world? Melmoth, you behold your ancestor—the being on whose portrait is inscribed the date of a century and a half, is before you,—Monçada, you see an acquaintance of a later date,—(A grim smile of recognition wandered over his features as he spoke).—‘Fear nothing,’ he added, observing the agony and terror of his involuntary hearers. ‘What have you to fear?’ he continued, while a flash of derisive malignity once more lit up the sockets of his dead eyes—‘You, Senhor, are armed with your beads—and you, Melmoth, are fortified by that vain and desperate inquisitiveness, which might, at a former period, have made you my victim,—(and his features underwent a short but horrible convulsion)—but now makes you only my mockery.

* * * * *

“‘Have you aught to quench my thirst?’ he added, seating himself. The senses of Monçada and his companion reeled in delirious terror, and the former, in a kind of wild confidence, filled a glass of water, and offered it to the Wanderer with a hand as steady, but somewhat colder, as he would have presented it to one who sat beside him in human companionship. The Wanderer raised it to his lips, and tasted a few drops, then placing it on the table, said with a laugh, wild indeed, but no longer ferocious—‘Have you seen,’ said he to Monçada and Melmoth, who gazed with dim and

troubled sight on this vision, and wist not what to think—‘ have you seen the fate of Don Juan—not as he is pantomimed on your paltry stage, but as he is represented in the real horrors of his destiny by the Spanish writer? There the spectre returns the hospitality of his inviter, and summons him in turn to a feast. The banquet-hall is a church;—he arrives—it is illuminated with a mysterious light—invisible hands hold lamps fed by no earthly substance, to light the apostate to his doom! He enters the church, and is greeted by a numerous company—the spirits of those whom he has wronged and murdered, uprisen from their charnel, and swathed in shrouds, stand there to welcome him! As he passes among them, they call on him in hollow sounds to pledge them in goblets of blood which they present to him—and beneath the altar, by which stands the spirit of him whom the parricide has murdered, the gulph of perdition is yawning to receive him! Through such a band I must soon prepare to pass!—Isidora! thy form will be the last I must encounter—and—the most terrible! Now for the last drop I must taste of earth’s produce—the last that shall wet my mortal lips!’ He slowly finished the draught of water. Neither of his companions had the power to speak. He sat down in a posture of heavy musing, and neither ventured to interrupt him.

“ They kept silence till the morning was dawning, and a faint light streamed through the closed shutters. Then the Wanderer raised his heavy eyes, and fixed them on Melmoth. ‘ Your ancestor has come home,’ he said ; ‘ his wanderings are over! —what has been told or believed of me is now of

light avail to me. The secret of my destiny rests with myself. If all that fear has invented, and credulity believed, of me be true, to what does it amount? That if my crimes have exceeded those of mortality, so will my punishment. I have been on earth a terror, but not an evil to its inhabitants. None can participate in my destiny but with his own consent—*none have consented*;—none can be involved in its tremendous penalties, but by participation. I alone must sustain the penalty. If I have put forth my hand, and eaten of the fruit of the interdicted tree, am I not driven from the presence of God and the religion of paradise, and sent to wander amid worlds of barrenness, and curse for ever and ever?

“It has been reported of me, that I obtained from the enemy of souls a range of existence beyond the period allotted to mortality—a power to pass over space without disturbance or delay, and visit remote regions with the swiftness of thought—to encounter tempests without the *hope* of their blasting me, and penetrate into dungeons, whose bolts were as flax and tow at my touch. It has been said that this power was accorded to me, that I might be enabled to tempt wretches in their fearful hour of extremity, with the promise of deliverance and immunity, on condition of their changing situations with me. If this be true, it bears attestation to a truth uttered by the lips of one I may not name, and echoed by every human heart in the habitable world.

“No one has ever exchanged destinies with Melmoth the Wanderer. *I have traversed the world in the search, and no one, to gain that world, would lose*

his own soul!—Not Stanton in his cell—nor you, Monçada, in the prison of the Inquisition—nor Walberg, who saw his children perishing with want—nor—another—’

“He paused, and though on the verge of his dark and doubtful voyage, he seemed to cast one look of bitter and retrospective anguish on the receding shore of life, and see, through the mists of memory, one form that stood there to bid him farewell. He rose,—‘Let me, if possible, obtain an hour’s repose. Aye, repose—sleep!’ he repeated, answering the silent astonishment of his hearer’s looks; ‘my existence is still human!’—and a ghastly and derisive smile wandered over his features for the last time, as he spoke. How often had that smile frozen the blood of his victims! Melmoth and Monçada quitted the apartment; and the Wanderer, sinking back in his chair slept profoundly. He slept; but what were the visions of his last earthly slumber?”

The Wanderer’s Dream.

“He dreamed that he stood on the summit of a precipice, whose downward height no eye could have measured, but for the fearful waves of a fiery ocean that lashed, and blazed, and roared, at its bottom, sending its burning spray far up, so as to drench the dreamer with its sulphurous rain. The whole glowing ocean below was alive—every billow bore an agonizing soul, that rose like a wreck or a putrid corse on the waves of earth’s oceans—uttered a shriek as it burst against that adamantine precipice—sunk—and rose again to repeat the tremendous

experiment! Every billow of fire was thus instinct with immortal and agonizing existence,—each was freighted with a soul, that rose on the burning wave in torturing hope, burst on the rock in despair, added its eternal shriek to the roar of that fiery ocean, and sunk to rise again—in vain, and—for ever!

“Suddenly the Wanderer felt himself flung half-way down the precipice. He stood, in his dream, tottering on a crag midway down the precipice—he looked upward, but the upper air (for there was no heaven) showed only blackness unshadowed and impenetrable—but, blacker than that blackness, he could distinguish a gigantic outstretched arm, that held him as in sport on the ridge of that infernal precipice; while another, that seemed in its motions to hold fearful and invisible conjunction with the arm that grasped him, as if both belonged to some being too vast and horrible even for the imagery of a dream to shape, pointed upwards to a dial-plate fixed on the top of that precipice, and which the flashes of that ocean of fire made fearfully conspicuous. He saw the mysterious single hand revolve—he saw it reach the appointed period of 150 years—(for in this mystic plate centuries were marked, not hours)—he shrieked in his dream, and, with that strong impulse often felt in sleep, burst from the arm that held him, to arrest the motion of the hand.

“In the effort he fell; and falling, grasped at aught that might save him. His fall seemed perpendicular—there was nought to save him—the rock was as smooth as ice—the ocean of fire broke at its foot! Suddenly a group of figures appeared, ascending as he fell. He grasped at them suc-

cessively ;—first Stanton—then Walberg—Elinor Mortimer—Isidora—Monçada,—all passed him ;—to each he seemed in his slumber to cling in order to break his fall—all ascended the precipice. He caught at each in his downward flight, but all forsook him and ascended.

“ His last despairing reverted glance was fixed on the clock of eternity: the upraised black arm seemed to push forward the hand—it arrived at its period—he fell—he sunk—he blazed—he shrieked! The burning waves boomed over his sinking head, and the clock of eternity rung out its awful chime—‘Room for the soul of the Wanderer!’—and the waves of the burning ocean answered, as they lashed the adamantine rock—‘*There is room for more!*’—The Wanderer awoke.”

“ Melmoth and Monçada did not dare to approach the door till about noon. They then knocked gently at the door, and finding the summons unanswered, they entered slowly and irresolutely. The apartment was in the same state in which they had left it the preceding night, or rather morning; it was dusky and silent, the shutters had not been opened, and the Wanderer still seemed sleeping in his chair.

“ At the sound of their approach he half started up, and demanded what was the hour. They told him. ‘*My hour is come!*’ said the Wanderer; ‘it is an hour you must neither partake nor witness—the clock of eternity is about to strike, but its knell must be unheard by mortal ears!’ As he spoke they approached nearer, and saw with horror the change the last few hours had wrought on him. The fearful lustre of his eyes had been deadened

before their late interview, but now the lines of extreme age were visible in every feature. His hairs were as white as snow, his mouth had fallen in, the muscles of his face were relaxed and withered—he was the very image of hoary decrepit debility. He started himself at the impression which his appearance visibly made on the intruders. ‘You see what I feel,’ he exclaimed; ‘the hour, then, is come. I am summoned, and I must obey the summons—my master has other work for me! When a meteor blazes in your atmosphere—when a comet pursues its burning path towards the sun—look up, and perhaps you may think of the spirit condemned to guide the blazing and erratic orb.’

“The spirits, that had risen to a kind of wild elation, as suddenly subsided, and he added, ‘Leave me; I must be alone for the few last hours of my mortal existence—if, indeed, they are to be the last.’ He spoke this with an inward shuddering, that was felt by his hearers. ‘In this apartment,’ he continued, ‘I first drew breath; in this I must perhaps resign it;—would—would I had never been born!’

* * * * *

“‘Men—retire—leave me alone. Whatever noises you hear in the course of the awful night that is approaching, come not near this apartment, at peril of your lives. Remember,’—raising his voice, which still retained all its powers,—‘remember your lives will be the forfeit of your desperate curiosity. For the same stake I risked more than life—and lost it! —Be warned—retire!’

‘They retired, and passed the remainder of that day without even thinking of food, from that intense

and burning anxiety that seemed to prey on their very vitals. At night they retired, and though each lay down, it was without a thought of repose. Repose, indeed, would have been impossible. The sounds that soon after midnight began to issue from the apartment of the Wanderer, were at first of a description not to alarm; but they were soon exchanged for others of *such indescribable horror*, that Melmoth, though he had taken the precaution of dismissing the servants to sleep in the adjacent offices, began to fear that those sounds might reach them, and, restless himself from insupportable inquietude, rose and walked up and down the passage that led to that room of horror. As he was thus occupied, he thought he saw a figure at the lower end of the passage. So disturbed his vision, that he did not at first recognize Monçada. Neither asked the other the reason of his being there—they walked up and down together silently.

“In a short time the sounds became so terrible, that scarcely had the awful warning of the Wanderer power to withhold them from attempting to burst into the room. These noises were of the most mixed and indescribable kind. They could not distinguish whether they were the shrieks of supplication, or the yell of blasphemy—they hoped inwardly they might be the former.

“Towards morning the sounds suddenly ceased—*they were stilled as in a moment*. The silence that succeeded, seemed to them for a few moments more terrible than all that preceded. After consulting each other by a glance, they hastened together to the apartment. They entered—it was

empty—not a vestige of its last inhabitant was to be traced within.

“After looking around in fruitless amazement, they perceived a small door opposite to that by which they had entered. It communicated with a back staircase, and was open. As they approached it, they discovered the traces of footsteps that appeared to be those of a person who had been walking in damp sand or clay. These traces were exceedingly plain: they followed them to a door that opened on the garden—that door was opened also. They traced the footmarks distinctly through the narrow gravel walk, which was terminated by a broken fence, and opened on a heathy field which spread half-way up a rock whose summit overlooked the sea. The weather had been rainy, and they could trace the steps distinctly through that heathy field. They ascended the rock together.

“Early as it was, the cottagers, who were poor fishermen residing on the shore, were all up, and assured Melmoth and his companion that they had been disturbed and terrified the preceding night by sounds which they could not describe. It was singular that these men, accustomed by nature and habit alike to exaggeration and superstition, used not the language of either on this occasion.

“There is an overwhelming mass of conviction that falls on the mind, that annihilates idiom and peculiarities, and crushes out truth from the heart. Melmoth waved back all who offered to accompany him to the precipice which overhung the sea. Monçada alone followed him.

“Through the furze that clothed this rock, almost to its summit, there was a kind of tract as if a

person had dragged, or been dragged, his way through it—a down-trodden tract, over which no footsteps but those of one impelled by force had ever passed. Melmoth and Monçada gained at last the summit of the rock. The ocean was beneath—the wide, waste, engulfing ocean! On a crag beneath them, something hung as floating to the blast. Melmoth clambered down and caught it. It was the handkerchief which the Wanderer had worn about his neck the preceding night—that was the last trace of the Wanderer.

“Melmoth and Monçada exchanged looks of silent and unutterable horror, and returned slowly home.”

From the Rev. C. R. Maturin's Tale of "*Melmoth*."

REMARKABLE EVENTS

Which have befallen certain Persons on the Anniversary of their Birth, and other particular Days.

THE ancients used to celebrate the annual return of their birthdays with feasting, music, sports, mutual presents, and whatsoever else might serve to entertain with highest solemnity the revisits of that light wherein they first beheld the world; but notwithstanding which it may truly be said with the poet,

“No day from sadness so exempt appears,
As not to minister new cause of fears.”

SALLUST.

ANTIPATER SIDONIUS.

Antipater Sidonius, the poet, throughout the whole space of his life, every year, for only *one* day, that is to say, the day whereon he was born, was seized with a fever; and when he lived to a great age, by the certain return of his wonted disease, he died upon his birthday.

ELIZABETH.

Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of King Edward the Fourth, and eighteen years the wife of King Henry the Seventh, died in child-bed, in the Tower of London, the 11th of February, the very day upon which she was born.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

Alexander the Great is said to have been born upon the 6th day of the month Targelion, and also to have died on the same—that is, on the 6th of February.

CAIUS JULIUS CÆSAR.

Caius Julius Cæsar was born in the ides of March, and, by a conspiracy of the Nobles, was slain in the Senate-house upon the same, although he was forewarned to take care of them.

ANTONIUS CARACALLA.

Antonius Caracalla, the emperor, was slain by Macrinus, the prætorian prefect, at Carris, in Mesopotamia, upon his birthday, which was the 6th of the ides of April, the twenty-ninth of his age, and the sixth of his empire.

POPE GREGORY.

Pope Gregory the Great was born and died upon the *same* day, upon the 4th of the ides of March.

GARSIAS.

Garsias the great grandfather to Petrarch, having lived one hundred and four years, died, as did also

Plato, on the very day of his nativity, and in the same chamber wherein he was born.

CHARLES THE GREAT.

The emperor Charles the Great was buried at Aquisgrave, upon the same day whereon he was born, A. D. 810.

MELANCTHON.

Philip Melancthon died A. D. 1560, in the sixty-third year of his age, and upon the day of his nativity, which was the 13th of the calends of May.

CHARLES THE FIFTH.

The emperor Charles the Fifth was born on the day of Matthias the Apostle; on which day, also in the course of his life, was King Francis taken by him in battle, and the victory likewise won at Ciscaque: he was also elected and crowned emperor on the same day; and many other great fortunes befel him still on that day.

OFILIUS HILARUS.

M. Ofilius Hilarus, an actor of comedies, after he had highly pleased the people upon his birthday, kept a feast at home in his own house; and when supper was upon the table, he called for a mess of hot broth, and casting his eye upon the vizor he had worn that day in the play, he fitted it again to his face, and taking off the garland which he wore upon his bare head, he set it thereupon: in this posture, disguised as he sat, he died, and became cold, before any person in the company knew any thing of the matter.

AUGUSTUS CÆSAR.

Augustus. Cæsar had certain anniversary sickness, and such as did return at a stated and certain time: he commonly languished about the time of his birthday, which was the 9th of the calends of October.

TIMOLEON.

Timoleon, general of the Syracusans, obtained the greatest of his victories upon his birthday, which thereupon was annually and universally celebrated by the Syracusans, as a day to them of good and happy fortune.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

It is said of Julius Cæsar, that he found the ides of July to be very happy and auspicious to him; at which time he was also born.

PHILIP OF MACEDON.

King Philip of Macedon used to celebrate the day of his birth with extraordinary joy, as the most favourable and fortunate to him of all other; for once upon that day he had a triplicity of good tidings—that he was victor in the chariot-race in the Olympics; that Parmenio, his general, had gained a most important victory; and that the queen Olympias was delivered of his son Alexander.

OPHIONEUS.

[Ophioneus was one amongst the Messenians who had the gift of prophecy; and Pausanias says of him, that immediately after his birthday he was

annually stricken with blindness. Nor is this less wonderful in the same person—that after a vehement fit of the head-ache he would begin to see; and then presently fall from thence into his former blindness again.

HENRY THE EIGHTH.

It is a note worthy to be remembered, that *Thursday* was observed to be a day fatal to King Henry the Eighth; and to all his posterity; for he himself died on *Thursday*, the 28th of January; King Edward the Sixth, on *Thursday*, the 6th of July; Queen Marv, on *Thursday*, the 17th of November; and Queen Elizabeth, on *Thursday*, the 24th of March.

FRANCISCUS BAUDIMES.

Franciscus Baudimes, an abbot, a citizen of Florence, and well known in the court of Rome, died upon the anniversary return of his birth-day, which was upon the 19th day of December, and was buried in the church of St. Silvester in Rome; and it was the observation of him that made his funeral elegy, that the number 9 did four times remarkably happen in his affairs; he was born on the *nine*-teenth day, and died on the same, being aged *twenty-nine*, and died in the year of our Lord, 1579.

POPE SIXTUS.

Wednesday is said to have been fortunate to Pope Sixtus the Fifth; for on that day he was born, on that day made a monk, on the same day of the week created a general of his order, on the same day made

cardinal, on the same day made pope, and on the same day inaugurated.

GONSALVO.

Friday was observed to be very lucky to the great Captain Gonsalvo, who on that day repeatedly conquered the French.

HENRY THE SEVENTH.

In like manner, *Saturday* was peculiarly fortunate to Henry the Seventh.

RAPHAEL.

Raphael de Urbino, who, by the consent of mankind, is acknowledged to be the Prince of modern painters, and often styled the "divine Raphael," as well for the grandeur of his conception as the inimitable graces of his pencil, was born on Good Friday, Anno 1483. As a reward for his consummate merit, he had hopes of receiving a cardinal's cap, but falling ill of a fever, death deprived him of the expected honour, on Good Friday, 1520.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

The 3d of September was a remarkable day in the history of Oliver Cromwell. On that day, 1650, he gave the Scots, whom he hated and despised, a total overthrow at the battle of Dunbar. On that day twelvemonth he defeated Charles the Second at Worcester; and on that day, in the year 1658, he gave up the ghost, in the midst of one of the greatest storms that was ever known in England.

“ THE LIVING ALCHEMIST.

“ It was four miles out of the road ; but I thought a modern alchemist worthy of a visit, particularly as several inhabitants of Luton gravely assured me that he had succeeded in discovering the Philosopher’s Stone, and also the Universal Solvent. The reports about him would have rendered it culpable not to have hazarded anything for a personal interview. I learnt that he had been a man of fashion, and at one time largely concerned in adventures on the turf; but that for many years he had devoted himself to his present pursuits; while, for some time past, he had been inaccessible and invisible to the world—the house being shut and barricadoed, and the walls of his grounds protected by hurdles, with spring-guns so planted as to resist intrusion in every direction. Under these circumstances, I had no encouragement to go to Lilley, but I thought that even the external inspection of such premises would repay me for the trouble. At Lilley, I inquired for his house, of various people, and they looked ominous; some smiled, others shook their heads, and all appeared surprised at the approach of an apparent visitor to Mr. Kellerman.

“ The appearance of the premises did not belie vulgar report. I could not help shuddering at seeing the high walls of respectable premises lined at the top with double tiers of hurdles; and on driving my chaise to the front of the house, I perceived the whole in a state of horrid dilapidation. Contrary,

however, to my expectation, I found a young man, who appeared to belong to the outbuildings, and he took charge of my card for his master, and went to the back part of the house to deliver it. The front windows on the ground-floor and the upper stories were entirely closed by inside shutters; much of the glass was broken, and the premises appeared altogether as if deserted. I was pleased at the words,

My master will be happy to see you;’ and in a minute the front door was opened, and Mr. Kellerman presented himself.—I lament that I have not the pencil of Hogarth, for a more original figure never was seen. He was about six feet high, and of athletic make; on his head was a white night-cap, and his dress consisted of a long great-coat once green, and he had a sort of jockey waistcoat with three tiers of pockets. His manner was extremely polite and graceful, but my attention was chiefly absorbed by his singular physiognomy. His complexion was deeply sallow; and his eyes large, black, and rolling. He conducted me into a very large parlour, with a window looking backward; and having locked the door, and put the key in his pocket, he desired me to be seated in one of two large arm-chairs covered with sheepskins. The room was a realization of the well-known picture of Teniers’ Alchemist. The floor was covered with retorts, crucibles, alembics, jars, bottles in various shapes, intermingled with old books piled upon each other, with a sufficient quantity of dust and cobwebs. Different shelves were filled in the same manner; and on one side stood his bed. In a corner, somewhat shaded from the light, I beheld two heads, white, with dark wigs on them; I entertained no doubt,

therefore, that among other fancies, he was engaged in re-making the brazen speaking head of Roger Bacon and Albertus. Many persons might have felt alarmed at the peculiarity of my situation ; but being accustomed to mingle with eccentric characters, and having no fear from any pretensions of the Black Art, I was infinitely gratified by all I saw.

“ Having stated the reports which I had heard, relative to his wonderful discoveries, I told him frankly that mine was a visit of curiosity ; and stated that if what I had heard was matter of fact, the researches of the ancient chemists had been unjustly derided. He then gave me a history of his studies ; mentioned some men whom I had happened to know in London, who he alleged had assured him that they had made gold. That having in consequence examined the works of the ancient alchemists, and discovered the key which they had studiously concealed from the multitude, he had pursued their system under the influence of new lights ; and after suffering numerous disappointments, owing to the ambiguity with which they described their processes, he at length happily succeeded, and made gold ; and could make as much more as he pleased, even to the extent of paying off the national debt in the coin of the realm.

“ I yielded to the declaration, expressed my satisfaction at so extraordinary a discovery, and asked him to oblige me so far, as to show me some of the precious metal which he had made.

“ ‘ Not so,’ said he ; ‘ I will show it to no one. I made Lord Liverpool the offer, that if he would introduce me to the King, I would show it to His Majesty ; but Lord Liverpool insolently declined,

on the ground that there was no precedent ; and I am therefore determined that the secret shall die with me. It is true that, in order to avenge myself of such contempt, I made a communication to the French ambassador, Prince Polignac, and offered to go to France, and transfer to the French Government the entire advantages of the discovery ; but after deluding me, and shuffling for some time, I found it necessary to treat him with the same contempt as the others.'

" I expressed my convictions in regard to the double dealing of men in office.

" ' O,' said he, ' as to that, every court in Europe well knows that I have made the discovery ; and they are all in confederacy against me, lest, by giving it to any one, I should make that country master of all the rest : the world, Sir,' he exclaimed with great emotion, ' is in my hands and my power.'

" Satisfied with this announcement of the discovery of the philosopher's stone, I now inquired about the sublime alkahest, or universal solvent, and whether he had succeeded in deciphering the enigmatical descriptions of the ancient writers on that most curious topic.

" ' Certainly,' he replied ; ' I succeeded in that several years ago.'

" ' Then,' I proceeded, ' have you effected the other great desideratum—the fixing of mercury.'

" ' Than that process,' said he, ' there is nothing more easy ; at the same time it is proper I should inform you, that there are a class of impostors, who, mistaking the ancient writers, pretend it can be done by heat ; but I can assure you it can only be effected by water.'

“ I then besought him to do me the favour to show me some of his fixed mercury ; having once seen some which had been fixed by cold.

“ This proposition, however, he declined, because, he said, he had refused others. ‘ That you may, however, be satisfied that I have made great discoveries, here is a bottle of oil, which I have purified, and rendered as transparent as spring water. I was offered £10,000 for this discovery ; but I am so neglected, and so conspired against, that I am determined it and all my other discoveries shall die with me.’

“ I now inquired, whether he had been alarmed by the ignorance of the people in the country, so as to shut himself up in so unusual a manner.

“ ‘ No,’ he replied ; ‘ not on their account wholly. They are ignorant and insolent enough ; but it was to protect myself against the Governments of Europe, who are determined to get possession of my secret by force. I have been,’ he exclaimed, ‘ twice fired at in one day through that window, and three times attempted to be poisoned. They believed I had written a book containing my secrets, and to get possession of this book has been their object. To baffle them, I burnt all that I had ever written, and I have so guarded the windows with spring-guns ; and have such a collection of combustibles in the range of bottles which stand at your elbow, that I could destroy a whole regiment of soldiers if sent against me.’ He then related, that as a further protection he lived entirely in that room, and permitted no one to come into the house ; while he had locked up every room except that with patent padlocks, and sealed the key-holes.

“It would be tedious and impossible to follow Mr. Kellerman through a conversation of two or three hours, in which he enlarged upon the merits of the ancient alchemists, and on the blunders and impertinent assumptions of the modern chemists, with whose writings and names it is fair to acknowledge he seemed well acquainted. He quoted the authorities of Roger and Lord Bacon, Paracelsus, Boyle, Boerhaave, Woolfe, and others, to justify his pursuits. As to the term philosopher’s stone, he alleged that it was a mere figure, to deceive the vulgar. He appeared, also, to give full credit to the silly story about Dee’s assistant, Kelly, finding some of the powder of projection in the tomb of Roger Bacon of Glastonbury, by means of which, as was said, Kelly for a length of time supported himself in princely splendour.

“I inquired whether he had discovered the blacker than black of Apollonius Tyraneus; and this, he assured me, he had effected; it was itself the powder of projection for producing gold.

“Amidst all this delusion and illusion on these subjects, Mr. Kellerman behaved in other respects with great propriety and politeness; and having unlocked the door, he took me to the doors of some of the other rooms, to show me how safely they were padlocked; and on taking leave, directed me in my course towards Bedford.

“In a few minutes, I overtook a man; and on inquiring what the people thought of Mr. Kellerman, he told me that he had lived with him for seven years; that he was one of eight assistants whom he kept for the purpose of superintending his crucibles, —two at a time relieving each other every six hours; that he had exposed some preparations to intense

heat for many months at a time, but that all except one crucible had burst, and that he called on him to observe, that it contained the true 'blacker than black.' The man protested, however, that no gold had ever been made, and that no mercury had ever been fixed; for he was quite sure, that if he had made any discovery, he could not have concealed it from the assistants; while, on the contrary, they witnessed his severe disappointment at the termination of his most elaborate experiments.

“On my telling the man that I had been in his room, he seemed much astonished at my boldness; for he assured me that he carried a loaded pistol in every one of his six waistcoat pockets. I learnt also from this man, that he has, or had, considerable property in Jamaica; that he has lived in the premises at Lilley about twenty-three years, and during fourteen of them pursued his alchemical researches with unremitting ardour; but for the last few years shut himself up as a close prisoner, and lived in the manner I have described.”

Raphael.—“I thank our worthy friend and brother in science, for his recital from Sir Richard Phillips's Tour; but must say it was not very gentleman-like, nor very worthy a man of such known integrity as Sir Richard is, to print his account of the interview with Mr. Kellerman in so unphilosophical and ludicrous a style. Even supposing Mr. K. to be led astray by his pursuits, he is certainly a gentleman of great accomplishments, and I have often heard my friend, Mr. V., speak in praise of his attainments. However, I will, with the permission of this Society, present all here assembled with—

Fairy Legends, &c.

TEIGUE OF THE LEE.

A MARVELLOUS NARRATION.

By Crofton Croker, Esq.

“I CAN’T stop in the house—I won’t stop in it, for all the money that is buried in the old castle of Carrigrohan. If ever there was such a thing in the world!—to be abused to my face night and day, and nobody to the fore doing it! and then, if I’m angry, to be laughed at with a great roaring ho, ho, ho! I won’t stay in the house after to-night, if there was not another place in the country to put my head under.” This angry soliloquy was pronounced in the hall of the old manor-house of Carrigrohan, by John Sheehan. John was a new servant; he had been only three days in the house, which had the character of being haunted, and in that short space of time he had been abused and laughed at, by a voice which sounded as if a man spoke with his head in a cask; nor could he discover who was the speaker, or from whence the voice came. “I’ll not stop here,” said John; “and that ends the matter.”

“Ho, ho, ho! be quiet, John Sheehan, or else worse will happen to you.”

John instantly ran to the hall window, as the

words were evidently spoken by a person immediately outside, but no one was visible. He had scarcely placed his face at the pane of glass, when he heard another loud "Ho, ho, ho!" as if behind him in the hall; as quick as lightning he turned his head, but no living thing was to be seen.

"Ho, ho, ho, John!" shouted a voice that appeared to come from the lawn before the house; "do you think you'll see Teigue?—oh, never! as long as you live! so leave alone looking after him, and mind your business; there's plenty of company to dinner from Cork to be here to-day, and 'tis time you had the cloth laid."

"Lord bless us! there's more of it!—I'll never stay another day here," repeated John.

"Hold your tongue, and stay where you are quietly, and play no tricks on Mr. Pratt, as you did on Mr. Jervois about the spoons."

John Sheehan was confounded by this address from his invisible persecutor, but nevertheless he mustered courage enough to say—"Who are you?—come here, and let me see you, if you are a man;" but he received in reply only a laugh of unearthly denision, which was followed by a "Good bye—I'll watch you at dinner, John!"

"Lord between us and harm! this beats all!—I'll watch you at dinner!—may be you will;—'tis the broad day-light, so 'tis no ghost; but this is a terrible place, and this is the last day I'll stay in it. How does he know about the spoons?—if he tells it, I'm a ruined man!—there was no living soul could tell it to him but Tim Barrett, and he's far enough off in the wilds of Botany Bay now, so how could he know it—I can't tell for the world! But

what's that I see there at the corner of the wall?—'tis not a man!—oh, what a fool I am! 'tis only the old stump of a tree!—But this is a shocking place—I'll never stop in it, for I'll leave the house to-morrow; the very look of it is enough to frighten any one."

The mansion had certainly an air of desolation; it was situated in a lawn which had nothing to break its uniform level, save a few tufts of narcissuses, and a couple of old trees coëval with the building. The house stood at a short distance from the road: it was upwards of a century old, and Time was doing his work upon it; its walls were weather-stained in all colours; its roof showed various white patches; it had no look of comfort; all was dim and dingy without, and within there was an air of gloom, of departed and departing greatness, which harmonised well with the exterior. It required all the exuberance of youth and of gaiety to remove the impression, almost amounting to awe, with which you trod the huge square hall, paced along the gallery which surrounded the hall, or explored the long rambling passages below stairs. The ball-room, as the large drawing-room was called, and several other apartments, were in a state of decay; the walls were stained with damp; and I remember well the sensation of awe which I felt creeping over me when, boy as I was, and full of boyish life, and wild and ardent spirits, I descended to the vaults—all without and within me became chilled beneath their dampness and gloom: their extent, too, terrified me; nor could the merriment of my two school-fellows, whose father, a respectable clergyman, rented the dwelling for a time, dispel

the feelings of a romantic imagination, until I once again ascended to the upper regions.

John had pretty well recovered himself as the dinner-hour approached, and several guests arrived. They were all seated at table, and had begun to enjoy the excellent repast, when a voice was heard in the lawn.

"Ho, ho, ho! Mr. Pratt, won't you give poor Teigue some dinner? ho, ho! a fine company you have there, and plenty of every thing that's good; sure you won't forget poor Teigue?"

John dropped the glass he had in his hand.

"Who is that?" said Mr. Pratt's brother, an officer of the artillery.

"That is Teigue," said Mr. Pratt, laughing, "whom you must often have heard me mention."

"And pray, Mr. Pratt," inquired another gentleman, "who is Teigue?"

"That," he replied, is more than I can tell. No one has ever been able to catch even a glimpse of him. I have been on the watch for a whole evening with three of my sons, yet, although his voice sometimes sounded almost in my ear, I could not see him. I fancied, indeed, that I saw a man in a white frieze jacket pass into the door from the garden to the lawn; but it could be only fancy, for I found the door locked, while the fellow, whoever he is, was laughing at our trouble. He visits us occasionally, and sometimes a long interval passes between his visits, as in the present case; it is now nearly two years since we heard that hollow voice outside the window. He has never done any injury that we know of; and once, when he broke a plate, he brought one back exactly like it."

"It is very extraordinary," said several of the company.

"But," remarked a gentleman to young Mr. Pratt, "your father said he broke a plate; how did he get it without your seeing him?"

"When he asks for some dinner, we put it outside the window and go away; whilst we watch he will not take it, but no sooner have we withdrawn than it is gone."

"How does he know that you are watching?"

"That's more than I can tell, but he either knows or suspects. One day my brothers, Robert and James, with myself, were in our back parlour, which has a window into the garden, when he came outside and said, 'Ho, ho, ho! Master James, and Robert, and Henry, give poor Teigue a glass of whiskey.' James went out of the room, filled a glass with whiskey, vinegar, and salt, and brought it to him. 'Here, Teigue,' said he, 'come for it now.' 'Well; put it down, then, on the step outside the window.' This was done, and we stood looking at it. 'There, now, go away,' he shouted. We retired, but still watched it. 'Ho, ho! you are watching Teigue; go out of the room, now, or I won't take it.' We went outside the door and returned; the glass was gone, and a moment after we heard him roaring and cursing frightfully. He took away the glass, but the next day the glass was on the stone step under the window, and there were crumbs of bread in the inside, as if he had put it in his pocket: from that time he was not heard till to-day."

"Oh," said the Colonel, "I'll get a sight of him; you are not used to these things; an old soldier has the best chance; and as I shall finish my dinner

with this wing, I'll be ready for him when he speaks next—Mr. Bell, will you take a glass of wine with me?"

"Ho, ho! Mr. Bell," shouted Teigue. "Ho, ho! Mr. Bell, you were a quaker long ago. Ho, ho! Mr. Bell, you're a pretty boy; a pretty quaker you were; and now you're no quaker, nor any thing else: ho, ho! Mr. Bell. And there's Mr. Parkes; to be sure, Mr. Parkes looks mighty fine to-day, with his powdered head, and his grand silk stockings, and his bran new rakish red waistcoat.—And there's Mr. Cole,—did you ever see such a fellow? a pretty company you've brought together, Mr. Pratt: kiln-dried quakers, butter-buying buckeens from Mallow-lane, and a drinking exciseman from the Coal-quay, to meet the great thundering artillery-general that is come out of the Indies, and is the biggest dust of them all."

"You scoundrel!" exclaimed the Colonel; "I'll make you show yourself;" and snatching up his sword from a corner of the room, he sprang out of the window upon the lawn. In a moment, a shout of laughter, so hollow, so unlike any human sound, made him stop, as well as Mr. Bell, who, with a huge oak stick, was close at the Colonel's heels; others of the party followed on the lawn, and the remainder rose and went to the windows. "Come on, Colonel," said Mr. Bell; "let us catch this impudent rascal."

"Ho, ho! Mr. Bell, here I am—here's Teigue—why don't you catch him?—Ho, ho! Colonel Pratt, what a pretty soldier you are to draw your sword upon poor Teigue, that never did any body harm."

“Let us see your face, you scoundrel,” said the Colonel.

“Ho, ho, ho!—look at me—look at me: do you see the wind, Colonel Pratt?—you’ll see Teigue as soon; so go in and finish your dinner.”

“If you’re upon the earth I’ll find you, you villain!” said the Colonel, whilst the same unearthly shout of derision seemed to come from behind an angle of the building. “He’s round that corner,” said Mr. Bell—“run, run.”

They followed the sound, which was continued at intervals along the garden wall, but could discover no human being; at last both stopped to draw breath, and in an instant, almost at their ears, sounded the shout.

“Ho, ho, ho! Colonel Pratt, do you see Teigue now?—do you hear him?—Ho, ho, ho! you’re a fine Colonel to follow the wind.”

“Not that way, Mr. Bell—not that way; come here,” said the Colonel.

“Ho, ho, ho! what a fool you are! do you think Teigue is going to show himself to you in the field, there? But, Colonel, follow me if you can:—you a soldier!—ho, ho, ho!” The Colonel was enraged—he followed the voice over hedge and ditch, alternately laughed at and taunted by the unseen object of his pursuit—(Mr. Bell, who was heavy, was soon thrown out), until at length, after being led a weary chase, he found himself at the top of the cliff, over that part of the river Lee, which, from its great depth, and the blackness of its water, has received the name of Hell-hole. Here, on the edge of the cliff, stood the Colonel, out of breath, and mopping

his forehead with his handkerchief, while the voice, which seemed close at his feet, exclaimed—"Now, Colonel Pratt—now, if you're a soldier, here's a leap for you ;—now look at Teigue—why don't you look at him ?—Ho, ho, ho ! Come along ; you're warm, I'm sure, Colonel Pratt, so come in and cool yourself ; Teigue is going to have a swim !" The voice seemed as descending amongst the trailing ivy and brushwood which clothes this picturesque cliff nearly from top to bottom, yet it was impossible that any human being could have found footing. "Now, Colonel, have you courage to take the leap ?—Ho, ho, ho ! what a pretty soldier you are. Good bye—I'll see you again in ten minutes above, at the house—look at your watch, Colonel : there's a dive for you ;" and a heavy plunge into the water was heard. The Colonel stood still, but no sound followed, and he walked slowly back to the house, not quite half a mile from the Crag."

"Well, did you see Teigue?" said his brother, whilst his nephews, scarcely able to smother their laughter, stood by.—"Give me some wine," said the Colonel. "I never was led such a dance in my life: the fellow carried me all round and round, till he brought me to the edge of the cliff, and then down he went into Hell-hole, telling me he'd be here in ten minutes: 'tis more than that now, but he's not come."

"Ho, ho, ho ! Colonel, isn't he here?—Teigue never told a lie in his life : but, Mr. Pratt, give me a drink and my dinner, and then good night to you all, for I'm tired ; and that's the Colonel's doing." A plate of food was ordered ; it was placed by John,

with fear and trembling, on the lawn under the window. Every one kept on the watch, and the plate remained undisturbed for some time.

“Ah! Mr. Pratt, will you starve poor Teigue? Make every one go away from the windows, and master Henry out of the tree, and master Richard off the garden wall.”

The eyes of the company were turned to the tree and the garden wall; the two boys' attention was occupied in getting down; the visitors were looking at them; and “Ho, ho, ho!—good luck to you, Mr. Pratt! 'tis a good dinner, and there's the plate, ladies and gentlemen—good-bye to you, Colonel!—good-bye, Mr. Bell!—good-bye to you all”—brought the attention back, when they saw the empty plate lying on the grass; and Teigue's voice was heard no more for that evening. Many visits were afterwards paid by Teigue; but never was he seen, nor was any discovery ever made of his person or character.

The pranks of Teigue resemble those related by Gervase of Tilbury of the spirit called Follet, which he describes as inhabiting the houses of ignorant rustics, and whose exorcisms fail in banishing him. He says of the Folletos:

“Verba utique humano more audiuntur et effigies non comparent. De istis pleraque miracula meminime *in vita abbreviata et miraculis beatissimi Antonii reperisse.*”—Otia Imperialia, p. 897.

Their voices may be heard in human fashion, but their form is not visible. I remember to have read

a great many marvels about them in the short life and miracles of the blessed Anthony.

The evening previous to sending this note to press, it was the writer's good fortune to meet Major Percy Pratt, son of the Colonel (afterwards General) Pratt mentioned in the tale, who related to Sir William Beetham, and repeated to him, all the particulars of this strange story. Several respectable persons in the south of Ireland have favoured him with accounts of Teigue, but they are so nearly similar that it becomes unnecessary to give them. One of these accounts, however, received from Mr. Newenham de la Cour, contains some few circumstances which have been omitted in the foregoing relation :—

“I never heard,” writes Mr. de la Cour, “of a more familiar goblin than Teigue. His visit generally commenced with a civil salutation to the master of the house, which was quickly followed by an application for a glass of whiskey; but no human creature could be seen or found in the quarter from whence the voice proceeded. These visits were usually repeated once a week; sometimes, however, a month or more elapsed between them. If any friend came to dine or to stay at the house for a few days, Teigue was sure to be heard in the evening accosting them in a very courteous manner, inquiring after the different members of their family, and often mentioning domestic occurrences with a surprising intimacy. If a stranger happened to excel in music, this could not escape the penetration of Teigue, who seemed to be familiar with every person's acquirements and habits; and he invariably requested the musician to play or sing. A young lady from Youghall was once called upon

by Teigue to favour him with a tune : she sat down to the pianoforte all fear and trembling. When she had concluded, Teigue applauded her performance, and said, in return, he would treat her to a song to the best of his ability. He accordingly sung, with a most tremendous voice, ‘My name is Teigue, and I lives in state;’ a composition well known in the south of Ireland.

“Several cleverly concerted plans have been formed for the discovery of this strange being, yet they all failed of their object. Two different and contradictory opinions prevail respecting Teigue : some people report him to be a giant, others a dwarf ; the former opinion is founded on the following circumstance :—Amongst the ingenious methods devised for deciding whether the voice might be that of a mortal man or a goblin, was the plan of strewing carefully some fine ashes at twilight before the windows. That night Teigue was unusually noisy without ; and the next morning early, when the place was inspected, the print of one foot only, of superhuman dimensions, was found. The notion of his being a dwarf rests on no less an authority than Teigue himself. He frequently styled himself Teigueen, or little Teigue ; yet this diminutive may be nothing more than a pet name. But on one occasion, when some guests expressed their surprise that master Teigue had never been caught, this curious being replied, ‘ ’Tis to no use at all, gentlemen, you’re thinking of catching poor Teigueen, for he is no bigger than your thumb!’ All those who have heard him speak agree in this, that the sound of his voice was not in the least like that of ordinary mortals ; it resembled, they said, that

hollow hoarse kind of voice emitted by a man speaking with his head (as a gallant English officer has described it) inclosed in an *empty* cask."

Connected with the belief of supernatural voices, a common superstitious notion may be worth mentioning here.—It is popularly believed in Ireland, and possibly in other countries, that when a friend or relative dies, a warning voice is heard, and the greater the space between the parties the more certain the sound. The following is an attempt at translating an Irish song founded on this idea, which is sung to a singularly wild and melancholy air:—

A low sound of song from the distance I hear,
 In the silence of night, breathing sad on my ear!
 Whence comes it? I know not—unearthly the note,
 And unearthly the tones through the air as they float;
 Yet it sounds like the lay that my mother once sung,
 As o'er her first-born in his cradle she hung.

Long parted from her, far away from her home,
 'Mong people that speak not her language I roam:
 Is it she that sends over the billowy sea
 This low-breathing murmur of sadness to me?
 What gives it the power thus to shake me with dread?
 Does it say, that sad voice, that my mother is dead?

THE ASTROLOGER

AT THE

COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.

It was on the 19th day of February, 1829, that the Astrologer was subpœnaed to attend as a witness in the Court held at Westminster Hall, in order to avouch for the truth of a consultation, wherein his advice had been given, and which related to an act of bankruptcy.

The morning was beautiful; the mildness of the weather, so unusual in the month of February seemed to announce the cheering presence of the vernal equinox, rather than the conclusion of the wintry solstice. The sun arose that morning with resplendent beams, cheering the inhabitants of the vast and crowded metropolis with his gladdening presence; and as the Astrologer bent his path through the royal parks, in his road to Westminster, he found those numerous walks, which, only a few weeks before, in consequence of the bleakness of the atmosphere, were deserted by all but the sad subjects of poverty; were now thronged with groups of smiling pedestrians, each apparently eager to inhale the refreshing breezes that filled the air, and gave promise of health and hilarity. The lofty trees in St. James's Park were also tenanted by many feathered inhabitants of the aerial regions; and as these little songsters hopped blithesome from branch to branch, and from tree to tree, their

innocent and joyful twittering gave an air of rurality to the scene, which for a moment seemed to shut out the sense of proximity to the stormy bustle and din of that noisy circle within whose limits lay the Astrologer's sojourning.

The "Court of Common Pleas" is held in the precincts of, and opens into, Westminster Hall; a place renowned in English history for historical recollections, some of which were of a sorrowful nature, others more bright, joyous, gorgeous, and remarkable. This ancient structure is believed to have been erected in the eleventh century, by the renowned *William Rufus*; who, during his absence in Normandy, gave orders for its erection; and, upon his return, tradition relates, that notwithstanding its vast area (which is stated to be four-tenths of an acre in admeasurement), he affected disappointment at the smallness of its dimensions, as being not half big enough, and fitter for his bed-chamber than the public hall of his palace, with which it was connected?

In this hall were held the rude and boisterous, the barbarously splendid banquets, the "Royal Feastings" of ancient monarchs. Here were held the national councils, and the courts of justice; and here were probably passed many of those laws of which the British nation are so proud; and latterly, here too was held the magnificent, the gorgeous coronation festival of our beloved monarch, George the Fourth. And as the eye wandered around the vast edifice, and caught the features of its noble architecture, imagination would recal the unrivalled splendours of the royal banquet; whereat a King presided, the most potent in modern, if not in ancient

history; at whose inauguration all the fairy illusions of pearls and diamonds, gold and gems, and the riches of the universe, the noble chivalry of the armed combat, and the homage of thousands, were *realised* to the view with all the quickness and passing pomp of an Eastern enchantment. In addition to which, the knowledge that a Parliament was then daily sitting in the adjoining walls, revolving upon the question of Catholic Ascendancy, which involved the probable destiny of thousands,—this, also, contributed to give the *intensest* interest to the spot where the Astrologer was summoned.

Groups of both sexes, of all ages, and of almost every condition in life, were, previous to the opening of the various Courts, parading the vast space of Westminster Hall; in whose anxious countenances might be viewed the intense feelings, and sad forebodings, which filled their breasts, as each revolved upon the probable fate of their law trials; forming a strange contrast to the wonted loneliness of the ancient edifice, whose vast area, with its noble roof decorated with the rich massive ornaments of Gothic grandeur, seemed to the mind's eye frowning in mockery at the petty and trifling toils of man's mortal existence. And as the Astrologer gazed upon the noble pile before him, which for ages had stood uninjured by time, and seemed built to endure for centuries yet to come, he could not help contrasting therewith the shortness of human life, and moralizing upon its brevity, its troubles, and its misfortunes.

The trial commenced at 10 h. 40 m. A.M.; at which time my astrological readers, by referring to

the horoscope of that hour and minute, will perceive that the thirteenth degree of Gemini *arose* in the angle of the East. The scheme of heaven at that time is in many respects worthy the student's attention. As the plaintiff's suit was first named, the planet Jupiter was exactly *setting* on the cusp of the western angle of the celestial hemisphere,—strong, potent, and powerful, in house and sign; but as this planet represented the house of legal opposition, *and the strength of the law*, it was, consequently, inimical to the defendant's cause in a peculiar degree. Mercury, the lord of the first house, was also afflicted in Pisces; his *fall*, and the moon in opposition to him from Virgo—sad and *true* presages of the issue which followed.

The trial proceeded—the Judge occupied the Bench—the jury were sworn—and the nature of the cause proclaimed. At this time the Court presented a peculiar aspect of awe and solemnity. And as the Astrologer gazed around upon the assuming gravity of the barristers, “enrobed with wig and gown,” with the cool but venerable countenance of the Chief Justice, and compared therewith the *anxious* faces of the parties at issue; he was no longer at a loss to discover *why* so many hearts are found to quail and quiver when called before the stern imposing appearance, the dignified spectacle, of an English court of judicature; especially when their personal feelings are doomed to be tried by such a severe test, as the ordeal of the law imposes.

Mercury, the lord of the ascendant, had now attained the cusp of the eleventh house, while the nineteenth degree of Gemini arose as the Counsel

began to plead for the plaintiff. Upon his announcing to the assembly, that a witness of so extraordinary a character as an *Astrologer* would be called forth that day, the curiosity of the Court became excited to an unusual degree; and the galleries being crowded with females of elegance, rank, and fashion, gave evidence of the singular interest taken in the *Astrologer's* writings, even by the usually gay and thoughtless votaries of the *haut ton*; since only a few private whispers, the day previous to the trial, had given rise to such an unusual assemblage of fashionable visitants (who, perhaps, on no *other* occasion would have been seen near the precincts of the Hall), solely to witness the expected appearance of "*Raphael*" in public.

These curious visitants were, however, doomed to disappointment; for although the Counsel for the plaintiff had declared his intention to call forth the *Astrologer*, he contented himself by reading extracts from the horoscope of the defendant's fate, which *Raphael* had cast; and, however strange it may appear to those who affect to deny the sublime science of the stars, it is an incontrovertible fact, that the Counsellor repeatedly complimented the *Astrologer* upon "the sound judgment and erudition displayed in the calculation," which, he declared, contained "*advice worthy of the most profound attention*," although he denied the premises on which it was founded.* A proof how much the

* For proof of this, see the evening journals of Feb. 19th, especially the "*Globe and Traveller*;" as also the morning journals of the 20th, of which the "*Morning Advertiser*" contains the best report.—The latter remarks—"He (the *Astrologer*) found the

belief in celestial influences is advanced by investigation, even of the most rigid kind. For it must be remembered, the Astrologer was here an *unwilling* witness; and as such, being forced to attend the Court, could hardly have expected this lenient view of his favourite science, which many too hastily condemn; but (as these proceedings prove it to be) without argument or reason, or even allowing it a fair chance of defence.

A desultory conversation, amongst the judge, lawyers, and advocates, mixed with discussions of some points of law, succeeded to the astrological intelligence; and precisely as Saturn, the gloomy forerunner of mortal woe, the most unfortunate of the whole planetary host, touched the cusp of the second celestial house, the plaintiff obtained a verdict for the debt and costs!

The defendant, who *lost* the action, was, it appears, a free and too confiding man; one who, there is every reason to believe, was, in a measure, the victim of treacherous schemes amongst his dependents; since it was proved in Court that his own servant had openly defrauded him. The law, however, was too explicit upon the point that involved his wishes, to allow of a verdict in *his*

planets in conjunction, therefore he advised the bankrupt *not to go to law*; he advised him to threaten Chancery, but by all means to avoid that 'gulph of vexation, ruin, and delay.'" The "*Globe*" states,—“He, the learned Counsel, held in his hand the horoscope, *with all the bankrupt's misfortunes clearly foreshown;*” and adds, “The persons in Court appeared *very much disappointed that the Astrologer had not been called*, the cause having gone off on a point prior to that which he was to prove coming on.”

favour; and he retired from Court accompanied by the undisguised emotions of numerous friends, amongst whom, **although incognito**, and free from the idle gaze of curiosity, none more *truly* sympathized in his misfortunes, than

RAPHAEL.

“The Astrologer of the Nineteenth Century.”

The Witch of Eye.

A LADY has sent the Editor an account of the dungeon in which the Duchess of Gloucester was confined, for conspiring to take the life of King Henry by witchcraft (*vide the historical tale, page 156*). Our fair correspondent writes,—

“I have retraced every step of the miserable dungeon in Peel Castle, Isle of Man, occupied by the Duchess of Gloucester; she might with truth say—‘It suits the gloomy temper of my soul!’ She must have had an admirable constitution to have lingered there sixteen years! I caught a violent cold from remaining in it only twenty minutes. There is a strong spring of water in it; and the temperature strikes you like an ice-house when you enter it. I wore out a new pair of gloves with the ruggedness of the walls. Wicked as she was, it was almost too bad a place for a human being to be immured in such an horrid abyss.”

Biography

OF

FAMOUS ASTROLOGERS.

LIFE OF HENRY CORNELIUS AGRIPPA.

HENRY CORNELIUS AGRIPPA, a learned philosopher and astrologer, was born at Cologne, on the 14th of September, 1486, and descended from a noble and ancient family of Nelteshelm, in Belgium; desiring to walk in the steps of his ancestors, who for many generations had been employed by the princes of the house of Austria, he entered early in the service of the Emperor Maximilian. He had at first the employ of secretary; but as he was equally qualified for the sword and the pen, he afterwards turned soldier, and served the Emperor seven years in his Italian army. He signalized himself on several occasions, and as a reward of his brave actions, he was created knight in the field. He wished to add the academical honours to the military; he therefore commenced the study of law and physic.

He was a man possessed of a very wonderful genius, and from his youth applied himself to learning; and by his great natural talents, he obtained an extensive knowledge of almost all arts and sciences, and was early engaged in the search

of the mysteries of nature. The prodigious compass of his knowledge astonished every one who conversed with him. He carefully informed himself of every science, and of course was profound in the Rosycrusian and Alchemical arcanas. He was celebrated throughout Europe, most of the Courts of which he visited. The history of his life, as recorded by Bayle, is curious and interesting:—sometimes, in all the pride of literature, he was disputing in schools and universities; and other times, in courts and camps; then, in the shops of projecting mechanics, and in the laboratory of hermetic philosophers.

The prejudices of the times in which he lived often brought him into trouble; and he was sometimes cited before the civil tribunal for a sorcerer, and his poor dog was even dreaded as an evil demon. At other times, it is recorded, that he practised “Magic, Necromancy, and similar arts.”—Although it was, probably, his surprising skill in Judicial Astrology, that caused these absurd rumours, since we find he was daily consulted by, and cast the horoscopes of, kings, princes, and warriors. He was here in England in 1510, and did wonders in the astrological art; and in 1529, so great was his reputation as a prophet, that having cast the nativity of Henry VIII., and predicted many surprising things (all of which came to pass) to the knights and retinue of the Court, the King of England gave him an invitation to settle here, and offered him a magnificent pension, to become the “Astrologer Royal.” Which invitation, however, he thought proper to decline; most likely, on account of his knowledge, by means of his scientific skill, of Henry’s real character.

He practised astrology at most of the Courts of

Europe; and many marvellous legends are on record of his profound knowledge of the stars. He is even said to have predicted the very day and hour of the death of a highly celebrated hero of those times. However, be it as it will, he was the first mathematician of the age. He died in 1535. Some of his works evince admirable skill, and are filled with proofs of his extraordinary genius. The most celebrated of these, in Latin, is his treatise of "Occult Philosophy;" *a rare work*, and calculated to hand this author's name down to the latest posterity.

A FAMOUS FRENCH ASTROLOGER.

JOHN BAPTIST MORINUS, a celebrated French astrologer, often mentioned by English writers, was a native of Villa Franca, and received his diploma for the practice of physic, at Avignon, in the Pope's territories, in 1614. His ardent desire to understand the progress and secret laws of nature, led him into many dangers, many of which had nearly proved fatal.

While he was in Hungary, he met with a peasant, who, like our countryman, Jedediah Buxton, had made great progress in numerical calculations, without knowing how to make a figure; and applying these calculations to the revolutions of the planets and signs, inspired Morinus with such a taste for astrological calculations, that upon his return to Paris, he gave himself entirely up to the sidereal art. Accordingly, in 1617, finding by his calculations, that his friend and neighbour the Bishop of Boulogne, would soon be imprisoned, he went and

informed him ; but that prelate, though an artist also, laughed at his prediction ; *the event, however, proved* the truth of Morinus' art in a short time. The Duke of Luxemburgh, brother to the Constable de Luines, took him under his protection, where he remained for nearly nine years : but foretelling to that nobleman a fever, which threatened him within two years' time, he was discarded, and the Duke died *within the time predicted*.

As a lasting proof how highly his astrological abilities were accounted in those times, it may be stated, that Cardinal Mazarine consulted him, and Cardinal Richlieu granted him a pension of two thousand livres, and procured him the mathematical chair in the Royal College. The Count de Chavigny, Secretary of State, regulated all his motions by Morinus' advice ; who, at that time, gained great credit by foretelling the death of the great Gustavus Adolphus ; and whose daughter, the famous Christina, was a great admirer and benefactress of his.

Among other authenticated statements of his wonderful skill in physiognomy and genethliacal astrology, it is upon record, that he foresaw almost every state occurrence of importance that afterwards befel the nation. Upon sight of a portrait of the famous Cinq Mars (who was beheaded for treason) before he knew who he was, he declared he would lose his head. Within sixteen days' time, he hit the event of the Constable Lesdiguin's death ; and in six, that of Lewis XIII., by inspection of their nativities. He was the most considerable writer upon mathematical subjects in his time, as his disputes with the celebrated Gassen-

dus, upon the subject of the Copernican System, testify. Cardinal Richlieu was his friend to his death, which happened in 1656, aged 73 years. All his works, which mostly consist of small, curious tracts, are extremely rare, and indeed, now difficult to be procured at any price. His principal piece is his "Astrologica Gallica," in Latin, 4to., Paris, 1657, which is a most learned work, but little known, it is true, in England, yet well worthy the astrological student's attention. However, Lilly, Gadbury, and their numerous followers, have very much availed themselves of his siderial labours.

A NEAPOLITAN ASTROLOGER.

THOMAS CAMPANELLA was a native of Stilo, in Calabria, and at a very early age became a Dominican. His taste for singularity, induced him to oppose in a public dispute, a mataphysical syllogist; who, out of envy upon being overcome by a youth, insidiously accused him, to the state, of conspiring against the kingdom of Naples. This affair became serious; and he in consequence bore twenty-seven years' imprisonment; during which, he suffered the torture called the *question*, ordinary and extraordinary, seven times, and did not obtain his liberty, but at the intercession of Pope Urban VIII.; after which he came to Paris, where he was protected by Cardinal Richlieu and Lewis XIII., and died there in 1639, aged 71 years.

During the time of his imprisonment, he translated Ptolemy's Mathematics, from the Greek, and composed his Astrological Predictions and Judg-

ment on Nativities, agreeably to the doctrine of Ptolemy, in Latin. This work, which is not known in English, is much celebrated in France; and has been translated into French by the Abbé Deschamps, in 3 vols. 8vo. His other works are merely polemical; and entirely in the disputative style of the age he lived in. His "Atheism Triumphatus" gained him most notice; and such was his astrological skill, that the ministers of state constantly consulted him upon the affairs of Italy.

A FRENCH MATHEMATICIAN AND ASTROLOGER.

JAMES OZANAM, an eminent mathematician, was born in 1640. He was the youngest son of a very opulent family, and designed for the church by his father, who had given him an excellent education. He studied divinity four years, rather out of obedience than inclination; but upon his father's death, he quitted that study, and applied himself wholly to the mathematics, for which he had a singular genius. He afterwards taught that science at Lyons, and was, for his generosity to two foreigners, his scholars, by them recommended to Mr. Dageuesseau (father of the Chancellor) who sent for him to Paris, with a promise to assist him to the utmost of his power. Our author, therefore, came and settled at Paris, where he abandoned his inclination to gaming, to which he had been very much addicted, and devoted himself himself entirely to the mathematics. He met with pretty good encouragement at Paris, till the war (which was occasioned soon after the year 1701,

by the Spanish succession) deprived him of all his scholars, and reduced him to a very melancholy state. It was at that time, he was admitted in the Royal Academy of Sciences, in quality of an Eleve. The singular knowledge he obtained in the doctrine of nativities, may be gathered from the fact, that having cast his horoscope and brought up the anaretical direction, he was so firmly persuaded of his death, (as seen therein,) that although he was without any sickness either of body or mind, he refused to accept of some foreign noblemen for scholars, alleging that *he should soon die, as his nativity foretold*; which he actually did, April 3, 1717, of an apoplexy, in less than two hours, being then 77 years old.

It is not without reason, that his contemporaries have ascribed to him considerable knowledge in the starry science, seeing the foreknowledge of his own death is a confirmation thereof; although, like Dryden, the poet, he chose not to affect any scientific display. His name, as a mathematician, was equally as famous as for his other pursuits; his works, which are very numerous, have met with the approbation of the learned of all countries, particularly his "*Mathematical Recreations*," which remain an incontrovertible proof of his great ingenuity. Mons. Gurpt has made much use of this work, though neither him, nor Dr. Hooper, his translator, have had the candour to acknowledge it.

A FAMOUS ENGLISH POLITICAL ASTROLOGER.

WILLIAM LILLY, an eminent English astrologer, in the seventeenth century, carried the art of the siderial influx to such a height, and the temper of the times favouring the celestial science, that no material step was taken by the court, without first consulting Mr. Wm. Lilly. His "*Merlinus Angliciis Junior*," the "*Supernatural Sight*," and "*The White King's Prophecy*," contributed much to his fame, in the distracted time of Charles I. While that king was at Hampton Court, about July or August, 1647, he was consulted whither his Majesty might retire for safety; and, in 1648, he was consulted for the same purpose, while the king was at Carisbrook Castle, in the Isle of Wight.

The same year, he published his "*Treatise of the Three Suns*," seen the preceding winter, as also an astrological judgment upon a conjunction of Saturn and Mars. This year the Council of State gave him in money, fifty pounds, and a pension of an hundred pounds per annum. In 1648 and 1649, he publicly read and explained the first part of his *Christian Astrology*, for the improvement of young students in that science. In 1651, he published his "*Monarchy, or No Monarchy*." During the siege of Colchester, he and John Booker were sent for to encourage the soldiers, assuring them that the town would soon be taken, as indeed it was. In 1652, he published his "*Annus Tenebrosus*." In his almanack for the next year, he asserted that the Parliament stood upon a tottering foundation; upon which, he was confined for thirteen days. In

1654, he had a dispute with the learned Mr. Gataker, who, in his annotations on Jeremiah^x. 2, had reflected on Mr. Lilly. In 1655, he was indicted at Hicks's Hall for giving judgment upon stolen goods, but was acquitted.

In 1659, Captain Cox brought him, from the King of Sweden, a gold chain and a medal, worth about fifty pounds, on account of Mr. Lilly's having mentioned that king with respect, in his almanack of 1657. In June, 1660, he was taken into custody by order of the Parliament; by whom he was examined concerning the person who cut off the head of King Charles I. The same year, he sued out his pardon under the Great Seal of England.

The plague raging in London, he removed with his family to his estate at Hersham; and in October, 1666, was examined before a Committee of the House of Commons, concerning the fire of London, which happened in September that year.

His last publication was his "Guide for Astrologers," translated from the Latin of Guido Bonatus; a good piece: but his principal work is the 'Christian Astrology,' a book, than which, there is not a better extant, upon the subject of horary astrology, in the English language.

After his retirement to Hersham, he applied himself to the study of physic, and by means of his friend, Mr. Ashmole, obtained from Archbishop Sheldon a license for the practice of it. A little before his death, he adopted for his son, by the name of Merlin Junior, one Henry Coley; and at the same time gave him the impression of his almanack, after it had been printed for thirty-six

years. He died in 1681, of a dead palsy. Mr. Ashmole set a monument over his grave, in the church of Walton upon Thames. Mr. George Smalridge, then a scholar at Westminster School, afterwards Bishop of Bristol, wrote two Elegies, one in Latin, the other in English, upon his death.

A SOLDIER AND ASTRÖLOGER.

SIR GEORGE WHARTON, a soldier and a poet, famous for his loyalty to Charles I., in whose cause he suffered much, and was long imprisoned, was born in Westmoreland. He spent the greatest part of his patrimony in the service of Charles I., for whom he raised a fine troop of horse, which he commanded in person. When he could no longer keep the field, he retired to his studies, which he pursued with uncommon application, particularly that of *astrology*: his progress in this art was suitable to his passion for it. He was the author of almanacks, mercuries, and several astrological pieces: we are indebted to him for a chronological account of all the remarkable occurrences in the civil war, since printed under the title of the *Historian's Guide*, and much improved afterwards by Mr. Salmon, in the *Chronological Historian*. He had a knack of versifying, which he used much in his astrological works: those were well suited to the enthusiasm of the times.

Upon the Restoration, he was appointed paymaster of the Ordnance, and created a baronet, which set him above the profession of an author. He died August, 1681. His works were published by Gadbury, 8vo. 1683.

A BOHEMIAN ASTROLOGER.

CIPRIAN LEOVITIRES, was a celebrated Bohemian astrologer, and the most skilful astrologer of that country. He was born in 1540, and owed all his knowledge entirely to his own industry; for he was not so much as taught to read, and could name and place upwards of 1000 stars *before he could write*. In 1565, he foretold that the Sultan Soliman the Second, should take Sigatha, the strongest place in Hungary, in the very face of the Emperor and his army, notwithstanding what they could do; which happened accordingly. In 1569, he had a conference with Tycho Brahe, who visited him on purpose. He died young, in 1574. We have of his, in print, in Latin, a description and history of Eclipses, in folio; Ephemerides, from 1564 to 1574, and afterwards continued by other hands to 1607, in 8vo; these are very scarce: a curious work entitled "*De Judiceis Nativitatum*," 4to. 1570. And there has since been published a translation from some part of his works, and called in English "An Astrological Catechism;" but, as it does him and the translator no credit, we shall pass it over.

A SCOTTISH ASTROLOGER.

IN the latter part of the 13th century, there lived in Scotland a man named THOMAS LERMOUTH, who was considered as a prodigy, from his skill in horoscopes, and foretelling future events. He had foretold, many ages before it happened, the union of England and Scotland, in the ninth degree of Bruce's blood, with the succession of Bruce him-

self to the Crown, being yet a child. The day before the death of King Alexander, he told the Earl of March, that before the next day at noon, such a tempest should blow, as Scotland had not felt many years before. The next morning proving clear and serene, the Earl rallied Thomas with the fallacy of his prediction. "*Noon is not yet past,*" replied Lermouth; and soon after, arrived a messenger with news of the King's sudden death. "This," cried the seer, "is the tempest I foresaw;" and such indeed, it eventually proved.

A ROMAN ASTROLOGER.

THRASYLLUS, a famous mathematician and astrologer, was in the retinue of Tiberius, when the latter lived *in exile* at Rhodes; and, notwithstanding the very unpromising aspect of his affairs, Caius and Lucius, who stood in his way to the throne, being still alive; yet would the astrologer be continually flattering him with hopes of succeeding to the Empire. Tiberius putting no faith in the prediction, which he suspected to be a contrivance of his enemies, to betray him into some treasonable measures, that might affect his life, determined to make away with him privily. The house he lived in was washed by the sea, over which projected a tower, whence he resolved to cast him headlong, with the assistance of a trusty and vigorous servant, whom he had made privy to his designs.

On the day appointed for the execution of his purpose, having summoned Thrasyllus to attend him in the tower, "I charge you," said Tiberius,

“by all that you hold dear, say whether that be true, which you have so confidently affirmed to me concerning the Empire!”—“What I have affirmed,” replied Thrasyllus, is by the stars ordained to happen, and my prediction will soon be accomplished.” “If,” said Tiberius, “the stars reveal my destiny, what may be their pleasure concerning yours?” upon which, the astrologer presently erected a scheme, and having considered the situation of the stars, changed countenance, and with unaffected perturbation exclaimed, “My situation is hazardous, and my end not far distant.” Whereupon Tiberius, embracing him, said, “Till now, Thrasyllus, I had regarded your predictions as an imposition, and had intended your death as a punishment for your deception.”—Not long afterwards, the same Thrasyllus, walking with Tiberius on the beach, discovered a ship under sail, at a considerable distance. “That vessel,” said the astrologer, “has sailed from Rome, with messengers from Augustus, and letters permitting your return;” which the event verified; and not long after, Tiberius became Emperor of Rome, as the astrologer foretold.

The World of Spirits.

ANCIENT ENCHANTMENT.

"A moment then, the volume spread,
 And one short spell, therein he read,
 It had much of magic might;
 Could make a Lady seem a Knight:
 The cobwebs on a dungeon wall
 Seem tapestry in lordly hall;
 A nut shell seem a gilded barge,
 A sheeling seem a palace large,
 And youth seem age, and age seem youth—
 All was delusion, nought was truth.
 He had not read another spell
 When on his cheek a buffet fell,
 So fierce, it stretch'd him on the plain,
 Beside the wounded Deloraine."

Lay of the Last Minstrel.

According to Froissart, enchantments were formerly used even in war. In 1381, when the Duke of Anjou lay before a strong castle, upon the coast of Naples, a NECROMANCER offered to "*make the ayre so thicke, that they within shal thynke that there is a great bridge on the see, (by which the castle was surrounded,) for ten men to go a front; and when they within the castle, se this bridge, they will be so afrayde, that they shal yelde them to your mercy.*" The Duke demanded—Fayre master, on this bridge that ye spake of, may our people go thereon assuredly to the castell, to assaile it? Syr, quod the enchantour, I dare not assure you that; for if any that passeth on the bridge make the sign of the crosse on him, all shall go to noughte, and they that be on the bridge shall fall into the see. Then the Duke began to laugh; and a certain of young knightes, that were there present, said, "Syr, for God-sake, let the mayster essay his cunning:"

we shall leve making of any signe of the crosse on us, for that tyme." The Earl of Savoy, shortly after, entered the tent, and recognised in the enchanter the same person who had put the castle into the power of Sir Charles de la Payx, who then held it, by persuading the garrison of the Queen of Naples, through magical deception, *that the sea was coming over the walls*. The Sage, avowed the feat, and added, that he was the man in the world most dreaded by Sir Charles. "By my fayth, quod the Erl of Savoy, ye say well; and I will, that Syr Charles de la Payx shall know that he hath gret wronge to fear you. But I shall assure him of you; for ye shall never do enchant ent, to deceyve him, nor yet none other. I would not that in tyme to come, we shuld be reproached, that in so high an enterprise as we be in, wherein there be so many noble knyghtes and sqyres assembled, that we shulde do any thyng by enchantment, nor that we shulde wyn our enemys by such crafte. Then he called to him a servant, and sayd, go and get a hangman, and let him stryke off this mayster's head, without delay: and as soone as the Erle had commanded it, incontynent it was done, for his head was stryken off, before the Erle's tent."

FROISSART, VOL. I. 391, 392.

"Where is the Necromancer? let him bring
 His treasury of charms, rich syrups, herbs
 Gathered in *eclipse*; or when shooting stars
 Sow Earth with pearl; or let him call his sprites,
 Till the air thickens, and the golden noon
 Smote by his wings, is turned to sudden midnight!"

CHOLY.

A MARVELLOUS TALE OF ENCHANTMENT.

IN a very rare old book, which "treateth of the lyfe of Virgilius, and of his death, and many marvailles that he dyd in his lyfe-time, by wyche-crafte and nygramancye, throughe the helpe of the devylles of hell," mention is made of a very extraordinary process, in which "renovation of life," was attempted. It seems that Virgil, as he advanced in years, became desirous of renovating his youth, by his magical art. For this purpose, he constructed a solitary tower, having only one narrow portal, in which he placed twenty-four copper figures, armed with iron flails, twelve on each side of the porch. These enchanted statues, struck with their flails incessantly, and rendered all entrance impossible, unless when Virgil touched the spring, which stopped their motion. To this tower, he repaired privately, attended by one trusty servant, to whom he communicated the secret of the entrance, and hither they conveyed all the magician's treasure. "Then sayde Virgilius, my dere beloved friende, and he that I above alle men truste, and knowe mooste of my secrete." And then he led the man into a cellar, where he made a fayer lampe, at all seasones burnynge. And then sayd Virgilius to the man, "See you the barrell that standeth here?" And he sayd, Yea: "Therein must you pat me; fyrste ye must slee me, and hewe me smalle to pieces, and cut my hed in iiii pieces, and salte the hed under in the bottom, and then the pieces thereafter, and my herte in the

myddel, and then set the barrel under the lampe, that nyghte and day, the fat therein may droppe and leak; and ye shall ix days long, ones in the day, fyll the lampe, and fayle not. And when this is all done, then shall I be renewd, and made younge agen." At this extraordinary proposal, the confidant was sore abashed, and made some scruple of obeying his master's commands. At length, however, he complied, and Virgil was slain, pickled, and barrelled up, in all respects according to his own direction. The servant then left the tower, taking care to put the copper thrashers in motion at his departure. He continued daily to visit the tower, with the same precaution. Meanwhile, the Emperor, with whom Virgil was a great favourite, missed him from the Court, and demanded of his servant where he was. The domestic pretended ignorance, till the Emperor threatened him with death, when at length, he conveyed him to the enchanted tower. The same threat, extorted a discovery of the mode of stopping the statues from wielding their flails. "And then the Emperour entered into the castle, with all his folke, and soughte all aboute, in every corner, after Virgilius; and at the last, they soughte so long, that they came into the seller, where they sawe the lampe hang over the barrell, where Virgilius lay dead. Then asked the Emperour, the man, who had made hym so herdy, to put his mayster Virgilius so to dethe: and the man answered no word to the Emperour. And then the Emperour, with great anger, drewe out his sworde, and slewe he there Virgilius's man. And when all this was done, then sawe the Emperour, and all his folke, a naked

childe, iii tymes runnyng about the barrell; say-
 inge these wordes, ‘Cursed be the tyme that ye
 ever came here!’ And with those wordes, vanysht
 the chylde awaye, and was never sene agene: and
 thus abyd Virgilius in the barrell dead.”

Virgilius, bl. let., printed at Antwerpe.

MICHAEL SCOTT, THE NECROMANCER.

“ In these far climes, it was my lot
 To meet the wond’rous *Michael Scott*.
 A wizard of such dreaded fame,
 That when in Salamanca’s cave
 Him listed, his magic wand to wave,
 The bells would ring in Notre Dame.
 Some of his skill, he taught to me,
 And warrior I could say to thee ;
 The words that cleft Eildon hills in three ;
 And bridled the Tweed, with a curb of stone ,
 But to speak them were a deadly sin,
 And for having but thought them my heart within,
 A treble penance must be done.
 When Michael lay on his dying bed,
 His conscience was awakened ;
 He bethought him of his sinful deed,
 And he gave me a sign to come with speed.
 I was in Spain, when the morning rose,
 But I stood by his bed, ere evening’ close ;
 The words may not again be said
 That he spoke to me on death-bed laid ;
 They would rend this Abbaye’s massy nave,
 And pile it in heaps above his grave.
 I swore to bury his *mighty book*
 That never mortal might therein look ,
 And never to tell where it was hid,
 (Save at his Chief of Branksome’s need) ;
 And when that need was past and o’er
 Again the volume to restore.

I buried him, on St. Michael's night,
 When the bell toll'd *one*, and the moon was bright
 And I dug his chamber among the dead
 When the floor of the chancel was stained red,
 That his patron's cross might o'er him wave.
 And scare the fiends from the wizard's grave.
 It was a night of woe and dread,
 When Michael in the tomb I laid !
 Strange sounds along the chancel past,
 The banners waved without a blast.
 Lo ! Warrior ! now the cross of red
 Points to the grave of the mighty dead !
 Within it burns a wond'rous light,
 To chase the spirits that love the night.
 With beating heart to the task he went,
 His sinewy frame o'er the grave-stone bent,
 With bar of iron heaved amain
 Till the toil-drops fell from his brow like rain
 I would you had been there, to see
 How the light broke forth so gloriously ;
 Stream'd upward to the chancel roof
 And through the galleries far aloof !
 No earthly flame blazed e'er so bright
 It shone like heaven's own blessed light.
 Before their eyes the wizard lay,
 As if he had not been dead a day.
 His hoary beard in silver roll'd,
 He seem'd some seventy winters old ;
 His left hand held his *book of might*,
 A silver cross was in his right ;
 The lamp was placed beside his knee :
 High and majestic was his look,
 At which the fellest fiends had shook ;
 And all unruffled was his face,
 They trusted his soul had gotten grace.
 And when the priest his death-prayer had pray'd,
 ' Thus unto Deloraine he said :—
 ' Now speed thee what thou hast to do,
 Or, warrior ! we may dearly rue :
 For those *thou may'st not look upon*,
 Are gathering fast round the yawning stone !—

Then Deloraine, in terror took,
From the cold hand *the mighty book*.
With iron clasp'd, and with iron bound,
He thought as he took it, the dead man frown'd
When the huge stone sunk o'er the tomb,
The night return'd in double gloom ;
For the moon had gone down, and the stars were few :
And as the knight and the priest withdrew,
'Tis said, as through the aisles they past,
They heard strange noises on the blast.
And through the cloister galleries small,
Which at mid-height thread the chancel wall,
Loud sobs, and laughter louder, ran,
And voices, unlike the voice of man ;
As if the fiends kept holiday,
Because those spells were bought to-day."

Scott.

The Magic Watch.

A MARVELLOUS LEGEND.

IT was a glorious evening in the summer of 1793—sky and cloud blending in one uniform flood of splendour. The brightness of the heavens was reflected on the broad bosom of the Saale, a river which, passing Jena, falls lower down into the Elbe, whence the commingled waters roll onward till lost in the Noordt Zee.

On the banks of this stream, not more than a mile from Jena, sat two persons enjoying the delicious coolness of the hour. Their dress was remarkable, and sufficiently indicative of their pursuits.—Their sable garments and caps of black velvet, their long streaming hair, combed down the shoulders and back, and the straight swords suspended from their right breasts, denoted them to be two of the burschen, or students of the University of Jena.

‘Such an evening as this,’ said the elder youth, addressing his companion, ‘and thou here? Thyrza is much indebted to thee for thy attention. Thou a lover!’

‘Thyrza is gone with her mother to Carlsbad.’ rejoined his companion, ‘so thou mayst cease thy wonderment.’

‘So far from it, that I wonder the more. A true lover knows not the relations of space. To Carlsbad! why ’tis no more than—but *seht!* who have we here?’

As he spoke, they were approached by a little old man, whose garments of brown serge appeared to have seen considerable service. He wore a conical hat, and carried in his hand an antique gold-headed cane. His features betokened great age; but his frame, though exceedingly spare, was apparently healthy and active. His eyes were singularly large and bright; and his hair, inconsistent in some respects with the rest of his appearance, crowded from under his high-crowned hat in black and grizzly masses.

‘A good evening to you, Meine Herrin,’ said the little old man, with a most polite bow, as he approached the students.

They returned his salutation with the doubtful courtesy usual in intercourse with a stranger, whose appearance induces an anxiety to avoid a more intimate acquaintance with him. The old man did not seem to notice the coolness of his reception, but continued: ‘What think you of this?’ taking from his pocket a golden watch richly chased, and studded all over with diamonds.

The students were delighted with the splendid jewel, and admired by turns the beauty of the manufacture and the costliness of the materials. The elder youth, however, found it impossible to refrain from bestowing one or two suspicious glances on the individual whose outward man but little accorded with the possession of so valuable a treasure.

He must be a thief and have stolen this watch, thought the sceptical student. ‘I will observe him closely.’

But as he bent his eyes again upon the stranger,

he met the old man's look, and felt, he knew not why, somewhat daunted by it. He turned aside, and walked from his companion a few paces.

'I would,' thought he, 'give my folio Plato, with all old Blunderdrunck's marginal comments, to know who this old man is, whose look has startled me thus, with his two great hyæna-looking eyes, that shoot through one like a flash of lightning. He looks for all the world like at ravelling quack-doctor, with his threadbare cloak and his sugar-loaf hat, and yet he possesses a watch fit for an emperor, and talks to two burschen as if they were his boon companions.'

On returning to the spot where he had left his friend, he found him still absorbed in admiration of the watch. The old man stood by, his great eyes still riveted upon the student, and a something, not a smile, playing over his sallow and furrowed countenance.

'You seem pleased with my watch,' said the little old man to Theophan Guscht, the younger student, who continued his fixed and longing gaze on the beautiful bauble: 'Perhaps you would like to become its owner?'

'Its owner!' said Theophan, 'ah, you jest;—and he thought, 'what a pretty present it would be for Thyrsa on our wedding-day.'

'Yes,' replied the old man, 'its owner—I am myself willing to part with it. What offer do you make me for it?'

'What offer, indeed; as if I could afford to purchase it. There is not a burche in our university who would venture to bid a price for so precious a jewel.'

‘Well then, you will not purchase my watch?’

Theophan shook his head, half mournfully.

‘Nor you Mein Herr?’ turning to the other student.

‘Nein,’ was the brief negative.

‘But,’ said the old man, again addressing Theophan, ‘were I to offer you this watch—a free present—you would not refuse it perhaps?’

‘Perhaps I should not: *perhaps*, which is yet more likely—you will not put it in my power. But we love not jesting with strangers.’

‘It is rarely that *I* jest,’ returned the old man; ‘those with whom I do, seldom retort. But say the word, and the watch is yours.’

‘Do you really,’ exclaimed Theophan, his voice trembling with joyful surprise—‘do you really say so! Ach Gott!—Himmell! what shall I—how can I sufficiently thank you?’

‘It matters not,’ said the old man, ‘you are welcome to it. There is, however, one condition annexed to the gift.’

‘A condition—what is it?’

The elder student pulled Theophan by the sleeve: ‘accept not his gifts,’ he whispered; ‘come away, I doubt him much.’ And he walked on.

‘Stay a moment, Jans,’ said Theophan; but his companion continued his steps. Theophan was undecided whether or not he should follow him; but he looked at the watch, thought of Thyrsa, and remained.

‘The condition on which you accept this bauble—the condition on which others have accepted it—is, that you wind it up every night, for a year, before sunset.’

No. 20.

The student laughed. 'A mighty condition, truly—give me the watch.'

'Or,' continued the old man, without heeding the interruption, '*if you fail in fulfilling the condition, you die within six hours after the stopping of the watch.* It will stop at sunset, if not wound up before.'

'I like not that condition,' said Theophan. 'Be patient—I must consider your offer.'

He did so; he thought of the easiness of avoiding the possible calamity; he thought of the beauty of the watch—above all, he thought of Thyrsa, and his wedding-day.'

'Pshaw! why do I hesitate,' said he to himself; then turning to the old man, 'Give me the watch—I agree to your condition.'

'You are to wind it up before sunset for a year, or die within six hours.'

'So thou hast said, and I am content; and thanks for thy gift.'

'Thank me at the year's end, if thou wilt,' replied the old man, 'meanwhile, farewell.'

'Farewell! I doubt not to be able to render my thanks at the end of the term.'

Theophan was surprised, as he pronounced these words, to perceive that the old man was gone.

'Be he who he may, I fear him not,' said he, 'I know the terms on which I have accepted his gift.—What a fool was Jans Herwest to refuse his offer so rudely.'

He quitted the spot on which he stood, and moved homewards. He entered Jena, sought his lodging, put by his watch, and, lighting his lamp, opened his friend's folio Plato, (with Blunder-

drunck's marginal comments,) and endeavoured to apply to the Symposium. But in ten minutes he closed the book with impatience, for his excited mind rejected the philosophic feast; and he strolled into the little garden which his chamber-window commanded, to think of the events of the evening, and, with a lover's passion, to repeat and bless the name of his Thyrza.

Time waned, and the watch was regularly wound up. Love smiled, for Thyrza was not cruel. Our bursche had resumed his studies, and was in due time considered as one of the most promising students of the whole University of Jena.

But, as we already observed, time flew apace; and the day but one before the happy day that was to give to Theophan his blooming bride, had arrived—which had been looked forward to with such joyful anticipations, and Theophan had bidden adieu to most of his fellow students, and taken leave of the learned professors whose lectures he had attended with so much benefit. It was a fine morning, and, being at leisure, he bethought him in what manner he should pass the day. Any novice can guess how the problem was solved. He would go and visit Thyrza.

He set out accordingly, and was presently before the gate of David Angerstell's garden. A narrow, pebbled walk intersected it, at the top of which stood the house, an old quaint black and white building, with clumsy projecting upper stories, that spread to almost twice the extent of the foundation. A quantity of round, dropsical-looking flower-pots were ranged on either side of the door. The casement of a projecting window was open to receive

the light breezes that blew across the flower beds, at which a young female was seated—a beautiful, taper-waisted girl, with a demure, intelligent countenance, light twining hair, and a blue, furtively laughing eye. True as fate, that blue eye had caught a glimpse of her approaching lover. In a moment he was by her side, and kissed with eager lips the soft little white hand that seemed to melt in his pressure.

The lovers met in all the confiding tenderness of mutual affection; happy mortals! the moments flew fast—fast—so fast that—But let us take time.

They had strolled out into the garden; for the considerate parents of Thyrza had shown no disposition to interrupt their discourse further than by a mere welcome to their intended son-in-law. The evening was one of deep, full stillness—that rich, tranquil glow, that heightens and purifies happiness, and deprives sorrow of half its bitterness. Thought was all alive within their breasts, and the eloquence of words seemed faint to the tide of feeling that flashed from their eyes.

Theophan and Thyrza rambled, and looked, and whispered—and rambled, looked, and whispered again and again—and time ambled too gently for his motion to be perceived. The maiden looked on the sky: ‘How beautiful the sun has set,’ said she.

‘The sun set!’ echoed Theophan, with a violence that terrified his companion—‘*the sun set! then I am lost!* We have met for the last time, Thyrza.’

‘Dearest Theophan,’ replied the trembling girl, ‘why do you terrify me thus? Met for the last

time! Oh! no, it cannot be. What! what calls thee hence?

*‘He calls who must be obeyed—*but six short hours—and then, Thyrsa, wilt thou bestow one thought on my memory?’

She spoke not—moved not:—senseless and inanimate she lay in his arms, pale and cold as a marble statue, and beautiful as a sculptor’s dream. Theophan bore her swiftly to the house, placed her on a couch, and called for assistance. He listened, and heard approaching footsteps obeying the summons—pressed his lips to her cold forehead, and, springing from the casement, crossed the garden, and in ten minutes was buried in the obscurity of a gloomy wood, or rather thicket, some mile or thereabouts from Jena.

Overcome by the passionate affliction that fevered his blood and throbbed in every pulse, Theophan threw himself down on a grassy eminence, and lay for some time in that torpid state of feeling in which the mind, blunted by sudden and overwhelming calamity, ceases to be aware of the horrors of its situation, and, stunned into a mockery of repose, awaits almost unconsciously the consummation of evil that impends it.

Theophan was attracted from this lethargy by the plashing rain, which fell upon him in large thunder-drops. He looked around, and found himself in almost total darkness. The clouded sky, the low, deep voice of the wind, booming through the trees and swaying their high tops, bespoke the approaching storm. It burst upon him at length in all its fury! Theophan hailed the distraction, for the heart loves what assimilates to itself, and

his was wrung almost to breaking with agony. He stood up and shouted to the raging elements! He paused, and listened, for he thought some one replied. He shouted again, but it was not this time in mere recklessness. Amid the howling of the tempest he once more heard an answering shout: here was something strange in the voice that could thus render itself audible above the din of the storm. Again and again it was the same; once it seemed to die away into a fiend-like laugh. Theophan's blood curdled as it ran—and his mood of desperation was exchanged for one of deep, fearful, and overstrained attention.

The tempest suddenly ceased; the thunder died away in faint and distant moanings, and the lightning flashes became less frequent and vivid. The last of these showed Theophan that he was not *alone*. Within his arm's reach stood a little old man: he wore a conical hat—leaned on a gold-headed cane—above all, he had a pair of large glaring eyes, that Theophan had no difficulty in instantly recognizing.

When the momentary flash had subsided, the student and his companion were left in darkness, and Theophan could with difficulty discern the form of his companion.

There was a long silence.

'*Do you remember me?*' at length interrogated the mysterious stranger.

'*Perfectly,*' replied the student.

'That is well—I thought you might have forgotten me; wits have short memories. But perhaps you do not aspire to the character.'

‘ You at least, must be aware I have no claim to it, otherwise I had not been the dupe I am ’

‘ That is to say, you have made a compact, broken your part of it, and are now angry that you are likely to be called upon for the penalty. What is the hour?’

‘ I know not—I shall shortly.’

‘ Does *she* know of this? you know whom I mean.’

‘ Old man!’ exclaimed Theophan, fiercely, ‘ be-gone. I have broken the agreement—that I know. I must pay the penalty—of that too I am aware, and am ready so to do; but my hour is not yet come: torment me not, but leave me. I would await my doom alone.’

‘ Ah, well—I can make allowances. You are somewhat testy with your friends; but that we will overlook. Suppose now, the penalty you have incurred could be pretermitted.’

The student replied with a look of incredulous scorn.

‘ Well, I see you are sceptical,’ continued the old man; ‘ but consider. You are young, active, well gifted in body and in mind.’

‘ What is that to thee? still more, what is it to me—*now*?’

‘ Much: but do not interrupt me. You love, and are beloved.’

‘ I tell thee again, cease and begone to—*hell*!’

‘ *Presently!* You are all of these now—what will you be, what will Thyrza Angerstell be, to-morrow?’

The student’s patience was exhausted; he sprang on the old man, intending to dash him to the earth.

He might as well have tried his strength on one of the stunted oaks that grew beside him. The old man moved not—not the fraction of an inch.

‘Thou hast wearied thyself to little purpose, friend,’ said he; ‘we will now, if it pleases you, proceed to business. You would doubtless be willing to be released from the penalty of your neglect?’

‘Probably I might.’

‘You would even be willing that the lot should fall upon another in preference to yourself?’

The student paused.

‘No: I am content to bear the punishment of my own folly. And still—oh, Thyrza!’ He groaned in the agony of his spirit.

‘What! with the advantages you possess! the prospect before you—the life of happiness you might propose to yourself—and more, the happiness you might confer on Thyrza—with all these in your reach, you prefer death to life? How many an old and useless being, upon whom the lot might fall, would hail joyfully the doom which you shudder even to contemplate.’

‘Stay—were I to embrace your offer, how must the lot be decided—to whom must I transfer my punishment?’

‘Do this—your term will be prolonged twenty-four hours. Send the watch to Adrian Wenzel, the goldsmith, to sell; if, within that time, he dispose of it, the purchaser takes your place, and you will be free. But decide quickly—my time is brief, yours also must be so, unless you accede to my terms.’

‘But who are you to whom is given the power of life and death—of sentencing and relieving?’

‘Seek not to know of what concerns you not
Once more, do you agree?’

‘First, tell me what is your motive in offering
me this chance?’

‘Motive?—none. I am naturally compassionate.
But decide—there is a leaf trembling on yonder
bough, it will fall in a moment. If it reach the
ground before you determine—Farewell!’

The leaf dropped from the tree. ‘*I consent!*’
exclaimed the student. He looked for the old
man, but found that he was alone. At the same
time the toll of the midnight clock sounded on his
ear: it ceased—the hour was passed, *and he lived!*

It was about the noon of the following day that
the goldsmith, Adrian Wenzel, sold to a customer
the most beautiful watch in Jena. Having com-
pleted the bargain, he repaired immediately to
Theophan Guscht’s lodgings.

‘Well, have you sold my watch?’

‘I have—here is the money, Mein Herr.’

‘Very well: there is your share of the proceeds.’

The goldsmith departed, and Theophan shortly
afterwards directed his steps towards Angerstell’s
house, meditating as he went on his probable re-
ception, and what he could offer in extenuation of
his behaviour the day before.

Ere he had settled this knotty point to his satis-
faction, he arrived at the garden gate. He hesitated
—grew cold and hot by turns—his heart throbbled
violently. At last, making a strong effort at
self command, he entered.

At the same window, in the same posture in
which he had seen her the day before, sat Thyrsa
Angerstell. But the Thyrsa of yesterday was

blooming, smiling, and cheerful—to-day she was pale and wan, the image of hopeless sorrow; even as a rose which some rude hand has severed from its stem. Theophan's blood grew chill; he proceeded, and had almost reached the porch of the house when Thyrza perceived him. With a loud cry she fell from her seat. He rushed into the room, and raised her in his arms.

She recovered—she spoke to him. She reproached him for the agony he had needlessly caused her by his cruel conduct the evening before. He obtained a hearing, and explained just as much of the history of the watch as related to its purchase, and the condition annexed to it. This he asserted was a mere trick of the donor, he having broken the condition and being yet alive. They wondered, he with affected, and she with real surprise, that any one should have been tempted to part with so valuable a watch for the idle satisfaction of terrifying the recipient. However, love is proverbially credulous; Theophan's explanation was believed, and the reconciliation was complete.

The lovers had conversed about a quarter of an hour, when Thyrza suddenly reverted again to the subject of the watch.

‘It is strange,’ said she, ‘that I too am connected with a watch similar to yours.’

‘How—by what means?’

‘Last night I lay sleepless—’twas your unkindness, Theophan—’

Theophan hastened to renew his vows and supplications.

‘Ah, well! you know I have forgiven you. But as I lay, the thought of a watch, such as you de-

scribe, presented itself to my mind; how, or why, I cannot guess. It haunted me the whole night, and when I rose this morning it was before me still.'

'What followed, dear Thyrza?' enquired the anxious student.

'Listen, and you shall hear. Thinking to drive away this troublesome guest, I walked out. I had scarcely left my home two minutes when I saw a watch, the exact counterpart of my ideal one.'

'Where—where did you see it?'

'At our neighbour's, Adrian Wenzel's.'

'And—you—you!'—His words almost choked him.

'I was impelled by some inexplicable motive—not that I wanted or wished for so expensive a jewel—to purchase this watch.'

'No—no!' exclaimed the agonized student, 'you could not do so!' He restrained himself by an exertion more violent than he had believed himself capable of. He rose from his seat and turned away his face.

Not now, as before, did his anguish vent itself in passion and violence. It seemed that the infliction was too heavy, too superhuman a calamity to be accompanied by the expression of ordinary emotions. He was deadly pale—but his eye was firm, and he trembled not.

'Theophan,' said his mistress, 'what ails you? and why should what I have said produce so fearful an effect upon you? I shall—'

'It is nothing—nothing, dearest Thyrza. I will return instantly, and tell you why I have appeared so discomposed. I am not quite myself—I shall return almost immediately. I will walk but into

the lane, and catch a breath of the fresh breeze as it comes wafted from the water.'

He left her, and passed out of the garden. 'I could not,' said he inwardly, 'tell her that she was murdered—and by me too!'

He hastened on without an object, and scarcely knowing whither he was directing his steps, passed down the path which led by Angerstell's house, in that depth of despair which is sometimes wont to deceive us with the appearance of calmness. He had no distinct idea of the calamity he had brought upon Thyrsa—even she was almost forgotten; and nothing but a vague apprehension of death, connected in some unintelligible manner with himself, was present to his mind. So deep was the stupefaction in which he was involved, that it was not until some one on the road had twice spoken to him, that he heard the question.

'What is the time of day?'

Theophan looked round, and encountered the large, horribly-laughing eyes of the giver of the fatal watch. He was about to speak, but the old man interrupted him.

'I have no time to listen to reproaches: you know what you have incurred. If you would avoid the evil, and save Thyrsa, I will tell you how.'

He whispered in the student's ear. The latter grew pale for a moment, but recovered himself.

'She shall be safe,' said he, 'if I accept your terms? No equivocation now—I have learnt with whom I deal.'

'Agree to what I have said, and fetch hither the watch within half an hour, and she is delivered from her doom. She shall be yours, and—'

• Promise no more, or give thy promises to those who value them. Swear that she shall be safe! I request no more—wish for no more on earth.'

'Swear!' repeated the old man; by what shall I swear, I pr'ythee? But I promise—begone and fetch the watch—remember, half an hour; and, hark! thou accedest to my terms?'

'I do!'

So saying, Theophan sped back to the house, unchecked even by the loud laugh that seemed to echo after him. He had walked farther than he had any idea of, and swiftly as he sprang over every impediment to his course, one-third of the allotted time had elapsed before he reached the room in which he had left his beloved.

It was empty!

'Thyrza! Thyrza!' shouted the student—'the watch! the watch! for Heaven's sake, the watch!'

The reverberation of his voice from the walls alone replied.

He then rushed from chamber to chamber, in a state of mind little short of desperation. He descended into the garden; the dull ticking of the family clock struck on his ear as he passed it, and he shuddered. At the extremity of the principal walk he beheld Thyrza.

'The watch! the watch! as you value your life and my——but haste, haste—not a word—a *moment's delay is death!*'

Without speaking, Thyrza flew to the house, accompanied by Theophan.

'It is gone,' said she; 'I left it here, and——'

'Then we are lost! forgive thy—'

Oh! no, no, it is here,' exclaimed she, 'deares Theophan! but why——'

He listened not even to the voice of Thyrsa; one kiss on her forehead, one look of anguish, and he was gone!

He sped! he flew!—he arrived at the spot where he had left the old man. The place was solitary; but on the sand were traced the words—*The time is past!*

The student fell senseless on the earth.

When he recovered he found himself on a couch—affectionate but mournful glances were bent upon him.

'Thyrza! Thyrsa!' exclaimed the wretched youth, 'away to thy prayers! but a soul like thine has nought to repent. Oh! leave me—that look! go, go!'

She turned away, and wept bitterly. Her mother entered the room.

'Thyrza, my love, come with me. The physician is here.'

'What physician, mother? is it—'

'No, he was from home, this is a stranger; but there is no time to lose.' She led her daughter from the apartment. 'Your patient is in that room,' she added, to the physician. He entered, and closed the door.

The mother and daughter had scarcely reached the stair-head, when a cry, which was almost a yell of agony, proceeding from the chamber they had left, interrupted their progress. It was followed by a loud and strange laugh, that seemed to shake the building to its foundation.

The mother called, or rather screamed, for her

husband ; the daughter sprang to the door of the patient's chamber ! It was fastened, and defied her feeble efforts to open it. From within rose the noise of a fearful struggle—the brief exclamations of triumph, or of rage—the groan of pain—the strong stamp of heavy feet—all betokening a death-grapple between the inmates. Suddenly, something was dashed upon the ground with violence, which, from the sound, appeared to have been broken into a thousand pieces.

There was a dead silence, more appalling than the brunt of the contest. The door resisted no longer.

Thyrza, with her father and mother, entered the room : it was perfectly desolate. *On the floor were scattered innumerable fragments of the fatal watch. Theophan was heard of no more.*

On the fifth day from this terrible catastrophe, a plain flag of white marble in the church at —, recorded the name, age, and death of Thyrza Angerstell. The inscription is now partly obliterated ; so much so as, in all probability, to baffle the curiosity of any gentle stranger who may wish to seek it out, and drop a tear on the grave of her who sleeps beneath.

Respecting man, whatever wrong we call,
 May, must be right, as relative to all.
 In human works, though labour'd on with pain,
 A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain ;
 In God's, one single can its end produce ;
 Yet serves to second too some other use.
 So man, who here seems principal alone,
 Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown ;
 Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal ;
 'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole."

POPE.

A REMARKABLE VISIT TO RAPHAËL

The Astrologer.

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

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

He entered the Astrologer's study, and took, almost without bidding, a seat. The Astrologer, accustomed to the eccentricities of rank and genius, paused not to notice these peculiarities in his client, but pursued his scientific calculations to the end of the problem, when the Stranger addressed

him, and in a tone of mild and gentlemanly politeness, requested the favour of the Astrologer's attention to his '*Future Destiny*.'

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

'Horary Astrology,' replied Raphael, filling up the gap in the Stranger's remembrance.

'It is even so,' said the Stranger, 'and I earnestly and respectfully crave the knowledge I am confident you, Raphael, *can* impart to me.'

'It shall be done,' replied the Astrologer, 'For the stars are kind and beneficent to mortals in all cases where knowledge of the future is sought; would they but revere the wise dictates of prescience; albeit the present generation are becoming daily more believing in the celestial science—the march of knowledge being evidently commenced; and who knows where its wondrous powers may terminate, or what mighty lever may yet be discovered to set the vast springs of human intellect into action.'

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

Seeing this, the Astrologer drew forth his Tables, consulted his Ephemeris, and cast the Horoscope, or map of the heavens for the hour and moment of the enquiry, according to the known and established rules of the siderial art. But astonishment and awe quickly pervaded his countenance; for the *Radix* before him was indeed singular: it had the Sun, Lord of the Horoscope, in fair and powerful aspect with the Moon; and Mars, who governed the culminating angle, in trine to Venus; Jupiter was posited in the House of Wealth; Mercury located in the North angle; and the Georgian star, Herschel, touched the cusp of the Sixth Celestial House as the visitor entered. Signs which the Astrologer *knew* portended the Stranger to be one of high rank, title, and illustrious by ancestry. Moreover the Moon had separated from a number of minor and some superior conjunctions, which foreshewed one surrounded by the pomp, retinue, and vanities of earthly state. Thus far, was it well, nor did the countenance and bearing of the Stranger belie the verdict of the heavenly orbs; being even in age expressively dignified, and his form portly. But wrapped in a loose and ample cloak of a Spanish make, and sombre texture, little of his other garb was visible; and except that on one gloveless hand glittered a ruby of surpassing brilliancy, no part of the Stranger’s vestments implied the station

of his birth ; but his form and bearing were those of aristocratic command.

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

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

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

'As to *that* particular,' replied Raphael, 'sorry indeed am I to be the prophet of *evil*; from the

too sure and fatal configurations here congregated before me, which are many, to tire you with the technical enumeration. I grieve to announce but a brief career indeed, to the present enquirer!

‘*How brief, say you?*’ eagerly enquired the stranger.

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

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

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

The stranger seemed more than usually pleased with this prediction; and in warm and friendly terms,

proceeded to compliment the Astrologer; expressing his ardent conviction that the 'stars spoke truth,' and that 'Astrology was veritably a noble science.'—He shortly afterwards took leave, in the same strain of gentlemanly amenity: but more saddened and less impatient than when he entered; the prediction seeming to be impressed on his mind—however, previous to leaving the astrologer's residence, he left, either by accident or design, an enamelled costly card; from which the real station and title of the visitor was manifest. It was even as the astrologer had suspected; he was a man of *the highest rank in the kingdom!* (hence the reason for his concealment of his day and year of birth,) and as to the *fulfilment* of the horoscope, the reader need only be told, that the visitor was no other than
 HIS LATE MAJESTY **George the Fourth.**

**Of the Judgements, of the Manners,
and of the Body, by the Colour,
and other Accidents.**

The colours of the body, and especially of the face, denote the humour and inclination of the person; and by the external colour and accidents, the Physiognomist must judge of the internal and faculties of the soul. As blackness in a man if be shining, is a sign of adustion, as well in the members as in the hair. The black colour denotes a man slow in his actions, not much given to war, as being of a heavy and fearfull humour, without courage, if not occasionally; but he is cautious, neat, and subtile, and fit for counsel, or for some secret enterprise, nay a treason if need be; such was Ulysses, who carried the garland in the Trojan victories, and was preferred before Ajax; the most part of those who are so coloured are born towards the south parts. A green colour that is obscure and black, speaks a cholerick person; those who are ruddy or altogether red, and are lean withall, are neat, cunning, and subtile; which is the reason of this proverb: Few little men are humble, and red faithfull; but those that are big, fat, and have the hair of the head of another colour whether it be chesnut or olive colour, are

jovialists and honest people, open without painting or cheating; but if the hair be black, beware; the proverb saith,

Of a red beard and black hair,
If th'art wise, thou'lt have a care.

Those that have the face pale, and leady, yet have the forehead red, and the eyes depressed, are extremely shamefaced, much subject to passion and choler; they are never at rest with themselves, thinking always that some others plot and conspire against them; all fancies are phantasmes to them if melancholick; the fingers of their hands seem mountains; the least sight unaccustomed to them seems to be a place full of furies, which is the subject of their discourse; and indeed by such sick minds as these, these doleful places have been invented; poets and others have drawn their descriptions from these fantastick imaginations, and thence described the pains and torments which are there exercised. The Abbot Odo was of such a colour, and he was the first that since the year of salvation, hath given us these descriptions, which have been subscribed unto and received by them that believed them.

A whitish red colour, which the Latines call candidier, and the Greeks *λακὸν ὑπέρμετρον*, signifies a man debonair and familiar, and couragious and gallant as to matter of war. The learned Galen in his Art of Medicine, saith, *Signum optimæ temperaturæ, id est calidæ et humidæ, esse colorem commixtum ex albo et rubro*. And Aristotle as to the significations of it, says, *In idea ingeniosi, monstrat candidum colorem, optimum ingenium denotare:*

and since him Albertus Magnus: *Color medius inter album et rubrum, declinans ad prunum, si est clarus boni ingenii et bonorum index.* It is held that Alexander the Great was of this colour, though Apelles painted him sordid and dark coloured; but Plutarch represents him to us of this white ruddy colour, a colour whereof the sweat is very sweet and pleasant, and such had the said Alexander, as Aristoxenes represents him: for my part, I am of opinion that such persons are jovial, and of good conversation, desiring nothing so much as mirth; they have a good understanding, but not so much as to employ it in the study of the sciences; they are choleric and courageous, but their choleric lasts not long; most part of your northern people are of this colour and complexion. A high white colour is to be admired among those that profess they love beauties; it is very recommendable in women, and much desired by those who affect to pass half their age in the pleasures of this life, which are for the most part the pains of their lives, that they may afterwards bait the hook for the zealous ones of these times to catch others. 'Tis true this colour is very fit for a woman, who of herself is luxurious and fearfull; but not to a man, for it would speak him effeminate: Arist. in his Physiog. says, *Albus color in homine excedens, demonstrat fœmineum.* We have amongst us some kindreds that are thus excessively white; and the women are extremely luxurious; and the men tender, fearfull, short-sighted, and like to take the occasion of doing any imposture.

The brown colour mingled with pale, which the Latines call *sublividus*, the Greeks *ἰπόχλωρον*, *i. e.*

subflavus, denotes a glutton, a great talker, one easily angry and one that speaks immoderately; it also signifies folly joyned with cruelty; and the most part of those that embrace novelty in matter of divine worship, are of this colour: they will have men receive whatever they conceive in their corrupt imagination, and advance with their flattering speeches, as articles and decrees of heaven; by this reason, and by their sottish inventions they make men beleve and adore things whereof antiquity that adored a plurality of Gods, would be ashamed, and Herodotus would blush to write, as being too apparent impostures. These persons do much envy others, and especially those of their profession; as for the pale, Martial says,

Omnibus invidias Livide, nemo tibi.

Those that have a flushing colour, are not far from madness, as having extraordinary heat. Polemon says, *Color flammeus furiosos indicat*: Alber. Magnus, *Ignitus color cum lucentibus oculis ad insaniam vergentem hominem notat*. This colour denotes not only an ardent desire of things present and of small consequence, but also things to come; for there wants not a vivacity of spirit. Tis thought the prophetess Cassandra was of this colour, having shining eyes; such were David, Daniel, and Esdras, who in their fury have spoken great things at certain times. A squallid colour doth not signifie any thing but strength, as Aristotle witnesses, *Qui in figura fortis viri tribuit colorem squallidiorem ἀυχνηώτερον*. The most part of those that are given to the wars, are no sheep or cowards, and hate

those that trim up and varnish their complexion : as for them, they are squallid, and all dusty through their military exercises, not studying any thing but stratagems and feats of war, to the end they may transmit an immortal fame to posterity.

The Judgements of the Hairs according to their substance and colours.

The hair is one of the parts that adorn the head of man, but especially of a woman ; for a woman of quality husbands them to the advancement of her beauty : the Apostle permits her to please her husband. The ancient Gauls wore long hair in token of their liberty ; in the Old Testament there is mention of the hair of Sampson and Absalom, which was also bestowed upon the daughters of Jerusalem for to adorn themselves withall. Lycurgus commanded his citizens to wear their hair long, that so they might be more fair and decent. Charilaus being asked why he wore his hair long, answered, *Quia ex omni ornatu hic pulchrior foret,* &c. Silvius Italicus in the commendation of Scipio, says,

Martia frons, faciesque coma, nec pone retorquet,
Cæsaries brevior.

Fair hair, as the poets say, are the prisons of

Cupid, and heretofore, may at present the ladies make rings and bracelets of it, as Martial witnesses.

Urus de toto peccaverat orbe comarum
Annulus, incertâ vix bene fixus acu.

The hair therefore being a part of Physiognomie, we draw these Judgements from their substance, which we shall lay down here by way of aphorisms and canons.

1. Hair that is thick, and soft, denotes a man of much mildness, and of a constitution cold and moist; for the farther the brain is from heat, the head is more hairy; the heat of man that goes to the superiour parts pierces everywhere the skin of the head, and makes a certain humour to issue out of the pores; and the more subtile part of this humcur vanishes away, but that which is more gross remains within and turns into hair, which is more soljd then the fleshy skin, and the hairs are broader then the pores, so long as the impetuosity and force which drives them out is great.

2. When the hair hangs down and is soft, it denotes a humid complexion and sanguine; and when they grow fast, it is a sign the body will shortly decline to dryness, and not to moisture. And when the heat and draught are joyned, the hair comes out fastest, and more thick.

3. Much hair denotes a hot person, and the bigness thereof his cholera, and that he is soon angry: this plenty of hair happens more to young then to old men and children; for in these the matter is more vapourous then moist, but in young men the contrary; wherefore contraries follow their contraries.

4. Abundance of hair in young children, shews their complexion increases, and augments with melancholy.

5. Curled hair and black, denotes heat and drought; the people of the south have it for the most part alike, especially the Ethiopians; it proceeds from the crookedness of the pores; as for their signification, Aristotle says, *Qui capillos nimis crispas habent timidi sunt, et ad Æthiopes referuntur.*

6. Hair standing up an end like the prickles of a hedge-hog, signifies a fearfull person, and an ill courage; of the hair that falls upon the forehead towards the nose, Aristotle says, *ὅτι τῆ μετώπῃ τὸ πρὸς τὴν κεφαλὴν ἀνάσιλλον ἐλαλθῆρμι εἰσι, αναφέρονται πρὸς τοὺς λέοντας.*

7. Smooth and plain hair, denotes a person of a good understanding, placable, courteous, tractable, and somewhat fearfull.

8. When the hairs are delicate and clear, they signifie a man of a weak complexion, and subject to sickness. As for the colours of hair, we must in the first place consider the climate; for the meridional people are for the most part black and curled; the northern, who inhabit cold countries, are flaxen-haired, of a yellowish colour, their hair being full and close, and therefore they are not altogether cold, but rather their temperament and humour is very hot, the heat in the Winter time, being locked up as we see in the bosom of the earth. As for the rest, the Oriental have their hair of a chestnut colour, fair and very small; the Occidental have it blacker and more rough; yet it is not absolutely assured that all those countries should have them so; for such a one is black that

hath black hair; he that hath them yellow or flaxen, white; red or brown, may be said to have them fair, &c. As for their significations they are these.

1. White hair signifies a great frigidity, as may be seen in old men, whose hair becomes white by reason of frigidity and siccity, as it happens to vegetables which when they dry, change their black or green into white; and that happens many times after great drying diseases.

2. We are to mark that there are but four principal colours of hairs, *viz.* black, red, flaxen, and white or grey: the white proceeds from want of natural heat, or corrupted flegm, yet they signifie slippery and evil conditions.

3. Black hair proceeds from an excessive adust choler, or adust and hot blood.

4. Red hair denotes a head not adust but diminished and moderate.

5. Hair of the colour of gold, denote a treacherous person, having a good understanding but mischievous. Red hair enclining to black, signifies a deceitfull and malicious person, whose sweat is most loathsom and fit to make the narcotick unguent with the blood of the line of life of a dead man, and other ingredients, as may be seen in Porta's Natural Magick.

6. Chestnut coloured hair, denotes a fair and just person without deceit. So much shall suffice as to the hair.

Of the Eyes, and their significations.

The principal efficacy and perfection of Physiognomie consisteth in the eyes, as being *κατοπλον τῆς ψυχῆς*, *Speculum Animi*, the doors or outlets of the brest, the index of the countenance, the conservators and dispensators of the cogitations, the minde is as apertly conversant in the eyes as in a market, they being indexes of love, mercy, wrath, and revenge: the minde resolute, the eyes prosiliate, being humble, they subsidate, in love they are amorous, in hatred revengefull, the heart cheerfull they smile, being sorrowfull they languish. Wherefore we may from the eyes discover the good or ill disposition of persons; therefore Homer calls Minerva a blue-eyed lass, and Venus black-eyed, *ἄγων ἐλικώπιδα*, to represent the prudence of the one and luxury of the other. And that is the reason the left eye is attributed to Venus; for if in a woman that eye be shining, and move, the eye-lids fat, it signifies much inclination to lasciviousness, especially if that woman be olive-coloured or yellowish with her black eyes, as Venus is described by Hesiod *Διαχρυσήν Αφροδίτας*, never look for any shamefastness in such a woman.

1. Great and big eyes, denote a slothfull, bold, and lying person, and a rustick and unsavory minde.

2. Eyes of divers colours, especially the right, which is attributed to the Sun, denote a man agitated with divers passions and opinions, especially in matters of religion; it is said that Michael Servet had them so.

3. Eyes deep in the head, that is to say, hollow, denote a great minde, yet full of doubts; if they are green, they signifie admirable knowledge, yet accompanied with malice, luxury, and envy; if they are red, it discovers the nature of the cat.

4. Eminent and apparent eyes of a wall colour, denote a simple, foolish, and prodigal person.

5. Sharp and piercing eyes that decline the eye-brows, denote a deceiver, and a secret and lawless person.

6. Little eyes like those of a mole, or pig, denote a weak understanding, and one fit to be made a cuckold, as who believes all is said to him.

7. Beware squint-eyes, for of a hundred there are not two faithfull.

8. Eyes that move much, and look slowly, yet sharply, and that with some reclination of the flesh of the eye-brows, denote an unfaithfull, slothfull, and riotous person.

9. The worst of all eyes are the yellowish, citron, and cerused; beware of them, as also of those who when they speak to thee twinkle; for those that have such eyes are double minded; if it be a woman that doth so with her left eye, trust her not as to the faithfulness of her love, and observe where she casts her amorous looks

Physiognomical signs taken from the parts of the Eyes.

1. The angles of the eyes over long, indicate malevolent conditions.

2. The Angles being short, a laudable nature; if the angles neer the nose are fleshy, they intimate a hot constitution, and improbity.

3. The balls of the eyes equal, declare justice; unequal, the contrary.

4. The circles in the eyes of divers colours, and dry, declare fraudulency and vanity; but moyst, demonstrate fortitude, prudence, and eloquence.

5. The lower circle green, and the upper black, it is a certain sign of a deceptious and fraudulent person.

6. And lastly, eyes of a mean bigness, clear and shining, are signs of an ingenious and honest man.

Of the Face.

A face very fleshie, signifies a fearfull person, merry, liberal, discreet, luxurious, faithfull to another, importunate to obtain his will, but presumptuous.

2. A lean face, denotes a man wise, of a good understanding, but rather cruell than mercifull.

3. A round and little face, denotes a man simple, weak, and of an ill memory.

4. Who hath a long and lean face, is audacious in words and deeds; he is riotous, injurious, and luxurious.

5. He that hath a broad and thick face, is clownish, and a boaster.

6. He that is of a pale coloured face, is not healthy, and hath an oppilation of the spleen.

7 He that hath it vermillion, is good, wise, and capable of all good things.

8. He that hath it white, womanish, soft and cold, is tender and effeminate; this colour suits well with women; for such are good natured, but fit for men.

9. A red face, denotes according to the proverb, a hot complexion.

10. A violet or leady colour, signifies a mischievous person and Saturnine, who does nothing but plot treasons and pernicious enterprizes: such was that of Brutus and Cassius, as also of Nero. So much for that, now we come to speak of the humours.

Of the four Humours, or Temperaments of Man.

The Hebrews transported with deep meditations in their ghematry, attribute high and secret things to the quartenary, which Pythagoras, who had been a little nursed in their school, had observed as a most mysterious number, calling it Tetractin; and their great and solemn oath was by that number, as may be seen by these verses,

Juro ego per sanctum purâ tibi mente Quaternum,
 Æternæ fontem naturæ, animiâ parentem.

Now the reason why the Hebrews honoured this number, was because God had appeared to them in this name, יְהוָה four-lettered, which was so venerable that no nation hath translated into its proper idiom and natural language, but they have

given it four letters, that they might correspond with the Hebrews, as the Egyptians, Arabians, Persians, Mages, Mahumetans, Greeks, Tuscans, Latines, French, Italian, Spanish, &c. ; that is to say thus, Theut, Abla, Sire, Orsi, Abdi, Θεός, Esar, Deus, Dieu, Dios, &c. by the four letters of the name of God ; the Hebrew mecabalists comprehend this all, as well the celestial world as the elementary, and by the secret of their ghematry, placed their table thus.

	Jod	He	Vau	Cheth
	י	ה	ו	ח
The Elementary World	Fire	Air	Earth	Water
The Celestial World	Michael	Raphael	Gabriel	Uriel
The Epitomised World	Choler	Blood	Melancholy	Flegme

These worlds thus placed, represent unto us what we should look for as the greatest secret of them ; for this great world, called by the Greeks Megacosmos, composed of the first number, is of four elements ; the second, according to R. Joseph of the four principal angels ; and the third, of the four temperaments or humours, which compose this little world, which is man's body.

1. From these complexions, we shall for our

physiognomical learning, observe, that the choleric humour dries a man, hinders not his growth, but causes it to be without bodily strength, and the person to be hasty in all his actions.

2. The sanguine or aerial humour, causes the body to grow with a beauty in the face and fatness: the person changeth not in his misfortunes.

3. The humid complexion, which is according to the nature of water or flegme, causes the bodie to be soft, and of little strength; the persons are fearfull, and sleep not too fast, but are lightly awaked, and through fear.

4. The melancholick humour, causes the body to grow slowly, but the minde advances, and these are the men that are worthy of great speculations, (yet without fidelity) for such men do not much regard truth, when they would pleasure those whom they are obliged to, but only look on what they themselves imagine.

I have now done with Physiognomie, the rules which have been delivered, being enough for those who would comprehend this Art, without any further discourse. Let then the desirous to learn, read and peruse them.

Palmistry.

THE LINES AND THEIR SITUATION IN THE HAND.

1. The line of the heart, or of life, encloses the thumb, and separates it from the plain of Mars.

2. The middle natural line begins at the rising

of the fore-finger, near that of life, and ends at the mount of the Moon.

3. The line of the liver begins at the bottome or that of life, and reaches to the table-line, making this triangular figure Δ .

4. The table-line, or line of fortune begins under the mount of Mercury, and ends near the index, and the middle finger.

5. Venus girdle begins near the joynt of the little finger, and ends between the fore-finger, and middle-finger.

6. The percussion is between ♀ and ♃ . Also called the ferient, *à feriendo*, from smiting.

7. The wrist contains those lines that separate the hand from the arm, called *rascetta*.

As for the judgements and significations of the said lines, we shall see them elsewhere: let us now see our other figures.

The true and perfect Description of the Hand.

The hands are the principal parts of the body: the anatomists divide them into three principal parts, that is to say, the wrist, the body of the hand, and the fingers; the best description of them is in the Theology of Hippocrates; but by Chiro-mancers these three parts are called the palm; a word which Apuleyus useth in his Golden Asse, calling that part *Dea Palmaris*, which we in Chiro-mancy call the plain of Mars. The second is called the hollow of the hand, which is from the

extremities of the other side of the thumb towards the little finger, which we call the mount of the hand, or of the Moon. The third are the five fingers, which are to be noted by their names, which according to the physicians are such, Pollex, Index, Medius, Annularis, Auricularis, which I have represented before in three fingers, and not with any more, because I would be guilty of no confusion, as Indagine, Cocles, Corvus, and many others. You are then to note, that the thumb, as being the first, greatest, and strongest, is so called, and dedicated to Venus, and hath such a mark ♀. The next is called Index, the indicative or demonstrative finger, because with it we point at anything: the old philosophers have called it so, and among others Socrates, who for that reason is painted, pointing with that finger at a woman; that represented nature: and this finger is attributed to Jupiter, and signated with the character of ♃. The third is called the middle finger, because in the middle, some call it physician, because that with it are touched the privy parts, when something is amiss. The Latines call it verpus, from the word verro, which signifies to rub. And Orus Apella in his Hieroglyphick, represents an infamous person by that finger. But in old time this finger with the thumb and fore-finger represented the Trinity, or the hand of Justice of our Kings. It may be yet seen in some ancient edifices, and particularly at Plaisy in Galie, whereof the president Fauchat, in the seventh book of his history of the declination of the House of Charlemagne treats at large. This finger is Saturn's, the mark ♄. As for the ring-finger, which is so

called, because commonly a ring is worn on it, especially on the left hand; the physicians and anatomists give the reason of it, because in the finger there is a sinew very tender and small that reaches to the heart; wherefore it ought to wear a ring as a crown for its dignity. But besides observe, that in the ceremonies of marriage, they first put the matrimonial ring on the thumb, whence they take it, and put it on every one till they come to this, where it is left. Whence some who stood (as Durand in his Rational of Divine Offices) to discourse on these ceremonies, say it is done because that finger answers to the heart, which is the seat of love and the affections. Others say, because it is dedicated to the Sun, and that most rings are of gold, a mettall which is also dedicated to it: so that by this sympathy it rejoyses the heart: this finger hath for the Sun this mark ☉. The last and least of all is called the ear-finger, because commonly we make use of it to make clean our ears, as if it were some instrument. We read that Dionisius or Denis the Sicilian tyrant, would never make use of any other instrument to cleanse his ears, fearing they should give him some poisoned instrument, as being a Prince very fearfull and distrustfull, whose life was miserable in his tyranny, because of the fear imprinted on his soul. The finger is attributed to Mercury, the sign ♿. In these verses you have a short and learned description.

Est Pollex veneris, sed ꝛ indice gaudet

ꝑ Medium, Sol mediumque tenet;

Ꝛ Minimum; ferentem candida Luna,

Possidet, in Cavea Mars sua castra locat.

Thus Englished.

Venus the thumb, Jove in the index joyes,
 Saturn the middle, Sol the youthfull toys.
 Stilborn the least, Luna the ferients,
 In cavea Mars delights to pitch his tents.

Now all these fingers have certain risings at their roots or bases, which are called mounts, attributed to the Planets, to which is added that apparent flesh, which is and belongs to the percussion of the hand; the four principal fingers have twelve joynts or ligaments, to which are attributed the twelve signs of the zodiac, and to each finger one of the seasons of the year: as to the index, which is γ , we give it the Spring, and to each joynt one of the signs of that season; to the highest Aries, to the middle Taurus, to that of the root Gemini, which are thus marked, γ , δ , π . The little finger, which is Mercury's, hath the Autumn, and conforms to that of Jupiter, because they represent the two Seasons, which are equally milde and temperate; whereof the two first signs are equinoctial, (that is to say make the nights and days of a length). The signs of the Season of Autumn, which are attributed to this finger, and placed as the others are, Libra, Scorpius, and Sagittary, thus marked, Δ , μ , τ . The middle finger, which belongs to Saturn, represents Winter, a rigorous Season; hath Capricorn, Aquarius, and Pisces; marked thus, ν , ω , κ . The ring-finger, which is the Sun's, hath for signs ϕ , Ω , μ . And these two Seasons have in their first moneths the two solstices, that is, when the Sun neither descends nor ascends, but stands still in the extremities of the zodiac, in the zenith, as

to its elevation, and in nadir for its declination. These two angles being represented in the hand, we must imagine the zenith at the end of the middle finger, and the nadir near the wrist, where ends the line of life, so it represents an oval figure.

We may represent it according to the third following figure, imagining the zodiac from the fore-finger about the thumb and mount of φ , which shall be comprized in the oval of the zodiac; and we will also imagine our signs placed; Aries on the rising above the wrist; Taurus on the mount of Venus; Gemini on the branches of the line of life, (which denote our life). On the first joynt of the fore-finger ϖ , on the second α , on the third μ , leaving the thumb apart, as being an imperfect finger, because it hath but two joynts, which is the first number according to the Arithmeticians, called flat, and hath not so many perfections as the ternary or three, which is the second number. This half circle we call arctick. As for the other half circle meridional, which we call antarctick, we begin it at the top of the ring-finger, and place the first sign, which is ♈ , on the first joynt of the finger; on the second ♉ , on the third ♊ . At the extremity of the table line, Capricorn; in the middle of the mount of the Moon ♋ ; and near the wrist on the other side, Pisces; so that the seven Planets will be enclosed within the zodiack.

It is to be noted that every mount, (as I shall shew more at large in the rules of the Science,) signifies and denotes something worthy of special consideration; as that of Venus love, that of ♃ honours, that of ♄ misfortunes, that of ♁ riches,

that of ☿ sciences, that of ♃ military achievements, and that of the Moon afflictions and diseases of the mind. I shall pass no further in the notion and significations of these mounts, reserving it to another chapter. But ere I conclude, I will say a word of the lines and observations of the hand, as much as shall be necessary in this place.

In the inclosure of the hand there are six lines or cuts, (as hath been shewed already.) whereon depend the three principal parts of man, that is to say, the head, the heart, and the kidneys, on which depend the three worlds; that is to say, the Intellectual, Celestial, and Elementary; they are thus placed.

The Intellectual		To the Head		To God
The Celestial		To the Heart		To Heaven
The Elementary		To the Kidneys		To the Elements

SO THE LINES OF THE HAND

The Table Line		To the Head		To God
The Middle Nat				
The Line of Life		To the Heart		To Heaven
Line of the Stomach				
The percussio		To the Kidneys		To the Elements
The Wrist				

To understand these lines, you must know first, the table line takes its force from the whole head, and that it begins at the percussio of the hand, (where is the mount of Mercury, situate under the little finger,) and reaches with two or three branches, and commonly without, under the fore-finger where it ends; and sometimes it is joyned with the middle natural line, both of them answering to the head, and with that of life make an angle, which ends between the mounts of Venus and Jupiter.

The second line of the head, called the middle natural line, is that which begins at the root of the line of life, and passes through the middle of the palm, between the mount of Mars and the Moon, and advances under that of Venus, and commonly to the table, as hath been said before.

The third, which is the line of life, called also the line of the heart, begins at the mount of the fore-finger, and ends near the wrist, separating the mount of Venus from the triangle or palm.

The fourth, called that of the liver or stomach, begins under the mount of the Moon, and makes the triangle of Mars, thwarting the middle natural, or straight line, joyning with that of life, above the mount of Venus.

The fifth is the wrist, which are those spaces which appear in the joynt of the hand, where there are two lines at least, and four at most, and divers cuts advancing towards the mount of Venus.

As for the sixth, it is the sister of the line of life, which ever follows it, whereto we adde the percussion, which is the outer part, which moves when we strike any thing. These are the most remarkable parts of this science, which are to be much observed in matter of divination, as being the principles of Chiromancy.

Of the Predictions of the Hands in general, and particularly of the Hand-wrist.

You have already known the seven lines of the hands, answering these seven mounts, or seven planets; now you are to learn the judgements which you are

to draw from them, that the prolixity may not dispatience any man, and that every one may be easily instructed. I give you first of all this hand before the chapter, wherein is comprized a great and true part of the Chiromantick judgements that I have found infallible; that hand alone can instruct any man whatsoever to make judgements, and to tell particularities and rarities, to make himself to be admired in the eyes of those that affect this science, which he will thereby render much desirable. After the meditation, and the lesson of the hand, I will give you rules and tables upon every line or part of the hand, and demonstrate the whole science in divers figures, and visibly unfold the substance of the truth in near seven hundred aphorismes, for your better instruction, to make you able to judge of things past, present, and to come, with all assurance: which rules I have found true; yet I could not possibly comprehend them in the hand, because of their number and diversity of accidents, both good and bad, which they denote and signifie; therefore I will take them by particulars, in such conspicuous maner, that never was presented to any English eye before this.

1. When there are four lines in the hand-wrist all alike, and well coloured, they signifie to him that hath them, that he shall live eighty or an hundred years; but if there be two little boughs above, making a sharp angle, it denotes that the party shall have the succession of an heritage fall to him by the death of some one; and in his old age he shall rise to honours according as he is capable; he shall be of a good disposition, and healthy.

2. It must be noted here for a second rule, that we allow to every line which is upon the hand-wrist, which separates the hand and the arm, so many thirty years, as it may be seen in this figure. We may also comprehend therein all the ages of the givers of years, as the fifty-eight of Saturn; and by this means also may be known the humour and complexion of the person. The forty-seven of Jupiter, the eighty-two of the Sun, the eighty-three of Venus, the eighty of Mercury, the hundred which the Moon gives, and the forty-nine of Mars, all which may be known according to these lines.

3. When there are but three lines in the hand-wrist, if they be superficial and broad, the life shall be sixty years, but abounding in riches in youth, and declining to poverty in that age; if the first line be thick, the second thin, and the third small, that signifies in the first age riches, in the second diminution, in the third augmentation.

4. If there are but two lines, the life will be but sixty years at most, and subject to diseases.

5. To have but one, signifies death not afar off; but when the first line of the hand-wrist is crooked, and the rest straight, with a right angle and continued, it denotes weakness as to temporal things.

6. If you find the lines scattered abroad in the hand-wrist, it represents a man of little understanding, but courageous enough, and shall not exceed forty years.

7. Let him that hath lines crossing one another in his hand-wrist, take heed of the sword of Justice.

8. When the first line is gross and thick, and the second subtle, and the third thick and broad, it portends in the first age great riches, in the second diminution, and much misfortune, for then Saturn will reign in Alfridary; in the third age he will recover himself again in riches and good fortune; and in the fourth again, misfortune and poverty; if the fourth line be small, death, with the penury of all things, is prenoted.

9. If the lines of the hand-wrist lie scattering and spread abroad, so that they touch not one another, but crookedly passing divers ways, they signify a man of a great ingenuity, and guilty of much curiosity; that he entertains high cogitations, and is of a heightened courage, aiming only at the highest things; easie to violate the laws of his Sovereign.

10. When a line crosses the wrist, and crookedly spreads it self towards the line of life, it signifies a sickness; if it be pale, it signifies death near; if it be black, it denotes the approach of a disease, wherein the party shall languish long, by reason of the corruption of blood.

11. When there is a crooked line traverses (after the manner of a bow, the lines of the wrist, it denotes the man shall be of a servile relation, or that he shall be a slave; if there be two, it represents, that he that hath such a thing, shall be by justice condemned to the gallows, or shall end his life miserably.

12. If the lines of the hand-wrist are doubled towards the mount of Luna, and if one line ascend towards the line of the stomach, and be uneven, it portends great tribulations and adversities, nay secret assassinations, cheats, hostilities, and all pernicious actions.

13. If those lines are red and pure, they denote the party martial, and that he shall raise him a fortune by the wars, that he shall be fortunate in all combats as much as he can desire, and that he shall not want the honours of Mars.

14. If you find the lines of the wrist in the manner of a chain, especially the first, it signifies a laborious life, yet not unsuccessfull; and he shall by his labour, get together much wealth by his commerce both by sea and land, and especially by sea, if these lines be red and whitish.

15. When it happens that many lines spread themselves abundantly, and end towards the mount of Luna, it demonstrates long expeditions, voyages by sea and land, perpetual peregrinations, and a vagabond life.

16. Among the lines of the hand-wrist if there be one that thwarts them, and all the plain of Mars, and advances even to the mount of the Sun; it presages unexpected honours and riches, which will come suddenly, as also the favour of some great Prince and dignities.

17. Moreover, if any line of the wrist fall down to the palm, and the hollow of the hand, through the line of life, and if it be red, it denotes a debility of understanding, and weakness of body.

18. When there is a triangle near the mount of the Moon, beginning at the lines of the wrist, if it be on the hand of a woman, it denotes she is corrupt even from her tender age, and shall be given to all sorts of unclean actions, in the flowre of her age, and shall be infamous.

19. If there be crosses upon the hand-wrist of a woman, it is a sign she is shamefac'd, chaste; and if there be one in the middle, looking towards the field of Mars, it denotes that certainly that woman shall be a widdow at twenty-nine years, and in her widdowhood shall take some religious habit, and shall live the rest of her time in great devotion.

20. When the lines of the hand come to the flat of the hand, it signifies diversity of opinions, and a great inconstancy in resolution.

A TABLE OR ABRIDGEMENT OF THESE RULES FOR THE EASIER COMPREHENSION OF THEM.

THE HAND WRIST IS REFERRED TO ☉.

The long wrist without intersections signifies,	<i>Strength of members and constancy.</i>
The short wristed, cut, and dissected, signifies,	<i>Weakness of body and minde.</i>
If the lines of the wrist look towards those of Saturn, they denote	<i>Vanity, vain-glory, and lying.</i>
If that line branches itself towards the mount of Jupiter, it denotes	<i>Honours, dignities, and riches.</i>
If the contrary,	<i>Poverty.</i>
When it casts its branches between the fore-finger and that of Saturn,	<i>The man shall be wounded in his head; the woman shall die in child-bed.</i>
If there be crosses or stars in these lines, they denote	<i>Tranquillity of life in old age.</i>
When there are only stars, it is	<i>To women, misfortune and infamy.</i>
When the lines which look towards the mount of Venus make a triangle, it denotes	<i>Incest, and other sins of dishonesty.</i>
If those lines tend towards the Hepatic line, it shews	<i>Integrity of life, and that long.</i>

A table of the Nails.

THE NAILS BROAD.

1. He or she that hath the nail thus, is of a gentle nature, and good enough, but yet guilty of some pusillanimity, and a fear to speak before great persons, having not his speech at command, and being guilty of a certain bashfulness.

2. If about these nails there happen to be an excoriation of the flesh, which is commonly called points; in these large nails it signifies the party

given to luxury, yet fearfull, and commonly guilty of some excesse extraordinary.

3. When there is at the extremity, a certain white mark, it signifies ruine as to means, that shall happen for want of providence, through negligence; the party hath more honesty then subtilty, and fears more a frost in the moneth of May, then the loss of a battel.

THE NAILS WHITE.

1. He that hath nails white and long, is sickly and subject to much infirmity, and especially to feavers; he is neat, but not very strong, because of his indispositions.

2. If upon this white, there appear at the extremities somewhat that is pale, that denotes a short life, that shall happen by sudden death, it may be the squincy; for such persons are fat and of a jovial humour, yet participating with melancholy, or Saturn, and are not merry but by chance.

3. When at the beginning of this nail, or at the root, there appears a certain mixt redness of divers colours, like the rainbow, it denotes the man choleric and ready to strike, who delights much in combats, battels, conflicts, and duels, contemning every one without any respect.

4. When the extremity is black, it speaks the man given to agriculture, and that his desires are not extraordinary, but content themselves with a mediocrity.

NARROW NAILS.

1. Whosoever hath such a nail, it may be presumed he is a person covetous of the sciences of venery and falconery; that he smells of the bird of prey, viz. is prone to do his neighbour a damage, and cannot live without hateing his neighbours and kindred.

2. When the nails are long and narrow, the person hath somewhat of the nature of the eagle, will command lesser birds, and kill them; fie high in contempt of those who are more then himself, having the heart always raised to ambition and sovereignty.

LONG NAILS.

When the nails are so, it notes the person well-natured, but distrustful, that will not confide in any man, as being from his youth conversant with deceits, yet not practising them, and that because the over goodness of nature which is in him doth rather love reconciliation then differences.

OBLIQUE NAILS.

1. Signifie deceit, and that the person is given to over-reach his neighbour, to make deceitfull bargains, that there may be matter of circumvention and deceit; he hath no courage, nor any greater desire then to see a full parliament, and when he sees it, thinks himself one of the greatest law-givers of the world.

2. When upon these crooked nays there are certain white little marks at the extremities, it signifies a slothfull person, of little judgement, yet desires most to be heard, though he hath offended no body; there is an inseparable cowardise in his minde, and that through the avarice which governs it

LITTLE NAILS.

1. Little and round nails denote a person obstinately angry, of a distasteful conversation, that is more enclining to hatred then otherwise, believing all things to be subject to him.

2. If the little nails be crooked at the extremities, it denotes the person fierce and proud, and entertains no desire which doth not speak pride and high dignities.

ROUND NAILS.

Signifie a choleric person, yet of good nature, and soon reconciled; he is desirous of, and loves the secret sciences, yet with an honest minde, without any design to hurt any body, doing what he doth for his own satisfaction.

FLESHY NAILS.

Signifie a calm person, given to idleness, and will rather sleep, eat, and drink, then take a town by some warlike stratagem, or have any evil design against his neighbour.

PALE AND BLACKE NAILS.

Denote a person Saturnine, subject to many diseases, and withall guilty, of many cheats and tricks to deceive his neighbour, for these accidents are derived from Jupiter and Mercury.

RED AND MARKED NAILS.

Signifie a choleric and martial nature, given to cruelty; and as many little marks as there are, they speak so many evil desires, which tend rather to the hurt then the good of his neighbour; these nails have the nature and complexion of Mars, and of Venus for their variety.

And this shall suffice for the Nails, let us now consider the Hand in general.

Particular Rules for the Hands.

As for the general predictions of the hands, what my judgement is of them, I shall deliver with as much brevity and truth as I can possibly; the hands being as it were, the looking-glasses wherein we see the soul and the affections.

1. If thou findest any lines at the top of the fingers, beware of drowning or falling into the water; and observe in what finger it is, that thou maist know what month this misfortune will happen to thee, and prevent it.

2. If thou find two lines under the joynt of the thumb, it denotes great inheritance and possessions; but if there be but one, it denotes no great wealth. If these lines be great and apparent, the person hath some riches, about which he is in debates and law-suits.

3. If between the joynts of the thumb there be two lines streached out and well united, the person will be a gamester; but by means of his gaming he shall be in danger of his life: but if they be disjoynd, or winding and crooked, he is like to fall into thieves' hands, and be robbed.

4. If there be a hand that hath two lines joynd together, within, under the

last joynt of the thumb, it denotes danger by water ; but if they are pale, it signifies that it hath happened in childhood, or that it will happen late ; but if these lines are without, they threaten some loss by fire.

5. A woman that hath lines at the root of the thumb, upon the mount of Venus, so many lines as there are, so many children shall she have : if they verge towards the outside of the hand, so many men shall have to do with her, or marry her.

6. If thou find the first joynt of the thumb having a line that joyns to it within from the part of the fore-finger, he that hath it shall be hanged ; and so much the more certain, by how much the more the said line represents it, and descends from the table line : but if the said line be united without, and not within, it is a sign the person shall lose his head ; if it be environed all about, the man shall be hanged.

7. When the table-line is crooked, and falls between the middle and fore-finger, it signifies effusion of blood, as I said before.

8. When thou findest upon the mount of the thumb, called the mount of Venus, certain lines thwarting from the line of life to it, the person is luxurious, and for that reason shall be hated of his friends and superiors ; but when thou findest two lines near the thumb fair and apparent, they signifie abundance of temporal wealth.

9. The mount of Venus swelling up and high in the hand of any one, signifies luxury and unchastity.

10. If thou find a hand that hath a cleft, with three small branches, the person that so hath it, shall be hated of great men ; but he shall be a great dissembler, and for that reason shall not fear them much.

11. If thou find the line of life separated, or divided into halves, the person shall be wounded with a sword in his body.

12. If a woman hath the palm of the hand short, and the fingers long, it is a sign she shall bring forth with great pain and difficulty.

13. When thou seest a hand something long, and the fingers somewhat thick, it is a sign that the person is slow, idle, of a phlegmatick complexion, yet a good body, and very modest.

14. When thou findest the palm of the hand long, and the fingers of a good proportion, and not soft in the touching, but rather hard, the person is ingenious, but changeable, given to theft, and vitious.

15. He that hath the hand hollow, solid, and well knit in the joynts, is likely to live long ; but if over-thwarted, it denotes shortness of life.

16. He that hath the hand according to the quantity of his body, and the fingers too short, and thick, and fat at the ends, is denoted to be a thief, a lyer in wait, and furnished with all evill, a paragon of vice, the more he hath the fingers filled towards the ends.

17. When the palm of the hand is longer then its due proportion requires, and the fingers more thick, by how much they are the more short it signifies the man idle, negligent, a fool, and proud, and that so much the more, by how much the hand is more brawny.

18. He that hath the hands long and great, is liberal, good-conditioned, crafty, hath a great spirit, and is a good counsellour, and faithfull to his friends.

19. He that hath the hand shorter then it should be, according to the pro-

portion of his other members, it is a sign of a great talker; and that he is a glutton, insatiable, injurious, and a censurer of other mean actions.

20. He that hath the fingers turning backwards, is an unjust person, subtle, ingenious; and the more neat his fingers seem to be (as being more dry) the more mischievous is he, and advances into all evils, as if he were at enmity with vertue; when the lines of the joynts are all alike, take heed of such servants.

21. He that hath the fingers well united and close, so that the air can hardly pass between, is a curious person, and very careful about his affairs.

22. When thou seest one that hath the fingers retorted at the highest joynt, and turned backward orderly, as it appears here, it is a sign of an envious person. Indagines and Savanarola say that he is envious; but it is a vertuous envy or emulation, and the person a professed enemy of vice.

23. If thou find one whose fingers are dispersed, and thicker at the joynts, and between the joynts small and dry, as if the flesh were taken away, it denotes poverty and misery. The men that are thus qualified, are great talkers, and suffer poverty by their over-great wisdom.

24. Who hath the fingers in such a manner as that they strike one another, as if they were beating a drum, it is a sign that he is changeable in his thoughts, and hath ill opinions of others.

25. He that when he is in discourse with others, hath a custom of striking with his hands, and cannot abstain from it, hath some imperfection in his understanding, and his mind being overwhelmed with many affairs, it is as if he were confused.

26. If thou find one whose hands shake when he reacheth them forth to take somewhat, it denotes that he is no choleric person. There are others that have this infirmity through the too much use of wine; therefore caution is to be used.

27. When you see a man who when he eats, opens his mouth, and stoops it to his hand, or to the meat which he holds, it is a sign he is a glutton, and an enemy to all the world; and he that in the same action pulls down his hat over his eyes, is a treacherous person, and given to all manner of vice, and such a one as wise men avoid.

28. Observe the finger of Mercury, or the little finger, if the end thereof exceed the last joynt of the annular or ring-finger, such a man rules in his house, and hath his wife pleasing and obedient to him; but if it be short, and reach not the joynt, that man hath a shrew, an imperious commanding woman, that wears the breeches; if one hand differ from the other, (as it may do,) having in one the little finger exceeding the joynt, in the other shorter, then it denotes one wife a shrew, and the other courteous; and you may know how to distinguish by observing the hands; for if that hand that shews the lines the most conspicuous, have the little finger long, passing the joynt of the annular, then the first wife is good; if that hand have the shortest finger, then the first wife is a shrew, and so of the other.

The last of these Rules is worthy observation; for on it depends Chiro-nomy, or the science of the sight of the hands, very necessary to those who desire to be gamesters.

The foregoing extracts upon these curious sub-
No. 23.

jects, will be further elucidated by the engraved plate on Palmistry which accompanies these articles, and to which I refer the reader.

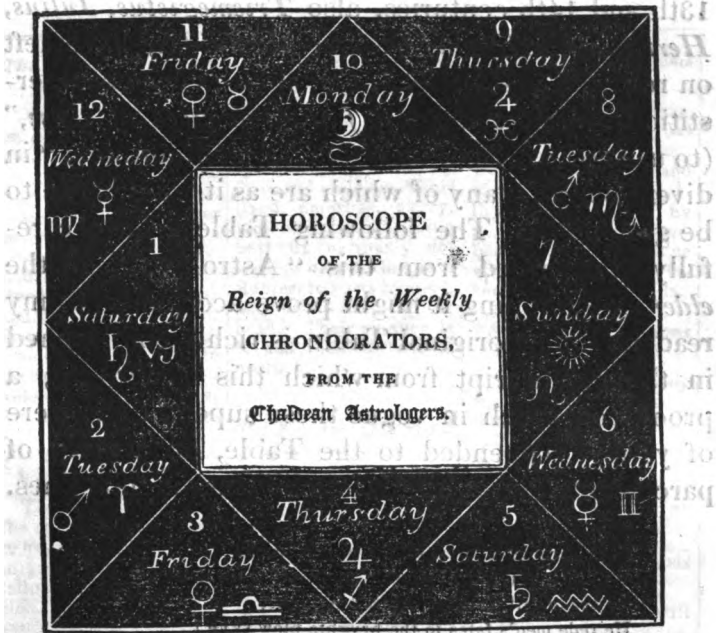
Animal Magnetism.

As facts multiply, science is unveiled, and theory becomes more easy. We have lately witnessed curious experiments executed at Toulon by Count de B——; and a public document, now in existence, proves a remarkable fact. It describes what took place on the 15th of March, 1853, in the department of Gers, at the residence of the Justice of Peace of the canton of Condom, in the presence of persons, every one of whom are well known to us.

Jean ———, a farmer, aged 23, was afflicted with an abscess from congestion upon the inner and upper part of the thigh. The surgeons who attended him, declared that cure puncture would be practicable, but the operation required great prudence, and much resignation, because the crural artery crossed the tumor, developed in a frightful manner. Count de B——, whose magnetic skill is remarkable, proposed plunging the patient into the magnetic state, thereby to produce somnambulism, and establish insensibility upon the part of the body where the operation was to be performed. In that condition, he said, they might spare the farmer the pain and suffering inevitable in his then state. The proposition was accepted. In about two minutes the patient was placed in the magnetic state; somnambulism immediately followed, but without remarkable lucidity. The farmer said, in answer to a question put by his magnetiser, that he looked in vain for his illness. He could not see it, nor the cause of it. At that moment Doctor Lar—— performed, with the greatest skill, the surgical operation which had been considered necessary. He applied the bistoury several times, and produced the desired effect. The dressing was then made in the usual manner. During the whole of the operation the patient remained immovable as a statue.—His magnetic sleep was undisturbed. Upon the proposition of all the medical men, Count de B—— destroyed the magnetic state in which the patient had been plunged, and awoke him. Doctor R—— then approached him, and asked whether he was willing to submit to the operation.—“If it must be so,” said the patient, “I will submit.” Doctor R—— then announced that it was quite useless to recommend it, because it was done. The astonishment of the patient was increased when they made him see the dressing. He had felt nothing, and only remembered the action of Count B——, when the latter applied the palm of his hand to his (the patient's) forehead to make him sleep.

Ancient Superstitions and Traditions.

The old Astrologers' Horoscope of the Planetary Reigns.



“ And now let us speak of the day and the hour,
Wherein Sigils, and Charms, and Stars bear power !
First **MERCURY** rules the *Wednesday* clear,
Then **JUPITER**, *Thursday*, deigns to hear :
Next **VENUS**, on *Friday*, speaks love's soft lures,
And **SATURN**, on *Saturday*, mirth abjures ;

Sad champion of woe !—Then Sat. comes next,
 And Sunday, when clowns like lordlings are drest,
 In holiday clothes, to rule makes his claim ;
 While the MOON governs Monday !—Thus ever the same
 Do the Planets above us, frail mortals protect,
 And mysterious wonders most eas'ly effect.
 So the Seers of old times, the Astrologers sage,
 Proclaim in each leaf of their time-honour'd page,
 That mortals give credence to—moreo'er they say,
The whole Universe bows to the firmament's sway !
A power which the greatest are feign to obey."

OLD LEGEND.

The *Astrologers* of olden time, especially of the 13th and 14th centuries, also *Trismegistus*, *Julius*, *Hermiscus*, *Albumagar*, and *Eschuidus*, have left on record a vast variety of such like curious superstitions. There are "*a full grete store of these*," (to use the words of an old and quaint author,) "in divers bokes, many of which are as it were herde to be gotten at." The following Table I have carefully transcribed from this "Astrologer" of the *elder* ages, hoping it might prove acceptable to my readers. The original Table is richly emblazoned in the manuscript from which this is derived; a proof how much in vogue these superstitions were of yore. Appended to the Table, on a scrip of parchment, I decyphered the following singular lines.

" From Arabies shores, a sage pilgrim came,
 With his scrip, and his veste, and famous his name :
 He spake full gifted of sterres on highe,
 He rede men's fates in the bryghte blew-skye !
 And soothe said he, that man is wyld,
 By sophystre lede, and faine begylde :
 Who shoulde venture the pow're of yon mansyons above,
 To faltere, or cheete, or gaynsay, or disprove !
 For soothe, with the orbyt of eche bryghte sunne,
 Are wonderes perfectede, and wonderes begunne !
 Mydste the cradle of youthe, mydste the mornynge of lyfe,
 Mydste the fayre dawne of manhoode, the aspectes are ryfo ;

Mydste the war shoute—the tourney—the gay chevalrye.
 Mydste the battaile—the dethe doome—the glad vict'rye;
 Yon messengers fair, yon Planetes so bryghte,
 From their beauteous thrones and houses of lyghte;
 Rule all thynges, o'er all thynges, their swaye they fulfill,
 And are govern'd alone, soothe, by th' Almyghty will."

A Table of the Planetary Fortunes,

ACCORDING TO THE ASTROLOGERS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

<p><i>The Fortune of persons born on Monday.</i></p>	<p><i>The Fortune of persons born on Tuesday.</i></p>	<p><i>The Fortune of persons born on Friday.</i></p>
<p>Those who fortune to be born on the day of the D, or Monday, will be great voyagers, sitting about, rarely settled—never rich, never poor. Skilful in medicine, chirurgery, and household arts: Not long lived, happy in marriage and woman's love. Their fortunate number is 2. Their fortune lays to the south. They are liable to perils by the sea, and in the art of fluids.</p>	<p>By this thou shalt give them the government of J, viz. getting rich by force and violence. Short lived, amorous, angry, vicious at times. Doing best by curiously designing or working arts. Subject to hurts by steel, and to wounds on the head. Their number is 8, and their fortune is north.</p>	<p>The day of Q—constitutes them happy, but not lucky over much. They love both wine and women, are prone to jollity, but in danger by poison. Their number is 6. Their fortune west. They will inherit dead men's goods.</p>
<p><i>The Fortune of persons born on Wednesday.</i></p>	<p><i>The Fortune of persons born on Thursday.</i></p>	<p><i>The Fortune of persons born on Saturday.</i></p>
<p>Those on Wednesday, the day of G, shall rise to high authority, sitting in judgement over their fellows. Albeit never rich. Their fate lies every where, as they abound in skill. In marriage they are ill-matched. In their middle age cast down, and rising again to power. Subject to imprisonment. Commonly they are travellers. 4 is their number.</p>	<p>On the day of N, those who are born, shall rise to be rich, usurers, or keepers of wealth; setting small store by riches, but having plenty. In peril by great cattle, or four-footed beasts. Lucky in marriage.—Their numbers are 5 and 7. Eastward and southward lays their fortunes. They are long lived, for the most part, and lucky.</p>	<p>On a h's day—they will lead a life of sorrow and labour—never rich, always in jeopardy. Their numbers are 1 and 8. Commonly they die in grief, or in a strange fashion.</p>
		<p><i>The Fortune of persons born on Sunday.</i></p>
		<p>On a O day—they will rise to power and riches, to have much money, to be knightly or noble, and of renown. But evil fated in the nuptial rites. Southward lies their lucky star, and 9 is their fateful number. Long life is not their lot.</p>

**A Table of the Fortunate Days of the Week,
To Persons who have the Moon in any of the Twelve Signs
FROM ALCABITIUS, A FAMOUS ASTROLOGER.**

<p>The Moon in ♈ at Birth. Their fortunate day is <i>Tuesday.</i></p>	<p>The Moon in ♄ at Birth. Their fortunate day is <i>Friday.</i></p>
<p>The Moon in ♁ at Birth. Their fortunate day is <i>Wednesday.</i></p>	<p>The Moon in ☽ at Birth. Their fortunate day is <i>Monday.</i></p>
<p>The Moon in ♀ at Birth. Their fortunate day is <i>Sunday.</i></p>	<p>The Moon in ♃ at Birth. Their fortunate day is <i>Friday.</i></p>
<p>The Moon in ♌ at Birth. Their fortunate day is <i>Saturday.</i></p>	<p>The Moon in ♉ at Birth. Their fortunate day is <i>Tuesday.</i></p>
<p>The Moon in ♋ at Birth. Their fortunate day is <i>Thursday.</i></p>	<p>The Moon in ♊ at Birth. Their fortunate day is <i>Monday.</i></p>
<p>The Moon in ♍ at Birth. Their fortunate day is <i>Wednesday.</i></p>	<p>The Moon in ♎ at Birth. Their fortunate day is <i>Saturday.</i></p>

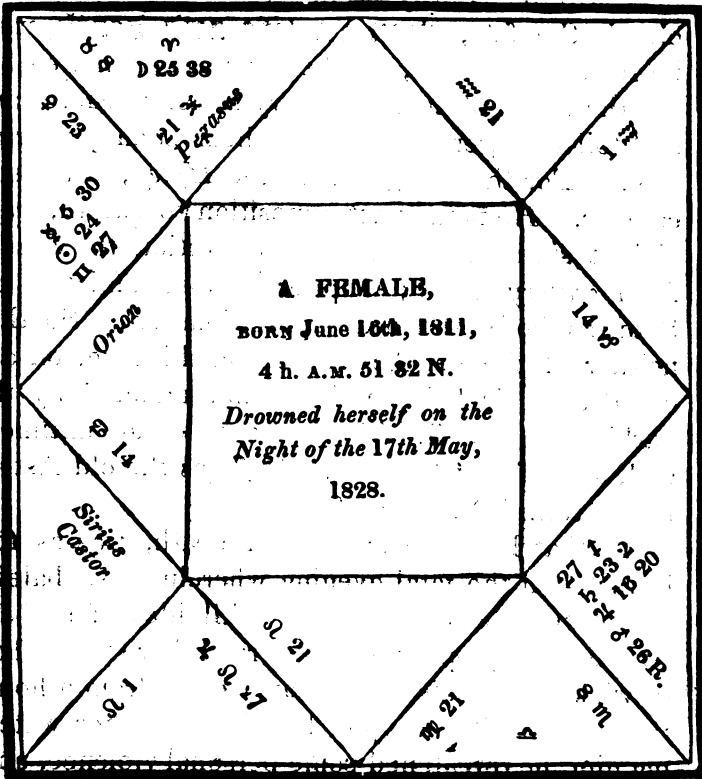
FATAL HOROSCOPES.

No. IV.

The Nativity of a "Suicide."

"Life's fitful gleam,
Death's doleful dream,
Stars rule, I ween."

OLD AUTHOR.



☉, *Hyleg*, zod. par. to ♃, ♀, and ♄

☉ ♂ ♃

♄ ♃ ♀

♄ ♀ ♂

It is rarely, or ever, that the true horoscope of these wretched unfortunates can be obtained; but the other day, the mother of the female whose Nativity is given above, came to ask some advice relative to her affairs, which were in a precarious situation, and from her I procured the exact day and hour of her daughter's birth, therefore the student may rely upon the truth of the diagram.

It will be readily seen, by this example, how clearly the fate, **even in life and death**, may be read in the Stars, at the hour of our first entering the limits of this sublunary region: where care and toil—danger and sorrow, bear such powerful rule. For the **Sun** is here the *Hyleg*, or aphectical star. He is in exact opposition to Saturn, from violent signs, and Mars in opposition to Venus, from *watery* signs; Jupiter is also afflicted by Saturn's body and near approximation. So that neither of the benefic Planets could save, on account of their being vitiated and afflicted by the harbingers of evil. The presages of an untimely end, and of a "**cruel death**," (as the old Astrologers term it,) are manifest.

All that I could learn of her death, was as follows:—On the fatal evening wherein these baleful planetary orbs prompted the fell idea of self-destruction, it appears she observed her step-father, (a wicked and dissolute man,) come from a house "of ill fame," and upon his observing her watching him, he threatened some personal violence, and,

I believe, struck her; which it seems, hurt her feelings in so particular a manner, that she went out late in the evening, **and committed suicide** by drowning herself.—A sad memento of the dreadful effects of vice, where the example assumes a marked manner, and where a violence in the passions gets the mastery of reason. Yet hundreds of such like instances *are annually occurring!*

The following curious, and very ingenious device, may amuse some of my readers. The sentence "*Reform alone can save us now,*" may be read 484 different ways, beginning at the letter R in the centre:—

w *o* *n* *s* *u* *e* *v* *a* *s* *n* *a* *c* *a* *n* *s* *a* *v* *e* *u* *s* *n* *o*
o *n* *s* *u* *e* *v* *a* *s* *n* *a* *c* *e* *c* *a* *n* *s* *a* *v* *e* *u* *s* *n* *o*
n *s* *u* *e* *v* *a* *s* *n* *a* *c* *e* *n* *e* *c* *a* *n* *s* *a* *v* *e* *u* *s* *n* *o*
n *s* *u* *e* *v* *a* *s* *n* *a* *c* *e* *n* *o* *n* *e* *c* *a* *n* *s* *a* *v* *e* *u* *s* *n* *o*
u *e* *v* *a* *s* *n* *a* *c* *e* *n* *o* *l* *o* *n* *e* *c* *a* *n* *s* *a* *v* *e* *u* *s* *n* *o*
e *v* *a* *s* *n* *a* *c* *e* *n* *o* *l* *a* *l* *o* *n* *e* *c* *a* *n* *s* *a* *v* *e* *u* *s* *n* *o*
v *a* *s* *n* *a* *c* *e* *n* *o* *l* *a* *m* *a* *l* *o* *n* *e* *c* *a* *n* *s* *a* *v* *e* *u* *s* *n* *o*
a *s* *n* *a* *c* *e* *n* *o* *l* *a* *m* *r* *m* *a* *l* *o* *n* *e* *c* *a* *n* *s* *a* *v* *e* *u* *s* *n* *o*
s *n* *a* *c* *e* *n* *o* *l* *a* *m* *r* *o* *r* *m* *a* *l* *o* *n* *e* *c* *a* *n* *s* *a* *v* *e* *u* *s* *n* *o*
n *a* *c* *e* *n* *o* *l* *a* *m* *r* *o* *f* *o* *r* *m* *a* *l* *o* *n* *e* *c* *a* *n* *s* *a* *v* *e* *u* *s* *n* *o*
a *c* *e* *n* *o* *l* *a* *m* *r* *o* *f* *e* *f* *o* *r* *m* *a* *l* *o* *n* *e* *c* *a* *n* *s* *a* *v* *e* *u* *s* *n* *o*
c *e* *n* *o* *l* *a* *m* *r* *o* *f* *e* *R* *e* *f* *o* *r* *m* *a* *l* *o* *n* *e* *c* *a* *n* *s* *a* *v* *e* *u* *s* *n* *o*
a *c* *e* *n* *o* *l* *a* *m* *r* *o* *f* *e* *f* *o* *r* *m* *a* *l* *o* *n* *e* *c* *a* *n* *s* *a* *v* *e* *u* *s* *n* *o*
n *a* *c* *e* *n* *o* *l* *a* *m* *r* *o* *f* *o* *r* *m* *a* *l* *o* *n* *e* *c* *a* *n* *s* *a* *v* *e* *u* *s* *n* *o*
s *n* *a* *c* *e* *n* *o* *l* *a* *m* *r* *o* *r* *m* *a* *l* *o* *n* *e* *c* *a* *n* *s* *a* *v* *e* *u* *s* *n* *o*
a *s* *n* *a* *c* *e* *n* *o* *l* *a* *m* *r* *m* *a* *l* *o* *n* *e* *c* *a* *n* *s* *a* *v* *e* *u* *s* *n* *o*
v *a* *s* *n* *a* *c* *e* *n* *o* *l* *a* *m* *a* *l* *o* *n* *e* *c* *a* *n* *s* *a* *v* *e* *u* *s* *n* *o*
e *v* *a* *s* *n* *a* *c* *e* *n* *o* *l* *a* *l* *o* *n* *e* *c* *a* *n* *s* *a* *v* *e* *u* *s* *n* *o*
u *e* *v* *a* *s* *n* *a* *c* *e* *n* *o* *l* *o* *n* *e* *c* *a* *n* *s* *a* *v* *e* *u* *s* *n* *o*
s *u* *e* *v* *a* *s* *n* *a* *c* *e* *n* *o* *n* *e* *c* *a* *n* *s* *a* *v* *e* *u* *s* *n* *o*
n *s* *u* *e* *v* *a* *s* *n* *a* *c* *e* *n* *e* *c* *a* *n* *s* *a* *v* *e* *u* *s* *n* *o*
o *n* *s* *u* *e* *v* *a* *s* *n* *a* *c* *e* *c* *a* *n* *s* *a* *v* *e* *u* *s* *n* *o*
w *o* *n* *s* *u* *e* *v* *a* *s* *n* *a* *c* *a* *n* *s* *a* *v* *e* *u* *s* *n* *o*

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

Part 2.

The Practice of the Art of Alchemy.

Nature presents us with one of the materials necessary for the practice and perfection of this art, ready formed to hand and fit for use, as the body, matter, or *Vase* in which we work, is found in the bowels of the earth, according as I have stated in the former part of this treatise. The astral spirit is a liquid, fair and clear, like water, and without the enjoyment of which, no man could live. . With these two materials we begin the work of Hermes, and for this commencement we must take nature for our guide; for in like manner as she softens and gives to the earth its fructifying property, by rain and dews, so we imbibe our solid matter with our astral spirit.

By this means our matter becomes incorporated and combined with the generative essence of nature, contained in our water; in this manner, by frequent imbibitions and desinations, our matter becomes dead and putrifies, and in putrifying it arises again to a more perfect state of existence, according to the universal law of sublunary things. It must not be supposed that because the matter becomes dry, that it retains nothing of the virtue of the former imbibitions: it merely loses the aqueous part; and I will endeavour to prove this to those who may

Not understand the science of Chemistry, and yet be inclined to study the art of Alchemy. I will take for example the formation of Glauber's salt.

If you take a portion of Caustic or Carbonate of Soda, on one part, and some Sulphuric Acid on the other, and you imbibe the Soda with the Acid, they will mutually neutralize one another, and you will obtain a liquid which is neither acid nor alkaline; and an intimate and electrical combination will have taken place between the two bodies from this liquid. By evaporation you may obtain crystals, which will be composed of one part or atom of Soda, two of Acid, and twenty of Water: if you suffer these crystals to dry, or even if you calcine them, you will never be able to make them loose more than the 20 parts of water; the Acid will remain in a fixed and solid state with the calcined salt. So we must conceive the theory of our imbibitions; when our matter dries, it still retains to itself the astral essence contained in our water. Having conducted the unbiassed reader thus far, we will proceed to the practice of the

Imbibitions, or Preparations of the Philosophical Mercury.

For this, it will be necessary to have a small box, with a door, about a foot high, having its top and bottom pierced with holes, and a shelf of wire grating placed rather more than half way up on the inside; on this shelf you can place an evaporating dish, of glass or Wedgewood ware, which will contain the mineral matter, and at the bottom of the

box a common night lamp, with a small floating wick, will cause sufficient heat for all the practice of the work, which ought never to exceed that of the egg whilst hatching; this may surprise some persons, but I do not write for charcoal burners, or for those who send gold up their chimnies by the intensity of heat they employ; this sort of work is merely destroying nature, and cannot be called an imitation. But to return to our subject:—the mineral matter must be divided into small pieces about the size of peas, and watered with our liquid; care must be taken not to give too much or too little, but just as much as it will suck up and no more; it must then be placed in the warm air oven, and suffered to dry completely. This process must be continued until such time as the matter becomes saturated and pregnant with the astral spirit; this will sometimes after forty, at others after fifty imbibitions, often take from two to three days drying; and frequently upon watering it, it will make a small crackling noise; if small, white, and brilliant spots be observed, it shows that too much water has been added at a time; when it begins to be saturated, it becomes clammy, sends forth a fœtid smell of graves, and gradually changes colour, becomes blackish, as I have sometimes seen it, as if ink had been spotted over it. This is the beginning of the putrefaction; it proceeds on, and at last becomes brown, black, scaly, and crusty, like pitch. This the old adepts called by divers names, such as crow's head, &c. When it has attained to this, it must no longer be watered, but left in the gentle, oven heat, it will again change colour, and a light colour will soon be perceived to encircle the vessel

in which it is placed. This will extend itself through the whole matter, which will shortly become light coloured and white all over; this is called the first sublimation, and is in fact the **Philosophical Mercury**, which requires to be sublimed six other times to bring it to its perfection. These sublimations are the same as the first; this white mercury must again be imbibed until it putrifies, changes colour, and becomes white again; it must thus go through the seven purifications, which is sometimes called loosing the white doves of Diana, &c. When you have arrived at the seventh sublimation, you must next proceed to separate the pure from the impure, which is done in the following manner: the white substance proceeding from the seven sublimations, must be dissolved in our astral spirit, and suffered to crystalize, when there will form on the top a sort of cottony mass, very brilliant, and floating; this is the long desired, and much sought for, **Philosophical Mercury**. Underneath will be found other salts, which may be brought to perfection by a continuation of the work, and below all, a pulp will subside which you must keep carefully, as it contains the sulphur of the Magi. Hermes tells you "*not to throw away your ashes, for they contain the crown of your heart.*" The next step is

The Preparation of the Sulphur.

The above-mentioned pulp must be imbibed with our astral spirit, until it becomes putrescent; it will then gradually change its colour to that of red, and is in this case the tinging spirit and blood

of the pelican, spoken of with so much secrecy by all hermetic writers. It must be gathered carefully, and separated from the earth which remains, which is called the **Terra Damnata**, is of no use, and may be thrown away.—We have now shown how the ancients prepared the two first matters for their work; and the next is, to unveil the mystery of the **Philosophical Marriage** of Basil Valentine, where he tells us the white man and red woman must be joined together: to accomplish this, the hermetic workman must proceed in the following manner:—the sulphur must be divided into two parts; one part of which must be put aside; the other must be placed in a glass vessel, and must be imbibed with the mercury, dissolved in astral water: this, as in the former case, will require forty or fifty imbibitions; after which it will turn colour and putrify, It is then that the marriage is completed, and you have obtained the first philosophical matter; it will become black and shining, and is then called the **blacker than black**, according to the enigmatical language of the adepts, when it has attained this state, it must be left to itself; it will soon pass from **the Reign of Saturn** to that of Luna, and will become a powder of most brilliant whiteness.

The Reign of ☽

Having succeeded that of dusky **Saturn**, the preparation has now acquired its first stage of perfection, and has not only become a medicine of supernatural force, for the human body; but it has likewise attained the power of acting on metals, and

converts them, in proportion to its degree of multiplication, to the nature of silver. Still must the process be continued; the brilliancy will vanish, and whiteness will subside, and a greenish colour will pervade the whole. This is the sign of your entry to

The Reign of ♁.

Care must be taken that your fire be not too strong; the matter has already gained a high degree of subtilty, and it ought to be governed so that the mass remains at the bottom of the vessel; by judicious and careful working, the colour again changes; a yellowish tint ensues, then reddish, lemon colour, and thus begins the

Reign of ♃.

An igneous nature is now abundant in the matter; it marches on towards the red; the fire must here be strengthened, and it is here that the portion of sulphur which was formerly put aside, will be found necessary, and it will be necessary to continue the work with the solar liquid. This being done, the red colour will become deeper, a tint of regal purple will be seen, then let the student's heart rejoice, as this is the sign of

The Reign of ☉.

We have now arrived at our last labour, and the harvest is at hand; the purple colour grows darker, and at last the matter will remain in the vase, of a black red colour, not unlike a freshly precipitated

powder of Cassius, containing a large portion of gold. If the student still wish to proceed on, and to advance as far as this part of the science will admit, he must here commence the

Multiplication ;

Which is merely an exact recapitulation of the foregoing manipulations ; but he must beware of proceeding beyond the ninth multiplication ; here the medicine becomes too strong and subtle to be contained in any vessel, it passes through glass like olive oil through paper. My limits have not allowed me to treat of this subject in so detailed a manner as I could have wished, or I would have pointed out to the student its intimate relation with the mysteries and ceremonies of religions. I would have shewn that the mythology teaches this art in enigmas ; but, however, I have gone as far as my time and place will allow for the present, let others do the same on this, or what subjects they have a knowledge of, and it may be the means of mutual improvement to us all, in the sciences and learning of the ancient Magi, of which there is not a more ardent and zealous admirer than

Your well-wisher,

ZADKIEL.

“ I wal tell you as was me taught also,
 The four spirits, and the bodies sevene
 By ordne, as oft I herd my Lord hem nevener.
 The first spirit, quicksilver cleped is;
 The second, orpimente; the thirde, yevis
 Sal ammoniack; and the fourth, brimstone.

“ The bodies sevene eke, when here anon,
 Sol, gold is; and Luna, silver we threpe;
 Mars, iron; Mercurie, quicksilver we clepe;
 Saturnus, lede; and Jupiter, is tin,
 And Venus, copper, by my fader kin.”

The following are the directions of a celebrated writer on Alchemy, George Ripley, who wrote his *Compound of Alchemie* in the 15th Century, and addressed it to Edward IV.

“ First calcyne, and after that putrific,
 Dissolve, dystill, sublyme, descende, and fixe;
 With aqua vitæ oft tymes both weet and drie,
 And make a marriage the bodye and spirite betwixte;
 Which thus together naturally, if ye can myxe
 In losing the bodie, the water shall congealed be,
 Then shall the ladie dy utterly of the flyxe,
 Bleeding and changing colours as ye shall see.

The third day, again to lyfe he shall uprise,
 And devour byrds and beastes of the wilderness;
 Crowes, poppingayes, pyes, pecocks, and mevies;
 The phenix, the eagle whyte, the gryffon of fearfulness;
 The green lyon and the red dragon he shall distresse,
 The whyte dragon also; the antelope, unicorne, panthere,
 With other byrds, and beastes, both more and lesse,
 The basaliske also, which almost each one doth feare.

In bees and nubi, he shall arise and ascende
 Up to the Moone, and sith up to the Sunne,
 Thro' the ocean sea, which rounde is without ende,
 Onely shyped within a little glassen tonne;
 When he cometh thither, then is the maistric wonne.
 About which journey greate goode shall ye not speede,
 And yet ye shall be glad that it was begonne,
 Patiently if ye list to your work attend.”

The following is extracted from GEBER, a renowned *Philosopher* of the olden time.

" Now let the high God of nature, blessed and glorious, be praised ; who hath revealed the series of all medicines, with the experiences of them, which, by the goodness of his instigation, and by our incessant labour, we have searched out, and have seen with our eyes, and handled with our hands, the completement thereof sought in our magistry. But if we have concealed this, let not the son of learning wonder ; for we have not concealed it from him, but have delivered it in such speech, as it must necessarily be hid from the evil and unjust, and the unwise cannot discern it. Therefore Sons of Doctrine, search ye ! and ye will find the most excellent gift of God, reserved for you only. Ye sons of folly, and wickedness, and evil manners ! fly away from this science, because it is inimical and adverse to you, and will precipitate you into the miserable state of poverty. For this gift of God is absolutely by the judgment of Divine Providence, hid from you, and denied for ever."

KING GEBER.

The celebrated RAYMOND LULLY is said, while on a visit in London, to have converted a mass of 50,000 pounds of Quicksilver into Gold ; from which Edward I. is said by the Alchemist, to have coined the first rose-nobles, or according to others, the first guineas. He is said to have rendered his name famous by this exploit, as well as by the following feat :

" Such art of multiplying is to be reproved,
But holy Alkemy of right is to be loved ;
Which treateth of a precious medicine,
Such as truly maketh gold and silver fine.
Whereof example, for testimony,
Is in a city of Catalony ;
Which Raymond Lully, knight, men suppose
Made in seven images the truth to disclose ;
Three were good silver, in shape like ladies bright
Everie, each of them were gold, and like a knight
In borders of their clothing, letters did appeare,
Signifying in sentence as it sheweth here :

First Statue.—" Of old horseshoes (said one) I was ye,
Now I am good silver, as good as ye desire.

Second Statue.—I was (said another) Iron fet from the mine,
But now I am gold, pure, perfect, and fine.

Third Statue.—Whilome was I, copper of an old red panne,
Now am I good silver, said the third woman.

Fourth Statue.—The fourth said, I was copper, grown in the filthy place,
Now I am perfect gold, made by God's grace.

Fifth Statue.—The fifth said, I was *silver*, perfect, thorough fine,
Now am I perfect *gold*, excellent, better than the prime.

Sixth Statue.—I was a pipe of *lead* well nigh too hundred yere,
And to all men good *silver*, I appear.

Seventh Statue.—The seventh, I *lead*, am *gold* made for a mastery,
But truly my fellowes are nearer thereto than I."

I shall conclude this article by another extract from *Geber*. "If they say," exclaims he, "philosophers and princes of this world have desired this science, and could not find it, we answer, *they lie*. For princes, though few, and especially the ancient and wise men in our time, have, as is manifest, by their industry found out this science, but would never by word or writing discover the same to such men because they are unworthy of it. Therefore they not seeing any to possess this science, conceive an error in their minds, and thence judge that none have found it. But if they otherwise argue that *species* is not changed into *species*, we again say *they lie*; as they are more accustomed than to speak truly of these things; for *SPECIES IS CHANGED INTO SPECIES* in this manner: namely, when the individual of one species is changed into the individual of another.

We see a *worm* both naturally and by natural artifice to be turned into a *fly*, which differs from its species, and a *calf* strangled, to be turned into *bees*, wheat into *darnel*, and a *dog* strangled into *worms*; by the putrefaction of ebullition. Yet we do not this, but *Nature*, to whom we administer, doth the same. Likewise also, we alter not metals, but *Nature*, for whom according to art we prepare that matter; for she by herself acts, not we; yet we are her administrators, &c.

The Celestial Planisphere, AND ADVANCE OF SIDERIAL SCIENCE

RAPHAEL has received a great number of letters from his Country Correspondents, enquiring respecting the *Planisphere* made use of in calculating **NATIVITIES**. He has now the satisfaction to publicly announce, that **Mr. OXLEY**, an ingenious Mathematician, and Brother Student in the art, has published a **COMPLETE SET OF PLANISPHERES**, which together with a **Book of Explanations**, may be had of any Bookseller. In addition to this, Students will be glad to learn that an **ELEMENTARY TREATISE UPON ASTROLOGY** is preparing, by **Mr. D. PARKES**, of **SHEFFIELD**, whose correspondence appears at page 499 of the present work, which will tend greatly to advance the Science.

Miscellanies.

THE DUMB CURED.

In the 9th volume of the Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society of London, a curious case is given by Archdeacon Squire, of a person who, after having been dumb for years, recovered the use of his speech by means of a frightful dream. "One day, in the year 1748, he got very much in liquor, so much so, that on his return home at night to the devizes, he fell from his horse three or four times, and was at last taken up by a neighbour, and put to bed in a house on the road. He soon fell asleep; when, dreaming that he was falling into a furnace of boiling wort, it put him into so great an agony of fright, that struggling with all his might to call out for help, he actually did call out aloud, and recovered the use of his tongue that moment as effectually as he ever had it in his life, without the least hoarseness or alteration in the old sound of his voice."—*Morrell's Philosophy of Sleep.*

PROPHETIC DISCOVERY.

Some boys at play in a field near Wincheap, known by the name of the Green Field, the real name of which is the Martyr Field, from the numerous burnings and torturings which took place in the reign of Mary, there discovered, near Buck's Oast, close to the hole in which torment of every description used to be inflicted, an earthen vase, glazed inside, and in excellent preservation. Two ancient coins were deposited within, a ring, and a curious sort of dirk, the haft of which is studded with silver. But these are not all the curious contents contained in this ancient vessel. A piece of parchment rolled tight, bearing the following singular inscription, was found at the bottom:—

"1550, Januarie 12.—[A bytter froste.]

"Profesye.

"In ye yere 1551 theyre shalle be mightye troubles. Ye contrye shalle be on ye brynke of destructione, but theyre shall aryse menne aboundinge in virtew and talente wo shalle restor it to healte and soundenese and cause the peple to lyve in prosperytye. Ye power turned agaynst ye peple shalle be yeeled to its ryteful owners."

The vase and contents remain for the inspection of the curious at the cottage near the Oast.—*Kentish Chronicle, June, 1831.*

The Evil Eye.

Among the qualities attributed to the eye in some persons, and once universally credited, was the power of working evil and enchantment by its glances. The operation of the "**evil eye**" (once so denominated,) upon mankind, as being a pretty general belief in past times, has been recorded by many writers. Bacon says that its effects have, according to some historians, been so powerful as to affect the mind of the individual upon whom they fell; that even after "triumphs, the triumphant" have been made sick in spirit by the evil eyes of lookers on. In most modern European nations, in their earlier ages, the fear of the fascination of children by an "evil eye," made nurses very careful how they permitted strangers to look upon them. In Spain it was called *mal de ojos*, and any one who was suspected of having an "evil eye," while regarding a child, was forced to say, while observing the infant, "God bless it." This notion, however, is far more ancient than the name of England. The Greeks and Romans gave credit to it, when they were in their high career of glory. We find, in many ancient writers, allusions to the malicious influence of what they call the "vicious" or "evil eye." Theocritus, Horace, Persius, Juvenal, and others, allude to it in a way not to be mistaken in its alliance with the later superstition. I have never heard what charms were used by our forefathers or the ancients against the influence of the "evil eye—"

Vervain and dill
Hinder witches from their will—

was, we know, a sovereign receipt against the daughters of the Lady of Endor. Lilly has the following charm to obviate the effect of an "evil tongue," which, for curiosity sake, I will mention. "Take *unguentem populeum, vervain, and hypericon*, and put a red hot iron into it. Anoint the backbone, or wear it on the breast." Notwithstanding this sovereign mode of guarding against an "evil tongue," the evil eye seems to have been as much proof against the wisdom of our forefathers as against our own. It would therefore, in the language of the olden time, be an "insult to Providence," if, after the experience of our ancestors in such matters, we presumed to attempt the discovery of an efficient antidote.

In our times the "evil eye" still survives, though its operation may not be so much a matter of general attention as formerly. It works still, in a manner equally as injurious as when the "irradiations of the visual orb were supposed to be solely confined to the subtle operations of magic." The "evil eye," in modern days, is observed to be not less dangerous in its consequences to its possessor, than to those whom it fixes upon as victims of its malignity. He smarts in heart-consuming anguish while he regards the happiness of a neighbour, the success of an acquaintance in an honourable calling, or the hard struggle and merited reward of literary assiduity. No rank of life is beyond the glance of the "evil eye;" no talent mailed against its deadly malignity, no robe of innocence so pure as to conceal the wearer from its blighting observation. The sensi-

bilities of genius, with whatever art or science they may be linked, are too often scorched by its fatal gaze. It blanches the cheek of beauty, dries up the springs of charity, extinguishes the noblest ardours, withers the fairest blossoms of the soul, and almost renders indifferent the glorious triumphs of virtuous age, by blasting the honours due to its protracted perseverance in goodness. The subjects of Vathek, in the terrible hall of Eblis, had a heart of self-wasting fire, which was disclosed on putting aside the vest. The man with the "evil eye" exhibits the burning heart through the organ of vision. His glances explain what is passing within, as well as if the ribs and pericardium were pellucid crystal, or the transparent summer atmosphere.

The "man with the evil eye" always looks obliquely at society. His tongue may be silvery smooth, tipped with velvet, dropping honey, like Nestor's, though blackness be beneath. He cannot conceal the glances that shoot insidiously towards the objects of his hatred—glances, that, were they rays of a pestilence (as he would they were,) must make perish all against whom they are directed. No glance from the basilisk could be more fatal in reality than his glance, had he his wish. To provoke the latent vengeance of the "evil eye," it is a sufficient offence to be fortunate; success is a brand on the forehead of another in its sight. The specious lingo of the "evil eye" may have four senses of the five such as the best might select for themselves; but with him, these only administer to the sovereign lord of vision, and exist subordinate to the "aspect malign." The man of the "evil eye" finds his heart ignite with tenfold violence when

excellence of any kind meets due reward. Who but the man of the "evil eye" has, in his own opinion, a right to be fortunate in industry?—who but he has a lawful claim to the suffrages of society and the crown of reward? The bonds of friendship are melted before him; human sympathies dried into dust; envy and selfishness furnish fuel to the heart, and malignant flames rush from the "evil eye" with terrible intensity. Lord of the ascendant, the "evil eye" makes reason its vassal, and never allows the claims of self or self-interest to be balanced against common sense or obligation. Is the object regarded an artist? he may be a far superior one to him of the "evil eye;" is he an orator? he may far excel him; or, is he an author, possessing genius and learning, and patronized by the public? it matters not: the baser passions have put down reason, and drowned even a fool's degree of reflection. The "evil eye" can see nothing but what is tinged with its own green hue, and no longer discriminates colour or form. The result is a consequence mathematically correct—true to the very point: envy and hatred become the guiding star of the soul. Does he pester society with his diatribes?—he mingles in them, to second the desires of his heart, the venom of the snake, with the stratagem of the fox, and the reasoning of the ostrich, which hides its head alone from the hunter and fancies itself unseen. He has no sight but for the objects of his malice, and loses the view of his own interest in the eagerness of ocular vengeance. Is the owner of the "evil eye" a trader?—he looks fatal things to his industrious neighbour's credit; is the owner a female?—she glances away her friend's virtue.

Lastly, the owner of the "evil eye" is an universal enemy, whom man cannot trust, time marks out for retribution, and fiends alone can envy.

If society still hold one man to whom this alleged power, anciently attributed to the organ of vision, remains in action, let him be watched. The "evil eye" cannot be mistaken: unsteady as the ocean waves, it rolls around and about in fevered restlessness; now extended, it exhibits its orb clear of the lid, surrounded by the white, in angry convulsion—now half closed, it questions with wariness and shallow cunning—now calm and dead as Lethe, it represses the pale beam of its malice, and with saintly bearing, seems piety itself, the herald of cordiality, the star of friendship and rectitude. But it is all the charmed disguise of the magician, that he may make his spells the surer. The "**evil eye**" is still the same: its Tophetic beams are less visible, only from the hope that they may more effectually operate on the objects of their malignity. May the readers of the *Familiar Astrologer* ever be preserved from its hated influence! So prays their friend and *well-wisher*,

Raphael.

The Astrologer and the Demon,

Upon which the Tale of *Guy Mannering* was founded.

BY THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY.

The following tale was originally told by an old servant of my father's, an excellent old Highlander, without a fault, unless a preference to mountain-dew over less potent liquors be accounted one. *He believed as firmly in the story as in any part of his creed.* A grave and elderly person, according to old John MacKinlay's account, while travelling in the wilder parts of Galloway, was benighted. With difficulty he found his way to a country-seat, where, with the hospitality of the time and country, he was readily admitted. The owner of the house, a gentleman of good fortune, was much struck by the reverend appearance of his guest, and apologised to him for a certain degree of confusion which must unavoidably attend his reception, and could not escape his eye. The lady of the house was, he said, confined to her apartment, and on the point of making her husband a father for the first time, though they had been ten years married. At such an emergency, the laird said he feared his guest might meet with some apparent neglect. 'Not so, sir,' said the stranger, 'my wants are few, and easily supplied; and I trust the present circumstances may even afford an opportunity of shewing my gratitude for your hospitality. Let me only request that I may be informed *of the exact minute of the*

birth; and I hope to be able to put you in possession of some particulars, which may influence in an important manner, the future prospects of the child now about to come into this busy and changeful world. I will not conceal from you that, I am skilful in understanding and interpreting the movements of those planetary bodies which exert their influences on the destiny of mortals. It is a science which I do not practise for reward, for I have a competent estate, and only use the knowledge I possess for the benefit of those in whom I feel an interest.' The laird bowed in respect and gratitude, and the stranger was accommodated with an apartment which commanded an ample view of the astral regions. The guest spent a part of the night in ascertaining the position of the heavenly bodies, and calculating their probable influence; until at length the result of his observations induced him to send for the father, and conjure him in the most solemn manner to cause the assistants to retard the birth, if practicable, *were it but for five minutes*. The answer declared this to be impossible; and almost in the instant that the message was returned, the father and his guest were made acquainted with the birth of a boy. The astrologer on the morrow met the party, who gathered around the breakfast-table with looks so grave and ominous, as to alarm the fears of the father, who had hitherto exulted in the prospects held out by the birth of an heir to his ancient property, failing which event it must have passed to a distinct branch of the family. He hastened to draw the stranger into a private room. 'I fear from your looks,' said the father 'that you have bad tidings to tell me of my young

stranger; perhaps God will resume the blessing he has bestowed ere he attains the age of manhood, or perhaps he is destined to be unworthy of the affection which we are naturally disposed to devote to our offspring.' 'Neither the one nor the other,' answered the stranger; 'unless my judgment greatly err, the infant will survive the years of minority, and in temper and disposition will prove all that his parents can wish. But with much in his horoscope which promises many blessings, *there is one evil influence strongly predominant*, which threatens to subject him to an unhallowed and unhappy temptation about the time when he shall attain the age of twenty-one, which period, the constellations intimate, will be the crisis of his fate. In what shape, or with what peculiar urgency, this temptation may beset him, my art cannot discover.' 'Your knowledge, then, can afford us no defence,' said the anxious father, 'against the threatened evil?' 'Pardon me,' answered the stranger, 'it can. *The influence of the constellations is powerful: but He who made the heavens is more powerful than all, if his aid be invoked in sincerity and truth.* You ought to dedicate this boy to the immediate service of his Maker, with as much sincerity as Samuel was devoted to the worship in the Temple by his parents. You must regard him as a being separated from the rest of the world. In childhood, in boyhood, you must surround him with the pious and virtuous, and protect him to the utmost of your power from the sight or hearing of any crime, in word or action. He must be educated in religious and moral principles of the strictest description. Let him not enter the world, lest he learn to partake of its follies,

or perhaps of its vices. In short, preserve him as far as possible from all sin, save that of which too great a portion belongs to all the fallen race of Adam. With the approach of his twenty-first birthday, comes the crisis of his fate. If he survive it, he will be happy and prosperous on earth, and a chosen vessel among those elected for heaven. But if it be *otherwise*—The astrologer stopped and sighed deeply. ‘Sir,’ replied the parent, still more alarmed than before, ‘your words are so kind, your advice so serious, that I will pay the deepest attention to your behests; but can you not aid me farther in this most important concern. Believe me, I will not be ungrateful.’ ‘I require and deserve no gratitude for doing a good action,’ said the stranger; ‘in especial for contributing all that lies in my power to save from an abhorred fate the harmless infant to whom, under a singular conjunction of planets, last night gave life. There is my address; you may write to me from time to time concerning the progress of the boy in religious knowledge. If he be bred up as I advise, I think it will be best that he come to my house at the time when the fatal and decisive period approaches, that is, before he has attained his twenty-first year complete. If you send him such as I desire, I humbly trust that God will protect his own, through whatever strong temptation his fate may subject him to.’ He then gave his host his address, which was a country-seat near a post-town in the south of England, and bid him an affectionate farewell. The mysterious stranger departed; but his words remained impressed upon the mind of the anxious parent. He lost his lady while his boy was still in infancy. This calamity, I

think; had been predicted by the astrologer; and thus his confidence, which, like most people of the period, he had freely given to the science, was riveted and confirmed. The utmost care, therefore, was taken to carry into effect the severe and almost ascetic plan of education which the sage had enjoined. A tutor of the strictest principles was employed to superintend the youth's education; he was surrounded by domestics of the most established character, and closely watched and looked after by the anxious father himself. The years of infancy, childhood, and boyhood, passed as the father could have wished. A young Nazarene could not have been bred up with more rigour. All that was evil was withheld from his observation—he only heard what was pure in precept—he only witnessed what was worthy in practice. But when the boy began to be lost in the youth, the attentive father saw cause for alarm. Shades of sadness, which gradually assumed a darker character, began to overcloud the young man's temper. Tears, which seemed involuntary, broken sleep, moonlight wanderings, and a melancholy for which he could assign no reason, seemed to threaten at once his bodily health and the stability of his mind. The astrologer was consulted by letter, and returned for answer, that this fitful state of mind was but the commencement of his trial, and that the poor youth must undergo more and more desperate struggles with the evil that assailed him. There was no hope of remedy, save that he shewed steadiness of mind in the study of the Scriptures. 'He suffers,' continued the letter of the sage, 'from the awakening of those harpies, the passions, which have slept with him as

with others, till the period of life which he has now attained. Better, far better, that they torment him by ungrateful cravings, than that he should have to repent having satiated them by criminal indulgence.' The dispositions of the young man were so excellent, that he combated, by reason and religion, the fits of gloom which at times overcast his mind; and it was not till he attained the commencement of his twenty-first year, that they assumed a character which made his father tremble for the consequences. It seemed as if the gloomiest and most hideous of mental maladies was taking the form of religious despair. Still the youth was gentle, courteous, affectionate, and submissive to his father's will, and resisted with all his power the dark suggestions which were breathed into his mind, as it seemed, by some emanation of the Evil Principle, exhorting him, like the wicked wife of Job, to curse God and die. The time at length arrived when he was to perform what was then thought a long and somewhat perilous journey, to the mansion of the early friend *who had calculated his nativity*. His road lay through several places of interest, and he enjoyed the amusement of travelling more than he himself thought would have been possible. Thus he did not reach the place of his destination till noon, on the day preceding his birth-day. It seemed as if he had been carried away with an unwonted tide of pleasurable sensation, so as to forget, in some degree, what his father had communicated concerning the purpose of his journey. He halted at length before a respectable but solitary old mansion, to which he was directed as the abode of his father's friend. The servants

who came to take his horse told him he had been expected for two days. He was led into a study, where the stranger, now a venerable old man, who had been his father's guest, met him with a shade of displeasure as well as gravity on his brow. 'Young man,' he said '*wherefore so slow on a journey of such importance?*' 'I thought,' replied the guest, blushing and looking downward, 'that there was no harm in travelling slowly and satisfying my curiosity, providing I could reach your residence by this day; for such was my father's charge.' 'You were to blame,' replied the sage, 'in lingering, considering that the avenger of blood was pressing on your footsteps. But you are come at last, and we will hope for the best, though the conflict in which you are to be engaged will be found more dreadful the longer it is postponed. But first accept of such refreshments as nature requires to satisfy, but not to pamper, the appetite.' The old man led the way into a summer parlour, where a frugal meal was placed on the table. As they sat down to the board, they were joined by a young lady about eighteen years of age, and so lovely, that the sight of her carried off the feelings of the young stranger from the peculiarity and mystery of his own lot, and riveted his attention to every thing she did or said. She spoke little, and it was on the most serious subjects. She played on the harpsichord at her father's command, but it was hymns with which she accompanied the instrument. At length, on a sign from the sage, she left the room, turning on the young stranger, as she departed, a look of inexpressible anxiety and interest. The old man then conducted the youth to his study, and con-

versed with him upon the most important points of religion, to satisfy himself that he could render a reason for the faith that was in him. During the examination, the youth, in spite of himself, felt his mind occasionally wander, and his recollections go in quest of the beautiful vision who had shared their meal at noon. On such occasions, the *astrologer* looked grave, and shook his head at this relaxation of attention; yet, on the whole, he was pleased with the youth's replies. At sunset the young man was made to take the bath; and, having done so, he was directed to attire himself in a robe, somewhat like that worn by Armenians, having his long hair combed down on his shoulders, and his neck, hands, and feet bare. In this guise he was conducted into a remote chamber totally devoid of furniture, excepting a lamp, a chair, and a table, on which lay a Bible. 'Here,' said the astrologer, '*I must leave you alone, to pass the most critical period of your life.* If you can, by recollection of the great truths of which we have spoken, repel the attacks which will be made on your courage and your principles, you have nothing to apprehend. But the trial will be severe and arduous.' His features then assumed a pathetic solemnity, the tears stood in his eyes, and his voice faltered with emotion as he said, 'Dear child, at whose coming into the world I fore-saw this fatal trial, may God give thee grace to support it with firmness!' The young man was left alone; and hardly did he find himself so, when, like a swarm of demons, the recollection of all his sins of omission and commission, rendered even more terrible by the scrupulousness with which he had been educated, rushed on his mind, and, like

furies armed with fiery scourges, seemed determined to drive him to despair. As he combated these horrible recollections with distracted feelings, but with a resolved mind, he became aware that his arguments were answered by the sophistry of another, and that the dispute was no longer confined to his own thoughts. The Author of Evil was present in the room with him in bodily shape, and, potent with spirits of a melancholy cast, was impressing upon him the desperation of his state, and urging suicide as the readiest mode to put an end to his sinful career. Amid his errors, the pleasure he had taken in prolonging his journey unnecessarily, and the attention which he had bestowed on the beauty of the fair female, when his thoughts ought to have been dedicated to the religious discourse of her father, were set before him in the darkest colours; and he was treated as one who, having sinned against light, was, therefore, deservedly left a prey to the Prince of Darkness. As *the fated and influential hour rolled on*, the terrors of the hateful Presence grew more confounding to the mortal senses of the victim, and the knot of the accursed sophistry became more inextricable in appearance, at least to the prey whom its meshes surrounded. He had not power to explain the assurance of pardon which he continued to assert, or to name the victorious name in which he trusted. But his faith did not abandon him, though he lacked for a time the power of expressing it. 'Say what you will,' was his answer to the Tempter; 'I know there is as much betwixt the two boards of this Book as can insure me forgiveness for my transgressions, and safety for my soul.' As he spoke,

the clock, which announced the lapse of the fatal hour, was heard to strike. The speech and intellectual powers of the youth were instantly and fully restored; he burst forth into prayer, and expressed in the most glowing terms, his reliance on the truth, and on the Author of the gospel. The demon retired, yelling and discomfited; and the old man, entering the apartment, with tears congratulated his guest on his victory in the fated struggle. The young man was afterwards married to the beautiful maiden, the first sight of whom had made such an impression on him, and they were consigned over at the close of the story to domestic happiness.

* * * Those of my readers who are not in the possession of the New Edition of the *admtrable* Waverley Novels, will read this celebrated legend with great pleasure.

Indian Witchcraft and Magic.

It will be seen from the following extract, that Lawson, the author of the *History of North Carolina*, believed in witchcraft and magic. Alluding to an Indian doctor, he says—

“ Some affirm that there is a smell of brimstone in the cabins when they are conjuring, which I cannot contradict. Which way it may come I will not argue, but proceed to a relation or two, which I have from a great many persons, and some of them worthy of credit.

* * * * *

“ It was three days before he (the doctor) could arrive, and he appeared (when he came) to be a very little man, and so old that his hair was as white as ever was seen. When he approached the sick King, he ordered a bowl of water to be brought him, and three chunks of wood, which was immediately done. Then he took the water, and set it by him, and spirted a little on him, and with the three pieces of wood he made a place to stand on, whereby he was raised higher, (he being a very low-statured man); he then took a string of Ron-oak, which is the same as a string of small beads; this he held by one end, between his fingers; the other end touched the King’s stomach, as he stood on the logs. Then he began to talk, and at length the bystanders thought really that they heard somebody talk to him, but saw no more than what first came in. At last, this string of beads, which hung thus perpendicular, turned up as an eel would do, and without any motion of his, they came all up (in a lump) under his hand, and hung so for a considerable time, he never closing his hand, and at length returned to their pristine length and shape, at which the spectators were much frightened. Then he told the company, that he would recover, and that his distemper would remove into his leg; all which happened to be exactly as the Indian doctor had told. These are matters of fact, and I can, to this day, prove the truth thereof by several substantial evidences, that are men of reputation, there being more than a dozen people present when this was performed, most of whom are now alive.

“ After the bargain was concluded. the Indian

went into the woods, and brought in both herbs and roots, of which he made a decoction, and gave it the man to drink, and had him go to bed, saying, it should not be long before he came again, which the patient performed as he was ordered; and the potion he had administered made him sweat after the most violent manner that could be, whereby he smelled very offensively, both to himself and they that were about him; but in the evening, towards night, Jack came with a great rattle-snake in his hand alive, which frightened the people almost out of their senses, and he told his patient that he must take that to bed with him; at which the man was in great consternation, and told the Indian he was resolved to let no snake come into his bed, for he might as well die of the distemper he had, as be killed with the bite of that serpent. To which the Indian replied, he could not bite him now, nor do him any harm, for he had taken out his poison teeth, and shewed him that they were gone. At last with much persuasion, he admitted the snake's company, which the Indian put about his middle, and ordered nobody to take him away upon any account, which was strictly observed, although the snake girded him as hard for a great while, as if he had been drawn in by a belt, which one pulled at with all his strength. At last the snake's twitches grew weaker and weaker, till by degrees he felt him not; and opening the bed, he was found dead, and the man thought himself better. The Indian came in the morning, and seeing the snake dead, told the man that his distemper was dead along with that snake, which proved as he said; for the man speedily recovered his health, and became perfectly well."

The Wonders of Physics.

What mere assertion will make any man believe that in one second of time, in one beat of the pendulum of a clock, a ray of light travels over 192,000 miles, and would therefore perform the tour of the world in about the same time that it requires to wink with our eyelids, and in much less than a swift runner occupies in taking a single stride? What mortal can be made to believe, without demonstration, that the Sun is almost a million times larger than the Earth? and that, although so remote from us, a cannon ball shot directly towards it, and maintaining its full speed, would be twenty years in reaching it, it yet affects the Earth by its attraction in an inappreciable instant of time? Who would not ask for demonstration, when told that a gnat's wing, in its ordinary flight, beats many hundred times in a second? or that there exist animated and regularly organized beings, many thousands of whose bodies laid close together would not extend an inch? But what are these to the astonishing truths which modern optical inquiries have disclosed, which teach us that every point of a medium, through which a ray of light passes, is affected with a succession of periodical movements, regularly recurring at equal intervals, no less than five hundred millions of millions of times in a single second! that it is by such movements, communicated to the nerves of our eyes, that we see—nay more, that it is the difference in the frequency of their recurrence which affects us with the sense of the diversity of colour; that, for instance, in acquiring the sensa-

tion of redness, our eyes are affected 482 millions of millions of times; of yellowness, 542 millions of millions of times; and of violet, 707 millions of millions of times per second. Do not such things sound more like the ravings of madmen, than the sober conclusions of people in their waking senses? They are, nevertheless, conclusions to which any one may most certainly arrive, who will only be at the trouble of examining the chain of reasoning by which they have been obtained.

Napoleon's Tomb.

BY A VETERAN.

“ I spent all (save the dawning) of a long day of hard service, far from the din of European strife, under the scorching skies of the East. Even amidst the forests of Nepaul, the name of Buonaparte sounded like a spell. While his ambition was condemned, his genius was admired, his misfortunes deplored; often have I wished to encounter him face to face; the closest approach, however, that fortune enabled me to make to him, was a pilgrimage to his tomb. When at St. Helena, I started one morning, with a small party of brother officers, to survey the spot where the remains of the world's agitator are deposited. The peculiarities of the locality have been laid before the public so often,

and so amply, on canvass and on paper, that further description is needless. The character of the scene is profound and awful loneliness—a dell girt in by huge naked hills—not an object of vegetable life to relieve the general aspect of desertedness, except the few weeping willows which droop above the grave. The feeling of solitude is heightened by an echo, that responds on the least elevation of the voice. With what singular emotions I took my stand upon the slab, which sheltered the dust of him for whom the crowns, thrones, and sceptres, he wrung from their possessors, would of themselves have furnished materials for a monument! There the restless was at rest; there the Emperor of the French, King of Italy, Protector of the Confederation of the Rhine, Grand Master of the Legion of Honour, reposed with almost as little sepulchral pomp, as the humble tenant of a country church-yard.

‘After life’s fitful fever he sleeps well.’

I withdrew my foot—removed with my handkerchief the traces it had left upon the stone, and gave a tear to the fate of the exile. I also was a soldier of fortune—our party quitted the place with dejected faces, and scarcely a word was spoken until we reached our quarters.

“On the following morning a French frigate arrived from the Isle of Bourbon, having on board a regiment of artillery. The officers solicited and obtained permission to pay a tribute of respect to their old leader’s ashes. I accompanied them to the ground, and rarely have I witnessed enthusiasm like theirs. On the way not an eye was dry, and

some who had served immediately under 'the Emperor,' wept aloud. As they drew nearer to the spot, their step became hurried and irregular, but the moment they saw the tomb, they formed two deep, and advanced with uncovered heads, folded arms, and slow and pensive pace. When within five or six yards of their destination, they broke off into single files, and surrounding the grave, at uniform intervals knelt silently down. The commander of the frigate, and the others in succession, according to their rank, then kissed the slab; when they arose every lip was fixed, every bosom full. In a few days subsequently, the officers of both countries met at Soliman's table, and after dinner the first toast proposed by the French Commander was, 'The King of England—three times three.' I really thought that the 'hip—hip—hurra!' of our ancient enemies would never have an end. An English gentleman returned thanks, and proposed, 'The memory of that Great Warrior, Napoleon Buonaparte.' The pledge went solemnly round, each wearing, in honour of the mighty dead, a sprig of his guardian willow. The evening was spent in concord, many patriotic toasts were reciprocated, many good things were said, and the blunt sincerity of military friendship presided over our parting."

The World of Spirits.

THE LEGENDARY STORY OF THOMAS PERKS.

Authentic Copy of a Letter sent to the Bishop of Gloucester, by the Reverend Mr. Arthur Bedford, Minister of Temple Church, in Bristol.

Bristol, August 2, 1703.

MY LORD,

Being informed by Mr. Shute of your Lordship's desire that I should communicate to you what I had known concerning a certain person, who was acquainted with spirits to his own destruction, I have made bold to give you the trouble of this letter, hoping my desire to gratify your Lordship in every particular, may be an apology for the length thereof. I had formerly given an account to the late Bishop of Hereford; in which there are probably some things contained, which I do not now remember, which, if your Lordship could procure from his Lady, (who now lives near Gloucester,) would be more authentic.

About thirteen years ago, whilst I was curate to Dr. Read, rector of St. Nicholas in this city, I began to be acquainted with one Thomas Perks, a man about twenty years of age, who lived with his father at Mongatfield, a gunsmith; and contracted an intimacy with him, he being not only a very good-natured man, but extremely skilled in mathematical studies, which were his constant delight, viz. arithmetic, geometry, gauging, surveying, astronomy,

and algebra; he had a notion of the perpetual motion, much like that wheel in Archimedes's *Mathematical Magic*, in which he had made some improvements, and which he has held was demonstrable from mathematical principles, though I could never believe it. I have seen an iron wheel, to which he intended to add several things of his own invention, in order to finish the same; but, thinking it of no use, and being otherwise unfortunately engaged, it was never perfected. He gave himself so much to astronomy, that he could not only calculate the motions of the planets, but an eclipse also; and demonstrate any problem in spherical trigonometry from mathematical principles, in which he discovered a clear force of reason. When one Mr. Bailey, minister of St. James's in this city, endeavoured to set up a mathematical school, I advised him to this Thomas Perks, for an acquaintance; in whom, as he told me, he found a greater proficiency in those studies than he expected or could have imagined. After this, he applied himself to astrology, and would sometimes calculate nativities, and resolve horary questions. When, by the providence of God, I was settled in Temple-parish, and had not seen him for some time, he came to me, and, we being in private, he asked my opinion very seriously concerning the lawfulness of conversing with spirits; and, after I had given my thoughts in the negative, and confirmed them with the best reasons I could, he told me he had considered all these arguments, and believed they only related to conjurations; but there was an innocent society with them which a man might use, if he made no compacts with them, did no harm by their means, and were not curious in prying into

hidden things ; and that he himself had discoursed with them, and heard them sing to his great satisfaction ; and gave an offer to me and Mr. Bayley at another time, that, if we would go with him one night to Kingswood, we should see them, and hear them both talk and sing, and talk with them whenever we had a mind, and we should return very safe ; but neither of us had the courage to venture. I told him the subtilty of the devil to delude mankind, and to transform himself into an angel of light ; but he would not believe it was the devil. I had several conferences with him upon this subject, but could never convince him ; in all which I could never observe the least disorder of mind, his discourse being very rational ; and I proposed (to try him) a question in astronomy, relating to the projection of the sphere, which he projected and resolved, and did afterwards demonstrate from the mathematics, so as to show at the same time, that his brain was free from the least tincture of madness and distraction.—Having this opportunity of asking him several particulars, concerning the methods he used, and the discourses he had with them, he told me had a book whose directions he followed, and accordingly, in the dead time of the night, he went out to a cross way, with a lanthorn and candle consecrated for this purpose with several incantations. He had also consecrated chalk, consisting of several mixtures, with which he made a circle at what distance he thought fit, within which no spirit had power to enter. After this he invoked the spirit by several forms of words, (some of which he told me were taken out of the holy Scriptures, and therefore he thought them lawful, without considering

how they might be wrested to his destruction;) accordingly the spirits appeared to him which he called for, in the shape of little maidens, about a foot and a half high, and played about a circle. At first he was somewhat affrighted; but, after some small acquaintance, this antipathy in nature wore off, and he became pleased with their company. He told me they spoke with a very shrill voice, like an ancient woman. He asked them if there was a heaven or hell? they said there was. He asked them what place heaven was? which they described as a place of great glory and happiness; and he asked them what hell was? and they bade him ask no questions of that nature, for it was a dreadful thing to relate, and the devils believe and tremble. He further asked them what method or order they had among themselves? they told him they were divided into three orders; that they had a chief, whose residence was in the air; that he had several counsellors which were placed by him in form of a globe, and he in the centre, which was the chiefest order; another order was employed in going to and from thence to the earth, to carry intelligence from those lower spirits; and their own order was on the earth, according to the directions they should receive from those in the air.

This description was very surprising, but, being contrary to the account we have in Scripture of the hierarchy of the blessed angels, made me conclude they were devils, but I could not convince him of it. He told me he had bade them sing, and they went to some distance behind a bush, from whence he could hear a perfect concert of such exquisite music as he never before heard; and in the upper part he

heard something very harsh and shrill, like a reed, but, as it was managed, did give a particular grace to the rest.

About a quarter of a year after, he came again to me, and wished he had taken my advice, for he thought he had done that which would cost him his life, and which he did heartily repent of; and indeed his eyes and countenance showed a great alteration. I asked him what he had done. He told me that, being bewitched to his acquaintance, he resolved to proceed farther in this art, and to have some familiar spirit at his command, according to the directions of his book, which were as follows:— He was to have a book made of virgin parchment, consecrated with several incantations; likewise a particular ink-horn, ink, &c. for his purpose; with these he was to go out as usual to a cross way, and call up a spirit, and ask him his name, which he was to put in the first page of his book, and this was to be his familiar. Thus he was to do by as many as he pleased, writing their names in distinct pages, only one in a leaf; and then, whenever he took the book and opened it, the spirit whose name appeared should appear also; and, putting this in practice, the familiar he had was called Malchi, a word in Hebrew of an unknown signification. After this they appeared faster than he desired, and in most dismal shapes, like serpents, lions, bears, &c. hissing at him, and attempting to throw spears and balls of fire, which did very much affright him, and the more when he found it not in his power to stay them, insomuch that his hair (as he told me) stood upright, and he expected every moment to be torn in pieces; this happened in December about mid-

night, when he continued there in a sweat till break of day, and then they left him, and from that time he was never well as long as he lived. In his sickness he came frequently to Bristol*, to consult with Mr. Jacob, an apothecary in Broad Street, concerning a cure; but I know not whether he told him the origin of his sickness or not; he also came to me at the same time, and owned every matter of fact until the last, and insisted that, when he did any thing of this nature, he was deluded in his conscience to think it lawful, but he was since convinced to the contrary. He declared he made no compacts with any of those spirits, and never did any harm by their means, nor ever pryed into the future fortune of himself or others, and expressed a hearty repentance and detestation of his sins; so that though those methods cost him his life in this world, yet I have great reason to believe him happy in the other. I am not certain that he gave this account to any other person but myself, though he communicated something of it to Mr. Bayley, minister of St. James's, in this city; perhaps your lordship may be further informed by his relations and neighbours of Mangotsfield, which lies in Gloucestershire, not above a mile out of the road to Bath.

I have frequently told this story, but never mentioned his name before; and therefore, if your lordship hath any design of printing such accounts as

* I have myself seen a very curious Telescope, and a very ingenious Fowling Piece, made by this said Thomas Perks; and in my last tour to the West of England (1830) I found numerous versions of this particular account still extant among the peasantry of Kingswood.—*Raphael.*

these, I desire it may be with such tenderness to his memory as he deserved, and so as may not be the least prejudice to his relations, who have the deserved character of honest and sober people. I am

Your Lordship's dutiful

Son and Servant,

ARTHUR BEDFORD.

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