



No. 12.—Vol. I.] SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1845. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE DREAM-GIFTED.

IN the imperishable and immutable essence of the human soul there exists a power of ideality which seems to have escaped the notice of metaphysicians generally. It is that power of re-creating, as it were, the forms and images that have ceased to come tangibly before the eye of the experimentalist, and which appear, under certain favourable influences, as mental apparitions of the Past. There are two different phases of dreams: one, in which objects and ideas are indiscriminately, and oftentimes absurdly, commingled; and the other, when a distinct object, or idea, is palpable alone, without extraneous interruption occurring. The first invariably takes place at night—that mysterious time when the senses are either wholly benumbed or but half-awakened, to bewilder the brain with their semblance to reality; and the second in the broad noon of day, even under the full glare of summer sunshine, when events and images that have excited us “long, long ago,” play a new part in the busy drama of remembrance. It is to the latter that we would chiefly turn our attention. He who has truly loved—he who has now throbbing in his blue veins the tumult of a first affection—will be at no loss to conceive how vividly the portraiture of one dead or distant will flash upon the mind with lightning intensity, when the remembrancer is lost in reverie. Aye, even though tottering age has crept on, almost unperceived, with grey locks and faltering pace, the thoughts will return to the hot youth of life, and evoke the passions of the past with a vividness of colouring that might almost make us cease to regret the loss of the Rosicrucian’s restorative elixir. The vermeil hue of the moist, rosy lips, we pressed so fondly and fervently to our own; the chestnut locks of hair that clustered in flowing curls around the ample brow; the full, large, lustrous eyes, that beamed our love-gaze back—these, and a hundred other associations connected with the one adored return—the pole-stars of our memory—to assure us that a mirror still lies latent in our hearts to reflect the bright and beautiful of the bygone. We love, and the object loved remains—an undying creation; entwined with our existence, and probably—might we not add certainly?—passing with us into futurity. Now urging us to achieve fame in the field of laudable emulation, now consoling us under the hard trials of misfortune, and anon soaring with us into the realms of a higher and purer world, where Love is the

all in all—the TOKALON of our mortal pilgrimage. How many corroding cares have been banished, how many festering wounds have been assuaged, by a dream like this!—a day-dream, it is true, a mere pulsation of the immortal essence within us. Yet, how priceless, how inestimable is the gift! Happy are ye to whom this sainted power of rescuing the past from oblivion is given. The diver who, plunging into the bosom of the billowy ocean, hazards his life to save a pearl, is but the faint type of the day-dreamer, who dashes into the veiled chasm which separates the *has been* from what is, to save one thought, to restore one object, that might gild and brighten his future. Love is the holiest and the purest passion by which the mind of man can be influenced, and it has been, therefore, the theme on which we have here briefly dwelt; but all things of the good and the noble share this immortality. To those who can estimate its worth, and who have so sublimated their grosser feelings as to be endowed with the high privilege of eliciting these exalted conceptions, no object is beyond their attainment, no distance out of the circle of their enchantment. A treasure lies within their reach which owns a magic talisman indeed. Life for such hath charms which others know not. Blest mortals! Ye are the DREAM-GIFTED!

A NIGHT WITH A CORPSE.

CHAPTER I.

"SHE sleeps!—sleeps soundly! I may now venture to light a candle, shade it with the bed-curtains, and endeavour to amuse myself with a book"—and I did so. I selected the work from among a number that were lying on my writing-table. It was a new publication—a book of travel, full of adventure and incident, and one that seemed most likely to divert my thoughts and fix my attention.

I opened the book, and, before plunging into its contents, gave an involuntary glance at the form of the beloved sleeper—pale and still as death she lay. The crisis had arrived, and this sleep, the physician had said, would "*determine her fate*;" yet it could alone afford the chance of saving a life, dear to me beyond all earthly price. Beyond all price, said I?—aye, 'twas my world. All else was blank—a drear, interminable, desolate, horror-striking void.

"All is still, save the distant hum of the pleasure-seeking world without, and the church clock noting the coming on of night. Perchance, when it strikes that hour again—no, no, all will go well; nature works miracles in these cases, and I will not doubt the result. Now for my book." I began reading, and soon found myself completely wrapt in the contents. Page after page flew by, and still I read on—the most delightful work I had ever met with, since I first dived into the enthrallments of that pre-eminently glorious of all glorious fictions, "*Robinson Crusoe*." Blessings be on all such authors; one wants a new world, a new existence, and they give us both. I read on. "Hark! surely that clock struck eleven—still she sleeps—'tis well. When the physician comes in the morning he'll find all danger over. Now, let me get on with this book, until she awakens."

"One!—two!—morning," whispered I, and, looking up, I beheld the candle by which I had been reading just flickering in the socket. "And there is no other. How thoughtless. I'll creep down stairs and get one; it will not take me a minute, and perhaps this wick will last the while." I laid hold of the candlestick for the purpose; the wick of the candle sent up a bright, flashing flame—then sank—crackled—and all was darkness. Involuntarily, I put the candlestick down on the table, and, at that instant, was startled by a noise like the blow of a heavy whip

across the table. I sank into my chair; I seemed to be completely overpowered by I knew not what; a strange, mysterious feeling—a dread of something horrible, but indefinable—had fixed itself upon me. Struggling against this weakness, I sprung from my seat, again seized the candlestick, and groped my way to the door. I stopped, and hesitated to open it. I thought I heard *the handle turned*. "Paha! such nervousness is perfectly ridiculous." I clutched the handle, turned it, threw the door open, and—there stood, statue-like and immovable, hand or limb—my eyes fixed on—on what?—was it a reality—a vision—a mere optical delusion—or?—no matter; you shall hear and judge. Now, listen! The room door which I had thus thrown open brought me on to the spacious landing of an old-fashioned staircase, shrouded almost in total darkness, and relieved only by the dim light of a casement in some leads above; but at that hour in the morning it admitted nothing but a sort of grey, misty twilight, that made the old-fashioned corners and recesses of the landing appear to be lost in a thick, murky darkness. It was impossible to see beyond that part of the landing which was not immediately under the skylight; and there—yes, there—as plainly and palpably as ever artist depicted forms in light and shadow—there stood before me two figures, tall—aye, almost Herculean in height—and well proportioned, and some kind of covering on their heads—they wore thick, waving plumes. Of their features, it was impossible to distinguish more than the eyes, which seemed to glare vividly upon me with a mixed expression of derision and astonishment. There stood these two figures, immediately before me, side by side, as if to oppose my further progress. In terror, I turned round, and at one step passed the threshold of the bed-room, the door of which I was about hurriedly to shut after me, but, while in the very act, the shock, as of an icy numbness, came over my hand, and seemed to spread itself through my very frame. I trembled, staggered back into the room a few paces, caught hold of the back of the chair in which I had been seated reading, and sank almost senseless into it, leaving the door still open. The next instant the apartment became partially, but very faintly, lighted, the effect being something like that produced by a rushlight burning in some out-of-the-way corner, and depicting everything around upon the wide, blank wall before me, in a strange, mysterious, web-like kind of outline. What could it mean?—where could the light come from? I turned my head shudderingly, and took a glance behind me; there was the bed, and there—full beaming in *her face*, that now bore the fixed, glaring stamp of death in its features—there, with its flickering light twinkling down upon those once lovely lineaments, hung, as if suspended in the air, a little tiny light, like a star, constantly changing to various colours—blue, red, green, yellow, and sapphire—and producing, in the face of the *dead*, hues of most horrible, ghastly, and appalling variety. On either side of the bed—now gazing at the corpse, and now looking earnestly at each other, as if mentally interchanging thoughts—stood the two figures I have already described to you.

CHAPTER II.

Appalled and motionless I sat, still with my eyes turned towards those two mysterious figures. Suddenly I beheld them extend their arms towards the corpse. In terror I attempted to rise from my seat, but felt myself completely paralysed. I made an effort to cry out, but the attempt was futile, and I experienced the same sense of utter powerlessness that I had often felt before in dreams. There stood the figures, with their long arms extended over the head and face of the dead. Would they venture to contaminate that lovely being with their unearthly touch? Yes, their hands were close upon her; and now the light that was burning becomes suddenly extinguished, and all is total darkness. It is but for an instant. A soft, pale, golden twilight suddenly pervades the apartment, and the faint outline, as of a beauteous form, appears at the foot of the bed—yes, the figure becomes more and more distinct. What a glorious countenance! and as I looked upon it how my feelings changed. I felt happy—happy beyond all expression. Thank heaven! those two fearful beings are gone; and now the beauteous form, at sight of whom they have fled, approaches the side of the bed, and, with clenched and uplifted hands, seems supplicating for the soul of the departed. What a sweet, seraphic face, and yet how melan-

choly! I gazed upon it in rapture, and as I did so my eyes became dim with tears, and, gushing forth, they rolled heavily down my cheeks, and I seemed to feel as if my nature was becoming purer, and less earthly. I felt as if I was a purely mental creature, and began to look upon my former self with contempt, and even loathing. But, hark! there is music—dim, distant, thrilling, and unearthly, and, oh, how sweet! It sounds like a mighty band of Æolian harps, far, far away. And list again! there are voices, though faint—so very faint as to be scarcely audible—yet how every note comes thrilling with delight! And see—that face—now, how it beams with brightness; 'tis no longer sad, but joyous; but those hands are still clasped, and there is a mingled expression of awe and intense happiness in the face that speaks of a communing beyond the reach of mortals. The music and the voices cease—the adoration of that seraphic being has ended—the hands are unclasped; and now (with what ecstasy of bliss did I behold it), now that glorious form bends down over the features of the dead, imprints a kiss upon her forehead, and a sudden flash, like the instantaneous gathering up and extinguishing of the whole body of light in the room, now bursts forth, and is gone as quickly. Again the apartment is shrouded in utter darkness.

Was it a dream or a reality? No; it was too distinct, too vivid, too exciting and impressive to be unreal. The effect it appeared to have had upon me was most extraordinary; I felt fully reconciled to the unexpected and awful bereavement I had undergone; and it had occurred so passively, too—*during sleep!* 'Twas strange; if anybody had told me I could have borne it so calmly, it would have given me violent offence. And I was so, as it were, instinctively convinced of the occurrence; and yet, after all, was it really so? Should I try to awaken her? What mockery—impious mockery—after all that I had seen and heard. Well, it was over; and *she*—she was another being now; yes, in fellowship with that *bright one* that had come to save her from the ministers of evil, for as such I deemed them." I felt calm and strong minded; I rose from my seat, and found my way to the door of the room; it was still open.

Now, should I go down stairs and get a light? What an extraordinary mixture of ideas and feelings came over me as this idea suggested itself. Did I dare to cross that passage? No. I ought not even to leave the room, and to bring a light into it seemed as if it would be an act of vulgar and horrible profanity. What should I want to know more than I did know? or what was there to be known that the approaching daylight would not reveal? But the intense darkness was intolerable. I went to the window, and noiselessly unclosed and opened the shutters. How strangely the mind associates the ideas of sleep and death.

"Death and his brother, Sleep,"

as Shelly says—a perfect and imperfect change of existence, and, perhaps—but the speculation is a fruitless one, after all. You are not to know till the time comes, and there's an end.

"Unavailing trouble! The room is very little lighter than it was before. Well, I'll sit and watch." Once more I seated myself in my chair, and looked round me in the darkness. I was able to discern the outline of the furniture; the shape of the bed and the curtains were distinctly visible. *Did I dare to pull aside that curtain at the bed's head?* Should I? What folly!—and yet I could not resist the impulse. I rose from my seat, advanced a step, stretched out my arm, and—I drew back as suddenly. What right had I to take precedence of other friends and relatives of the dead? Yes; *they were there*. The more intensely I gazed, the more distinctly I saw them—father, mother, sisters, brothers—all, all long since dead. Around the foot of the bed they stood, and, after gazing for a moment on the corpse, turned round and glared reproachfully upon me. Ha! they had come to visit us *now*; but when she was alive, and they were living too, they then deserted us. The marriage was one they did not approve of. It was said that our union broke her father's heart. He was a purse-proud man, and had worldly notions of what he called his daughter's welfare. And there he stood, he and his purse-proud kindred, fearful specimens of what worldly pride must come to. The gaze of all was fixed upon me; they turned round and looked for an instant at each other. Horror-stricken, I beheld the expression of demoniacal fury that was about to burst upon me. They seemed speaking to each other, though I

heard not the least sound. They advanced threateningly towards me; I seemed already to feel their grasp, and, with a wild, loud, appalling shriek, I sank senseless on the floor.

The next morning I found myself in a strange room, in bed, attended by a friend, from whom I gained a confirmation of one, at least, of the events of the preceding night. *She was dead*; and the physician said that she must have expired without the least pain, and while sound asleep. May it so happen to me likewise.

SONGS OF THE STARS.

NIGHT SHOWETH KNOWLEDGE.

When I survey the bright
Celestial sphere,
So rich with jewels hung, that night
Doth like an Ethiop bride appear;

My soul her wings doth spread,
And heavenward flies,
The Almighty's mysteries to read,
In the large volume of the skies.

For the bright firmament
Shoots forth no flame
So silent, but is eloquent
In speaking the Creator's name.

No unregarded star
Contracts its light
Into so small a character,
Remov'd far from our human sight;

But if we steadfast look
We shall discern
In it, as in some holy book,
How man may knowledge learn.

It tells the conqueror,
That far-stretched power,
Which his proud dangers traffic for,
Is but the triumph of an hour.

That from the farthest north
Some nation may
Yet undiscovered issue forth,
And o'er his new-got conquest sway.

Some nation, yet shut in
With hills of ice,
May be let out to scourge his sin,
Till they shall equal him in vice.

And then they likewise shall
Their ruin have;
For as yourselves your empires fall,
And every kingdom hath a grave.

Thus those celestial fires,
Though seeming mute,
The fallacy of our desires,
And all the pride of life, confute.

For they have watch'd since first
The world had birth,
And found sin in itself accurst,
And nothing permanent on earth.

WILLIAM HABINGTON, ABOUT 1640.

FLOWERS.—Flowers are the relics of Paradise, as pure and fragrant as when reared by the infant rain, and fanned by the earliest breath of the four rivers of Eden; yet *they* bear out the denunciation of toil as the portion of fallen man. "Watch and tend us," they say; "you shall labour to obtain our sweets, we will bloom to show ye what fair children the lost land reared."

THE SOLAR ECLIPSE, ON TUESDAY, MAY 6.

"From out the mass of never-dying ill,
The plague, the prince, the stranger, and the sword,
Vials of wrath, but emptied to re-fill
And flow again; I cannot all record
That crowds on my prophetic eye; the earth
And ocean written o'er would not afford
Space for the annal; yet it shall go forth.
Yea, all, though not by human pen is graven,
There, where the farthest suns and stars have birth,
Spread like a banner at the gate of Heaven."

ASTRONOMICAL CALCULATIONS.



Visible at Greenwich, May 6, 1845.

	H.	M.	S.	
Begins	May 6,	8	31	18 } Mean time at
Greatest Phase	"	9	36	48 } Greenwich in the
Ends	"	10	47	6 } morning.

Magnitude of the Eclipse, the Sun's diam. = 1, will be 0.386 on the Northern limb. The Moon's first contact with the Sun occurs at 34° from the vertical point of the Sun's limb towards the West. The last contact at 53° towards the East.

At Edinburgh a partial eclipse is visible, and

	H.	M.	S.	
Begins	May 6,	8	30	16 } Mean time at
Greatest Phase	"	9	39	12 } Edinburgh in the
Ends	"	10	12	16 } morning.

Magnitude of the Eclipse, (Sun's diam. = 1), 0.487 on the Northern limb.

At Dublin a partial eclipse is visible, and

	H.	M.	S.	
Begins	May 6,	8	21	14 } Mean time
Greatest Phase	"	9	18	12 } at Dublin in the
Ends	"	10	20	15 } morning.

Magnitude of the Eclipse (Sun's diam. = 1), 0.469 on the Northern limb.

ASTROLOGICAL DEDUCTIONS.

This important conjunction of the luminaries takes place on May 6, at 9h. 57m., in the second decanate of Taurus, when the fixed sign, *Leo*, is rising in our horizon, and on the cusp of the eleventh house. It will thus be seen that the effects of the solar obscuration fall most heavily on Ireland, for not only does it take place in the ruling sign of that sister kingdom, but calculated for the meridian of Dublin, the evil Herschel will be found exactly on the cusp of the tenth house. The Sun is lord of the first and second houses, and Saturn, ruler of the seventh and eighth, afflicts his ascendancy with a quartile aspect, which must bring sorrow

and suffering to many. The warlike and fiery Mars is at Dublin exactly on the cusp of the seventh house, or house of war; and, had we a voice potential in the Legislature, should warn us to exhort her Majesty to defer her royal visit to Erin until 1846, when the benefic Jupiter will avert much promised evil. Venus combust, and Mercury both combust and retrograde, each under a baneful aspect of Saturn, will be seen to foreshadow troublous times for literature and art, together with a sad prognostic of an indifferent harvest. Losses to merchants trading in the East will ensue; a temporary stagnation of trade in that quarter, and accidents by flood and field, will mark the summer. The fated arrows from the quiver of Saturn will strike at lofty victims; and before the 15th of June we shall have to deplore the loss of some of our greatest ornaments to literature and the cabinet. Deeds of violence will follow the transit of Mars, as he hastens to blend his rays with those of the greater malefic, and some disagreement will take place between Albion and her allies. The British flag will float triumphantly in the breeze of a foreign land, and conflicts between the military and the natives of Columbia will leave a ranking wound in the pride of the eagle standard. The skilful and profound mathematician, ZADKIEL, has so ably expounded the similarity of this eclipse to the famous one of May, 1798, that we cannot do better than place his accurate deductions before the eye of the reader, as they tally exactly with our own careful analysis. He says, "This is a far more violent figure than that of 1798; for here we find both Mars and Saturn angular, the former exactly setting and squaring the evil Herschel on the midheaven. And Saturn is closer to the square of the eclipse than Mars was in the former case, denoting much more dire events, which influence of his is aggravated by his being near the cusp of the house of death. It will be well to note days when Mars forms the square with the eclipse, viz., the 27th of May, when there may be expected some some events tallying with his character, as battles, &c. And on the 16th of June he forms a sextile with Jupiter, which denotes pacific measures, &c., as also when he falls retrograde on the 18th of July. On the 7th of August Saturn will retrograde to the square of the eclipse, which denotes dreadful deeds of cruelty and iniquity, and much suffering, aggravated by the Sun being in square to him nearly at that time. Jupiter comes to the square of Mars' place on the 4th of November, which causes clerical violence to combine with military. It will not be till April, 1846, that Jupiter reaches this eclipse, when the Sun will be again eclipsed in Taurus, that all will be pacific and Ireland happy. This eclipse will have great power in the Levant. In Asia Minor, the Archipelago, and Cyprus, it will effect vast physical phenomena; for in those parts will be felt a series of storms and earthquakes, the nucleus of which will be about Mount Taurus; and they will extend down from Diabekir to Orsa, Aleppo, and Baalbec, spreading along the coast of Syria, and bringing destruction over some hundred miles of that vicinity. Earthquakes also in Poland; the shocks may be felt likewise in Persia, also as far as the island of Rhodes. They will not be so violent as if the eclipse were visible in those countries, which it will not be. These events will be likely to occur on the 9th and 30th of May, and especially on and about the 2nd of June."

We cannot too earnestly exhort our readers to take heed of the precautions here opportunely offered. To be fore-warned is to be fore-armed.

NIGHT THE BEST TIME FOR STUDY.—All persons of a highly-wrought and imaginative disposition, must have found how much clearer they are able to think in the night season than during the garish hours of day. Some say, the passions are more awake then; it may be so, but the intellect is more awake also. Jean Paul has a good conceit, to explain to us why our thoughts are more vivid, more marked, more copious, while the material world is wrapped in gloom. He says—"The earth is every day overspread with the veil of night, for the same reason that the cages of birds are darkened, so that we may the more readily apprehend the higher harmonies of thought in the hush and stillness of darkness. Ideas, which the day converts into smoke and mist, during the night stand about us, lights and flames; like the column which fluctuates above the crater of Vesuvius, and which seems in the day-time a pillar of cloud, but is, by night, a column of fire."

THE ASTROLOGER'S STUDY;

Being Predictions of the Chief Events from Week to Week.

From the aspects formed in the heavens for the present week, the Astrologer judges that tumults will arise in schools and public bodies, and that some danger may be apprehended from the fall of old buildings and towers. The allurements of pleasure are listened to and followed, and unafflicted influences attend the mansion of delight. A number of hitherto respected tradesmen will become bankrupts, and several noted parties are found insolvent. An inquest on the body of one well known to the London public will create a melancholy interest, and the newspapers will be much occupied with accounts of great assemblages and meetings. From one indication in the figure, the Seer deems it not improbable that new and important disclosures will be made relative to an affair that has lately agitated the public mind, and concerning which erroneous impressions have prevailed. **TEMPUS OMNIA REVELAT!**

THE ASTROLOGER'S CALENDAR.

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

WEDNESDAY, May 7th.—Cool and rainy. Inclining to evil influences.

THURSDAY, May 8th.—Dull and sultry. Good for obtaining situations.

FRIDAY, May 9th.—Warm showers. Fortunate for most things.

SATURDAY, May 10th.—Changes. Fair at night. Troublesome. Disappointments will occur.

SUNDAY, May 11th.—Fair, with light breeze. Woo, marry, and ask favours. Consult thy friend.

MONDAY, May 12th.—Fair. An excellent day for taking pleasure, but beware of thy purse.

TUESDAY, May 13th.—Fair and genial. A very dangerous day. Beware of accidents.

A DAY IN THE MOON.

It has been pretty well demonstrated that our satellite the moon has no atmosphere, and consequently no water, but it has remained for recent telescopic researches to more accurately describe its earthy surface. Taking the lunar mountain formations in the order of their simplicity, we discern, at the outset, a great number of perfectly isolated peaks, or sugar-loaf mountains, *unconnected with any group or range whatsoever*. In our own globe such peaks are not uncommon, as in Cantal, for instance, or Teneriffe; but those generally belong to some large sphere of disturbance, and the nature of the forces and operation that produced them can, however dimly, still, with some degree of certainty, be conceived. These singular formations in the moon, however, very often present no analogy in this respect with the corresponding phenomena of our planet. They rise suddenly from the midst of unbroken flats, and at a great distance from general disturbances. They seem to have shot through the plain in obedience to some sharp internal force, as one would push a needle through a sheet of paper; and the plain has not been much more disturbed. Mountain ranges or chains are also present in the moon, though not a chief feature in its surface. Their general position is a sort of circular but broken skirt of the greater flats or plains. Some reach a great elevation; the

Apennines are from eighteen to twenty thousand feet high; that is, something between our Alps and Andes. As in the earth's mountain ranges—the Himalaya, for instance—the ridge is uniformly extremely steep on one side, descending to the plain through abrupt precipices, or a succession of abrupt terraces, while they slope away, as ours do also, through an extensive and gently declining highland. The abrupt face uniformly looks in towards the plain—a peculiarity which Professor Nichol supposes to be paralleled on earth by the arrangement of some of our mountain chains, but, we humbly conceive, with a less cogency of argument than usually attends his speculations.

"But," says he, "I must hasten on. I have now reached the most wonderful portion of the moon's mountain districts—a portion with which we have here nothing beyond the faintest similitudes. At least three fifths of the surface of that luminary are studded with caverns penetrating its body, and generally engirt at the top by a great wall of rock, which is serrated, and often crowned by lofty peaks. These caverns, or, as they have been termed, *craters*, vary in diameter, from fifty or sixty miles to the smallest space visible—probably 500 feet—and the numbers increase as the diameter diminishes; so that the multitude of the smaller ones becomes so great, that we cannot reckon it. The ridge that environs the crater is always steep within, and *sloping* on its external side; but it does not descend to the cavern's base in one precipice. Within it frequently lie concentric ridges, assuming the form of terraces, and making the descent to the low ground appear more gradual. The bottom of the crater is very often convex, and low ridges of mountains sometimes run through it: we also find in it isolated conical peaks and smaller craters, whose heights, however, seldom reach the base of the exterior wall. These curious objects are, in some parts of the moon, so crowded that they seem to have pressed on each other, and disturbed and even broken down each other's environments; so that, through their mutual interference, the most odd-shaped caverns have arisen. It often happens, too, that smaller craters are found on the wall, and, in many instances, one can discern that the wall has been severely shaken by the force, whatever it was, that gave rise to the secondary object."

The crater Tycho, of which a sketch is given from a drawing by Major Davis, is the most remarkable of these wondrous formations. Dr. Nichol makes an ideal journey to it. "Wandering," he says, "through a district, perhaps the most chaotic in the moon, where ranges, peaks, round mountains with flat tops, are intermingled in apparently inextricable confusion—where there is no plain larger than a common field, that, too, rent by fissures and strown with blocks that have fallen from the overhanging precipices—we descry in the horizon what seems an immense ridge, stretching farther than the eye can carry us, and reflecting the sun's rays with dazzling lustre. On approaching this wall, through a country still as toilsome, it appears not so steep, but to have an outward sloping, which, however rough, is yet practicable to the strong of head and firm in knee. Ascend, then, O traveller! averting your eyes from the burning sun, and, having gained the summit, examine the landscape beyond. Landscape! It is a type for the most horrible dream—a thing to be thought of only with a shudder. We are on the top of a circular precipice, which seems to have enclosed a space fifty-five miles in diameter from all the living world for ever and ever! Below, where the wall casts its shadow, it is black as Orcus—no eye can penetrate its utter gloom; but where daylight has touched the base of the chasm, its character is disclosed. Giddy it must be to stand on the summit of Mont Blanc, or the Jungfrau, or Teneriffe; but suppose Jacques Balmat, when he set the first foot on that loftiest Alpine peak, had found on the other side, not the natural mountain he ascended, but one unbroken precipice, 13,000 feet deep, below which a few terraces disturbed the uniformity; and, at some ten miles' distance from its base, a chasm deeper, from where he looked, by 2,000 feet than Mont Blanc is elevated above the level of the sea! would even the stout Swiss have brought home his senses? or rather would he have returned at all, and not lain there to this hour, fascinated as by ten thousand rattle-snakes? But onwards—and to the bottom of this mysterious place. No foot of man can take us there; so that we must borrow a wing from the condor, or, better still, Mr. Hansen's grial machine. Off, then, down, down, and arrive! It is, indeed, a terrible place. There

are mountains in it, especially a central one 4000 feet high, and five or six concentric ridges of nearly the same height, encircling the chasm; but the eye can rest on nothing except that impassable wall without breach—only with a few pinnacles on its top—towering 17,000 feet aloft on every side, at the short distance of twenty-seven miles, and haffling our escape into the larger world. Nothing here but the scorching sun and burning sky: no rain ever refreshes it, no cloud ever shelters it: only benign night with its stars, and the mild face of the earth! But we tarry no longer; so again, Mr. Hansen! and rest for a moment on the top of that highest pinnacle. Look around now, and away from Tycho! What a scene! Those round hills with flat tops are craters; and the whole visible surface is studded with them; all of less diameter than Tycho, but probably as deep. Nay, Mr. Hansen assures us that some exist of at least equal depth, whose diameter is not more than 3,000 feet! What conception can we form of chasms so tremendous! Can there be life in them? or are they, by some primeval curse, shut out, like the Dead Sea, from all other realms of the Eternal? Life!—is its profusion so necessary? I have been amid solitudes in this land, where no bird is seen, nor heard the cry of any winged creature—scarcely even an insect's hum; where only the casual hiss of the snake, and the hurried and uneasy creeping of the beetle, announce that life exists! Look yet farther. What are those dazzling beams, like liquid silver, passing in countless multitudes away from us along the whole surface of the moon? Favouites they are of the sun; for he illumines them more than all else beside, and assimilates them to his own burning glory. And see! they go on every side from Tycho! In his very centre, overspreading the very chasm we have left, there is, now that the sun has farther ascended, a plain of brilliant light; and outside the wall, at this place at least, a large space of similar splendour from which these rays depart. What they are, Mr. Hansen knows not; but they spread over at least one third of the moon's whole surface. And so this chasm, which, in first rashness, we termed a hideous dream, is bound indissolubly to that orb on which, when the heart is pained, one longs to look and be consoled, and through her to the beneficent universe even by those silver though mystic cords! Come, fellow-traveller, and Mr. Hansen, *au revoir*.

"Now that we have reached our homely earth, we must not pass these rays issuing from Tycho and other large craters so cavalierly as our late guide was disposed to do; inasmuch as, next to the craters themselves, they are the most remarkable feature of the moon. And first, with regard to those from Tycho, which in some respects are distinguished from all others. They consist of broad brilliant bands (visible only when the moon is full or nearly so) issuing from all sides of the crater, and stretching to a greater or less distance from their origin; one of them can be traced almost through the *Mare Serenitatis*, or along a space of about 1,700 miles! Two characteristics of these singular bands cannot fail to attract the notice of even the casual observer. First, the light they throw is of exactly the same kind as that reflected from the edge of the crater itself, and from the lowest part of the chasm, so that we must suppose that the matter forming them had the same origin and source as those other portions of Tycho. Secondly, they pass onward in thorough disregard of the other formations of the moon. If, instead of a most rugged surface, the face of our satellite had been one unbroken plain, their course could not have been less disturbed, only they accommodate themselves to the contour of that surface: if they meet a valley, they bend with it; if a precipitous mountain, they rise with its precipices, and then pursue their predetermined path. Is it possible that these rays consist of matter shot up from the interior of the moon through rents in its crust at the time that crater was formed? or rather, what other hypothesis can satisfy the two foregoing conditions? That this highly reflecting matter extends to great depths below the surface, admits of decisive proof. First, there are small craters in many of the bands, of considerable depth, that show no sign of having pierced through them. Secondly, supposing, as we must, that the valleys and mountains over which they pass so unceremoniously are *subsequent* formations, and that they rise in proportion, just because they were heaved up along with the other soil—the height of those precipices is another proof of their depth. The larger crater to the left, named Sausure, which is much wider than one of the rays, and is of great depth, has, to a

certain extent, intercepted the ray, and displaced it; but shortly afterwards that ray resumes the former path. Now, observe the bottom of Sausure: there is the very ray—faint, indeed, but distinct—so that the whole depth of the pit has not reached the source of that shining matter, which, indeed, must be far deeper than Tycho itself. If, then, as we are inclined to assume, the phenomenon of the rays indicates a protrusion from below, through rents in the moon's crust—whence those rents? They are not mere chances or irregularities; it is not as if the protruded matter only filled a gap where it found it—a thing which happens so often with our own trap rocks. These rents proceed along great circles of our luminary, from Tycho as a central point; they are, and can be, no other than *cracks*, extending over a vast portion of its crust, produced by the convulsion which formed that stupendous chasm. The formation of the rays and of the crater was, therefore, the same; and the crater is the mere mouth or point of escape of some tremendous internal and *eccentric* force. And thus, at an early age in the history of the present crust of the moon, at least five thousand cubic miles of rock were displaced, and the solid surface in all directions rent, in one case through the length of 1,700 miles, by some terrific convulsion.

After an equally curious description of Copernicus, a crater more resembling that of our *Ætna*, though on a far larger scale, and where the volcanic operations seem to have been gradual, the learned professor comes to advert to the more level or flat parts of the moon's surface. "These plains," he says, "are, as previously mentioned, for the most part bordered by the precipitous sides of the mountain formations, excepting at some open spaces, like straits of the ocean, where they communicate with each other. Of their contour little can be said. They are not absolute flats, but low grounds, through which low ridges pass, in the midst of which isolated peaks sometimes arise, and where craters wide and narrow, but not—in so far as hitherto remarked—of great depth, may be found. They are, in the meantime, *the undisturbed part of the moon's surface*."

These regions, however, present features too remarkable to permit their being passed carelessly by. They are distinguished by a very great variety of *colouring*—a feature so far from being confined to one or two localities, that there is scarcely anywhere a flat surface in the moon that does not manifest it. It is found even in the small interstices amidst the network of the rays from Copernicus. In the long plain below Plato, it may be seen by an ordinary telescope; but the most gorgeous exhibition of it is in the brilliant, and I fear wholly unrepresentable, *greens* of the *Mare Serenitatis*. What means that colouring? Is it inorganic or organic? Is it an indication of different geological formations, or of something else? If the former, we ought to find the variety, although disturbed, also among the mountain districts. My impression at present is that it is not there, although I would speak with diffidence. Can it be foliage? If organisation exists in that strange globe, it is clear that we must reach the knowledge of it first through its forests and savannahs—objects probably very largely diffused, compared with architecture or the abodes of sentient beings. And it is precisely in the plains, undisturbed by the tossings of that barren granite, that such objects should be found. There is another fine illustration in the patch near Aristarchus, which seems almost a picture of the varied colouring of a beautiful undulating country. And yet how strange this conception appears! A world with vegetation without water, and with so small an atmosphere! Stranger still, if that globe has no communion with organised things; if *life*, which, by its mighty assimilative energies, has so bent under its dominion the rocks of our own world, should be powerless in that globe, even under those hard conditions. It surely cannot.

YOUTH.—Youth is as a flowing stream, on whose current the shadow may rest, but not remain; sunshine is natural to its glad waters, and the flowers will spring up on its banks, despite of the wintry storm and chilling wind. A year in youth is like a month in spring; it is wonderful to observe the rapid alteration that is brought by the genial and vivifying influence of these few fleeting days: the germ expands into a leaf, and the bud into a flower, almost before we have marked the change.

* And yet, why should foliage be *green* in the moon?

THE LURE OF THE WOOD-NYPH.

A MAY MORNING'S DAY-DREAM.

COME, let us trip over yonder plain, and breathe the sweetness of the morning; or shall we take this winding path?—it will lead us by a gentle ascent to the ruined tower; or away on the other side to enter the vale? When the sun shall have reign over the summer days, we shall seek it for the shadow of its branches. The blossoms and flowers are falling from the lap of spring, like smiles of sympathy on lonely hearth, or tears of compassion on an aching brow. Come, the violets are in their prime; let us wander by the fountain. We will watch the husbandman sowing seeds, and breathe a prayer with him for the increase. Then away by the stream, widening till it becomes a river. Ambitious element! it has grown a sea. Behold it in the distance, dancing on to pour forth its waves to the ocean. Then the sun, flinging his golden arms across the blue sky, is courting us onward. Come; hills, valleys, fields, rivers, and woods, are all joyous beneath his cheering influence. The insects creep forth, enlivened by his smile, and the herbage grows stately at his wooing; he would tinge our faces with his ruddy lustre. Come; Health is calling us, and we know her adornments are most lovely. The stag is gazing at her beautiful form in the clear stream, like some fair maiden awakened from her slumbers on her bridal morn, impatient to see once more reflected from her mirror those exquisite charms, hers now, but only prized as presents to adorn the bosom and gladden the heart of one who has long sighed for them—a beautiful casket, containing a priceless jewel, a gift for the husband heaven hath chosen for her. Beautiful vision! And see, love, the eagle is on the wing; the owl and bat have hidden; all around is too bright and blessed for them. Come; true, we shall not see fields of corn laughing at the wooing wind as they wave their amber stores, or the vine laden with juicy clusters, clad in purple and gold, hanging in luxuriant festoons above our sun-decked heads; but we shall see the young grass springing up, the trees blossoming, and all nature preparing to deck the expectant earth, and warm the heart of man. All admirable! We cannot better employ our hearts than in counting the gifts of heaven, as they appear one by one in the lap of nature, like children of promise in the bosom of a sainted mother. Come; balmy sleep has long followed peace-breathing Luna; they are gone to whisper tranquillity to our antipodes, with whom we have exchanged them for the glorious sun. Thus does bounteous heaven promote a mutual interest throughout this wondrous world; the Morning Star, first winning a smile from gallant Day, has followed in their track. Come; Time hath sown another moment in the never-yielding bed of Eternity. Why did we not enjoy it ere 'twas snatched? We lose the sweets of time; the moments fly, like departed joys, never to return. Fear not a shower; a cloud dissolved, whilst the sun strays behind, striving to peep between the crystal drops, like smiles through tears, is one of Spring's sweetest wiles. The young and sportive goddess scarcely resolved which way to rule the days till won by mortals, longing for the sunshine. She yields her season to the welcome god, and only asks to weep whene'er she pleases, and, when she does, 'tis joyous tears she sheds. The lark has taken her second flight above the emerald hill; she loves the sky, and sings most sweetly when she nearest soars to heaven. Happy bird! thou canst go with thy morning hymn even to the spirit's threshold. But come; our's, breathed as we wander, may be wafted within by those bright invisibles, whose harps are tuned to repeat each grateful thought that plays about our hearts or deck our lips, caught up by them, and sung in melting chorus from arch to arch of yonder boundless heaven. The thought should win our souls. Oh! let me win thy will. "Thou hast; away, away."

"Bright dreams of never-ending spring
Dance round my heart, a rosy ring;
Give me but wings, and hail me free,
I'll soar from earth, from all, save thee."

LIGHT.—Light is the smile of virtue, as she looks down from her home on high, illumining the world; the hours of darkness are her frowns.

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 stary 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.

- MARIA.—Your generous disposition and excellence of heart should protect you from the assaults of those who make love merely as a pleasant mode of killing time, and resort to female society as they would to a theatre, for the mere object of amusement. Thus have you been subjected to the frivolous attentions of the other sex, and it is to a feeling of this kind that you first owed the acquaintance of your present lover. He now regrets his early folly, and loves, as he believes, truly; but a little while, and the wet sand will leave impressions more permanent. Call up your woman's energy; rouse your resolution! Forgive—forget him.
- A. C. (Enfield).—The speculation will not fully answer your anticipations, but, after a careful examination of the figure we are justified in stating that it will be attended with profit. One caution will be necessary; about the autumn of the fourth year of your possession, the house will be in danger of fire. Time would not permit an answer earlier.
- W. C.—We are always gratified at finding a sympathetic correspondent echo our sentiments and coincide in our views. There is certainly something strikingly remarkable in the verbal philosophy. Accident has not contributed so much to the finding of names, as people imagine. Here we have "Angel-land," or England, the land of happy intelligence, and "Ire-land," or the land of anger and disturbance. The query shall be attended to immediately.
- ZELBA.—It will affect your health slightly, and your pocket materially, but fortunately other directions come up in time to prevent any great injury being done by either. If you have any undertaking in hand, now is the time to strenuously urge it forward. Honour, fame, and profit will result from its success.
- H. and Q.—You had better remain at present where you now are, as affairs may become better. Endeavour to avoid the effects of bad associates; you will have great reason for so doing.
- SUSAN PAYNE.—You have acted very foolishly, but there is still an opportunity of retrieving your lost character. Return; and as the fatted calf was killed for the prodigal son, so shall a welcome hand and an affectionate heart still receive the erring daughter.
- J. R.—You will hear of some singular changes in monetary matters, which will, if wisely and judiciously attended to, be of considerable benefit. The remaining question is so involved in mystery, that a solution is impossible.
- CAPERAN.—The three questions must emanate from the querists concerned and interested in the matter. For a full exposition of the reasons why this should be the case, consult our early numbers, which may be obtained through any Bristol bookseller.
- J. DOVE.—The indications are favourable for the present year, if malicious friends and designing acquaintances are avoided. Pecuniary matters are likely to thrive in the autumn.
- H. L.—Try Sherwood and Gilbert, or Charlton Wright, in Paternoster-row. The work abounds in all the errors of the early Arabian astrologers, but nevertheless contains much interesting matter connected with the occult and mystic sciences. The best elementary work is Zadkiel's "Grammar of Astrology," which is based on the purest principles of the science.

W. H. BOARDMAN.—The answer was attended for you. You cannot be too cautious in continuing the acquaintance, as much future unhappiness would result from a hasty and unsuitable union. Seek parental advice, which, from the indications visible in the figure, you would seem to have lately most injudiciously neglected.

LIVERMOR.—The Astrologer judges that vacillating dispositions and disagreements between the principal parties concerned will certainly affect the stability of the establishment, which must be brought to a termination on or before the 14th of February next. The calculations are very accurately drawn out, and do the writer credit.

G. X. J.—The numbers have been sent, as requested, and the order duly entered. On erecting the horary figure for the solution of the question, we find your position will be changed for the better in the month ensuing, and a future career of prosperity is strongly indicated.

Z. A.—Through the medium of a friend, he will shortly obtain a situation in a large commercial establishment, most probably as town traveller, but marriage is not likely ever to take place.

JAMES L. (Manchester).—With a profound feeling of gratitude and respect for the sentiments which actuated the writer in making the proposal, we earnestly exhort him to retain the sum he proposes sending for his own use. It cannot be spared, and shall not be lessened by us. We would rather hew our right hand from the wrist than derive aid, however kindly proffered, from the hard earnings of industry. The sweat of the brow even defied the alchemists' power to transmute to gold. Be temperate, industrious, and frugal, and go on thy way rejoicing.

OMEGA.—You will do better by persevering in your present employment. The ingenious turn of mind so strongly manifested in your horoscope will lead to ultimate honour and profit, if opportunities, which will soon occur, are not neglected and passed over as forgotten.

M. Y.—Phrenological developments are governed by exactly the same laws as the tidal influences to which we adverted in our last number, and though we grant, to a certain extent, they can be modified or enlarged by mental culture, it does not alter in the slightest degree the principles on which the deductions are made. Destructiveness and combativeness large will instigate a man to murder, but this cranio-logical formation does not lessen his moral responsibility, for he is supposed to have—and has—his actions under control. Both sciences show the tendency of certain causes to produce certain results, but moral restraint must be efficiently exercised, nevertheless.

♄—The right jovial and free-hearted spirit in which our friend "Mercury" has plumed his wings to fly into our august presence would win a kindly tribute from the fist of a stoic. Why couldest thou not, unhappy nocturnal, defer thy visit to this subliminary world until the lordly sun had irradiated the eastern horizon, when—but no matter, there is still hope—and honours too—as we will hereafter testify to thee, when the golden minutes run less speedily through our fingers.

♃—Another ominous conjunction, but the ponderous Jove hath the best of it. Do not wait for legacies, but bear thyself, and good fortune will appear unsolicited.

M. P. J.—Had we observed any immediate consequences in the figure erected for our considerate querist, his epistolary request should have been complied with. We merely urged upon him the necessity of selling as soon as possible, that he might be no ultimate loser; but, of course, this must not be done at a certain loss. As soon as an opportunity occurs (which will shortly) of disposing to advantage, let it not pass by, and do not hold off in anticipation of a future rise. By thus acting, a substantial profit will accrue, and all injurious consequences be averted.

A. L. (Cripplegate).—We do not think the favour will be granted, but some advances will be made by her beneficial to your future course of life. The solution of the other questions will occupy time, as they depend upon laborious calculations consequent on the working out of the nativity.

AUDACES JURO. CLARIOR.—Your life appears to have been one remarkable series of escapes. If what you have stated in your letter be correct, a distinguishing place shall be afforded you in our "Gallery of Illustrious Nativities."

RECEIVED.—T. S. (You will remain longer than you anticipate).—L. Z. (It will not take place until your twenty-fourth year).—M. C. E. H. (Not having the hour, it is impossible to say).—JANE (You will not wed him you now receive, but another, with whom a far happier alliance will be formed).—M. A. B. and M. W. (You may safely consult your own tastes).—A. B. (See our 7th No.)—M. D. (You will soon prefer another).—MABEL VINE (You will remain in England, and wed in about two years' time).—BETTRICE (You should not have given him cause; he will, however, return).—EDITHA (You have never seen him, and never will).—K. Y. Z. (Be vigilant and you will not have to wait long).—BLANCHÉ (Duplicité is unworthy of you).—R. GASCOWNE (We can sympathise, but not relieve your immediate anxieties. Expect, however, towards the latter end of this month, a change of circumstances).—A. P. H. (You have brought all on yourself).—J. O. E. (Not for some time).—MADORA F. (You are still remembered).—J. H. M. (In a month).—AURORA (You should know best).—CORNELIA BURTON (Hour of birth necessary).—JANE (There is time enough yet to ask such questions).—ROSE (You will soon obtain what you wish through a private source).—MARY FANNY (Kindness will win him back; moderate your anxiety).—M. A. (Change for something else).—E. M. (We cannot comply with your request).—E. G. W. (It will be some time before you are settled).—E. G. (You will ultimately get it, but not without considerable trouble).—E. B. (It will not be this year).—ELIZA MARY (The father, if again applied to, will make arrangements).—C. W. H. (You will have no reason to

complain; a good business will receive you).—ROSA (No; remain out of town).—CLAUDE T. (The transgressing party is repenting, and you will soon feel the beneficial effects thereof).—M. G. (In the Lewes stage).—J. H. R. S. M. (Persevere with the school, and give up all thoughts of the other).—C. H. (Two years will elapse before your wishes are realised).—C. B. T. W. (Do not let false vows betray you into rash promises).—J. P. (We have not time for so doing).—MORIS (Rest Rectius).—EUGENE T. (You have to anticipate one moderately pretty, but unquestionably poor. Amiability will make amends for all, and leave a handsome surplus over).—CHARLES X. (You are likely to be entangled with a disadvantageous feminine connexion, of which it is necessary to beware).—J. G. (You will not complain in June).—ADOLIA (You will not wed him at all).—KATHLEEN MAY-UMBERN (Be determined by circumstances).—AMELIA (You will see him and remember it).—MARY P. (He is living, but it is unlikely you will again see him).—DONNA VITTORIA (You have got two other objects of affection, young lady).—PARITOR (It will require time).—EMILY VILLES (Ask William).—F. T. (Yes).—W. A. (No; the hour is essential).—G. R. O. (Give up all hopes of them).—O. P. Q. (The native will acquire some fame and profit by pursuing a musical avocation with industry).—J. L. (You will remain some time where you are, but a visit northward in the autumn may be anticipated).—ALBERT (If you remain steadily determined to follow one pursuit, you will be successful).—E. LOWE (Accept it, but do not be sanguine).—J. J. J. (His prospects are excellent, and you will soon see him).—SYLVINA (Good).—T. E. A. M. (It is very probable).—HANNAH GRAY (Take your umbrella with you; you will find out its utility).—CAROLINE (The change will be considerably for the better).—WILLOUGHBY (If you do not, you ought to).—L. L. B. (The arrival of a stranger will produce a speedy change in your hopes and circumstances).—E. D. G. (You should be satisfied with things as they are).—INGRAM (It shall be attended to).—L. S. (You will change for the better this summer).—C. F. (You have a deeply-rooted affection to stimulate your inquiry; let it gladden thee to know that the party thou lovest will be thine forthwith).—PERPLEXITY (In February next you may anticipate the gratification).—JULIA D. (not this year, but next).—HOPE (Birmingham) (The calculations are being made; his previous address had been lost).—R. V., C. C. A., S. L. H., VINDAX, and numerous other correspondents, must consult our succeeding Oracle.

Many letters have been received with signatures of such a complicated and carelessly-written character, that it has been found impossible to decipher them after the solution has been calculated, and consequently the querists have only themselves to blame for their want of legibility.

* * * The great increase in the number of letters we now receive weekly, renders it imperative on the "ASTROLOGER" to remind his correspondents that *real assiduity*, 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 12 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 prefer, 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—8s. 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.

Parts I. and II. of "The Astrologer" are now ready, in a handsomely embellished Wrapper, with numerous Illustrations, price Sixpence; and may be obtained through every Bookseller in town and country.

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

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