



No. 10.—Vol. I.]      SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1845.      [PRICE ONE PENNY.

### THE REMAINS OF THE RUINED WORLD.

GAZING abroad into the bright heavens at midnight, with the consciousness of our having around us a myriad of starry worlds, and each of those worlds again the centre of a universe of its own, we feel the want not only of words to express the depth of our emotions, but even of ideas which can soar with us into the vast regions of space, and fathom the illimitable and inexhaustible wonders by which we are surrounded. Not only do we look with awe upon the planets—the mighty monitors and fore-shadows of man's destiny—but, leaving our own system to speculate upon the constructions of systems far beyond—lost in the blue profound—we turn with abashed feelings to the contemplation of our own insignificance, and reflect upon the power of That Hand which might crumble our boasted earth into its primitive atoms, and yet not mar the majestic beauty of the firmament. Has a world ever been thus shattered? The unquestionable truths of astronomy compel us to yield an affirmative. And not only has a world been thus destroyed, but its fragments are even now whirling around the earth in a constant revolution, and occasionally, drawn within the reach of its attraction, fall upon our globe, as messengers to warn us that the same fate might attend ourselves. Startling as this assertion may appear to those who are unacquainted with the recent researches of astronomers, there is, perhaps, no fact in physical history which has been more clearly demonstrated than this has been. Was it a satellite of our own, and did two moons once blaze in our nocturnal sky? Who shall say? The probability of this hypothesis is strongly supported by the facts with which we are acquainted. There are numerous well-attested cases of fixed stars suddenly flashing from the sombre bosom of infinity, and which, after shining with intense brilliancy for a long period, gradually fade away and become extinct. Are these worlds which, having one cycle of their existence accomplished, have had their physical structure dissolved by fire, to be remodelled in a new one?—or are they bodies which, having been concealed from us in the remoteness of space, have suddenly become transiently visible, through their being annihilated by a terrific conflagration? It has been generally acknowledged that worlds and huge systems of worlds have not only been perpetually created, but also perpetually destroyed. It is a fact as extraordinary as it is inexplicable, that within the period of the last century

no less than thirteen stars in different constellations have totally perished, and that ten new ones have been created. The positions which these stars occupied in the heavens have become blanks, and thus that fate which has befallen other systems may ultimately attend our own. The fall of those heavy fragments of earth, which we have learned to call *aerolites*, may be cited as another striking proof of the existence of these shattered memorials of a ruined world, which, circulating round the sun, encounter the earth in its orbit, and, being drawn towards it by attraction, become ignited upon entering the atmosphere, in consequence of their velocity, and are the *aerolites*, shooting stars, and meteoric appearances, which have been so constantly observed in all ages and all countries; one, which travelled within twenty-five miles of the surface, and cast down only a fragment, was proved to weigh nearly a million of tons, moving through our atmosphere at the rate of twenty miles per second. In November, when our earth seems more nearly to approach in its orbit these mighty relics of a perished globe, we have annually seen conruscations of surpassing brilliancy flashing athwart the heavens in every direction, probably from their opacity reflecting at that point, the light of the sun, and shining with the lustre of scattered stars. These are the remains of the Ruined World to which we have adverted. All other suppositions concerning their origin have been gradually proved erroneous; and this startling explanation of the fall of meteoric stones has the sanction of the most eminent modern geologists and astronomers. What, then, was the cause that led to this world's destruction? Who were its inhabitants? Had their progress towards the perfection of the arts and sciences been interrupted or completed? These are questions which, however difficult to solve, will force themselves upon the consideration of every thinking mind. Nay, was this the world on which the first stages of our being were passed—the preparatory ordeal to fit us for our existence here, as this earth is but the precursor of happier and eternal ones hereafter? Who shall decide? We know that, to employ the emphatic language of Shakspeare,

"The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve."

And are we, then, but coining images from Fancy's mind when we thus pierce into the misty past, and penetrate the arcanum of the ANTE? No; reason and revelation alike teach us to believe what *has been* WILL BE; and thus literally finding "sermons in stones," we may contemplate with instructive awe these mighty fragments of a shattered and ruined world.

**CULTIVATION OF THE MIND.**—To a mind properly disposed to contemplate the works of nature, no portion of creation is indifferent. In the crowded city and the howling wilderness, in the cultivated province and solitary isle, in the flowery lawn and craggy mountain, in the murmur of the rivulet and in the uproar of the ocean, in the radiance of summer and the gloom of winter, in the thunder of heaven and the whispering of the breeze, man still finds something to rouse, excite, or soothe his imagination, to draw forth his affections, or to employ his understanding. And from every mental energy that is not attended with pain, and even from some of those that are, as moderate terror and pity, a sound mind derives satisfaction, exercise being equally necessary to the body and the soul, and to both being equally productive of health, gratification, and pleasure.

## LEAVES OF LEGENDARY LORE.

### No. III.—THE ASTROLOGER'S BRIDE.

By ANTIQUARIUS.

#### CHAP. II.

Angry as was the knight with his very perception of the truth of her representation, the irritation with which he received it increased, and the more he dwelt on the subject the more irritated he became, till at length, determined to break through the trammels of fate and fancy, he dismissed his servant, and proceeded rapidly along the banks of the river Lea, on his way to the mill. He had arrived within sight of it, and was beginning to recollect the difficulties of meeting with her he sought without making the matter a subject for general gossip, when, in a female engaged in lading water from the river, he recognised the damsel of the mill. He watched her as she filled her pail, and carried it, with some exertion, to the top of the bank; she then set it down to rest, and at this juncture he advanced, and addressed her by name. She turned, half frightened, as she recognised the voice, and still more so as she caught his stern and angry look; she grew ghastly pale, and tears trembled in her eyes, which were immediately cast down; but Sir Grey was in no mood to be moved by tears, and hers only increased his ire. "Geva," he cried, "I have told you that a blind fate has doomed me to the degradation of wedding you, a poor servant girl—so let fate declare; but let it match my will if it can; and for this ring," he continued, taking it from his finger, "whose restoration had given thee such a claim, bring it to me again, and then, and not till then, will I wed thee." And as he spoke he threw it into one of the deepest parts of the river.

Geva stood in silent dismay, overborne by the knight's passionate impetuosity. "I sought you not, Sir knight," at length she said, in low and faltering tones. "Heaven forgive you for bruising a broken spirit."

Sir Grey, in his wrath, scarcely heard the words she spoke. "Yet once more," he cried, "and I have done. If you would not draw down my heaviest curse upon you, and the sternest punishment my power can inflict, never again appear before me; never, never again let me see your face, unless, indeed," he added, with a bitter laugh, "unless you can bring in your hand the ring that now lies deep in the river Lea. Till then, farewell!" And, turning suddenly his steed, he rode rapidly towards Bromley, and was soon out of sight, while Geva, throwing herself on the grass, wept till she was exhausted, the tears of passion, shame, and remorse.

We now pass to another scene, and enter a road-side inn, between London and Barking, and in its low spacious kitchen we find Geva diligently employed in the operation of cooking. There was a substantial round of beef roasting before the fire, and she was making the spiced pudding that was to complete the dinner, when Matthew, the waiter, rushed in, in a state of great excitement. "Oh, cook! cook!" he cried, "What's to be done? here's a grand gentleman, such as rarely visits the Bell and Platter, all velvet, lace, and feathers, with two servants coming, and he's in the very act of slipping through our fingers, and all because we hav'nt any fish; he hates roast beef, abominates spiced pudding, and even turns up his nose at a chicken. He wants fish, and fish he will have, if he goes to the Stars and Rushlight for it. "He must go, then," said Geva, quietly, "for there isn't even a herring in the house."

"Go!" exclaimed Matthew, "you be hanged for a goose; what do you mean?—won't it ruin the reputation of our house? I say, cook," he went on, changing his tone, "don't you think you could coax up summat to look like fish?—do, and I'll swear it's a new 'un just invented."

"No, I can't," replied Geva, "but, perhaps you can get some at East Ham."

"You might be a witch, cook," interrupted Matthew, who had been looking out of the window; "here comes Giles Sparrow himself, with a basket full of fish, I'll warrant."

At this moment the landlady entered, in a fever of anxiety on the same score. "A papist! a rampant papist, I'll engage," she bawled, "with his fish on a Friday. Why can't he take up with

roast beef, like a Christian?" While the good dame was yet speaking, Giles Sparrow arrived at the door. "Good morning, Giles," she continued, in answer to the fisherman's salutation. "Ah!" she went on, shaking her head, as she looked at his basket.—"Ah! you're too late to-day, master; I'm suited for dinner, but let's see what you have?"

Giles put down his basket, which contained only one fine large salmon trout. "Well, then, dame," said he, "I'll never believe a wise man again."

"What do you mean?" asked the landlady.

"Why," said Giles, "a wise man that came to our village this morning told me you would have a guest that must have fish for dinner, and bid me bring this here trout."

The landlady looked with delighted eyes at the fish, and in her own mind much wondered at the wisdom of the wise man, but she had a bargain to make,—so, repeating she did require the fish, she asked its price, and thereto succeeded a discussion which ended in the salmon being transferred into the possession of the Bell and Platter. "Here's a bargain," said the landlady, exultingly, as soon as Giles was gone; "full a penny less than Muddy Dick asked my master yesterday for a fish not half so large and fresh. I verily think he must have stolen it, with his tale of a wise man;" and consigning it to Geva, with orders to cook it for the guest, she returned to the bar, followed by Matthew, glorying in the conviction that the guest was secured from deserting to the Stars and Rushlight.

Geva immediately set about preparing the fish, and, in opening it for the purpose, something fell from its mouth on the table; she looked, and beheld with astonishment the signet ring that Sir Grey had cast into the sea. Placing it in her hand she examined it minutely—the crest, the motto, the band of gold that encircled the finger—all were the same; she could not help looking upon it as a miracle, and falling on her knees she thanked her patron saint for his interference, then proceeded with alacrity to prepare the meal. But the wonders of the day were not yet exhausted; the dinner, including the miraculous trout, was ready to take up, when Matthew entered the kitchen with a fresh piece of news. "Who d'ye think our guest is, cook?" he asked mysteriously. Geva, of course, declared her ignorance, but suggested that he was, perhaps, the Lord Mayor. "No, girl," returned Matthew, "not quite that—what d'ye think of Sir Grey de Mervyn as a visitor to the Bell and Platter! depend on it," he went on in his eagerness, not noticing Geva's pale face, "depend on it the wise man was his familiar. Why, they say he knows everything, and can do a sight o' things; his man says he is going into foreign parts, because his cousin, the Lady Edith of Mountcarrol, won't have him. But what's the matter with you?" he continued, just then perceiving that Geva trembled and seemed ready to faint; "perhaps you're frightened at him," he suggested, judging, probably, from some misgivings of his own on the subject. Geva assured him he was mistaken, that, on the contrary, she should like to see so extraordinary a person. "Well, you can take up the fish, you know, and then you'll see him," replied Matthew; "but there's nothing particular in the look of him; you wouldn't know him from a common man, only he's so silent and speaks so short when he does speak." Geva agreed to take up the fish to this strange guest—but she lingered over it so long, as Matthew thought from a fear of his presence, that everything else had been placed on the table, and the landlady had testified some impatience on the subject before it appeared. At length, taking the ring in her hand, she proceeded up stairs with the fish. As she entered the room, Sir Grey had just sat down to the table, which faced the door, and when Geva appeared at it he started up with equal anger and astonishment. "What!" he exclaimed, "do you court my wrath and my curse?" Geva trembled and turned ghastly pale, but hastily advancing, and placing the fish on the table before him, she held forth the ring, saying, with a faltering voice, "Receive your ring, Sir knight, once more from my hand; it fell from the mouth of that fish, this day at my feet—it is, indeed a miracle, and I was glad to be able to restore it to you. But you hate me still, I see, and I claim nothing more;" and turning dejectedly away, she disappeared before Sir Grey could determine how to act, or, indeed, before he had quite recovered from the trance of astonishment, into which this mysterious occurrence had thrown him; and when, a short time after he inquired for her, he was told that she was missing,

and that she had been sought for in all directions unavailingly.

Sir Grey had indeed proposed to leave England, but not for the reason assigned by his servant; it was rather by change of scene to divert his thoughts from the subject of his destined bride—an endeavour to which solitude and inactivity were especially adverse, and it was pride, in its determined struggle with passion, that had dictated his harsh words on so unexpectedly meeting with Geva. But when he afterwards learned that she had fled from him, and heard the regrets and praises with which she was spoken of by all, this added another motive of resignation to the fate which such extraordinary events seemed to declare too strong for him; and, after waiting with anxiety till evening the result of the search for Geva, he set out alone on his return to Bromley, leaving his servants to arrange the disembarkation of his luggage from the vessel in which it was already deposited. It was quite dark when he reached Plaistow, a straggling village of small cottages; the road, now quite deserted, was then narrow, and in many places shaded by large trees, and Sir Grey rode on, so lost in thought and speculation on the strange events that had occurred to him, as to be unaware of what path he was pursuing. He was suddenly roused from his reverie by finding his arms seized from each side, while his bridle, which had hung loosely in his hand, was snatched from it; he looked round with a struggle and threat, and could just discover, in the increasing darkness, a man at each stirrup, while a third stood at his horse's head. "Largesse, Sir knight," cried the latter roughly, "largesse to the soldiers of fortune and the knights of the lady moon."

"Rascals—villains!" cried Sir Grey, spurring the horse as he spoke, "how dare ye thus molest the knight of Mervyn?"

"Fair words, Sir knight," roughly interrupted the one on the right; let not one knight bemire another." This was literally the case, from the prancing of the horse at once checked and spurred. "Woa, thou vicious beast," grunted the man at the bridle; unhorse him, comrades, and prick him with your daggers if he resists." But Sir Grey did still resist with threats and revilings, and the continued curvetting and rearing of the noble animal he rode had assisted in freeing his right arm, when a voice was heard from the other side of the hedge, saying in an audible but seemingly wary tone, "John! Thomas! Richard! take the rascals in the rear, and we will front them." The sound of heavy footsteps succeeded, and a man and youth enveloped in a large cloak leaped through the hedge, crying, "Halt, scoundrels, and take your due." The ruffians gave one glance behind them, where already they either heard or fancied steps, and the three, suddenly loosing their hold of Sir Grey, who had just succeeded in placing his hand on the hilt of his sword, leaped the opposite hedge, and escaped at a reckless pace. The younger of the two strangers laughed merrily as, watching their departure, he wrapt his cloak about him, and Sir Grey, thanking them for their assistance, looked back for their allies. "No, Sir knight," said the elder, "there are but two of us, and please you, we would better proceed quickly, lest the rascals find out."

Sir Grey could not help fancying he had heard the voice before. "Cowardly villains!" he cried, "let them come. I am prepared for them now."

"So am not I," replied the other with a shrug; "I love not fighting, and my companion is stronger in counsel than in battle; our ruse was his contrivance."

Again Sir Grey thanked them for their timely help, and proposed that the younger of the two should mount behind him for his greater security. "With fitting thanks, Sir knight, no," replied the elder, "but if you will accompany us to our destination, yonder house (pointing to a large building just in sight), we shall count our poor service overbalanced by the honour of entertaining you."

Sir Grey was anxious to reach home, but could not refuse an invitation so urged, and with courteous thanks assented. Except his first merry burst of laughter, the younger of the two had been perfectly silent; he had shrunk to the side of his companion when Sir Grey proposed that he should mount behind him, but when they began to move on he stepped forward with a light and rapid pace that kept him generally before them. In a few minutes they arrived at a high strong wall, in which was a small door, which the elder stranger unlocked with a key he drew from his

pocket, at the same time requesting Sir Grey to dismount, and directing his young friend to lead the horse forward. But Sir Grey, declining the assistance, passed his arm through the bridle, and the next minute the three stood in a straight road, overshadowed by large old trees. The path conducted to the left wing of a low, clumsily built, but spacious dwelling; there, emerging from the avenue to the lawn that spread to the front, they arrived at a low stone portico. The elder stranger knocked three times, at regular intervals, on the massive door, which was thickly studded with iron, and in a few minutes it was opened by a shabby-looking, shrivelled old man, bearing a lamp. On observing Sir Grey among the party, with an exclamation in some foreign language he suddenly extinguished the light; but after a few hurried words, in a low voice, from the elder stranger, he bade them enter, and, cautioning them to follow him carefully, he threw open a door immediately opposite, and exposed to view a large and lofty hall. In the midst stood a rude wooden table, on which a feeble rushlight was burning, the only light in the apartment, save that given by a wood fire that was scarcely alive on the hearth. Courteously requesting Sir Grey to be seated, and pointing to a large oak settle near the fire, the two elders of the party withdrew into the shade of a recess, and conferred together for a few minutes in a tone too low to be overheard. Meantime the younger stranger, still retaining his hat, threw himself into a large chair at the other end of the hall. At length the old man of the house came forward. "I crave your pardon, Sir knight," he said, "for this apparent neglect—I have just learned who I have the honour to receive; and the richest and the best of my dwelling are inadequate to the merits of Sir Grey de Mervyn, but such are at his command. Be pleased, Sir knight, to follow me." The tone and bearing of this aged personage were far above his appearance, and Sir Grey, bowing as to an equal, rose to attend him. Relighting his lamp, he led the way into the vestibule at the back of the hall, and opening a door at its extremity, displayed an apartment that, contrasted with the one he had just left, seemed rather a magic conjuration than a real scene. The walls were hung with the richest crimson velvet, embroidered with strange characters in gold; cushions of the same material were placed round the room, the floor of which was covered with a brightly coloured and soft material Sir Grey had never seen before; on a large table of cedar, inlaid with ivory, stood two beautiful gold lamps, and the beaufet glittered with gold and silver cups, intermixed with glass. A bright fire blazed on the hearth, which was reflected in a Venetian mirror, with a heavy gilt frame. The host requested Sir Grey to be seated, and, placing another log of wood on the fire, apologised for leaving him a few minutes to provide further for his guest's entertainment, and quitted the room. Sir Grey had scarcely recovered from his astonishment at the splendour around him, when the door of the apartment again opened, and several servants entered, bearing wines, fruits, and confections, on silver trays and dishes, which they placed on a table before Sir Grey, and retired. In a few minutes it opened yet once more, and admitted his two friends of the highway; the younger still retained his hat, and his cloak was wrapped over so as to conceal the lower part of the face; he entered with a lingering step, as it seemed, unwillingly; and while the elder advanced towards the knight, he shrunk into a recess at the further end of the room. "I trust, Sir knight," said the elder, with a low bow, "I trust you are satisfied with the entertainment you receive."

"You must pardon me," replied Sir Grey, "for being not only satisfied, but surprised; but it seems to me that your voice is familiar to me, and I should be glad to know to whom I speak."

"You are not mistaken, Sir Grey," replied the other, and, removing a heavy black wig that had overshadowed his brows, and unloosening his wide mantlé, he displayed to Sir Grey's wondering gaze the white hair and intelligent countenance of his sage preceptor. He started from his seat in surprise. "So," he said, "you are returned quickly."

"I am, Sir Grey," replied the other, gravely, "I was summoned to a foreign land to assist the labours of a brother alchemist; I found him dead; he had died suddenly, and had only time to write to me a few words—those words, Sir knight—hear, and wonder—informed me that he had discovered the grand secret; he had left behind him almost unlimited wealth, but the

power of producing it was gone with his spirit. We have it still to seek!"

The knight again sank on his seat, and for some time remained silent; at length, recovering himself, with a sigh, he exclaimed, "And your companion—" (glancing towards him.)

"Is the youth who, six months since, summoned me from your presence—the offspring of the alchemist, and the heir of his wealth. And now, Sir Grey," he continued, "may I be permitted to ask you of your own fortune," and in a lower tone; "have the stars yet wrought out their decree?"

The knight cast on him a glance of mingled wrath and confusion, which the sage met with one of unconcerned inquiry; and Sir Grey desiring him to be seated, lifted a cup of wine to his lips, and drank deeply before he answered. "Father, you know, and I have been taught, how vainly mortal man resists his destiny; I have struggled with mine, was even flying from it, when it met me, like a lion, in my path. I resist no more, and was even now returning to meet—to court—the doom I find I cannot avoid. It is no common power to which I have submitted; its decrees have been traced in wonders, and sealed by a miracle;" and he proceeded briefly to relate the strange events that had attended his acquaintance with his destined bride.

The old man listened with silent attention, and, when he had concluded, asked coolly, "And you will yield to the ignoble destiny, Sir knight; you will wed this vile and worthless peasant girl?"

Sir Grey started angrily from his seat. "Old man," he cried; "your grey hairs protect you; but I counsel you presume not upon the privilege to defame one whose gentle spirit and noble bearing would adorn a coronet."

"Perhaps you do not know her so well as I do, Sir Grey," returned the old man, unmoved by his anger; she is not what she seems—may, hear me patiently, Sir knight, I claim it of your justice. I can bring evidence of what I say. Give me only five minutes to produce it."

Sir Grey gave an impatient, almost scornful, assent, and the old man walked quickly towards the recess where his young companion still stood. A few hurried words ensued between them, and after, as it seemed, reiterated commands from the elder and expostulations from the youth, the latter slowly left the room, and the sage, returning to the table at which Sir Grey was sitting, silently awaited the arrival of his messenger. Ten minutes fled, and still no one appeared, and with an impatient exclamation, praying Sir Grey's excuse, he left the room. Full half an hour elapsed ere he returned with the youth who had before accompanied him, and, as before, unwillingly and evidently trembling.

"Your evidence, father, where is it?" said the knight, rising from his seat.

"It is before you," interrupted the sage, and, suddenly withdrawing from his companion the wrapping cloak with which he was closely muffled, he displayed to the wondering eyes of Sir Grey, Geva herself, not in the humble apparel of a servant girl, but clad in silk and jewels, as might befit a queen. "Was not I right, Sir Grey?" continued Albertus; "she is not what she seemed—though she appeared as the poor servant girl, she is the heiress of wealth almost unbounded!"

Geva, sinking with confusion, covered her face with her hands. "Think not, Sir Grey," she said, in faltering tones, "think not I appear before you willingly—I know you hate me. Oh, suffer me to go; it is not my fault that again I stand before you;" and smothered sobs attested her feelings.

"You are mistaken, Geva," replied the knight; "I do not hate you—far from it, even now I was preparing to seek you; I loved you then—I love you now—my destined bride!" Uttering the last words in a solemn tone, he took her hand and raised it to his lips. Geva sank at his feet, but the next minute her head was resting on his shoulder, and the sage, joining their hands, uttered a solemn blessing on the betrothal of the Astrologer and his Bride.

THE SUN.—The apparent diameter of the Sun on the 26th of June is 31 minutes and 31 seconds of a degree; on the 21st of December it being greater by 32 minutes and 34 seconds. That is to say, it is then nearer to us than in summer.

## THE ASTROLOGER'S STUDY;

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

THE indications formed from the planetary aspects of the week are of a more temperate character than usual, as affecting the domestic events of the metropolis. The advent of WAR, in which three of our greatest nations will take a conspicuous part, is, however, not far distant. The fiery and impetuous Mars will provoke Austria into action, and the seas that wash the shores of Albion will, sooner than is imagined, witness a formidable naval force borne upon its broad bosom. Let those who have property and commercial interests at stake in America and our colonial dependencies beware. There is much to excite alarm. Switzerland is in arms, and France is drawn again within the vortex of military carnage. Railway speculators will find it advantageous to dispose of their shares about this time, for failures and defalcations in new companies will be numerous. A remarkable case of criminal conversation will be brought to light, and afford food for the lovers of scandal; nor will the police reports of the week be deficient in interest to those who would gratify a morbid love of the horrible. An engineer, or artist of some celebrity, is withdrawn from the numerous circle of his friends.

## THE ASTROLOGER'S CALENDAR.

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

WEDNESDAY, April 23rd.—Cloudy and moist air. Do not travel, and shun law.

THURSDAY, April 24th.—Gentle rain and genial weather. Speculate in railway shares.

FRIDAY, April 25th.—Changeable, but fair at intervals. Good for making money by sales.

SATURDAY, April 26th.—Fair. Visit her thou lovest, and she will smile on thy suit.

SUNDAY, April 27th.—Fair and warm. Take heed that thou hast money in thy purse.

MONDAY, April 28th.—Colder, with rain. Woo not nor wed. Enter new situations.

TUESDAY, April 29th.—Showery; fair at night. Very evil for all things. Let prudence guide thee.

WEDNESDAY, April 30th.—Cloudy and warm. All things ruled by Venus will succeed.

THE GIFTS OF THE FUTURE.—It is this bright thought, that the time must sooner or later come when we shall see as we are seen, and shall know as we are known, which evermore renews our hopes, inspires our courage, and incites us to the acquisition of fresh stores of information, as we find ourselves ever and anon baffled and disappointed in our attempted attainment of the perfect in human knowledge, and the pure in human thought, which re-inspirits our drooping desires, renews our sinking energies, invigorates our weakened faith; it points unweariedly to that goal where dwell the ultimate pure, the ultimate perfect. It is rapture to the exhausted inquirer to feel that that time shall come, and even now is on the wing, when present doubt shall be changed for future certainty, when temporal ignorance shall be exchanged for eternal wisdom, and that then no intellectual craving shall be disappointed, no ardent longing of the soul for knowledge be dissatisfied.

## MARVELS OF MAGIC, ANCIENT AND MODERN.



It is probable that the science of magic originated among the Egyptian *sophoi*, or priest-magicians, and the truth-worshipping magi, who travelled to Bethlehem to attest their long expectation of "THE BRANCH." Their recorded contest with Moses cannot escape recollection; the remarkable words in which their feats are recorded; "and the magicians *did so*"—meaning all they had undertaken to do—are worthy of notice. The "stone of imagination" among the Jews was evidently derived from these magi, and was akin to a certain species of the magic practised in Egypt at the present day. Jeremy Taylor, on the authority of a rabbinical comment on Leviticus, describes the "stone of imagination" as a certain dark and smooth mirror, in which pictures and little faces were represented, declaring hidden things. Justin Martyr, in his celebrated work, published in the year 1725, alludes expressly to the art now published by Egyptian magicians as being practised in his time, and with the same peculiarity, "through the medium of children, innocent and pure, by reason of their tender age." St. Simon, in the fifth volume of his memoirs, describes a similar incantation to that of Abdun Ebu Hakm and Sheik Abdul Kader, two celebrated magicians of Cairo. A little girl, about nine years of age, was presented with a magic mirror, filled with water, into which she was directed to look. The child first described the persons, dresses, and furniture in a distant apartment occupied by Madame de Nanere, and afterwards described the personages which would be assembled in the royal bed-chamber at the king's death, which took place a year after. All these descriptions were perfectly correct in every particular. Among the attendants present, she described Madame de Maintenon and the Duke of Orleans; but, though repeatedly asked, she persisted in denying that either the Duke and Duchess de Bourgogne, or the Duke de Berri, whose presence would be officially requisite, were in the room. She was correct; *all those personages*, though then in excellent health, died *previous to the death of the king*. This extraordinary display of prediction by magic took place in Paris, in 1700.

One of the above-mentioned magicians, Sheik Abdul Kader, also possessed the power of foretelling events in a most extraordinary manner, and entirely without the aid of the magic art. Even Mr. Clarkson, the traveller, a stern unbeliever in the seemingly supernatural power of Abdul Kader, and, indeed, of the influence of magic altogether, bears testimony to this magician's remarkable power in this way. He says, "Abdul overheard me speak of going on to Rome the next day, and told me that I *should go to Rome, but should not reach it alive*, which (however menacing the form of the intimation) turned out to be strictly true, for I was overtaken by letters, which had been sent on from Paris, which compelled me, from domestic causes, unnecessary to explain, to return immediately, when I was almost within view of the 'Eternal City.'" Mr. Clarkson further tells us, "The magician wrote seven distiches in Hebrew on a piece of paper, which he separated into seven parts, and a girl of about ten or eleven years old, the daughter of a German residing in the hotel, was called in. Abdul began his operations by drawing on the palm of the child's hands a double-lined square, with certain bizarre characters of animals, zodiacal signs, and crosses, in the four corners; there was one symbol in the middle, supported by two figures on each side, I think a square and cone. After drawing the above figures, he poured ink into the child's hand, and bidding her look steadfastly into the inky mirror, desired her to describe to the company what she saw. Then, having lighted a chafing dish, he took up his rosary, and, running over the beads with his fingers, walked round the chafing dish seven times, repeating seven times the seven Hebrew verses on the seven slips of paper.

He recited them like a chaunt, with gesticulations in the form of an invocation, waving his hands in continual circles before the forehead of the girl, in a hollow murmuring voice, his accents sinking like a *top falling asleep*, till at length he appeared to be himself asleep, or in a trance, with his eyes closed, though his lips moved. A little time after he seemed to wake from this comatose stupor, then very totteringly walked seven times round the chafing dish, and threw lumps of incense and the seven Hebrew charms into the fire. While the incense-smoke, curling in white and fragrant wreaths, filled the room—which I ought to have said (the window-shutter being closed) only received light from the brazier—he asked the girl what she saw. She made no reply for about three minutes, but trembled, and seemed much excited. At last, with a sudden exclamation, she said, 'I see figures passing by very swiftly. Now I see a tall woman sweeping.' 'What next?' said Abdul. 'I see,' responded the child, all in agitation, 'a man beautifully dressed in white and jewels, with a white beard and turban, and red sash.' 'That is the sultan on the *mugnud*,' exclaimed the magician. 'And now,' turning to the company, 'the charm is complete, and you may call whom you please.' The call was made, and was partly successful and partly not, owing, as he stated, to atmospherical influences. The first person I called was described most accurately." We may add to this, that numerous other travellers have given similar testimony.

It appears also—and no one has ever been able to account for the fact—that the self-same objects are always invariably seen at the commencement of the incantation, namely, the figure with the besom, the seven flags of different colours, and the sultan, and that they are seen as  *vividly and distinctly as at noon day*. This is certainly very strange; and we cannot help feeling further perplexed as to who this lady with the broom can possibly be. Ladies with brooms seem very mystical people, and very ancient too; it is evidently not mere chance that has caused the witches of old to be represented as making their flights through the air by means of brooms. The arm sweeping with a besom is a common Egyptian symbol of the genius of destruction. It is a common symbol on the magical gems of the Gnostic or *Basilidian* heretic. The "tall woman sweeping with a besom," says Plutarch, "was the prophetic emblem of death." Thank heaven, the only visitations of this sort that we are subjected to in this happy land are those of a more bewitching but less dangerous character. Brooms, however, when in able hands, invariably have shown a most extraordinary influence, a fact which all our worthy Dominies are well able to testify.

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## PROSE BY A POET.

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Life is the way to death,  
Nature absorbs herself, and in the gloom  
Of dust and silence re-creates fresh things.  
Beauty has many million shapes, and comes  
Arrayed in loveliness, from out the tomb  
Of what once *was*—and *is* not. So the world lives on.

Generations as they pass  
Bury in their own graves their names and deeds.  
"WE WERE!" that is their only epitaph,  
And shall be ours in a little while;  
For soon the present will become the past,  
As time's Eternal stream shall urge along its course.

We live—and we must die.  
Yes, all must die, and be entombed within  
The mausoleum of Eternity.  
The vast FOR EVER which is round us spread,  
Behind, before, studded with stars—which are  
All worlds for life and death, as is this world of ours.

Spirit of life and death,  
Thou sole existence, our Creator, Cause!  
What are we? Nothing. All our hopes and fears,  
Vapours, delusions, and by thee allowed  
To entertain us, as we travel through  
The scenes which for a moment are displayed. O. H.

## THE PAST AND THE FUTURE.

WE are indebted to the German philosopher and metaphysician, Herr Müller, for the proposition of a theory which establishes the harmony existing between mind and matter, and the singular and striking speculations in which he indulges are certainly worthy of deep and earnest consideration. After reviewing the gradual progress of matter until it attained its semi-perfective form in man, he thus eloquently inquires whether we are the last and highest of the species:—"Let us throw one glance more on our planet. When it was crude and desolate, changes were going on until matters and forces were brought into a state of equilibrium; small beings arose from it; the infusoriæ prepared the matter and form for the molluscæ, these animals for the fishes, these for the reptiles; the reptiles for the mammalia, and the latter, in their turn, for the birds. These beings, supported by plants, were required to render the matter of the earth fit to contain a higher spirit. Will it always be fit for that? It has contained it for longer than six or seven thousand years. The field of knowledge increases—the development of the mind is enlarged. It is not seen to have progressed in each century, but on looking back to history this is clearly demonstrated. The spirit cannot come to a standstill. If the mind is invariably advancing, the time must come in which it will want a body different from the present. Then it seems the moment will have arrived in which the earth is to undergo new changes of form, and human kind will vanish away in the same manner as minds which perished before our own eyes, because they were too energetic to remain in a body. What may bring about this change? Who knows that? But, in all probability, not the forces of the matters of our earth; these are, then, perfectly satisfied. A new sun of our planetary system, or a second in the vicinity of the present, may, perhaps, suffice to change all the laws of affinity of the bodies of the earth, and to overturn our whole planetary system. Thus a new order of things may be produced, somewhat higher than the present, and so may everything in the universe, which is made of matter, continue to be changed according to the laws once established, changed by the action of matters on matters, solely produced by the change of difference. The life of one man is a miniature of that of human kind; the history of the earth a miniature of that of the universe; the particular circumstances alone vary; their type is the same. Millions of changes of form, perhaps, the millions of worlds are to undergo, before the material world is to be considered as a perfect one. Perfection, however, has its limits. One day all forces and matters may be satisfied and in perfect harmony, and the mind developed in the same ratio. It seems to me that when the millions of globes of worlds have once satisfied the object of their existence by the development of spirits over matter, that then the time shall have arrived in which all matter will sink back into annihilation, shrink into nothing, from which she was produced, to allow minds freely to subsist, independent and undisturbed, to be developed by themselves into infinity, according to laws which the Deity has laid down and organised for eternity, and maintains from moment to moment.

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## SORTES ; OR, THE CASTING OF LOTS.

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THE ancients had a method of deciding dubious cases, where there appeared no ground for a preference, by *sortes* or lots, as in casting of dice, drawing tickets, and various other ways, many of which are still adopted. The ancient *sortes* or lots were instituted by holy authority; and in the Old Testament we meet with many standing and perpetual laws, and a number of particular commands, prescribing and regulating the use of them. Thus Scripture informs us that the lot fell on St. Matthias, when a successor to Judas in the apostolate was to be chosen. Our Saviour's garment itself was cast lots for. *Sortiti sunt Christo vestem*. The *Sortes Prænestina* were famous among the Greeks. The method of these was to put a great number of letters, or even whole words, into an urn; to shake them together, and throw them out, and whatever should chance to be made out in the arrangement of the letters, &c., composed the answer of this oracle. Instead of this, another kind of *sortes* was introduced

into Greece and Italy, which was, to take some celebrated poet, as, for instance, Homer, Euripides, Virgil, &c., to open the book, and whatever first presented itself to the eye on opening, it thus was taken for the ordinance of heaven. This made what was called the *Sortes Homericae* and *Sortes Virgilianae*, which succeeded the use of the *Sortes Prænestinae*. This passed hence into Christianity, and the Christians took their sortes out of the Old and New Testament. The first passage that presented itself on opening a book of Scripture was esteemed the sacred answer. If the first passage that was opened did not happen to be anything to the purpose for which the *sortes* were consulted, another book was opened, and so on until something was met with that might, one way or the other, be taken for an answer. This was called *Sortes Sanctorum*. St. Augustine does not disapprove of this method of learning futurity, provided it be not used for worldly purposes; and, in fact, he owns having practised it himself. Gregory of Tours adds, that the custom was to lay the Bible on the altar, and to pray the Lord that he would discover by it what was to come to pass. Indeed, instances of the use of the *Sanctum Sanctorum* are very frequent in history.

## DEUTEROSCOPIA, OR SECOND SIGHT.

"'Tis the divinity that stirs within us."

ADDISON'S CATO.

Of all the subjects which philosophers have chosen for exercising their faculty of reasoning, there is not one more worthy of their attention than the contemplation of the human mind. There they will find an ample field wherein they may range at large and display their powers; but, at the same time, it must be observed that here, unless the philosopher calls in religion to his aid, he will be lost in a labyrinth of fruitless conjectures, and here, in particular, he will be obliged to have a reference to a *great first cause*, as the mind of man (whatever may be asserted of material substances) could never be formed by chance, and he will find its affections so infinitely various, that, instead of endeavouring to investigate, he will be lost in admiration. The faculty or affections of the mind, attributed to our neighbours of the Highlands of Scotland, of having a foreknowledge of future events, or, as it is most commonly expressed, having a *second sight*, is perhaps one of the most singular. Many have been the arguments both for and against the real existence of this wonderful gift. We shall not be an advocate on either side, but presume to give a fact or two, which are well authenticated, and from which every one is at liberty to infer what they please. The late Rev. D. M'Sween was minister of a parish in the high parts of Aberdeenshire, and was a native of Sky Island, where his mother continued to reside. On the 4th of May, 1738, Mr. M'Sween, with his brother, who often came to visit him from Sky, were walking in the fields. After some interval in their discourse, during which the minister seemed to be lost in thought, his brother asked him what was the matter with him; he made answer, he hardly could tell, but he was certain their mother was dead. His brother endeavoured to reason him out of this opinion, but in vain. And, upon the brother's return home, he found that his mother had really died on that very day on which he was walking with the minister.

In April, 1744, a man of the name of Forbes, walking over Culloden Muir, with two or three others, was suddenly, as it were, lost in thought, and when in some short time after he was interrupted by his companions, he very accurately described the battle, which was fought on that very spot two years afterwards, at which description his companions laughed heartily, as there was no expectation of the Pretender's coming to Britain at that time." Many such instances might be produced, but these are sufficient to stagger the credulity of most people. We may pursue the subject at no very distant period.

A THOUGHT FOR THE THOUGHTFUL.—During each interval of time that our pulse beats, we are carried twenty miles from that portion of absolute space we occupied before; and during the seven hours sleep we enjoy we are carried four hundred and seventy thousand miles through space.

## THE ORACLE OF DESTINY.

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



TO OUR QUERISTS.—This department of our work involves the solution of "horary questions," so called from a figure of the heavens being erected for the hour in which the question is asked, and from the indications manifest in which the corresponding answers are derived. It will, therefore, be absolutely necessary for all correspondents to specify the exact hour and day on which they commit the question to paper for our judgment, and the replies will then be given accordingly. As this important feature of the starry science will necessarily occupy considerable time which he is willing to devote, without reward, to benefit the public, THE ASTROLOGER hopes that the liberality of his offer will protect him from the correspondence of those who desire adjudication upon frivolous subjects, or who are merely actuated thereto by motives of idle and foolish curiosity. All subjects on which they may be *really anxious*, can be solved with absolute certainty; and the election of favourable periods for marriage, speculation, or commencing any new undertaking with advantage, will be cheerfully and readily pointed out from week to week. All communications addressed to "THE ASTROLOGER" will be considered as strictly confidential, and the initials only given in the oracle.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. S.—Our correspondent, in a most sensible and ably written letter, feels inclined to deny the assertion, that the earth contains the same number of atoms as it did at the creation, and brings forward some very cogent arguments to support his reasoning, and disprove our conclusion. In reply, we can only briefly remind him that to make matter exist which did not exist then, would require the exercise of a new *creative power*, that we have no warrant for demanding; and the veriest tyro in chemistry will prove to him that nothing is lost—that no particle of matter is annihilated. To employ his own illustration—the acorn becomes the oak. Is the oak created? No! It has grown and abstracted its component parts from the soil and the air. If dies, returns them, and more trees arise, but still the great body of matter remains the same. Here there is no creation—it is merely change. Since this orb first rolled into being from the hand of its Maker, there must have been vast modifications of its particles; but we have no reason to suppose that one new atom exists, for, whence could it have emanated if the germ was not in the earth? The question, however, we admit to be an abstruse one, and should have more space than we can here afford.

CHARLES G. [Manchester].—That you have a passionate love and a refined taste for music, is evident from your horoscope, but there appears at the same time no prospect of deriving much pecuniary benefit from its practice as a professor. There is nothing to impede your being a profound and skilful player; but expect not to obtain from that source alone, your means of subsistence.

H. J.—If her age corresponds with your own, and there is a sympathetic congeniality existing, twine the rose chains of wedlock around thyself and fly from the buttonless band of bachelors. It will, under these circumstances, be advantageous.

SAGITTARY.—We have found the mesmeric fluid occasionally affect the magnetic needle, but very rarely; and the extraordinary effect the magnet seems to have had upon your patient, is, perhaps, in some degree explained by, if a female, the steel busk in the corset, or, if a male, by metallic substances in the pocket. It is stated that a mesmerized patient rendered clairvoyant will have his penknife frequently magnetic afterwards.

JOHN SMITH.—The conjunction of so many planets in a superior house is, certainly, an extraordinary circumstance, but will have but little influence on your destiny, unless your birthday occurred at the lunation. You seem to have had a taste for the mathematics, and this will, probably, lead to some new researches therein. An accession of business and a prosperous turn of fortune will also occur.

M. P. J.—You will gain a little by speculation, but not sufficient to recompense you for the time devoted to it. Sell as soon as possible. There is a speedy prospect of your entering into a new line of business, which you will find more adapted both to your temperament and inclinations.

H. P. L.—On giving a rapid glance at the figure, we would suggest a change of employment, but we shall hear further. Is the hour of the day for which the places of the planets are wanted 11, or 1 p.m., as the indistinct writing leaves us in doubt? Thanks for good wishes and the offer of recommendation, which we readily accept, for every subscriber who gains another is conferring a public as well as a private benefit.

**J. W. D.**—With pleasure we foresee not only all objections overcome, but a speedy and happy union prognosticated. He will succeed in his present undertaking, and a joyous heart and noble disposition will be your wedding dowry.

**M. W.**—It will be some time before Fortune bounteously scatters her favours on you, but a slight improvement will be soon manifested. The engagement at present subsisting will become void, through the party himself breaking it off. Cherish the love you now feel, and doubt not it is reciprocated. An ultimate alliance, however, is not so clearly foreshown.

**PENSIVOSO.**—The unquestionable talent you possess, and the skill and perseverance you have exercised in its application, deserved better success, but there is no warring against a course of events for which you have been unprepared. The sun having been posited in the *Nadir*, and badly aspected at the time of your birth, will ever militate against your acquiring fortune, but be of good cheer; you will soon, after one more blow at your prosperity, retrieve all by merely persevering in your present course of life. Nocturnal births seldom forbode good to the individual, but there are some good aspects which must fall beneficially in your 38th year. For the kind offer we feel grateful, and at our correspondent's leisure would esteem ourselves honoured by the perusal.

**VINCENT R. D.**—You can marry her with an assurance that she is both true to you, and that she will make an excellent wife, as far as regards her domestic qualities. The nativity would most materially assist us in forming future judgments.

**MAGG.**—You are quite correct in supposing that this year will produce some change; but August, 1846, will be your eventual period, when many beneficial aspects will work out a total revolution in your life. Matrimony will then ensue, and great promotion. You should strenuously guard against accidents by fire. The estates are very doubtful.

**A. O. A.**—Your marriage will bring happiness, which is better than money, and your prosperity through life will depend upon your not losing those golden opportunities which will soon be offered. Reform your somewhat vacillating disposition and obey the dictates of prudence, which latter you have lately sadly neglected.

**ROSINE.**—Life itself is an April day, blent with showers and sunshine. Your own lot will be no exception. The connubial state will bring much change to you, and your husband will travel, probably on business.

**LEO (Manchester).**—The queries shall receive early attention. The length of time depends on future circumstances. His suggestion shall be carried out forthwith, and we thank him for the co-operation proffered.

**J. C. B.**—The business will succeed, but beware of plunging into expensive arrangements which can only embarrass your future proceedings. The school will thrive for some time, but various debts will never be paid in connexion with it. Caution is most requisite, and take heed of designing acquaintances.

**R. G. L.**—Mesmerism is the transfusion of the magnetic fluid from one person to another, and consequently, there can be no such thing as self-mesmerism. The books you require can be met with at book-stalls, but, known to so many, there will be found little novelty in the facts of legerdemain they describe.

**DESIUS.**—The period of sleep seems one not only apportioned to the human portion of the creation, but is even shared by the inanimate world. Plants have been proved to close their leaves at nightfall and subside into a kind of slumber, whilst minerals, according to recent mineralogical researches, undergo a change at night analogous to that by which the whole face of nature is influenced.

**VANI, VIDI, VICI.**—In consequence of a temporary absence from town, we were unable to respond to your two last letters until this moment. Taking the question of deception as the horary figure, we find unequivocal indications of it existing somewhere, but not, as it would appear, from a relative. It will be soon discovered, probably is now, and though it may retard, cannot defeat, your creditable exertions. For the rest you shall next week hear further.

**TERESA B.**—A reconciliation will be effected through the medium of a relation. Do not anticipate marriage, but remember that happiness does not necessarily depend upon it. You have already had to struggle through numerous difficulties, but more must be contended with before the halcyon days of peace arrive. We must have the time of birth to calculate the nativity of the child.

**Q. R. S.** is right in his supposition. *Ahrucabah* was the star addressed.

**D. THOMSON.**—A full judgment in detail would trespass too much on our time, and be unfair to other querists who require solutions likewise. Some benefits will occur this month through business connexions, but April, 1846, will bring many curious events of mingled good and evil to pass. This year will produce some alteration in your present mode of living, but it will lead to your ultimate good.

**JOHN THOMAS.**—If you are steady and industrious there is nothing to prevent your succeeding, and, by attention to your present employment, you will be able to maintain a creditable position. Open on the 1st of May.

**RECEIVED**—**LILIAS** (The dark-complexioned young man is more fickle than faithful. He will not be your husband).—**AMELIA L.** (No; you will do neither).—**B. D.** [Belfast] (You will shortly not only change for the better, but follow the employment you wish).—**ESTHER B.** (The young man will soon change his residence).—**M. L. S.** (Yes, but not for two years).—**R. T. W.** (You will, in this year; but the object of your present love will be then far distant).—**AGATHA** (He has,—return it).—**M. MARTINEA** (He still lives, as you will soon hear through a curious

channel).—**MAILLIM** (The girl is attached to you, but you have a rival).—**W. G.** (Yes, accept it).—**M. B.** (If you do not, you will repent it).—**SUSAN BAKER** (The quarrel will be soon forgotten on both sides).—**ELIZABETH** (You will not wed him).—**CHARLES** (A situation is at hand).—**GEORGE M.** (You will leave shortly).—**JANE WILLOUGHBY** (No, next year).—**FRED. G. FORESTER** (Avoid the army, and, by advertisement, you will get a better opportunity of succeeding in life).—**Y. Y. B.** (Circumstances will occur speedily to improve your prospects; a removal will be one of them).—**NINA** (You are quite right in the suspicions you entertain, but the party alluded to is powerless in his animosity).—**C. EADES** (It will occupy us about a week, when you shall hear).—**ALICE** (He is in good health, and will return).—**PARITOR** (You have not mentioned the year).—**AMINA BAKER** (Wait a fortnight and you will then be able to satisfactorily decide for yourself).—**VERA** (You must resort to change, and circumstances will improve. You will not have occasion to go far).—**AMANDA** (The number of parties adopting this signature seems to have created some mistake. You have been already answered—She will not return).—**E. G. (Yes)**.—**C. G.** (You will obtain one very speedily).—**HOPS** (You have seen your future husband, and his intentions are honourable, but beware of rivals).—**THOMAS WOODS** (There is some good fortune in store next July. The female will marry a bachelor).—**W. H. B.** (Be circumspect in continuing your acquaintance. There is a mystery yet to be unravelled).—**W. G. C.** (Some time will elapse).—**H. H. C.** (You once neglected a friend's advice and have since repeated—Ask once more and pursue the course he points out).—**S. W.** [Haggerstone] (We see no prospect of marriage, but it will be difficult to escape entanglement with the elder one. There is little love on your side, but much on the other).—**ADA** (No profession at all).—**A. M. FENTON** (Next week).—**A WELL WISHER** (H. M.).—**PAULINE** (Answered before).—**HOPFUL** (He will partly succeed; but you will have your expectations fully realised at no very distant time. The inquiry made, we must consider).—**E. K.** (Wait a little).—**R. T.** (Sooner than you expect).—**CLARA MOWBRAY** (Your request is most unreasonable).—**W. W. BUCHAN** (It forbodes merely a change of abode).—**M. W. C.** (You will form another acquaintance).—**S. E. and G. J.** (The horary figures shall be inspected this week and answered in our next).—**KASTROPS** (See our Weekly Calendar).—**M. C.** (Your nativity alone could decide).—**C. C. (Yes)**.—**WILLIAM EAST** (He is no longer living).—**AURORA** (You are passionately loved, but we cannot say by whom).—**JACOBINS** (You will be aided soon by an unexpected friend, and prosper).—**HELEN** (We see no indication of marriage in the figure).—**GRACE** (Doubt whether you will have a husband at all).—**WM. BROOSGOROV** (Many vicissitudes are indicated, but, at last, you will succeed).—**C. B. H.** (You will have occasion to travel, but success will be moderate).—Others in our next.

Owing to the length of our "ORACLE" this week the Self-instructor in Astrology, together with some articles upon mesmerism, must be postponed to our next.

\* \* \* The great increase in the number of letters we now receive weekly, renders it imperative on the "ASTROLOGER" to remind his correspondents that *real anxiety*, and not frivolous curiosity, must prompt the questions. A little delay is necessarily occasioned; but all querists may rely upon being answered in their turn. The trifles charged for this work is, we need not say, wholly unremunerative, and it is only by recommending it to their friends that our querists can repay us ultimately for the time bestowed on their letters. The congratulations and good wishes we daily receive will stimulate us to increased exertions; and to the rapidly-increasing friends we are gaining throughout the country, this general acknowledgment of their kind courtesy and co-operation must be held sufficient. All subscribers should hasten to complete their sets without delay, as the great demand for back numbers will soon cause a reprint when an extra price must be charged. Any newsvender or bookseller will obtain them, if ordered, and, should any difficulty occur in getting them, all applications to our Office, as below, will be promptly and punctually attended to. Numbers 1 to 10 are now ready.

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

\* \* \* All letters and communications are requested to be addressed to "The Astrologer," 10, Wellington-street North, Strand, London.

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