

at best, he is but a probationer here; he sends his children regularly to a Sabbath-school; and whereas, in former days, he led his wife to the tea-gardens, he now leads her to the house of God, that as they are one on earth, they may become one in heaven. Go to the home of this man at the close of the day, you will see his children with smiling faces, watching who shall be in readiness to open the door; one will place his slippers, another his chair, all waiting to hail his welcome step and earn the first kiss—what a prize to a child! no fear in their hearts of cuffs or blows. Home is that man's earthly paradise; all his children love the sound of his welcome step; even the infant at the breast looks for the father's caressing after tea. No anxiety on that wife's brow about her husband being over his time; she well knows nothing but accident or death can keep him from those beloved ones who are eagerly waiting his well-known rap at the door. How such a father's love twines around the hearts of his children—it grows with their growth, and strengthens with their strength. After tea he will spend an hour or more with his children, then bring out his Bible, read a chapter to them, explain to their little minds as well as he is able, kneel down with his family, thank God for his mercies during the day, ask for his kind care and keeping during the silent watches of the night. He then dismisses the dear children to bed with a kiss and a blessing. View this man in every other relation of life—as a husband, a neighbour, or a friend—and you will find him acting as becomes a man of probity and principle, and earning the respect of all who know him. I think I have proved that temperance leads to providence, happiness, and heaven; whereas intemperance leads to misery, want, crime, and endless woe. Surely every wise man should choose, and, in a good cause, work while it is called day, as the night cometh wherein no man can work; and there is neither knowledge, nor wisdom, nor device in the grave, whither we are all hastening.

POPULAR DELUSIONS.

I.—RHYMING PROPHETS.

THOSE who have ever thought it worth their while to bestow a glance of inquiry upon the subject, must have been often struck with the intense reverence and veneration which, in many a country locality, is still paid to sundry doggerel rhymes, handed down by tradition and village records as veritable predictions uttered by some small prophet, who has, in bygone times, honoured the locality with his presence.

Without attempting to enter into any discussion of the question, why the march of enlightenment has yet failed to banish these floating motes of misty divination from the vision of the credulous, it may prove no uninteresting prelude to examine the pretensions of a few of those who have acquired some extended notoriety for their supposed powers in this art and mystery of withdrawing the veil from futurity. There are few who have not heard of one Robert Nixon, "the Cheshire Prophet," as he has been called, and whose ruddy face, in the picture title-page of the old story books, must be fresh in the recollection of those who have numbered him among the marvels of their childhood. Let us see, for instance, what materials for our purpose can be gleaned from the scanty records his biographers have furnished.

A volume, originally printed some years ago for private circulation, and entitled *Palatine Anthology*, supplies some curious particulars respecting Nixon. From this it appears that John, or Jonathan, the father of the presumed prophet, was a husbandman, who had the lease of a farm of the Abbey of Vale Royal, to this day known by the name of Bark, or Bridge-house, in the parish of Over, near Newchurch, and not far from Vale Royal, in the forest of Delamere. The house is still kept up and venerated by the natives of Cheshire, for the avowed reason of perpetuating the place of the prophet's birth, which took place on Whitsunday, in the year 1467, about the seventh year of Edward IV. He was christened by the name of Robert, and from his infancy was remarkable for a natural stupidity and invincible ignorance, so that it was with difficulty his parents could instruct him to drive the team or tend the cattle. He seldom spoke, and, when he did, he had so rough and unpleasant a voice, that it was painful to hear him. His words, however, were seldom without some prophetic application. Having on one occasion displeased a monk of Vale Royal, he muttered in an angry tone—

"When you the Harrow come on hie,  
Soon a raven's nest will be"—

a prophecy which is said to have been fulfilled; for

the name of the last abbot of that place was Harrow, and when Henry VIII. suppressed the monastery, the domain was given to Sir Thomas Holcroft and his heirs, who bore a raven in their crest. A most elastic allegory, it must be confessed!

At another time, he told the monks that Norton and Vale Royal Abbeys should meet on Acton Bridge—a thing at that time looked upon as improbable; but these two abbeys being pulled down, the stones were used for repairing the bridge, and thus realised the prediction. He is also reputed to have said that a small thorn growing in the abbey-yard would become its door—a prophecy actually fulfilled long afterwards, at the time of the Reformation, by the thorn being cut down and cast in the doorway, to prevent the cattle that grazed from entering. The advent of the Reformation, however, is declared in still plainer terms. Nixon says—

"A time shall come when priests and monks  
Shall have no churches or houses,  
And places where images stood;  
Lined letters shall be good.  
English books through churches are spread—  
There shall be no holy bread."

Sad doggerel, it must be admitted; but, if not written after the event, we are bound to acknowledge it tolerably correct in every particular.

Those who live near Delamere Forest point triumphantly to the following triplet, which has been repeated among the "oldest inhabitants" from a time beyond the memory of man—

"Through Weaver Hall shall be a lane,  
Ridely Pool shall be sown and mown,  
And Darnel Park shall be hacked and hewn."

Now, curiously enough, two wings of Weaver Hall are yet standing, but between them is a cart-road; Ridely Pool is filled up and made good meadow-land; and in Darnel Park the trees are cut down, and the ground laid out as pasture. Nixon is also asserted to have foretold the introduction of broad wheels and railways; and has predicted that Northwich, now a town of considerable trade in salt, will be destroyed by waters—an event which is expected by natives of Cheshire to come to pass as much as any other part of his prophecy has done. Indeed, some urge that it is now taking place, and that the navigable cuts, recently made, are productive of considerable injury to the prosperity of the town. What rendered Nixon, however, most famous was, that, at the time when the battle of Bosworth field was fought between Richard III. and Henry VII., he stopped his team on a sudden, and with his whip pointing from one hand to the other, he cried, "Now, Richard; now, Harry," several times; till at last he exclaimed, "Now, Harry, get over the ditch and you gain the day." The plough-holder, amazed, related what had passed when he came home, and it was soon verified by special messengers dispatched to announce the proclamation of Henry as king of England on the field of battle. The messenger who went the Cheshire circuit related on his return the prediction of Nixon concerning the king's success, which, though it had been confirmed by his arrival, had made it no news to the natives of those parts. Henry sent the same messenger back to find Nixon and bring him before him; but, while the king was in the act of giving this commission, Nixon was running frantically about the town of Over, calling out that the king had sent for him, and that he must go to the court and there be "clemmed," meaning, starved to death.

In a few days the messenger passed through the town, and demanded a guide to find Nixon; and then, to the amazement of the people, who had before scoffed at his idiotic appearance and odd sayings, the Cheshire prophet was hurried to court, where his lamentations that he was going to be starved became still more pitiful. To prevent this being the case, Henry, after a few satisfactory trials of his supposed powers of prediction, provided the royal kitchen for his dwelling-place, and appointed an officer to see that he was neither ill-used nor affronted, nor at a loss for any necessary of life. Thus situated, one would have thought that want could never have reached him; yet, one day when the king was going to his hunting-seat, Nixon ran to him crying, and begging, in the most plaintive terms, that he might not be left; for that if he were, his majesty would never see him again alive. The king, intent upon his expected diversion, only replied that it was impossible, and recommended him more emphatically to the officer's care. Scarcely, however, was the king gone, than the servants mocked and teased Nixon to such a degree that the officer locked him up in a closet, and suffered no one but himself to attend him. It so happened that a message of importance from the king was received by this very official, and, forgetting his involuntary

prisoner in his anxiety to obey the royal command, he set forth, and, though but three days absent, when he remembered the poor fellow, he found him, on his return, starved to death, thus literally fulfilling his own prediction!

This is about as much related of the Cheshire prophet as is worth recording; and, though it would be absolute heresy in the neighbourhood to utter a syllable of disbelief as to its veracity, it would be no difficult matter, we opine, to prove that Robert Nixon; if not positively a myth, had yet little claim to the marvellous exploits so liberally associated with his name. What with the inventive faculty of the village minstrel, the dimly-remembered instances of the prophet's presumed inspiration, accumulated after his decease, and liable to corrections and interpolations as occasion rendered them necessary, we may be fairly allowed to doubt the integrity of his predictions, as handed down to us; and, even if these were genuine, to dispute the correctness of the signification which is sought to be attached to them. But it is time to turn to a contemporaneous professor of the craft.

What Robert Nixon is in Cheshire, Mother Shipton is in Yorkshire; and just as firmly are her predictions advocated and believed in by the people of her own county. Our authority—a little blue-covered book that we lately purchased at the Dropping-well of Knarborough, and which, notwithstanding its unpretending charge of sixpence, has no mean claims to be considered as an authentic biography—thus briefly sets forth her birth and parentage:—

"Ursula Southley was born in 1488, during the reign of Henry VII., near the Dropping-well of Knarborough, in the county of York, of poor but honest peasants. She was baptised by the Abbot of Beverley by the name of Ursula. Her stature was larger than common, her body crooked, and her face frightful; but her understanding extraordinary."

The vulgar relation of her life and actions is equally extravagant with that of her birth, but it is generally supposed that she was a person of ordinary education; endowed with strong natural religious feelings, and that, being believed to possess an uncommon penetration into futurity, she became so famous in her time that great numbers of all ranks and degrees resorted to her habitation to hear her wonderful vaticinations. As if a part of her mission was to prove that even the most unattractive of the fair sex need never despair of a husband, it appears that at the age of twenty-four she became the wife of one Toby, a builder at Shipton, a little village six miles to the north of the city of York; and from this change in her maiden appellation she derived the familiar cognomen of "Mother Shipton." As usual with the fraternity, her last prediction was concerning the time of her own death; her demise, corresponding to the prediction, taking place in 1561, when she was upwards of seventy-three years of age. After her death, a stone monument—representing a woman upon her knees, with her hands clasped before her in a praying attitude—was erected to her memory in the high north road, about a mile from York. A few months since, being in the neighbourhood, we made a pilgrimage to the spot, and, after considerable difficulty, found the memorial, which seems to have been almost forgotten by the northern antiquaries. It is a mere shapeless mass of stone, hardly a foot high, standing on a small, triangular patch of ground, where the broad leaves of the potato plant—with which the place was thickly covered—nearly screened the crumbling relic of antiquity from sight. The original epitaph is said to have been—

"Here lies one who never ly'd,  
Whose skill has oftentimes been tried;  
Her prophecies shall still survive,  
And ever keep her name alive."

On a careful examination and analysis of what are called Mother Shipton's prophecies, we find in them a most wonderful and suspicious similarity to those emanating from Nixon. Handed down through the treacherous medium of verbal tradition—a few committed to writing by her cotemporary believers, open to the future emendation and transcription of successive possessors, and thus assuming a more direct relationship between the prediction and the fulfilment—we may be fairly allowed in this case also a small share of incredulity as to their presumed authenticity. We have the old story over again of a bridge coming to be loftier than the turret of a neighbouring tower; and economy in parochial expenditure leading to the use of the materials of the ruined tower for repair of the bridge, bringing the prediction to pass. We are similarly assailed with mysterious prognostications of great political changes couched under a very opaque, allegorical

veil, and are furnished with illustrative anecdotes of her private life, which, with slight and unimportant variations, are equally the right of the prophet of Cheshire. There is, in short, a sort of Siamese-twin relationship between the two; and, from the identity of the period in which they respectively flourished, those who recorded her inspirations seem to have unaccountably confounded them with those of Nixon. The supposition of an approach to Divine revelation is, of course, too exquisitely absurd for us to insult the reader by occupying his time in its serious refutation.

The pseudo-prophecies of Brothers, Joanna Southcote, and others, would well bear enumeration, if only to show how easily and how successfully the imagination of the credulous may be excited upon; but so startling an illustration of the extent to which the love of the marvellous prevails, even in these matter-of-fact days, is to be constantly found in the advertising columns of the metropolitan journals, that we need not adduce instances more remote. The enormous gullibility of that large-throated monster, the public, was never more forcibly shown than in the success that has attended these manifold traders in the craft of fortune-telling. In return for red showers of postage-stamps and silver cataracts of shillings poured into their laps daily by myriads of dupes, every possible species of divination—by locks of hair, by handwriting, by assumed clairvoyance, by astrological chicanery—is set in operation, to satisfy anxious inquirers, and secure fresh victims. There is, in addition to all this, no abatement in the demand for astrological books; and almanacs, professing to map out the events to occur over Europe during each successive year, are published annually, and find purchasers.

## CAPTAIN BRAND; Or, The Pirate Schooner. A TALE OF THE SEA.

### CHAPTER VI. DANGER.

IN all this time so little noise had been made that even the watch below, in the brig's fore-castle, were snoozing away without a dream of danger; though, had one of them shown his nose above the fore-peak, he would either have been knocked down and murdered like the mate, or, with a gag in his jaws, been hurled overboard. When the leader of the pirates stepped again on deck, he said to his companions, who were still clustered around the companion-way—

"Well, my boys, we have 'arned a good prize—a fine cargo of real stuff—silks, wines, and what not, besides a few of the shiners!" Here he jingled the bag of gold and dollars in his paws, and then threw it, with an easy, indifferent toss, on to the slide of the companion-way.

"But, what think ye, lads?" he continued, in a hoarse whisper; "there's a petticoat aboard! and, as sure as my name's Bill Gibbs, here goes for a look; for there's nothing like lamplight for the lovely creatures!"

As he slued round on his bare feet to approach the entrance to the deck cabin, a move was made in the same direction by two or three of the wretches of his band; but shoving them roughly back with his heavy fist, and clapping a hand to his belt, he said, in a threatening tone—

"None o' that, my hearties! I takes the first look myself; and if I think her beauty'll suit the chief, why—I shall be able to judge, ye know, whether she'll go furdur on the cruise, or swim ashore with the rest of the lubbers at daylight to Jamaiky. Keep your eye on the schooner, Pedro, and don't make no more sail. D'ye hear?"

"Ay, ay, Si Señor," quoth that worthy, as he and his fellows fell sulkily back. It took but three strides for Mr. Bill Gibbs to reach the cabin door, when, finding it hard to open, after several trials at the knob, he placed his burly shoulder against the edge of the panel work, and, throwing his powerful weight upon it, the door yielded with a snap of the lock, and he pitched forward full length upon the cabin floor. The noise startled the lady within, and speaking, as if half asleep, she called—

"Banou! Banou! what is the matter?"

"Mon Dieu, madame! we are prisoners in the hands of pirates!"

Before more words were uttered, Mr. Bill Gibbs, who by this time had regained his feet while giving vent to a volley of blasphemous curses, roared out as he beheld the black, "Ho! nigger passengers,

hey! A mounseer of colour, as I'm a Christian! I say, cucumber shins, is that 'ere woman as is talkin' as black as you be?"

He was not left long in doubt concerning the colour of the person he alluded to, for at the instant the state-room door flew open and the lovely woman, in her loose night-dress and hair streaming in brown, heavy, silken tresses over her fair neck and shoulders, with a pale and terror-stricken face, stood before him. Speechless with agony, she gazed at the coarse ruffian who had, at the moment, reached the swinging cot which held the little boy, and while he was in the act of looking at the sleeping child the mother uttered a fearful cry and the boy awoke.

"Sarviee, madam! don't be scared! come and take the little chap! I aint goin' to hurt him—that is, if it be a him."

The frightened mother, spell-bound at first, needed no second bidding, and forgetful of her dishevelled dress, sprang forward, and, with outstretched arms, bare to the shoulder, was about to snatch her child. The pirate, however, threw his great arm around the lovely woman's waist, and with a hoarse, fiendish chuckle of triumph, attempted to draw her away. But quick as lightning, two black, sinewy paws clatched him with such a steel-like grip about the throat that his sacrilegious arm dropped by his side, and he was hurled violently back against the cabin bulkhead. Then standing before him, the negro glared like an angry lion roused from his lair, as he looked around inquiringly at his mistress.

"Ho," sputtered the ruffian, as he pulled a pistol from his belt, "ho! you mean fight, do ye?"

"Banou! mon pauvre Banou!" screamed the terrified woman. "Yield! Oh, sir, spare him! Don't harm us, and we will give you all we possess."

The burly scoundrel hesitated a moment, and balanced the cocked pistol in his hand, as if undecided whether to blow the black's brains out on the spot where he stood; and then shoving the weapon back in his sash, and keeping a wary eye on his assailant, he caught up the little boy from the cot, tore the gold chain and locket from his neck, and shook him roughly at arm's-length, in hopes, perhaps, of enticing the tender mother within his merciless grasp. But again the black interposed his heavy frame before his mistress.

"What! at it again, are ye? Well, then"—fumbling with his left hand for his pistol—"say your prayers, ye imp of darkness!"

The black seemed, however, in no mood for praying; and putting forth his slabs of arms, like the paws of an alligator, he tried to grapple his foe by the throat. The cries of the mother now mingled with those of the child as he put out his little arms to shield his black protector. The ruffian, foiled in his purpose, with baffled rage evaded the negro by stepping to one side; and as he did so, he hurled the helpless child with great force from him. The large cabin windows at the stern were open to let in the breeze; and as the brig sank slowly down with her counter to the following waves, and gurgled up as the sea eddied and surged around the rudder, the faint, plaintive cry of the little boy arose above the seething waters—a light splash followed—and the mother had lost her child!

"Oh, monster!" cried the heart-broken woman. "Oh, my boy! my boy!" as she sank down senseless on the deck.

The awful howl of vengeance which burst from the deep lungs of Banou came simultaneously with the report of the pirate's pistol, the bullet from which struck the black hard in the left shoulder; but putting out for the third time his sinewy arms, and this time with an iron gripe that only left the ruffian time to yell with a stifled oath for help, he was hurled headlong, smashing through the latticed cabin door, and fell stunned upon the outer deck. In an instant half a dozen pistol-balls whistled around the negro's head, and the knives of the pirates flashed from their sashes as they rushed forward to bury the blades in his body; but leaping to one side, and while two more bullets were driven into him, he seized an iron-shod pump brake from the bulwarks, and, with a mighty bound, he whirled it once with the rapidity of thought high above his head, and brought it down on the leg of his prostrate foe. Such was the force of the blow that it smashed both bones, and drove the white splinters through the brute's trousers, where they gleamed out red and bloody by the light of the binnacle lamp. Even then, wounded, and the blood flowing from several places, and though almost encircled in the grasp of the scoundrels, Banou made good his retreat to the cabin, and planted his powerful body firmly against the door.

With a volley of polyglot cries and yells in all languages, two or three stopped to raise their fallen leader, while the others, leaving the wheel and vessel to herself, rushed in pursuit of the black. Scarcely, however, had they made a step, when their ears were saluted by a stunning crash from a heavy cannon, and the peculiar humming sound of a round shot as it flew just above their heads, between the brig's masts.

There, within half a cable's length to windward, loomed up the dark hull of a large ship. The crew were evidently at quarters, with the battle-lanterns lit, and gleaming in the ports; while the rays shot up the black rigging and top-hammer, and spread out over the sails in fitful flashes, as she slowly forged abreast the brig, with her main top-sail to the mast. For a minute not a sound was heard, though the decks were full of men—some with their heads poked out of the open ports beside the guns, or swarming along over the lee hammock nettings, and about the quarter boats; but the next instant there came, in a voice of thunder through the trumpet—

"What's the matter on board that brig?"

There was no answer for a few seconds, until a choking voice, as if with a pump-bolt athwart the speaker's mouth, mumbled out—

"We're captured by pi—"

A dull, heavy blow out short these words; and though the reply to the hail could hardly have been heard on board the ship, yet, as if divining the true state of the case, loud, clear orders were given—

"Away there, third and fourth cutters! away! spring, men!" Then came the surging noise of the whistles as the falls dropped the boats from the davits; then the men leaping down into the cutters—silently and quick—no sound save the clash of a cutlass or the rattle of an oar-blade as they took their places and shoved off. Again an order through the trumpet—

"Clear away the starboard battery! Load with grape! Sail trimmers! stations for wearing ship! Hard up the helm! Fill away the main-yard!"

The Scourge had by this time forged ahead of the brig, her sails aback or shivering, as she came up and fell off from the wind, and the boats dancing with full crews toward her. No sooner, however, had the presence of the unwelcome stranger been made known on board the brig, than the pirates seemed seized with a panic, and without a second thought they scudded to leeward, where their boat had been hauled alongside, and forgetful or indifferent for the fate of their companions below, though dragging the while their maimed comrade to the rail, they lowered him into the boat, jumped in themselves, and pulled away with all their strength toward the schooner near. They were not, however, a moment too soon; for as the last of the band disappeared, their places were supplied by a crowd of nimble sailors to windward, headed by an officer with his sword between his teeth as he swung over the bulwarks. The first sound which greeted the new-comers was from below, and from the throat of the honest skipper. Down the open companion-way leaped the officer, with half a dozen stout, eager sailors at his heels, and dashed right into the lower cabin. There was the brave old skipper, with but one arm free, shielding himself and struggling, faint and well-nigh exhausted, from the knives of the drunken brace of rascals who had been left to guard him. A pistol in the hands of one of this pair was pointed with an unsteady aim at the officer as he entered, but the ball struck the empty rum-bottle on the table and flew wide of its mark; and, before the smoke of the powder had cleared away, a sword and cutlass had passed through and through both their carcasses, and they fell dead upon the cabin floor.

While Captain Blunt found breath to give a rapid explanation of the trouble, and while the brig was once more got under control and the wounded cared for, we will take a look at the man-of-war and the part she bore in the business.

At the first sound of the warning gun from the cruiser the schooner began to show life, and drawing her head sheets she wore short round on her heel, with everything ready to run up her fore and aft sails, while a stay-tackle was likewise rove and hanging over the low gunwale to hook on to the boat and hoist it in the moment it came alongside. Meanwhile the Scourge had shot ahead of the brig, and, wearing round her fore-foot, with her starboard tacks on board, she emerged out beyond, like a hound just slipped from the leash. As she cleared the brig the schooner lay with bare masts about three cables' length to windward, and the rattle of oars told that the boat had just scraped alongside. At that moment that clear, determined voice shouted through the trumpet—

STRIKING.

THIS month the common hand-glass and a shade of some kind to keep off the sun will be all the apparatus required for striking cuttings. Mix a little sand with the ordinary soil of the garden to lighten it, and prevent its caking, as we may call it, when it gets hard and solid, and you may strike geraniums, fuschias, mimulus, calceolarias, verbenas, &c., like weeds.

Cuttings should be taken from side-shoots that do not indicate bloom, a trifle over two inches long. Cut the bottom part close up to a joint, that is, close to a leaf; then take off the leaves close to the stem for about an inch up the cutting, which inch must be put into the soil. The cutting will then be a little more than an inch above ground.

Water them gently with a fine rose watering-pot, not to disturb the soil, and cover over with the hand-glass, pressed so that the edge goes close all round, and shade it, without darkening it materially. The cuttings do not want much room, they may be put in within an inch and a half of each other.

Be particular in occasional watering, that they may not get dry; but, on the other hand, be not too often at it, because you can easily see when the surface is drying, and then it is time enough to water. After the first week you may take off the glass to look at them, but not long together.

If any one of them should get damp, or any leaf get mouldy, which is sometimes the case, remove it directly. When they begin to grow, you may tilt the glass to give air, and as they advance the glass may be taken off an hour when the sun is not powerful, and if they continue growing, it may be removed altogether.

Single cuttings, or two or three, may be struck under a tumbler, or a bell-glass; but, in that case, the glass must be wiped dry inside every morning, because there is no space for damp to get away, or air to enter, which is not the case with a hand-glass.

When they have fairly rooted, they must be carefully lifted by thrusting something down into the soil below the roots, because the mould about the fibres should not be disturbed more than can be helped, as the small, thin portions would be easily broken.

Then, first putting some broken pots, or crocks, fill small pots about two-thirds, or three-fourths up, with a compost rich and light, such as loam from rotted turf, dung decomposed into mould, and peat earth in equal portions, well mixed, hold the cutting in its proper position, and fill up, pressing down the soil all round just within the edge of the pot, and then tap the bottom of the pot on the table or bench, to settle it round the roots.

Water gently, but till it runs out at the bottom, and set them in the shade for two or three days, and they may afterwards be removed wherever you are pleased to grow them. Many friends are ready to give away a few cuttings, and with ordinary care they will, in a month or five weeks, be so many plants.

If you have saved any plants in the house through the winter and spring, they will now be rapidly growing and blooming; water them only when the surface is dry, and make the water run through the pot; stir the soil in pots, but not deep enough to hurt the fibres. Examine plants in pots by turning out the ball of earth, and if the roots are matted next the pot, change the pot to one a size larger.

If fuschias or geraniums are growing out of shape, shorten the protruding branches. It is only by checking the growth where it is not wanted, that we can keep plants in a good form.

Plant out from the seed-bed asters, stocks, and any other annuals intended for the border; generally plant three in a patch, six inches from each other, triangular form.

POPULAR DELUSIONS.

II.—MAGIC AND MAGICIANS.

THE delusions of magic, witchcraft, fortune-telling, &c., have exerted a strong influence over the human mind. Most of these follies have been exploded by the advancement of popular education; but several instances have recently occurred which show that some simple-minded people still cherish a belief in these old superstitions. The extraordinary statements of the modern Spiritualists also appear to us but another phase of the occult science of the ancient magicians. But the theory of the Spiritualists finds advocates among the educated and refined

classes, and claims the attention not only of the credulous, but of the scientific, and hence it becomes a matter for serious investigation. The whole subject of magic and mystery—whether of ancient or modern times—whether in its grossest or most elevated forms—is full of interest, and it is presumed that a series of papers on this topic will be acceptable to our readers. The articles will present all the most curious features of ancient magic, including, of course, a full investigation into modern Spiritualism, Table-rapping, &c. &c.

In the meanwhile, in order that our readers may have the opportunity of judging for themselves, as to the statements put forward by the spiritualists, we have determined upon publishing a selection of the most extraordinary narratives contained in a work just published on this subject, entitled "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World." The selection will be comprised in two Extra Numbers of THE ILLUSTRATED FAMILY PAPER, which the public will have the option of purchasing with the ordinary numbers. The first of the Extra Numbers, entitled "Narratives of Apparitions and Spiritual Agencies," being selections from "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World," by Robert Dale Owen, is now ready, illustrated, price one penny. The entire work is in the press, and will shortly be issued in one volume, further particulars of which will be duly announced.

In all ages of the world, and in every part of the earth, there have prevailed certain principles or doctrines of Magic; and a class of men who have professed by magical acts to read the future, to raise the dead, and to exert good or evil influences by charms, amulets, enchantments, &c., on their contemporaries. Now-a-days, a man who calls himself a wizard or magician is generally a very harmless and amusing person. He entertains large audiences, who are delighted with his gorgeous apparatus, or surprised at the total absence of all apparatus, and before whom he performs the most astonishing feats of legerdemain; probably making a pudding in a hat, or regaling his visitors from an inexhaustible bottle. Of course we have professors of occult science, more secret and pretentious in their work. There are men who cast nativities and draw horoscopes and the rest of it for the wealthy; and fortune-tellers, who from a pack of cards predict the future of the "fair woman" and the "dark man" to the poor; and there are large numbers of Spiritualists, Table-rappers, &c., who set about their work in quite a scientific manner. But the magician, or wizard, or fortune-teller, does not now hold the same place in society that he did of yore.

We should, however, be doing injustice to many of the old magicians if we regarded them in the same light as modern rogues. Many of these ancient sages were vigilant inquirers after truth; and science is deeply indebted to them for their scholarly investigations. They were often led astray, and mistook the ordinary phenomena of nature for mysterious spiritual influences; but their dreams—visionaries as they were—were grand in their conception, and powerful in their effects.

First of all, we may look at some of the great magicians of ancient times, beginning with Zoroaster, who is said to be the inventor of magic and the first of the magi. Zoroaster, according to some authorities, flourished in the time of Darius the Persian; but all authors are full of variations in their accounts of this famous person, some making him contemporary with Abraham, and others placing the date of his birth anterior to the creation of the world, according to our received chronology. The old writers tell us he laughed the first day he was born; that the palpitation of his brain was so strong as to repulse a hand laid on his head; that he lived in the desert for twenty years, subsisting exclusively on a cheese diet; that he was remarkable for his wisdom and love of justice, and being disgusted with the world he made his abode on a mountain; that when he came down from thence a celestial fire fell upon it; that he associated only with those who were "born for truth," called afterwards the Persian Magi, taught the people to worship God, to offer sacrifices, to do justice and judgment, and that he was consumed at last by celestial fire.

Zoroaster has been declared to be identical with Ham, with Japheth, with Nimrod, with Moses, with Balaam, with the prophet Ezekiel: all of which suppositions are unquestionably erroneous. That Zoroaster was the founder of the Magi, afterwards so celebrated in Persia, there seems no doubt, and also that he taught the people to regard fire as a divine symbol, if not indeed a divine embodiment. Nearly all the books ascribed to Zoroaster are said to be apocryphal, but most of his magical oracles are traceable to a knowledge of chemistry and mathematics.

Next to Zoroaster we may place Hermes Trismegistus, a learned Egyptian, by some identified with Moses, by others with Pharaoh, but probably a magician of the court. Magic was practised both in Egypt, Babylon, and Persia; royal soothsayers and diviners being, as we all know, retained at these courts. Pharaoh's magicians, challenged to an exhibition of their skill, turned their rods to serpents; in the court of Belshazzar the diviners were sent for to decipher the writing on the wall, but failed to render it intelligible. Among the Jews magicians and necromancers were to be found, and against them severe penalties were denounced; but it was to one of the latter description that King Saul betook himself for counsel when God's oracles were silent, and the witch of Endor raised up dead Samuel in the presence of her royal visitor.

In the early ages of Christianity the belief in magic and magical arts extensively prevailed. Terrified by the fate of those vagabond exorcists, the sons of Seva, those who used "curious arts" in Corinth, brought their books together and burned them, counting the price at fifty thousand pieces of silver. A spirit of divination was cast out of a damsel, "who brought her master much gain by soothsaying," by St. Paul at Philippi; and Elymas the sorcerer was struck blind. These, and other references in the New Testament, plainly show that sorcery, or magic, were in those days professed and practised.

Among those accused of magic, we may mention Petrus Aponensis, one of the most famous philosophers and physicians of his time. He was born A.D. 1250, in a village four miles from Padua. He was a very learned man; but accused by the Inquisition of diabolical arts, and burnt on this charge in effigy after death.

Apuleius was also accused of being a magician, as well as of having fine hair, good teeth, and a looking-glass! Aristotle, the prince of philosophers, was reported to be guilty of magical arts; indeed, almost every learned man of antiquity was susceptible of the same charge; for that which was above the comprehension of the vulgar was invariably set down to the Prince of Darkness, or to some unholly science, and thus those who were simply wise men were transferred to wizards.

In more modern times Cornelius Agrippa occupies a distinguished place as a magician. He describes himself as such in the preface to one of his books. He was born at Cologne, in 1486. From his youth he applied himself to learning, and by his great natural talents obtained a vast knowledge in almost all arts and sciences. As a soldier and scholar, Agrippa played a bold part in the affairs of his age; but we have only to regard him as a magician, and to ascertain what he did and of what he was accused. It was said he paid his score at the inns which he patronised with pieces of horn, casting an illusion over the senses, whereby those who received them took them for real money; it was said his pupil, in his absence, raised the evil spirit, and not knowing how to dismiss him, lost his life; it was said that he animated the body of his apprentice by an evil spirit, and made it walk into the market-place and there drop dead; his black dog was said to be his familiar; and on such frivolous charges as these the Duke of Vendome refused his pass, saying he would not sign a conjurer's passport.

Another famous name in the annals of magic is that of Albertus Magnus, born in Swabia, in 1193, or 1205. It was said that he sought the "philosopher's stone;" that he formed a machine in the shape of an oracle, which answered every difficult question! He was naturally of a very dull wit, and was about to quit the cloister, where he had been educated, when a vision is said to have appeared to him, and he was asked, "would he prefer to excel in philosophy or divinity?" He chose the former; and was told "that in it he should surpass all men, but that, as a punishment for not choosing divinity, he should, three years before his death, forget all he knew." "And so," says the story, "it came to pass; whence arose the saying, 'that he was miraculously converted from an ass to a philosopher, and afterwards from a philosopher to an ass.'"

In the annals of magic, such names as Paracelsus and Roger Bacon occur, about whom, especially the latter, it is only necessary to observe that they were intellectually ahead of their age, and that the ignorant mistook for conjuring what were nothing more than experiments in natural philosophy. Raymond Lully, Dr. Dee, and Sir Edward Kelly, were all of them solely devoted to alchemy and magic. Did not Queen Elizabeth send to Kelly a piece of a brass warming-pan to be transmuted into gold, and was not a lump of gold returned to her? As for Dee, the crystal which he used

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to invoke spirits is still to be seen in the British Museum.

In placing these particulars before our readers, we have included the names of those who have engaged in all sorts of departments of the art of magic. They lived in periods when the belief in magic universally prevailed, when the whole atmosphere was supposed to be crowded with demons, and when the Prince of Evil was supposed to make a personal appearance, if summoned in the proper way; when it was thought possible to compound a draught which should confer immortality; to discover the secret of turning baser metals into gold; and to read man's destiny in the stars. Who has not heard of Martin Luther throwing an inkstand at Apollyon's head? Who has not read his stories of demons that perched on his bedstead and chattered like apes? In the "Baptist Martyrology," the "Bloody Theatre," as it is called, we read of caves and dens where evil spirits lurked, all firmly believed in. In the days of the Scottish persecution the same notion prevailed; many of the Covenanters believed in magic and Satanic agency. Claverhouse was proof against lead, and so was Dalziel. Sharp had become a sorcerer, and fitly died on *Magus Muir*. Commissions against wizards and witches were issued by Popes Alexander VI., Leo X., and Adrian VI. The Inquisition busied itself in torturing and burning supposed magicians. Bishop Jewell, in his sermons before Queen Elizabeth, used to conclude with a fervent prayer that she might be delivered from all witchcraft. James I. wrote a treatise on the subject. Sir Matthew Hale gave judgment in witchcraft cases; and even Sir Thomas Brown, author of a book on "Popular Delusions," strenuously maintained a belief in witchcraft.

**Facts and Scraps.**

**HOW TO GROW LARGE FRUIT.**—Mr. Dubreil, the eminent French pomologist, states that he has produced much larger fruits than usual by moistening the surface of the green fruit with a solution of sulphate of iron, 24 grains to a quart of water. This was done when the fruit first set, when it was half, and when it was three-quarters grown, taking care never to do it when the sun was shining. It has long been well known that this solution greatly simulated absorption.

**MILITARY CONFIDENCE.**—Mr. Russell, in his Diary in India, relates a conversation he had with Sir Colin Campbell on the importance of handling soldiers judiciously, when they are taken under fire for the first time. That gallant and experienced officer said: "It may take years to make infantry which has once received a severe check, feel confidence in itself again; indeed, it will never be done, perhaps, except by the most careful handling. It is still longer before cavalry, once beaten, recover the dash and enterprise which constitute so much of their merit."

**A MANGHOO VILLAGE.**—We passed three villages in quick succession, and, in about two hours, landed at the fourth one upon the right shore. Very soon quite a concourse of people were gathered upon the beach to witness, perhaps, the first landing of white men upon their shores. They brought beans, red pepper, Indian corn or maize; dried beans, round cake of white bread, leaf tobacco made up into small parcels of two or three ounces weight; and a kind of millet, pounded or broken. Several of the young girls and women were well formed, generally round-faced and fleshy, and of a very red complexion. There was one girl of some ten or twelve years old, much fairer than any of the others, who was quite pretty. She was blind of one eye; several of the old people and younger children were afflicted with sore eyes, and among the women I noticed several cases of goitre. The people were generally well clad, much in the Chinese style. In their houses, many of which we visited freely, we were welcomed with pipes, which were filled and lighted by the females, who took first a few puffs themselves, and then handed them to the guests; not, however, without wiping the mouth-piece with the hand, or upon the dress, first. Mats or carpets were spread upon the dais, or divan, which generally extended around three sides of the family room. Here we were invited to sit, squat, or repose, as we might fancy. The houses are generally divided into apartments, one of which, the first you enter, is the kitchen, where you will frequently find sucking pigs, or young calves, comfortably housed, to say nothing of dogs, chickens, or children. The next apartment is the sleeping, eating, smoking, and reception room. Here dine, eat, sleep, smoke, talk, and drink, the entire household and their guests in separate groups, around and upon the

divan, according to their social relations, by night and by day. The dais is generally raised about two feet from the ground floor, and about six to seven feet deep, to the wall. It is their bed by night, and their seat and table by day. Different kinds of mats or carpets are spread upon this divan, with a small round pillow for each person. These pillows, with the matting, and such covering as they have, consisting of light coverlets of cotton fabric, we saw carefully packed in a kind of clothes-press, against the wall, in one corner of the room, where they are arranged by the careful housewife in the morning, after the night's repose. The room is warmed by the hot air from the furnace, conveyed in wooden pipes along the perpendicular wall of the divan, going out at the side of the house, and ending in a high wooden chimney, sticking up in the yard adjacent to the house, which carries off the smoke.—*A Voyage Down the Amoor.*

**Humour and Anecdote.**

**THE MYSTERY.**—Two dardies had bought a mess of pork in partnership; but Sam, having no place to put his portion in, consented to intrust the whole to Julius's keeping. The next morning they met, when Sam said: "Good mornin', Julius; anything happen strange or mysterious down in your vicinity lately?"—"Yaas, Sam, most strange thing happen at my house, yesterlastnight. All mystery, all mystery to me."—"Ah, Julius, what was dat?"—"Well, Sam, I tole you now. Dis mornin' I went down into de cellar for to get a piece ob hog for this dardy's breakfast, and I put my hand down into de brine an' felt all round, but no pork dere—all gone, couldn't tell what bewent with it; so I turned up de barl, an', Sam, as true as preachin', the rats had eat a hole clar froo de bottom of de barl, and dragged de pork all out!"—Sam was petrified with astonishment, but presently said: "Why didn't de brine run out ob de same hole?"—"Ah, Sam, dat's de mystery—dat's de mystery!"

**ONFILA**, the celebrated French chemist, being examined as "expert" on a capital trial, was asked by the President whether he could tell what quantity of arsenic was requisite to kill a fly. The doctor replied, "Certainly, M. le President; but I must know beforehand the age of the fly, its sex, its temperament, its condition and habits of body, whether married or single, widow or maiden, widower or bachelor. When satisfied on these points, I can answer your question."

SOME years since a letter directed to *Zrumfridani* was received at the London Post-office. Unable to find such a person, it was referred to the *axons*, who found out at last that it was intended for *Sir Humphry Davy*, the great chemist.

A FELLOW was on trial before a police magistrate for stealing chickens. The proof was circumstantial, the main thing seeming to be that footmarks were found in the snow near the roost exactly corresponding with prisoner's boots—patches, nails, and all. The prisoner's counsel thought he had a green one in the prosecutor's witness, who was apparently all that fancy painted him. Counsel put this question: "Now, how do you know my client had on those boots last night? How do you know I didn't have 'em on?"—The witness demurely answered, "Cause you didn't know they's any chickens there!" The prisoner was convicted.

The danger of meddling with edge-tools is well-illustrated in the little story that follows:—Mr. A. is a lawyer of considerable talent. The anxious inquirer after information, Mr. B., is an extensive dealer in cattle. "Mr. A.," said B., "the profession of a lawyer must be a very rascally business, is it not?" Mr. A. straightened himself and looked grave. "Mr. B.," said he, "I always noticed, in my life, that when a man was rascally disposed he would be a rascal whether his profession be that of a lawyer or a drover." Mr. B. dropped the subject, seemingly convinced that if Mr. A. was not right, at least he, Mr. B., was no match for him.

**COLONEL TOMPKINS**, who lives in the country, is an absent-minded man, but always good-natured and unassuming. He bought a new open carriage, and the first time he rode out in it he thought every one would take notice of it, as a matter of course. Presently he met Squire Post, who stopped with a "Good morning, colonel!" "I bought it only a day or two ago!" "How is your family?" "One hundred and fifty pounds!" The squire perceived that the colonel's mind was in his carriage, and tried him once more. "Anything new, colonel?" "Yes, the harness is new, too; a new turn-out altogether!" And so they parted.

**Small Change.**

WHEN a lover dotes on his darling, a refusal acts as an anti-dote.

IN some cases authorship is but another name for pen-ury.

HOPE writes the poetry of the boy, but Memory that of the man. Man looks forward with smiles, but backward with sighs. Such is the wise providence of God. The cup of life is sweetest at the brim, the flavour is impaired as we drink deeper, and the dregs are made bitter that we may not struggle when it is taken from our lips.

IT is a general remark that all classes of persons are ever ready to give their opinions. We think the lawyers must be excepted: they sell theirs.

TAKE away my first letter, take away my second letter, take away all my letters, and I am! still the same.—The postman.

"FINE complexion Mrs. H. has got," said Brown to his friend Bristles, the artist. "I know it," replied Bristles; "she and I buy our colours at the same shop."

"JACK is a good fellow, but I will not lie for any man. I love my friend, but I love the truth still more." "My dear," said a by-stander, "consider now! Why should you prefer a stranger to an old acquaintance?"

WHY does a day-labourer never cease growing?—Because he gets higher (*hire*) daily.

VICIOUS habits are so great a stain in human nature, and so odious in themselves, that every person actuated by right reason would avoid them, though he were sure that they would be always concealed both from God and man, and had no future punishment entailed upon them.

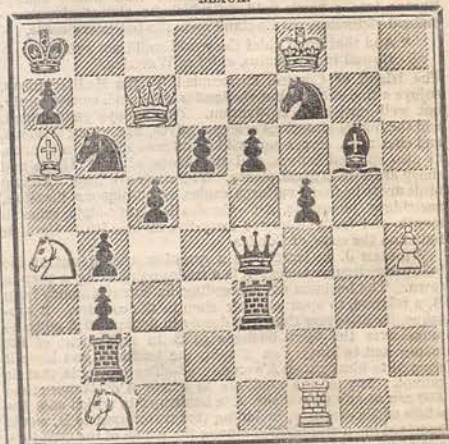
THERE is scarcely any more delightful emotion than that which we feel when a friend who has sacrificed our esteem, by some noble act recovers it with interest.

"PRAYER," says Jeremy Taylor, "can obtain everything; can put a holy constraint upon God, and detain an angel till he leaves a blessing; can open the treasures of rain and soften the iron ribs of rocks till they melt into a flowing river; can arrest the sun in its course, and send the winds upon our errands."

**Chess.**

Problem No. 197. By W. GREENWOOD, Esq.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move, and checkmate in five moves.

- A. K.—We are much gratified at your friendly communication, and desire to thank you for the promised batch of problems.
- E. GRANT.—Kt takes P seems a promising move; but if Black take Kt with Queen, your proposed rolfinder of Q takes P (ch) can be met with K to Q B 5.
- M. A. R.—The work on "End Games," to which you allude, is out of print. A republication is very probable.
- S. T.—Blank chess diagrams will be forwarded to you gratis, if you will send your address on a stamped envelope.
- D. P. F.—The Queen's Rook is generally given in odds, in preference to the King's Rook, as the King can generally castle with more advantage on his own than on the Queen's side.
- SALVIO.—B to Q B 4, for the second move of Black, in your problem No. 1, will delay the mate several moves. Problem No. 2 is neat, and shall be submitted to the juveniles. OXON.—The analysis which you require would occupy more space than we can afford. For the information you require, see the "Handbook of Chess," price 1s.

"Can I not see Lena?" asked Hector, who had great faith in his showy person.

"No," said Mr. Linley, "no; and if you knew how much she now despises you, you would not covet an interview."

Hector rushed out of the house; at first, he thought of shooting or drowning himself, but he changed his mind, and went to the Queen's Bench, to see Vacant Stare and Lackwitt Ogle; and as he was too weak to keep his own counsel, they soon knew all that had happened, and quizzed him unmercifully.

#### CHAPTER XLIII.

Of comfort no man speak.  
Let's talk of graves, of worms, of epitaphs;  
Make dust our paper; and, with rainy eyes,  
Write Sorrow on the bosom of the earth.

SHAKESPEARE.

HECTOR was very miserable. Vacant Stare and Lackwitt Ogle stood on no ceremony with him now, for they had nothing to hope from him, and were so very cold, sarcastic, and sneering, that he was very glad to get out of their way.

Hector belonged to a very "fast" fashionable West End club.

"At any rate, I'm one of the most popular fellows at the 'Wide-awake,'" said Hector to himself. "I'll ask Bellairs and Pounce to dinner, and wash down this bitter pill in sparkling Sillery."

So soliloquising, Hector entered his splendid palatial club: a letter, marked "Immediate," awaited him.

It was from Mr. Linley.

"The old boy repents, and recalls me," thought Hector; "but I'm not to be got 'on and off' in that way."

He opened the letter in the hall, for he was, in spite of his boast, very eager to be recalled. He grew livid as he read—

"HECTOR,—Badly as you have behaved, I cannot think you quite heartless. I have just heard that your victim, poor Fanny Franks, is dying. I have this sad news from my daughter's maid, who knows her intimately. Her present address is 50, Little Ebury-street. You had better go at once to see if you can help and comfort her.—GEORGE LINLEY."

This letter quite took away the appetite Hector had boasted of.

He rushed out, sprang into a Hansom cab, and drove to Fanny's lodgings. An hour before, she had given birth to a still-born child, and had expired a few minutes after the event.

Jessie was with her at the time, and told Hector that his victim's last words had been, "Tell my dear Hector I loved him to the last, and that I forgive him!" "Which," said Jessie, with a burst of honest indignation, though her tears fell fast, "if you haven't the heart of a rhinoceros, you can't ever forgive yourself."

This Hector owned and felt to be true. He softened Jessie and the mistress of the lodgings a little by his readiness to pay all poor Fanny's expenses—and then he resolved to set off for Paris at once.

#### CHAPTER XLIV.

She knew that she was dying,  
And she dreaded not her doom;  
She never thought of sighing  
O'er her beauty's blighted bloom.

HAYNES BAYLEY.

ABOUT a month after the events recorded in our last chapter, Harry Hazeldean and his father arrived in London. All possible publicity was readily given by the public press, ever foremost in acts of atoning justice, to the fact of the entire innocence of Farmer Hazeldean. Farmer Hazeldean was the lion of the day. The *dénouement* of the Quentin Snaffle, M. P., plot was of a nature to interest the public intensely; for so many years the question, "Dead or not dead" with regard to him, had been fiercely discussed. The papers were full of his last moments and ample confession; and his wretched accomplice, who died before he could be brought to trial, confirmed all Quentin Snaffle had said, and added many curious details connected with the substituted body on Highblow Heath, and their hair-breadth escapes and disasters, both before and after they became Bushmen. Seymour Hazeldean, who had been himself a dupe, and no party to their nefarious proceedings, had died in America of a broken heart. Of all the thousands who took a lively interest in Farmer Hazeldean's entire vindication, none were more warmly enlisted in his cause than Mr. and Miss Linley. As for poor Lena, she was, at the time of Harry's return, confined to her room, seriously ill.

For some reason which they could not fathom,

she had chosen to remove into that room in which Harry had been confined during his long and dangerous illness; and, at the time of his return, there lay the slight, Psyche-like form of the young girl, her large eyes fixed on the same picture of our Saviour bearing his cross, on which Harry's had so often rested during his illness. The same doctors attended her, the same nurse sat in the same arm-chair, by the same fire-place, mixing the same quantity of wine in her tea; and, as Lena grew rapidly worse, the same patient watch kept Miss Linley by her side, and the same restless anxiety prevailed in Mr. Linley, and throughout the hushed and darkened house!

Harry, on his arrival, leaving his father at the "Saracen's Head," hastened to St. James's-square, to report himself to Mr. Linley.

"Welcome, my dear boy! welcome!" cried Mr. Linley. "I'm glad you're come! I'm sorely in need of comfort! My Lena! my poor child! I fear, Harry, that coxcomb has broken her heart! I fear my girl is dying!"

As he spoke, Harry started to his feet, ghastly white, trembling in every limb; a violent effort alone preventing his sinking on the floor. Mr. Linley poured out and held to his lips a glass of wine; and trying not to appear cognisant of the cause of the anguish, which, of course, awakened suspicions of the truth, he gave Harry a hasty sketch of Hector's conduct, and wound up all by saying, "that Lena had been ailing ever since she had known of Hector's intimacy with poor Fanny; and since her final rejection of him, had drooped daily." Here Mr. Linley burst into tears, and, hurrying out of the room, left Harry alone in his unspeakable and unbearable distress.

(To be continued.)

#### POPULAR DELUSIONS.

##### III.—WITCHCRAFT.

AMONG the popular delusions of the past, that of a belief in witchcraft is strikingly prominent. This species of credulity still lingers amongst the ignorant, and, it is to be feared, in the minds of some whom education ought to have elevated above such an idle absurdity; but witchcraft has lost all its most atrocious features, and to the past we must turn to learn what these features were.

Witches and wizards were supposed to be in league with the Prince of Darkness, and to have made a bargain, signed with that "quick, peculiar juice," the blood, by which, for certain powers granted to them in their mortal state, they resigned to him their immortal souls. That Satan is bent on effecting all possible mischief to the human race, is distinctly taught in Scripture; that Satan, for the purpose of carrying out his irreconcilable hatred to mankind, employed some of their number to effect his ends, was the doctrine of those learned in witchcraft. It was supposed that there were certain things which Satan could not do without the assistance of a human instrument; that he and the witches worked into one another's hands—he to satisfy his malicious enmity, they for some present but temporal advantage.

Witches or wizards—the former much more common than the latter—enjoyed the privilege of having all or a large number of the imps of darkness at their command. They could summon them to their presence, dispatch them on difficult missions, and compel them to do whatsoever they commanded—except a good action. They had the power also of transforming themselves into a variety of forms; of bringing disaster or ruin on any one against whom they imagined mischief; of raising up the dead; of looking into futurity; of transporting themselves with ease from one place to another; in fact, of doing anything except saving themselves from the clutches of the witch-finders.

In dilating on the power of witches, the sapient writers inform us, that there are twelve known and an endless number of unknown ways by means of which these sorcerers complete their work. 1. Some work their bewitchings only by way of invocations or imprecations; they wish it or will it, and so it falls out. 2. Some by way of emissaries; sending out their imps or familiars to cross the way, jostle, affront, flash in the face, bark, howl, bite, scratch, or otherwise invest. 3. Some by inspection or looking at, as with an evil-eye. 4. Some by a hollow muttering or mumbling. 5. Some by breathing upon the subject of their enchantments. 6. Some by cursing or banning. 7. Some by blessing or praising. 8. Some revengefully, by reason of ill turns. 9. Some ungratefully, by occasion of good turns. 10. Some by leaving something of theirs in your house. 11. Some by

taking something of yours into their house. 12. Some by the special way of working by the elements, earth, water, fire, and air.

It will be readily perceived, from this brief statement, that almost anybody was liable to the charge of witchcraft. If a farmer's crops failed, or his horse stumbled, or his child had fits, or his cow died, it was attributed to witchcraft; and some poor, infirm, half-blind old woman, who always mumbled to herself, and was provokingly deaf, was sure to be the cause of it, and there was nothing like flinging her into the water to find out whether she was or not. If the baptismal element refused to receive her, then she was guilty, and hanged or burnt; if she sank in the usual way, then she was drowned and acquitted!

When a witch, it was gravely stated, required the immediate presence of her Black Master, she slowly repeated, with many ceremonies, a form of invocation full of hard names, which it would puzzle some old ladies now properly to accentuate. It ended with a quick, sharp repetition of the word *könig* (king), which was supposed to be gratifying to the vanity of the arch fiend, who straightway appeared in one of his numerous characters—generally as a black goat. Another form had to be employed to dismiss him, if he stayed too long, which was not seldom the case, on which he vanished, leaving a suffocating smell behind him!

Among the singular forms said to be adopted by the Prince of Darkness was that of a goose, of a black-eyed youth of a melancholy cast of countenance, of a coach-wheel, of an ass, &c.

The forms assumed by the familiar, or evil spirits, were also supposed to be exceedingly varied, those who appeared in a kingly form having much higher authority than the rest, some of whom condescended to appear as owls, and magpies, and black cats.

The invocation of spirits was supposed to be practised by those who had made no bargain with the enemy of mankind, as well as by those who had. Both classes, however, were alike regarded with aversion, and subjected to similar punishments. In a handsome volume, published at the beginning of the present century, seriously written by a man of education and position, the invocations of ceremonial magic are gravely given, and hence it appears that a different form of conjuration must be used for every day in the week, and appropriate perfumes be employed. For example, on Tuesday the magician is to address himself to the angels and ministers subject to the east wind, and to accompany the invocation with that agreeable condiment, *pepper*! The forms he is taught to expect are of "a tall body and choleric, a filthy countenance, of colour brown, swarthy, or red, having horns like harts, and griffin's claws, and bellowing like wild bulls." The magician must begin his invocation by addressing the presiding spirits in the names, "Ya, Ya, Ya! He, He, He! Ha, Ha, Ha!" which, whatever may be their serious import, strongly resemble the laugh of a lively Ethiopian.

But to return to our witches. When they invoked spirits they employed perfumes stronger than that of pepper, mastic, aloes, saffron, or even sulphur, all of which are specified in ceremonial magic. A very good notion of how they conducted their enchantments is given in the "Macbeth" cauldron scene—

"Fillet of a fenny snake,  
In the cauldron boil and bake;  
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,  
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog;  
Adder's fork, and blind worm's sting,  
Lizard's leg, and owl's wing;  
For a charm of powerful trouble,  
Double, double, boil and bubble!"

The eyes of a black cat, the blood of a lapwing, a bat, or a goat, or a piece of steel smeared over with the juice of mug-wort, and "made to fume," is stated, on the best magical authority, to be potent for the invocation of spirits.

Certain familiar spirits were supposed to be especially devoted to each witch, and the names of some of them were given in evidence on the witch cases in the reign of James I., namely—"Roaring Lion," "Wait upon Herself," "Ranting Roarer," and one by the very unpolite name of "Grizel Greedygut," &c. They were stated to wear liveries of yellow, dun-colour, and grass-green. As to the witches themselves, they were never known in demonish circles by the name by which they were christened. Instead thereof, they were familiarly described by such titles as "Batter-'em-down-Maggy," "Raise the Wind," "Over the Dyke with it," &c.

The witches, it was universally believed, were compelled to appear at stated times, known as the Witches' Sabbath, before their dark master; and wherever a witches' meeting had been held, the grass withered and the flowers died. The manner in which

the old ladies were invited to these meetings was not by a lace-edged card, or dandy little pink note highly scented, but by an imp in the dead of night. And the witches, when the time arrived, did not order round a carriage, or a private hack and a man in livery, but went, both in France and England, on a broom-stick—not out at the door, but up the chimney! Sometimes the Prince of Evil carried them on his back, he assuming the shape of a goat, and lengthening and expanding his proportions for the accommodation of his passengers! When the witches arrived at the place of meeting, they paid their respects to their entertainer, calling him, as a compliment, foul thief! Then dancing began; after which, refreshments were served—not of weak negus and vincer sandwiches—but a substantial feast, whereof it may be enough to say that a sexton would have guessed where the cold meats came from. Then there was a good deal of talking, each witch recounting what she had done in the way of evil, and anything particularly atrocious was received with applause. If it was ascertained that any one of the witches had done a good action, the offender received a heavy punishment. Thousands of toads were said to spring out of the earth, and dance on their hind legs to the sound of the bagpipes; the witches themselves also danced, and performed deeds of profanity which could not be recounted here, but which were gravely stated before learned judges, both in Great Britain and America. The Witches' Sabbath was kept up till cock-crow, when every visitor mounted her broom-stick and returned home, entering through the key-hole!

The Brocken Mountains, in Germany, were supposed to be the great place of meeting for witches. Goethe, in his "Faust," describes something of the scene in the Walpurgis Night; the witches are heard singing in chorus—

"Now to the Brocken the witches hie,  
The stubble is yellow, the corn is green!  
Thither the gathering legions fly,  
And, sitting aloft, is Sir Urian seen;  
O'er stick and o'er stone they go wheeling along,  
Witches and he-goats, a motley throng!"

The delusions of witchcraft were the most terrible in their results of any of those widespread errors which crazed the world in days of old. The fear of witchcraft was upon all classes; the wisest and best of men were carried away by the prevailing delusion, as well as the vulgar and the vicious. The charge of witchcraft was made with ease, but repelled with the utmost difficulty. The frenzy was so powerful, that people were known not only to admit, but to accuse themselves of the crime, and to die on a plea of guilty to a ridiculous and impossible offence!

From the earliest ages a dread of witchcraft haunted the human mind, and the popular superstition was frequently employed for the gratification of private vengeance, innocent persons being tortured and executed on the charge. At different periods a wholesale attack was made against witches—a crusade headed by witch-finders, and armed with the full powers of civil and ecclesiastical law. Charlemagne gave orders that all necromancers, astrologers, and witches should be driven from his empire, and the exercise of every sort of magic was forbidden, on pain of death. Special exertions were used to hunt out all those to whom the slightest suspicion attached, but it was left for more recent times to carry out thoroughly the cruelty and injustice of these inquiries. In England, during the times of the Tudors and Stuarts, especially the latter—for James I. was wofully afraid of witches—the severest penalties were inflicted on those suspected of dealing in the Black Art. Sworn tormentors, known as witch-finders, were empowered to inquire into every alleged case, and to make journeys, like judges on circuit, through the country, holding in every town or village, if they pleased, their court of ordeal. The aged or afflicted were generally the objects of suspicion. Charged with blighting the corn, with bringing an epidemic among the cattle, with causing epileptic fits or the falling sickness, with being in league with Satan, with changing their form at pleasure, with keeping witches' sabbaths—what reply could they make? Denial was useless, and they were expected to convict themselves. Every witch was supposed to bear a Satanic mark on some part of her person, and the method adopted to find this mark—which was supposed to be incapable of pain—was to stick sharp pins and needles into her flesh; if her sufferings were acute, it was regarded as a favourable sign, but the torture was generally continued till the miserable sufferer lost consciousness, or pleaded guilty to the charge. The stake or the gallows were the penalties of conviction, but many wretched beings sought this as a happy

deliverance from the tortures inflicted by the witch-finders.

The laws of England, which were so severely directed against witchcraft, were adopted in the American colonies, and in 1645 the mania commenced, and several persons were tried for this supposed crime. Increase Mather, and his son, Cotton Mather, the former a man of great repute, and the latter a prodigy of learning, eloquence, and piety, directed their efforts to keep alive the popular superstition, and, to prove the reality of every case of witchcraft, Cotton Mather published a book of "Memorable Providences, relating to Witchcraft and Possession," in which he defied "modern Sadducees" any longer to doubt! Four ministers testified to the unanswerable arguments he set forth, as did also the celebrated Richard Baxter. Nobody was safe when even "a glance at a meeting-house" might be construed into a bewitching of the place of worship, thereby to cause some damage to the building; and folks could not tell what cruelty they would be called upon to endure, as soon as ever a charge was made against them. Many were flogged into confession; others were pressed to death; others, in large numbers, were publicly hanged. Among these, a witch-finder, who declined to serve any longer; George Burroughs, a young minister of Salem, who denied the possibility of witchcraft; the wife of the minister of Beverley was also accused; as was Governor Bradstreet's own son, for refusing to issue any more warrants; the wealthy as well as the poor, the young and beautiful, as well as the old and infirm, were alike charged with witchcraft, until, at last, the tide of public opinion turned, and people refused to believe in the Delusions of Witchcraft.

## CAPTAIN BRAND;

Or, The Pirate Schooner.

### A TALE OF THE SEA.

#### CHAPTER X.

##### AN ANCIENT MARINER WITH ONE EYE.

"THE Panchita has passed Mangrove Point," came in the hoarse whisper from the signal-man. "You can see her now from below, sir." Captain Brand put on a fine Panama hat, and stepped out on the verandah, where, with a cigar in his mouth, he leaned over the balustrade and kept sharp watch on everything that was going on below him. In a few minutes a long pointed brown bowsprit protruded itself beyond the wall of rocks, followed by a great triangular lateen sail, bent to a yard a mile long, and tapering away like a fly-fishing rod, where, at the end, was a short bit of yellow and red pennant. As her bows came into view they showed above a curved prow falling inboard, with a huge bunch of sheepskin for a chafing mat on the knob, and a thin red streak along the wales, on a lead-coloured ground, above her copper, which was painted green. As more of her proportions came into the picture, you saw a stout stump of a mast, raking forward, with short black ropes of purchases for hoisting the single yard, and heavy square blocks close down to the foot of the mast. When this great sail had come out from the screen of rocks, another light stick of a mast stood up over the taffrail, with another lateen sail and whip stem of a yard, to which was bent the Spanish Colonial Guarda Costa flag. In fact, she was a Spanish felucca all over, from stem to stern, and truck to water-line. A few dingy hammocks were stowed about half-way along her rail, and there were a good many men moving about her decks in getting the cable clear, and a lot more clinging like so many lizards along the bending yard, and all in some attempt at uniform dress, in readiness to roll up the sail when the anchor was down. There was a long brass gun, too, burnished like gold, on a pivot slide, with all its equipment, trained muzzle forward in front of the mainmast. No sooner had she sagged into the open basin, with her immense sail hanging flat and heavy in the light air, than a boat from the schooner boarded her, and presently she let go an anchor. There were a few coarse compliments and greetings exchanged between the crews of the two vessels, and some rough jokes made, as the last corner veered out the chain, rolled up his sails, and set taut his running gear in quite a tidy and man-of-war style.

"Go on board the felucca, José, and give my compliments to Don Ignacio, and say I shall be happy to see him," cried Captain Brand, from the piazza to a man at the cove; "and tell him," continued he, "that I should have called in person,

but I can't bear the hot sun since I caught the fever. Take my gig."

This was said in Spanish, and when he had finished speaking he shaded his face behind the curtain and scowled.

"You're a bird of ill omen, my one-eyed friend; but one of these days I'll wipe out old scores, and new ones too, perhaps," Captain Brand muttered to himself; and from his murderous expression of face he seemed just the man to carry out his threat. Meanwhile a light whale-boat of a gig, manned by four men and a coxwain, pushed off from the shore, and in three strokes of the oars she was alongside the felucca. The coxwain stepped over the low rail, and, walking aft, turned down a cuddy of a cabin, took off his hat, and delivered his message. A minute later he again got into the boat, and pulled to the cove, where he said to the captain—

"Don Ignacio says he'll come in his own boat when he's ready."

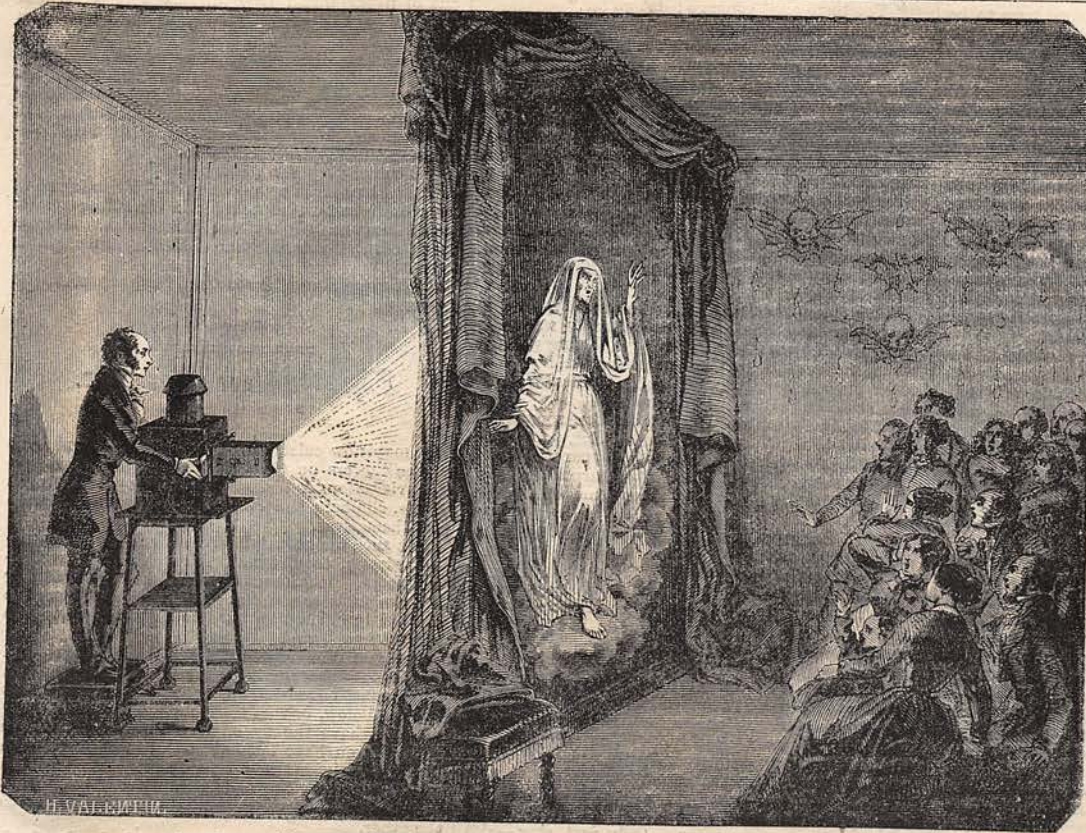
"Bueno!" was responded aloud; and then to himself: "Don't ask or receive favours—eh? What an old file the brute is!"

He said no more, but watched. Presently a small man came up out of the cabin of the Panchita, but so very slow, and with such a quiet motion, did he emerge, that one might suppose it was a wary animal rather than a human being. He was scrupulously neat in attire—a brown pair of linen trousers, a Marseilles vest with gold filigree buttons, an embroidered shirt bosom, with diamond studs, and a dark navy-blue broadcloth coat, with standing collar and anchor gilt buttons. His head-gear was simply a white chip hat, with a very narrow brim and a fluttering red ribbon; but beneath it his coal-black hair behind was chopped as close as could be, leaving a single long and well-oiled ringlet on each side, which curled like snakes around a pair of large gold rings pendent from his ears. His complexion was dark, bilious, and swarthy, with a thin, sharp nose, and a million of minute wrinkles, all meeting above, at the corners, and under a small line of a mouth; quite like rays, in fact, and only relaxed when the lips parted to show a few ragged, rotten pegs of sharp teeth. But perhaps the most noticeable feature in his face was his eye—for he had but one—and the spot where the other is seen in the species was merely a red, closed patch of tightly drawn skin, with a few hairs sticking out like iron tacks. His single eye, however, was a jet black, round, piercing organ, which seemed to do duty for half a dozen ordinary glims, and danced with a sharp, malevolent scrutiny, as if the owner was always in search of something, and never found it; and everybody and everything appeared to slink out of its light wherever it glanced around. His age might have been anywhere from forty and sixty. As he stepped on deck, clear of the cuddy cabin hatch, his sinister optic played about in its socket—now scanning the long, brass gun, the half-furled sails, the crew, the ropes, or taking a steady, unwinking glance at the mid-day sun, and then shining off to the shore and sweeping in the Centipede, the little pool of blue water, and the mouth of the inlet. Feeling apparently satisfied with the present aspect of affairs, he slowly pulled out a machero from his waistcoat pocket, plucked a cigarette from the case, and then proceeded deliberately to strike a light. Even while performing this simple operation, his uneasy orb, like unto a black bull's-eye, traversed about in its habitual way; and when he raised the spark of fire with his brown, thin hand, and the claws of fingers loaded with rings, he seemed to be looking into his own mouth! Nodding to a fellow who stood near, with a crimson sash around his waist, he inclined his eye toward the shore, blew out a thin wreath of smoke from his lungs—all the while his vigilant organ shining like a burning spark of lambent jet through the smoke—and merely said—

"The boat!"

In a moment, a small cockle-shell of a punt was lowered from the stern of the felucca, when, stepping carefully in, he seized a scull, and, with a few vigorous twists, pushed her to the landing at the cove.

During all these movements of the commander of the felucca, Captain Brand was by no means an inattentive observer; and indeed he was so extremely critical, that he stuck the tube of a powerful telescope through an aperture of the curtains around him, and not only looked at his cautious visitor, but he actually watched the expression of his uneasy eye, and almost counted every wrinkle—finely engraved as they were—on his swarthy visage; but if Captain Brand's own visage reflected an index of his mind, he did not seem over and above pleased with what he saw.



ROBERTSON'S APPARATUS FOR RAISING AN IMAGINARY GHOST.

## POPULAR DELUSIONS.

## NECROMANCY.

NECROMANCY, or the practice of pretending to raise the dead, is a very old and widespread delusion, and those who are either themselves deceived, or are willing to deceive others, venture to point to the instance of Samuel and the witch of Endor recorded in Holy Writ. As this is the only instance mentioned in Scripture of the spirit of the dead being really or apparently raised by a necromancer, it is no wonder that it should be so often cited by those who would delude the credulous by their cunning and deceitful practice. As the case, however, is so frequently adduced, it would be inconsistent to pass it over in silence. The fact is, the account of the raising of Samuel has nothing in common with necromancy. It forms part of the history of God's miraculous dealings with his ancient people, which should not be confounded with the ordinary arrangements of Providence.

When Saul, King of Israel, was on the eve of a battle with the Philistines, and was under the terrible conviction that God had deserted him, he sought out a woman having a familiar spirit, and induced her to exercise the rites of necromancy to raise up the deceased prophet Samuel, so that the king might learn from him what should happen on the morrow. The inspired narrative relates that the woman saw Samuel, "an old man covered with a mantle," and that "Saul perceived that it was Samuel."

Much discussion has arisen amongst divines as to whether the appearance of Samuel was real, or an imposition on the credulity of Saul. Leaving this question to be settled by them, we undoubtedly learn from the story the fact that a belief in necromancy prevailed at a very early period, and that it was thought possible to raise the dead. This opinion has universally prevailed, and held powerful possession of the human mind. The desire to look into the mysteries of the world beyond the grave is very strong; and to attempt to conjure up the spirits of the dead by the ghastly and abhorrent means of the ancient necromancer, or the simple and inoffensive method of the modern spiritualist, has doubtless its temptations for the curious inquirer.

The argument of the ancient necromancers concerning the souls of the dead was, that although separated from their bodies, they still cherished an affection for them, and they pretended that they

were allured by anything having affinity to those bodies.

The necromancers professed to have two methods of conjuring up the dead: 1. *Raising the dead body*, which they said was not to be done without blood; 2. *Sciomancy*, in which only an *apparition of the deceased* was supposed to be called up.

The crafty professors of the black art took care to surround their proceedings with all that was calculated to terrify their poor dupes into a belief of their idle pretences. A circle of skulls, a grotesque habit, an unintelligible jargon of words, supposed to be an exorcism, the place, the hour, all tended to impress the minds of the credulous and ignorant with supernatural awe, and rendered them less capable of detecting fraud.

It may not be uninteresting to say something about the means used by exorcists who professed to raise up spirits in the magic circle.

First of all, it was necessary to know something of the antecedents of the spirit, under the influence of what planet it existed, &c. &c. Next, to seek out a convenient place proper for the invocation, according to the nature of the planet, and the quality of the offices of the same. After which judicious selection, a circle should be drawn, for the defence of the exorcist—in this circle certain significant names should be written. Lights, perfumes, unguents, and medicines, compounded according to the nature of the spirit, were likewise provided. Added to these were consecrated papers, pictures, pentacles, swords, sceptres, and garments of proper colour and material; and certain solemn forms of prayer for the consecration of the circle, and every part of the magical apparatus. After which, the exorcist, safe inside the circle, was to summon the spirit in a gentle and persuasive manner; and he (the operator) not having the least idea where the spirit was likely to be, was to summon him from all the borders of the earth. He was then to look round to see if the spirit had put in an appearance, which, if it had not done, occasioned him the trouble of repeating his invocation three times. If the imaginary spirit would not appear, the invocation was changed for a conjuration, and it was summoned to appear, and threatened with dreadful penalties for refusal. If the spirit then appeared (or the exorcist chose to say so), it was courteously received, its name asked, and written down on the holy paper, together with all other particulars required. If any doubt was entertained of the veracity of the spirit, the instructions

were to "make without the circle, with the consecrated sword, the figure of a triangle, or pentagon, and compel the spirit to enter into it; and if you receive any promise which you would have confirmed with an oath, stick the sword out of the circle, and swear the spirit by laying his hand on the sword." The exorcists, however, acknowledge that they are sometimes unable to raise their spirits; but, detected as they may be by this circumstance, they never omit to courteously dismiss the absent ghost. When this is omitted, "instances have been known," says a writer of the present century, "of the operator experiencing sudden death."

In this pretended raising of the shadows of the dead, the writer just quoted informs us we are to perfume with blood, bones, flesh, eggs, milk, honey, and oil, to furnish the soul with a medium. The places of invocation most fitting for the purpose are churchyards, or places of execution, or the scene of some atrocious crime.

We have collected their "instructions," in order to show how much pains were taken by the professional exorcists to deceive those who consulted them. Absurd and ridiculous as were these ceremonial rites, they were very likely to make a deep impression on the weak-minded or uninitiated observer. Nothing could be easier than for the exorcist to declare he saw the ghost; it was not deemed necessary that the inquirer should, in all cases, see the ghost for himself; but some of the necromancers carried their illusions so far as to allow their dupes to see an apparent apparition!

The most famous necromancer of modern time was Robertson, a physician, who, during the first French Revolution, undertook to raise the shadows of the dead, and frightened half Paris out of its already disordered wits. He invited, by public advertisement, the attendance of those who felt interested in his investigations—and on the evening of the day appointed about sixty persons assembled, and precisely at the hour named, Robertson, a thin, pale, cadaverous-looking man, appeared before them, and coolly proceeded to put out nearly all the candles. An eye-witness, evidently the dupe of the necromancer's trick, has described what occurred. Robertson said: "Citizens, I am not one of those adventurers, those impudent charlatans, who promise, in the daily papers, what they are incapable of performing. I have undertaken to raise the dead, and am prepared to do so. Those of the company who desire to behold the apparition of those of their deceased relatives who were dear to them in life, will be kind enough to signify their wish, and I am ready to obey their command."

There was an interval of silence, when suddenly a wild-looking fellow, with bloodshot eyes and disordered locks, called out, "Let us see the ghost of Marat!" Robertson then took two phials of blood, a bottle of vitriol, and poured their contents, with twelve drops of aqua-fortis, on two copies of the "Journal des Hommes Libres," which he burnt. Gradually, as these were consumed, there arose a hideous little phantom, armed with a poignard, and wearing the red cap. The man with disordered locks and bloodshot eyes, shrieked out a greeting to the ghost, and attempted to rush towards him, but with a ghastly leer the apparition disappeared.

The sensation amongst the witnesses of this singular effect was that of intense curiosity, not unmingled with fear; and when a young man rose up and begged to behold the apparition of his affianced bride—snatched from him by the cruel grasp of death—the feelings of the spectators were touched, and they fully sympathised with the mourner's desire. The magician went through his incantations, and up rose a female form, having an expression of extreme affection; its eyes were directed to the young man, who, with a cry of anguish, imagined he recognised his beloved.



VIEW OF WEYMOUTH, DORSET.

The success which attended these efforts of the necromancer, spread his reputation all over Paris, and when it was announced that he would exhibit his mysterious art in the old Convent of the Capuchins, the public excitement amounted to frenzy. Large prices were asked for seats, and those who could obtain them at any price were regarded as fortunate. All the accessories of the mysteries of the black art were added to the attraction of the performer. In the old chapel, surrounded by the monuments and graves of the dead—with funeral emblems, sombre draperies, sepulchral lamps, hieroglyphic characters, and emblematic pictures—the wizard pretended to raise up ghosts “per order;” widows supposed they saw their husbands, orphans their parents, bereaved parents their children. Sometimes the figures approached close to the spectators, sometimes retired to a distance, sometimes smiled, and at others wore an expression of calm resignation; sometimes the apparitions were heralded by thunder claps, sometimes they were accompanied by soft music, and they invariably came through a black curtain at the further end of the hall. The excitement became intense, and the greater the excitement the better things became for the pocket and popularity of the wizard. But France had sterner work to do than that of necromancy, and was fast making more ghosts than she raised, so the delusion vanished, and people saw both sides of the wizard’s curtain, and found that a superior description of magic lantern had enlisted their credulity, and led them to mistake painted shadows for beings of another world. The means adopted by Robertson to carry out his deception, we shall explain in a future number.

#### WEYMOUTH.

A VISIT to the seaside is what we all enjoy, and all of us occasionally require. As, doubtless, thousands of our readers will shortly be visiting the coast, an account of some of the most popular watering-places will be acceptable. A series of such pen and pencil sketches we propose introducing—not, however, confining ourselves to the order in rank and import-

ance of the localities described. We begin with Weymouth.

Royalty and railways have made travelling fashionable and easy, and we are not now the stay-at-home race which forty or sixty years ago we were commonly said to be. William IV. was not much of a traveller after he quitted the naval service. George IV., with the exception of State progresses late in life, contented himself with an occasional sojourn at that architectural monstrosity, the Brighton Pavilion; and George III. was satisfied with a stay at Windsor, or a trip to Weymouth, as a relief to the monotony of London and Kew. Very different is it with Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, and very widely extended is the range of the “Court Circular;” now up in the Highlands, among the grandeur of mountain scenery; now in the Isle of Wight, with its magnificently rocky coast; now amidst all the festivities of Continental capitals; now home again to London or to Windsor’s royal pile. The Queen is a great traveller, and the royal children worthily imitate and improve upon her example. The facilities for travelling are so much greater than they were, that due allowance must be made for those who, in days gone by, never stirred from their island home, and seldom travelled over it. The railway, with its convenient and commodious carriages, bears Her Majesty from one end of Great Britain to the other in a few hours; but it was not so when George III. was king. A heavily-built carriage, with no great elasticity in its springs, and but little comfort in its padded cushions, bore him over roads that were none of the best. Soldiers were needed, not only as a guard of honour, but for really useful service, for the roads were dangerous and highwaymen were daring. It was a long journey from London to Weymouth, for 120 miles was then a weary distance, and it is no matter of surprise that kings and their lieges shrunk from such travelling when they could help it. But railways have revolutionised us, and a trip to Weymouth is now very easily performed.

Weymouth is a fine old town, not half so fashionable and attractive in appearance as its younger neighbour, Melcombe Regis, but a curious and interesting place. Of course many of the houses are poor and

dilapidated, of course the streets are irregularly laid out, of course in some quarters there is a pervading smell of fish; for once upon a time it was nothing but a fishing town, and it still retains much of its original character. But what can be finer than its sands, stretching out for many a mile, and commanding a noble prospect? What can be finer than the raised esplanade and terrace, which encircle a large portion of the bay, and furnish a splendid promenade for residents and visitors? And what can be finer than the bathing, which the purity and depth of water affords? Facing the sea George III. had his royal lodge built for himself and family, and he could not have chosen a more eligible site. He found Weymouth a fishing place of but small importance, but he made it a favourite resort of visitors, and the grateful town has loyally erected a statue to his memory at the northern end of the main street.

Melcombe Regis, which lies on the opposite side of Weymouth harbour, and which is connected with it by a handsome stone bridge, consists chiefly of large handsome houses, extending for about a mile in front of the esplanade. It has a park—recently formed—of about twenty acres, which will, in course of time, add considerably to the attractions of the place.

Weymouth and Melcombe are, as we have before stated, divided by the inlet of the sea; the inlet is narrow, and there is at low water but six feet water over the bar; this renders the harbour inaccessible to large vessels. The Portland Roads, however, little more than a mile distant from the town, afford anchorage for ships of any dimensions; and the inconvenience which was formerly experienced by vessels anchoring in these roads, on account of their exposed position to the east and south-east winds, has been overcome by the erection of those triumphs of art, the Portland Breakwaters.

The erection of these two breakwaters, the largest of which is 6,000 feet in length, was commenced in 1849; the plan was proposed by the postmaster of Weymouth, Mr. John Harvey; and the foundation-stone of the stupendous work was laid by the Prince Consort. The material for the construction is supplied from the Portland quar-



that, he was going to catch the gentleman by the collar, but the other came in between, and said—

“Come! come! don't quarrel. You misunderstand each other. Meredith, I am sure you would be the last man in the world to resent even the extra care and attention shown to your fair bride; and you, Walton, who are so nobly defending her, would, I am equally certain, be the first to rejoice in her happiness, and restoration to her friends. Unkindly treated at home, she has left it, and would not, of course, return there, or wish that those from whom she has fled should reclaim her; but this is her plighted husband, in whom she has the greatest confidence, and who, like yourself, would defend her with his life!”

“Defended from him, she is safe from her worst enemy. Look you, gentlemen, I'm a poor man, and not skilled in words, like you are; but I know right from wrong, honesty from treachery, and, please God, what I know I'll practise! I never played false to no man in my life, and I'm not goin' to begin with a woman! If the lady you are a-huntin', more like dogs after a hare, than lovers after a sweetheart, wants to see you, why, I s'pose, she knows where to find you, and can send a note, or a message; and, if she doesn't want, I'm not the man to go agin her will, s'posin' I could. So be it how it will, you'll get nothin' by stoppin', except—

“Except what?”

“A broken head.”

“You insolent scoundrel! you shall repent this! I will have the officers of justice here. How dare you conceal a lady? How—?”

“Be calm, Meredith! be calm! Let me speak. Look here, Walton. After all that has happened at Ellerslie, I am not surprised at your caution. You are quite right to guard a trust reposed in you; only, I think, you are carrying it too far. Let Miss Neville herself decide. Tell her Mr. Meredith is here; and then, if she refuses to see him, I pledge myself we will withdraw at once; or, if you do not choose to go yourself, let your wife go—and take this, to buy a new dress for the wedding.”

“Oh, miss, if you had seen John's face as the gentleman said this, it would have frightened you! It was downright awful, and made me shake like the ague, specially when he went forward with one step, and struck the money out of the gentleman's hand, and sent it tumbling down stairs, saying, with such a voice, ‘I've no right to punish this, 'cos I didn't keep my word at fust; but now, so help me every-thing in heaven and earth, I'll clear this room o' ye without another word, let the danger be what it may. Out of the way, Polly! By the power that made me, I'll teach ye better than to come here with your bribes and your lies! Miss Neville's husband, indeed!’”

“My good friend,” said the other gentleman, as cool as a cucumber, to John, “you are little aware, I think, of what you are doing, and the danger to which you are exposing yourself. This young lady is a runaway, a fugitive from her parents' house; in their name and his own, as her affianced husband, Mr. Meredith demands to see her. She is under age, and those who harbour and conceal her from her lawful guardians, are liable to the consequences. You had better be careful, therefore. We are not to be trifled with, and—”

“Have you done?”

“No.”

“Then finish in the street;” and then, without saying one more word, John caught the little gentleman by the collar, and swung him right out on the landing, and grappling hold of Mr. Meredith, who'd seized on him when his back was turned, got him out too, and locked the door.”

CHAPTER XXXIII.

She loved me for the dangers I had passed,  
And I loved her that she did pity them.—OTHELLO.

Friendly was he to behold, and glad as the heralding angel  
Walked he among the crowds. LONGFELLOW.

“WHAT a scene! How thankful I am that I was not there! But poor John and you, what trouble and annoyance your kindness to me has brought upon you; you will wish you had never seen me.”

“No, indeed; I was almost a-going to say I like people best who're in trouble. But I don't mean that exactly—only I'm such a poor little nobody, that happy folks don't want me, and I only get a chance to make friends, and be useful to them as is sorrowful.”

“Ay, Mary, and if Heaven would send the sorrowful a few more such friends, it would be a happier world.”

“I doubt it. There's enough of all sorts in the world to go on with, and, if any more were wanted,

kind Providence would send them. But now, what are you going to do? Are you comfortable? Is that queer-looking woman civil?”

“I do not know. I have not seen her since you did.”

“All the better. The less you do see, I guess, the more pleasant you'll find it; and I'll come reg'lar to do all you want. Oh! poor mounser was in a way when he come home from the theater last night. He come to the door, tap, tap, to tell you about some music as he'd heard, and when he found you gone he was in sad trouble. He told John you sang like the angels, and he was sure you was one. And he made me promise to cheer you up, and tell you that if you gave him leave, he would call and bring you good fortune from the paper.”

“Ah! the advertisement. I had quite forgotten it—it is published this morning. I wonder if it will be successful. How I do hope it may, for indeed I must do something, Mary.”

“Yes, it would be better for you. If you'd something to do, you would not think so much, and your troubles would grow lighter; but have patience—you will not be forgotten. This paper may do wonders.”

“So it may; although I do not expect it, I can hope for it—but in the meantime I must have some occupation.”

“Finish the work we were doing yesterday when John burst in so. I can stay and help till dinner-time—it'll be company, and then you can take a walk up Islington way. The air 'ill do you good, I think, for you are as white as your collar, and nobody 'ill think of looking for you in this part.”

“Yes, but first I will put away the contents of my bundle in this old box, which I see has a key. I suppose I may use it?”

“I should think so; but don't trust the lock too much, it may have two keys. But dear, dear! what is the matter? Are you ill?”

“No, no; it is nothing,” I said, hastily, seeking to hide the emotion caused by the sudden appearance of the little toilette bottle, which, containing the milk I had brought from Ellerslie, I had not seen since that terrible night.

The sight affected me powerfully. Rolled securely in a wrapper, this sad witness of a fearful crime had escaped my sight until now; and for some minutes the shock occasioned by it prevented me from making any rational reply to Mary's anxious inquiries. But at last my struggles for composure were effectual, and then, urged by a strange impulse, I said, holding out the bottle: “You see this, Mary? Do you think you would know it again, if at any future time it was shown to you?”

“I can't tell. It's very handsome; but there's nothing very patie'lar about it, is there?”

“Yes; here are some initials, ‘F. N.’ They are my mother's; and this white star, which seems as if it were on the inside of the glass—do you see them? There, now do you think you would remember it?”

“Yes.”

“And you see what is in it?”

“It looks and smells like sour milk!”

“Yes! you will recollect that, and where you first saw it?”

“Yes, but why?”

“I cannot tell you now. Some day you may perhaps know. At present, I only want you to examine the bottle well, and take so much notice of it, and all you hear and see me do or say, as to be able to identify and repeat it, if necessary.”

(To be continued.)

The Amateur Gardener.

BY GEORGE GLENNY.

AMONG the most easily-managed plants in dwelling-houses, we have mentioned the cactus family, not the tall, but the round ones, or what are called melo cactus, the aloe, and the fern; but for gracefulness of form and variety of foliage, the ferns must take the lead.

A common flower-pot and a bell glass that will touch the soil all round inside the pot, will enable you to grow a fern in the chimney corner almost, that is to say, in the midst of the smoke and dust of manufacturing towns.

And we hear young friends, who have profited by the hints in former numbers, are growing very pretty collections under bell glasses in ordinary flower-pots, and, although two miles from an open space worth mentioning, the plants are doing well.

Taking our hints from various articles, and having command of loam, peat earth, and vegetable mould, they broke up some old flower-pots into small pieces,

and put equal parts of the former three, and two parts of the broken flower-pots, dust and small included.

They then procured those ferns which they thought the most beautiful, and having obtained glasses and pots, turned the plants out of the old pots into their new ones, gave them a good watering, and covered them close, pressing the edge of the glass into the soil a little.

They were rarely uncovered. They have grown too tall for their present glasses, and the growers will adopt the ordinary shade glasses which are used to cover small vases and carvings; but the growth of the fern is beautiful, and yet not a hundred yards from St. Paul's they are in the window of a sitting-room where they enjoy all the light that can be obtained in closely built four-storey houses, but they are all but secluded from the air. Still the glasses are cleaned now and then, but generally early in the morning, before the half-million of chimneys begin to vomit forth smoke, and the air is comparatively clear.

All the varieties of geranium are now in bloom; but for showy, brilliant effect, there is nothing like the scarlet, nor is there anything that lasts so long in bloom. Mind this if you are adding to your stock of plants.

When we consider how well a house looks with a balcony well furnished, it seems unaccountable that any respectable mansion should be without them.

We need only traverse some of the rows of houses built as if on purpose for plants in their ample balconies, and only here and there one properly furnished, as if to show the poverty of the rest.

This appears to us to arise from sheer thoughtlessness, because a comparative trifle would buy the requisite number of evergreens for the permanent ornaments, and a few gay plants in flower might be added for the summer months.

In flower gardens we may take up the bulbs whose leaves have faded, and replace them with annuals from the seed beds, or verbenas, geraniums, calceolarias, hydrangeas, double white feverfew, and other perennials.

While taking up your tulips, recollect that it is the best time to make additions if you want to enlarge your collection, because you may buy them cheaper than you will be able after they are all stored, and brought out again in the autumn.

Be particular in keeping the beds and borders clear of weeds, for their growth is very rapid, and, unless the surface is frequently stirred between the plants, it will be difficult to keep them under.

POPULAR DELUSIONS.

NECROMANCY, ETC.

ROBERTSON kept his secret close, and men of science were almost as much at fault in detecting the manner in which he produced his apparitions as the credulous dupes who thronged to his hall of magic. By some, who had no faith in his spectral appearances, the delusions were ascribed to the employment of the Chinese shadows; others approached the truth in supposing the effects to be produced by a magic lantern; but it was evident that Robertson used something far superior to the ordinary apparatus; and at length, after eight years' delusions, the secret was disclosed through the wilfulness or negligence of a boy employed by the operator. A full description of the process used was subsequently published, and it clearly showed that the marvellous apparitions had been “called up” by nothing more wonderful than a simple application of a common optical instrument.

Robertson conducted his operations in a hall about eighty feet in length by twenty-six in breadth. This was divided into two parts: the smaller of these compartments was devoted to the apparatus, and was separated from the portion appropriated to the audience by a black curtain, through which the apparent “ghosts” became visible to the observer.

The principal apparatus employed was a phantoscope, a species of magic lantern, arranged on a table so as to approach or recede from the curtain at the discretion of the operator.

The accompanying diagram represents a portion of the machine employed. L (Fig. 1) is a lamp, with a reflector placed in the interior of the box, the face of the reflector being directed towards the tubing T, in which the handle M is attached to a peculiar mechanism, used for the purpose of producing more startling effects. Air for the combustion of the lamp is admitted by the chimney C.

Fig. 2 shows the interior of the tube T. Between the tube and the body of the box is a groove, in which is placed the painted slide—that is, the piece of glass

(t) on which, in transparent colour, the ghost is represented. The rays of light projected by the reflector cross the plano-convex glass v, the plain surface of which is turned to the lamp, and the curved surface to the curtain. Before this is placed a bi-convex glass, rendered movable by the handle m (Fig. 1); and thus the aperture through which, of course, the image on the slide must pass before it reaches the curtain, can be opened or closed at pleasure. FF, EE, R R, moved by the handle o, show how this is accomplished. The opening and closing of this simple piece of

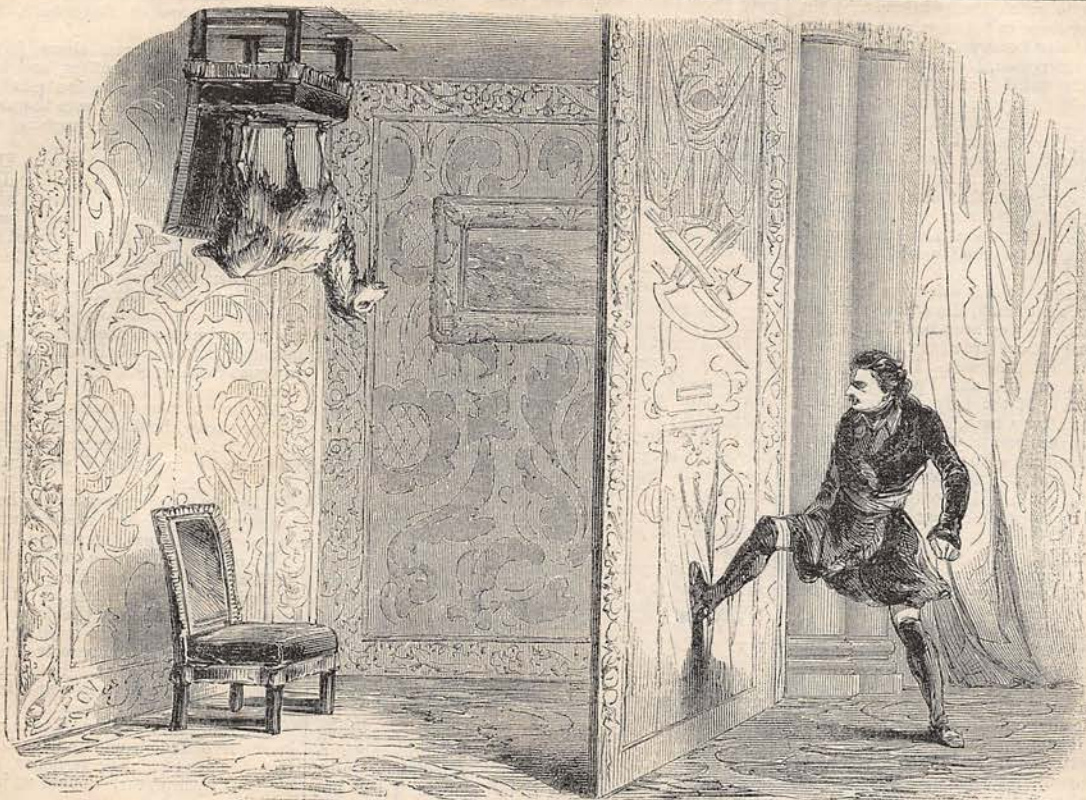


FIG. 3.

mechanism has the effect of increasing or diminishing in intensity the image thrown upon the screen, and being made to move in a groove, approaching or receding from the slide, the size of the object thrown upon the screen was rendered large or small at the discretion of the operator.

The transparent slides or pictures used by Robertson were analogous to those employed in the ordinary magic lantern. They were painted by a Prussian artist of considerable ability, and were beautifully executed.

By means so simple as these, a very large number of persons of all ages and conditions were deluded into a belief that they beheld supernatural appear-

ances. It is probable that it was not the first, as it was certainly not the last, time that the phantasmagoria frightened people half out of their wits by its delusive shadows. In the dark ages, when natural philosophy was in its infancy, the effects producible by a magic lantern would be traced at once to some occult agency, and the man who knew a little of science readily made that little knowledge a dangerous thing by using it for imposing on the credulity of his fellows.

Another method adopted by these pretentious conjurers, exhibited to the gaze of the astonished spectator a human creature changed into a variety of forms, apparently at the command of the magician, but in reality by a simple application of an optical principle.

In these cases the operator, of course, prepared his chamber before the arrival of the spectator. The room in which the prodigy was performed was generally about nine or ten feet in length, and rather less in breadth, and contained no other furniture than a chair. The spectator was requested to look into this room through a small aperture and he could detect nothing but the chair, on which sat the operator or an accomplice. Suddenly the human creature disappeared and the chair was occupied by a weazel, a squirrel, a cat, a stork, an owl, a monkey, a fox, or some other animal, these alternately appearing and disappearing at a signal from the operator.

On one occasion Peter, the Czar, was present at a "magical" performance of this description, and his lively curiosity was piqued by the singular transformations he witnessed. There he

beheld a very Proteus, now with a human head, now with that of a lion, a tiger, or a bear, a whole menagerie on the shoulders of a mortal. The Czar, impatient at being unable to detect the cheat (for he had no faith in any supernatural influence), cut the Gordian knot which he could not unravel, and by two heavy kicks on one of the panels of the mysterious chamber, surprised a wild boar as he was changing into a goat!

The accompanying illustrations explain the mystery, Fig. 3 furnishing a view of the chamber in which the phenomenon is exhibited, the secret of which Czar Peter so imperiously learnt. There we have a trap-door in the ceiling, carefully concealed by the decorations; to this trap is attached a chair precisely similar to that which is placed opposite the spectator, but in a reversed position. On this reversed chair is the animal—a stuffed specimen usually, changeable at pleasure—which is intended to surprise the spectator, whose attention has to be imperceptibly drawn from the chair on the ground to the chair on the ceiling; so that while he is in reality observing one object, he may be led to suppose that he is looking at another. The manner of producing this optical delusion is exceedingly simple. It is furnished by a triangular prism, one of the faces of which is horizontal, and the axis of which is placed parallel to the partition. Fig. 4 shows the position of r, the prism, and the manner in which it corrects by a reflection of the reversed image. A A is the partition dividing the spectator from the secret chamber; c is the aperture. The prism is moved by a slide, B B; moving in a groove, G G; pierced by an opening, D,

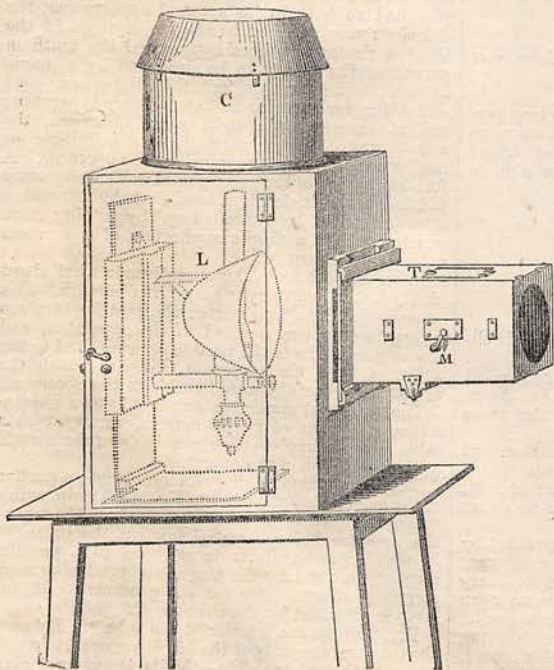


FIG. 1.

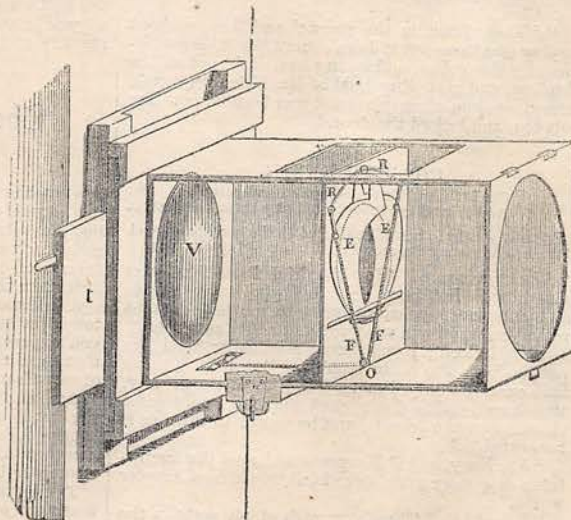


FIG. 2.

Opposite this prism is a flat glass, in which the reversed object is reflected in its natural position, and the shifting of this prism, easily accomplished by a string or wire, directs the eye of

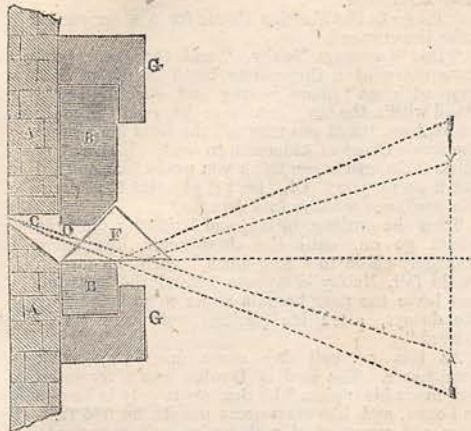


FIG. 4.

the spectator from the real object—as, for instance, the operator himself in the chair—to the reflected image of the reversed object on the ceiling. It will be seen from this that the whole “mystery” is a mere conjuring trick, the effect of which, upon the credulous or ignorant, would be to fill them with an awful sense of the supernatural; but it is a trick so simple, that a schoolboy would laugh at it when once explained.

Such applications of natural science by the magicians, &c. &c., of old, easily account for the singular effects they are said to have produced; they were cunning fellows, deluding their ignorant dupes by optical or other philosophical experiments, and they were nothing more.

LES LANDES.

SOME of the finest scenery in France is to be found among the Pyrenees. In the warm glow of the sunny atmosphere the loftiest heights are clothed with verdure to the very top, and even the precipitous rocks are covered with brushwood; the eye wanders over a vast sea of undulating foliage; the meadows on the slopes resemble English lawns; irrigation and sunshine prolong the beautiful freshness of the spring into the summer and autumn; “hill, dale, wood, inclosure, streams, lakes, and scattered farms, are mingled into a thousand delicious landscapes.”

The extreme beauty of Limousin and the Pyrenees offers a singular contrast to the desert of Languedoc, Provence, and Gascony, and especially to that portion of the country known as Les Landes.

The department of Les Landes is one of the largest and poorest in France. Its chief feature is the extensive tract of waste land, which occupies about four-fifths of its entire area. Excepting on the margin of the Garonne, where there are some of the finest vineyards in the world, Les Landes apparently produce nothing but heath, furze, and pines, with a few patches of barley, and a little maize. Water is scarce, and the surface of the ground is covered with a dull, ash-coloured sand. Les Landes are bounded, towards the sea, by a chain of sandy downs, called *dunes*. These are formed by the loose, shifting sand thrown up by the sea, and extend to the height of more than 100 feet for about 150 miles along the coast. The shifting nature of these sand hills is the cause of the poverty of the inhabitants of the district, and is highly injurious to ordinary vegetation. According to the prevailing winds, they are continually changing in form and position, and, occasionally, immense masses of sand, as in the deserts of Africa, are whirled over the country, sometimes producing the most serious consequences. By a sandy inundation of this description, the town and church of Mimizan were completely overwhelmed. The formation of the *dunes* has also stopped up the outlets of several small rivulets, and formed, in consequence, a number of lagoons, the largest of which is about six or seven miles in length. The soil, thus deprived of ordinary irrigation, is dependent on the moisture of the rainy season. This lasts about four months, and during that time the depressed portions of Les Landes are flooded with



A SHEPHERD OF LES LANDES ON HIS STILTS.

water, which, as soon as the dry season sets in, are covered with slime and sand, making so many pitfalls for those who have to cross the country. These are called *blouses*, and are exceedingly dangerous to strangers.

Man, however, adapts himself, and is so constituted that he is enabled to do so, to whatever country he may inhabit. He makes himself at home in the tropics or in the arctic regions; and while the lower animals are adapted to particular localities and climates, man adapts himself to all. In Les Landes, for example, the treacherous *blouses* and the loose sand make it necessary for those who would travel securely to walk upon stilts! For individuals to pass all their out-door life on such contrivances appears singular enough to us; but use is second nature, and to those accustomed to them, the stilts of Les Landes are no more eccentric than walking-sticks, or high-heeled boots. By the aid of stilts, the shepherds of Les Landes are enabled to look after their ill-conditioned flocks with ease and safety. The elevation thus attained gives them, of course, a wider view of their sandy pasture, and prevents their losing sight of their lean and hungry charge. It renders their progress, also, far more rapid, as, with very little exertion on their part, they can walk faster on their wooden supports than a horse at a hard trot! They walk over the prickly bushes, carefully avoid the *blouses*, and save their shoes from filling with the warm, dry sand. They carry with them a long pole, which serves them as a seat, the end being easily stuck into the ground, and the shepherd, crowning the odd tripod, comfortably knitting stockings all day long!

The peasants of Les Landes are early accustomed to the use of these stilts, and are very expert in their use. They endure many privations in accommodating themselves to the barren country in which they live, the want of water being the most severe. Their clothing is of the roughest, their food of the coarsest, and their lodgings of the humblest description. The shepherd in the accompanying sketch is a well-dressed fellow in comparison with the appearance of the people generally. A sheepskin is the common attire, and a sheepskin, with a little straw, forms the ordinary bed at night. They are said to be grossly ignorant, and physically and mentally degraded, but nothing better could be expected from the secluded condition in which they have so long remained.

The physical character of Les Landes renders the old mode of travelling by coach and post horses next to impossible; but the railway is effecting a revolution in the country, and establishing direct communication between this locality and other parts of the empire. Civilisation, heralded by the shriek of the railway whistle, will rapidly bring about an entire change in Les Landes; new systems of agriculture will be introduced, improvements in all descriptions of industry will take place, the most formidable natural difficulties will be overcome, and the whole condition of the people ameliorated. The conquest of this vast country, the subjugation of the *dunes* and *blouses*, which occupy a thirty-sixth part of the whole French empire, is an “idea” for which French economists would do well to go to war with the sterility of the soil and the ignorance of its peasants.

ing, laid my head against her side, as one does a petted child, and smoothed the tangled curls back from my burning brow.

"There, now, you look a hundred pounds better; but it won't do, your staying here alone doing nothing; you must go out and see the sights, as mounseer says; and talking of that, puts me in mind. Mounseer told me to tell you that there's to be the grandest singer that ever was heard at the Opera next week, and, if you choose, he can get you a ticket to go, and me too, if you dislike to go alone, and wouldn't be ashamed. No, no, don't be angry—I didn't mean that; but—Well, never mind; it was silly; but I know the Opera's a grand place, where only gentlefolks go, and it wouldn't be a very wonderful thing if you didn't choose to be seen there in company with a person like me."

"If I were well enough and strong enough to scold you, Mary, for talking such nonsense, I would."

"Well, it would be worth while bearing the scolding, for the sake of seeing how you look when you're doing it. But now we'll put it off till you're better, and you shall take a cup of tea (Mary's invariable panacea for all ailments), and tell me what day you will go—Wednesday?"

"No; I would rather not go at all."

"Oh! but you must. You'll be moped to death here, if you shut yourself up so. And poor mounseer will be so hurt! he thinks such a deal about you."

"He's very good; but I think I must decline his kind offer."

"Why? But never mind to-night. You can't talk, I see; so take this, and let me put you to bed; that's the fittest place for you now."

The next morning, as might be expected, I rose quite as weary as I had lain down. The events of the last few days had haunted me all night, and the weakness from which I had suffered at Ellerslie, and which I had apparently surmounted, seemed once more creeping over me.

Seemed, I say; for I do not suppose it really was so; but mental suffering is certain, sooner or later, to affect the body; and when the latter is unemployed, and the former has nothing but sorrow to feed on—nothing to divert it from dwelling upon its own griefs—it cannot be otherwise than that both should suffer. People talk of the fatigue of work; but, oh! what is it to the utter exhaustion of idleness—the real misery of having nothing to do! Whatever real trouble one has, indolence doubles; whatever we have not, it invents and supplies.

For almost every care I have ever known, activity—work, has been the only true comforter. Others may soothe for a time; but the only real help comes from ourselves. And this is why I think we see so few of what are called broken hearts and hypochondriacs among the poor. They have no time to fancy, but for daily bread's sake must address themselves at once to the tasks before them; and reaping God's promised blessing upon labour, find their healing in it.

Too much of anything must be bad, and too much work is not exempt from the universal rule; but of the two evils, too much idleness is infinitely the worst, and most deeply to be pitied.

And oh, how thoroughly I felt this, shut up alone in that wretched London-attic, like a caged and fretted bird, with nothing to do. I do not think I was ill, bodily ill, although I thought so then—only weary and tired, craving for action, for anything to think of but myself, anything to do but pace up and down, up and down that miserable room, imagining myself sicker and weaker every hour. Work, if it had been but the scullion's trade, would have been a blessing and a boon; for in the silence came thoughts of home, of Fulke, my mother, and of Harry Somerset, until the room, peopled with their images, and instinct with their voices, grew almost intolerable.

At last, however, Heaven sent a momentary relief. There was a low, gentle tap upon the door, and answering my permission to come in, a young woman about five-and-twenty, whom I had twice met on the stairs, entered the room.

"I beg your pardon," she said, "for this intrusion and the request I am going to make, but I am in so much difficulty at this moment, that I have ventured to come and ask your help."

"Pray make no apology; if I can assist you I shall be glad to do so. What is the matter? You live in this house, I think?"

"Yes, in the room below this. I am a day worker for a house in the City, and not having been very well lately, my employers have kindly allowed me to bring my work home, and let my sister help me. She has been living with me while her mistress was out of town, but last night the lady returned unexpectedly, and Eliza was sent for; and I have a great

deal of work unfinished, which I cannot in a minute get help to do; so I thought—I'm sure I beg your pardon if I take too great a liberty—that if you were not busy, perhaps you wouldn't mind—"

"I shall be very glad; I have nothing to do, and shall be thankful for employment. Shall I go now?"

"If you please, but —" and she hesitated a moment, then resumed with a nervous laugh, "I don't think you're used to going out to work."

"No, but what of that? I have no doubt I can do what you want."

"Oh, yes, yes, I was not thinking of that; only, if you are not accustomed to work, you will think the pay so very small."

"Perhaps not; at any rate, I can try it."

"So you can, and certainly it will be doing me a great service."

"Very well, I will come."

And so, without further talk or questioning, I went—the grandchild of the proudest man in England—to earn my first sixpence, as a poor needle-woman's assistant!

And surely, no one of the class before, however famished and homeless, was ever more thankful for the opportunity than I was; for, besides the prospect of employment, which might—at least until something better turned up—suffice to keep me from starvation, the very occupation was a relief. Running up those long seams, and striving not to pucker, it was impossible to dwell upon the nearer and deeper sorrows which had previously distracted me; and listening silently to all my employer's instructions and professional gossip, anecdotes of her companions in Mrs. —'s workroom, the bad and good seasons, and other similar topics of interest, it was vain to hearken for the echoes of those bewildering voices, which had sounded so maddeningly in the room above.

(To be continued.)

## POPULAR DELUSIONS.

### ASTROLOGY AND FORTUNE-TELLING.

To lift the veil of the future which has been mercifully placed before us, has been, and still is, the morbid desire of a large number of individuals; and to pander to this ill-regulated desire by cunning tricks and ridiculous pretensions, has been, and still is, the practice of astrologers, seers, fortune-tellers, &c. &c.

Astrology rests on the absurd assumption that man's destiny is written in the stars, and that by calculation we may discover all the good and evil fortune which awaits us through life. The vanity and folly of the theory are self-evident. Science teaches us that the stars are worlds, some of them much larger than our own; that of these star-worlds there are thousands, perhaps millions, in the heavens; and we are asked by the astrologers to believe that these worlds—suns, stars, and systems—have been created to show us whether we shall be happy or miserable, prosperous or unfortunate, during that brief period which is allotted to human life!

The astrologer distributes the stars into various places, regulated by the signs of the zodiac, and pretends to ascertain by their position at the exact hour and minute of a human birth, what will be the fate of the poor mortal born into the world. He makes a mysterious-looking draught, or, as he says, "casts the nativity," showing us the result, and calls upon us to be silly enough to believe that we may take this as a prophetic history of our future life. The various parts of the heavens occupied by the signs of the zodiac the astrologer calls houses: thus we have the houses of life, riches, brethren, parents, children, health, marriage, death, religion, dignities, friends, and enemies. The astrologers are not agreed exactly as to the proper mode of arranging these "houses," and it is not worth while to inquire here into any of their little differences. All that is necessary to notice is the fact that the position of the planets in these various houses is supposed to show what will happen to anybody born at any particular moment. Bearing this in mind, we can easily detect the absurdity of the delusion.

It happens not infrequently that two, three, or a dozen or more people are born exactly at the same moment. Now, according to astrology, the very same things ought to happen to each one of them, and as this does not take place, the folly of the whole thing is evident.

Notwithstanding this very simple test, astrology has in former ages exercised— and does exercise still to a certain limited extent—immense influence over the minds of the credulous, and its professors

have been consulted by kings and princes as well as by their poor illiterate subjects.

Catherine de Medicis of France was particularly attached to this occult science, and consulted Nostradamus, her magician in ordinary, on all important questions.

Nostradamus also exercised his art in producing pretended supernatural appearances by the judicious application of certain philosophical principles. A few days before the death of Henry II. of France, Nostradamus permitted his royal mistress to behold Henry of Navarre seated on the throne of France, and gained much credit and some risk by the catastrophe which followed—namely, the death of the reigning king. In this instance, of course, Nostradamus was not supposed to act as a necromancer, but as a wizard, who, by magical spells, could produce in his consecrated mirror the image of whomsoever he would—to exhibit the shadows of coming events. What he showed to Catherine de Medicis was an apparition of the living, not an apparition of the dead. The method he adopted was exceedingly simple. Availing himself of the laws of optics with regard to the angle of incidence and reflection, he first of all prepared his crowned king, carefully attending to the "make up;" next, he arranged two looking-glasses at a convenient angle, so that the image received in the one was reflected on the other, and was thus presented to the eyes of the credulous observer.

The common saying, that "two of a trade never agree," might be illustrated by the history of the astrologers. Many a time have they fallen out among themselves as to what should come hereafter, and have so mocked and abused the credulity of mankind, that all ages have by experience detected the falsehood of their pretences. For example, Nostradamus, with his magical glass, was supposed to predict the death of Henry II.; but Cardan and Gauricus, two lights of astrology, foretold for their royal master a happy old age. Henry, as we all know, perished at a tournament, in the flower of his youth.

A few instances of the false predictions of astrologers, magicians, &c., may be here appropriately introduced.

Zica, of Arabia, was promised by his seers long life to persecute the Christians, and died the very year of the prediction.

Albumazar, the oracle of astrology, left in writing that he found the Christian religion, according to the influence of the stars, should last but one thousand four hundred years; he has been belied four hundred years already!

In 1524 the astrologers foretold the destruction of the world by water, in consequence of the great conjunction of Saturn, Jupiter, and Mars in the zodiacal sign Pisces. The world survived the prediction!

It was foretold of a constable of France that he should cross the Alps, and die before a besieged city in the eighty-third year of his age, or if he survived the sign, should live to above a hundred. He did not cross the Alps, and died in his bed aged eighty-four! Without referring to more of these absurd predictions, which have established their own falsehood and the folly of their propounders, we may mention the case of that astrologer who foretold in a sudden manner the death of his princely employer. "Dispose, sir," said he, "of your affairs with what speed you may, for it is impossible that you should live long in this world." "Why so?" said the prince. "Because," replied the other, "the stars, whose sight and position on your birth-day I have well observed, threaten you, and that not obscurely, with death." "Well," said the prince, "you who believe in these birth-day stars, how long are you to live through the bounty of the fates?" The astrologer answered that he had many years before him; whereupon the prince ordered him to instant execution, and triumphed over both predictions, by hanging the astrologer and living himself to a good old age!

The astrologers were, of course, usually careful to predict what was likely.

When, however, the subject of the prediction was far off, the astrologer might safely give the reins to his fancy, and indulge in any speculations he thought proper. Thus, in 1203, a monk predicted that an earthquake should swallow up London in 1342. Dr. Dee followed in the same strain, and declared that this dreadful catastrophe would take place—which, of course, did not happen.

Another plan of the astrologers was to speak in obscure language, which would admit of almost any interpretation.

Lilly averred that a prophecy in Greek character foretold all the disasters of the Cromwellian civil



MARY DE MEDICIS AND NOSTRADAMUS.

war, and ended by a prediction of the Restoration, couched in these singular terms—"And after him shall come a dead man, and with him a royal C of the best blood in the world, and he shall have the crown, and set England on the right way." The meaning of which was declared to be the restoration of Charles II., thus:—"Monkery being extinguished, and the Lord-General's name being Monk, is the dead man. The royal C (the gamma of the Greek answering to the C of the Roman alphabet) is Charles II., who, from his extraction, may be said to be of the best blood in the world." If such interpretations as this were to be admitted, any sort of jargon might be made to foretell any imaginable events. Why might not the astrological prediction mean that after all the troubles of civil war, and the termination of the Stuart dynasty in the person of Queen Anne, the dead man, that is to say, the apparently dead branch of the old royal family in Hanover, should come, and with it a royal G (George I., of course), who came of the best blood in the world! Surely one interpretation would be as good as the other.

We have been threatened in our own days with earthquakes that have never happened; with fiery destructions which have not taken place; and with events, "looming in the future," which never gratified their prophets by assuming a tangible form. At the front of a widely-circulated almanac we have, every year, the history of the next twelve months, in crude outline and gaudy colouring, hieroglyphic pictures, capable, like ancient oracles, of almost any interpretation. Human nature appears to retain its credulity with immense tenacity; and the diviner, with commendable caution, to adopt a style of prophecy capable of any interpretation.

When Croesus sent to Delphos to know if his empire and government should be durable or not, the answer he received was, that he was secure until a mule should reign over the Medes. After he was overcome, he sent to Delphos to upbraid the oracle for deceiving him; but Apollo sent him word that by the mule he meant Cyrus, because he was born of parents of two different nations!

In this style of adaptation, Apollo is humbly imitated by the writers of hieroglyphic history, and the predictors by horoscope or cards of future events, and yet these, nevertheless, find dupes by tens of thousands.

Various are the methods by which modern tellers profess to read the future. We have some instances in which weird women have beguiled poor servant-

girls into a belief that their best clothes for holidays and Sundays must be entrusted to the sybil's keeping, ostensibly to be the subject of an incantation at twelve o'clock at night, but really—as the deluded wench finds out in time—to be pledged at the pawnbroker's, or sold at a wardrobe shop. There are other fortune-tellers who carefully avoid direct theft, but who, in taking current coin to read the future—the crossing of their hands with a piece of silver—are unquestionably obtaining money under false pretences. They pretend to tell their dupe's fortune by the lines on the palm of the hand; but can any person, after a moment's reflection, believe the thing possible? Cards are also another very common mode of telling fortunes, and these bits of pasteboard—these specimens of block printing—are represented as being the medium employed for the revelation of the future! In solemn silence the cards are to be shuffled (shuffling in fortune-telling being a most important proceeding); then to be dealt into three packets; then arranged, face uppermost, in certain rows, after which the reading begins, and we are told something like this—that a dark man (the king of spades) is in love with—that is to say, he has several good hearts towards her—a fair woman (the queen of diamonds); close to them is the wedding ring (ace of diamonds) and here is the house (the ace of hearts), and here (several diamonds coming together) a little bit of property! The absurdity of all this is transparent, but it is a humiliating fact that amid the boasted enlightenment of the nineteenth century, such absurdities should be credited, as we know they are. It is not for us to read the future—either by the stars in the heavens, or by the figure on a playing-card—and happy for us is it that such is the case. Were it possible, how many lives would be embittered by the shadow of approaching sorrow! and how much interest in present duty would be lost by knowing the fixed result of failure or success! The popular delusions on this subject have been and still are extravagant in their character; they have associated the extraordinary phenomena of Nature with the common-place facts of a brief human life, have pointed to imaginary signs in the heavens above and in the earth beneath, as prognostics of some new-born child's future destiny. What shall we say of these omens? What, but the reply of Hotspur to the boastful folly of Glendower:—

"GLENDEOWER: At my birth the frame and huge foundation of the earth shook like a coward.

"HOTSPUR: Why, so it would have done if your mother's cat had kilted, though yourself had ne'er been born."

## DOVER.

HOMEWARD-BOUND vessels, sailing up channel with a favourable breeze, pass close to the more prominent points of the English shore. Very cheering to the tired voyager is this near view of the white cliffs, and the whiter towns nestling beneath them, as on a summer evening he stands, telescope in hand, and spies out the loungers along the shore of some southern watering-place; and they, for their part, enjoy a new sensation, as they look curiously at the new arrival from the other side of the world, gliding smoothly and rapidly by, and wonder what news she brings.

To the persons upon her deck there is no object more striking along the line of coast than the town and castle of Dover, the fine position of which can only be fully appreciated by those who have seen it from a similar point of view. Standing at nearly the narrowest point of the channel, enjoying great natural advantages, and having been fortified by the labours of successive generations, Dover may be regarded as the key to the national defences. As the great thoroughfare to the continent, and the point of departure of the French mails, its commercial importance is considerable; and even apart from the circumstances to which we have alluded, the historical associations connected with the town must always render it an object of interest.

Dover, as every one knows, is one of the Cinque Ports, a name given to an association of towns on the south coast which have enjoyed, from very ancient times, special privileges and immunities. It is supposed that these privileges were originally conferred by Edward the Confessor; but it is certain that they existed, in some shape or other, before the Norman Conquest. Dover, Sandwich, and Romney only being mentioned in Domesday-book, it has been inferred that these three towns were banded together in the first instance. If so, William the Conqueror promptly improved the existing organisation, for the purpose of securing a communication with the Continent, and added two other towns, Hythe and Hastings, giving to the whole the name of the Cinque Ports, or five ports. Before the reign of Henry III., two other ports, Winchelsea and Rye, were admitted to equal privileges, and to each of the principal ports was attached a subordinate port, called a member of it. Strange to say, the changes in the coast line since that period have been so great as wholly to change the position of many of the Cinque Ports. Rye and Romney, which once stood upon the

binds me to the marriage. I may die, but I will never yield."

"All is over, then; I plead no more."

"That is well; it is folly to rage against the inevitable. The waves may dash themselves to foam against their barriers, but the rocks move not."

"True, and therefore—what shall I sing?"

And tossing over the great heap of music beside me, careless of the question I had asked, I selected a difficult and rattling *bravura*, under cover of the noise of which I strove to avoid any further conversation.

And thus day after day went on for a week, until at last the dreaded words were spoken, and after one more vehement appeal to his good feeling and honour, one more attempt to escape the hateful part I seemed destined to play, it was arranged that the ceremony of marriage should be performed at a quiet little church in the immediate neighbourhood, and that from thence we should proceed to Italy.

As I expected, Mr. Meredith did not yield the first point without some difficulty, insisting that the rite should take place in the house, that a special licence should be procured, and an old schoolfellow of his own officiate.

But this, as it would have destroyed all my hopes and plans, I of course resisted, and so strongly, that in the end Mr. Meredith, finding opposition useless, and believing, moreover, that after all it was a matter of very minor consequence, gave up the point, and agreed to my stipulation.

Then came a brief resting space—a pause in the life of persecution I had endured so long; and, oh! how thoroughly I enjoyed it.

But for the fears for the future, which, do as I would, I could not wholly banish, I should have been comparatively happy; for I had books, music, flowers, and drawings; everything but liberty and the privilege of solitude. But these great drawbacks I bore easily, knowing how soon they would be removed.

And yet, as the time wore on, and the day for the full accomplishment of my plot approached; as the preparations I could not prevent, and the conversations about the future which I could not silence, commenced and progressed, I grew more and more desponding.

Fear, lest my last hope should fail me, and by some untoward accident I should be unable to put my plan into execution; an aversion, which amounted to loathing, against profiting by the lavish generosity of the man I was preparing to deceive, and who would now have heaped the richest and rarest things upon me; a sick, nervous dread of the fast coming trial, upon which so much depended, all combined to make me wretched; and when the beautiful materials for dress and ornament, needful for the position I was supposed to occupy, were brought to me to choose from, I shrank away with such indescribable repugnance, as called forth expressions of the greatest astonishment from the woman who was still my sole attendant, and through whom everything reached me.

By her assistance the pattern of my dress had been obtained, from which the graceful bridal and travelling robes were made; and extreme, indeed, was her mortification, when, persisting in my refusal to admire or try them on, I peremptorily bade her carry them from my sight.

The gown I wore (that which I had brought from Ellerslie, and which was the only one I possessed) was oppressively heavy and warm, and it would have been a real comfort to change it for something better suited to the season; but although the value of many offered to me was very trifling, I could no more have accepted one—advantaged myself in the very least at his cost—than I could have laid myself voluntarily beneath the wheels of Juggernaut.

And so the last day came, and with its very commencement a great annoyance, although arising from a petty source.

(To be continued.)

### THE APPROACHING SOLAR ECLIPSE.

AMONG the varied phenomena of Nature, none possess greater interest to the reflective mind than the revelations of astronomy. That science unfolds a series of constantly-recurring events, which, in a peculiar manner, belong only to itself, and stand out in striking contrast to the many natural beauties exhibited throughout the universe. The range of observation is not confined to a few objects, but, on the contrary, is so expansive, as to present continually something or other to excite our thoughts and enlarge our knowledge of the laws which govern the distant orbs of the solar system. Thus, at one time, to the practical astronomer, transits of Venus

or Mercury occur, and the world of science verifies the exactness of the prediction of the event. At other times the phenomenon called an occultation of a star by another celestial body takes place, as in the case of the one which occurred on the evening of the 2nd of January, 1857, when the brilliant planet Jupiter was occulted or eclipsed behind the more radiant body of the moon, exactly at the moment science had predicted; and those possessed of telescopes of even small dimensions had an opportunity which seldom occurs of witnessing the interesting spectacle. Occasionally, as if to revive in the popular mind some attention to astronomy, a brilliant comet appears for a few months, and excites the curiosity of all by the complicated questions connected with its physical constitution and appearance. More frequently, eclipses of the sun and moon happen, and the interest is universal, in comparison with other celestial phenomena which require the use of powerful instruments to insure their visibility. Perhaps it may be said, that few of the wonders of the science of astronomy have a more striking effect on Nature than a solar eclipse. The busy world, contented with the mere fact of the prediction of the event, occupies itself with its every-day cares, and is at the appointed moment aroused from its apathy by the spectacle which reminds its beholders of the exact period having been foretold with an accuracy which excites justly the admiration and respect of the beholder. Although these phenomena frequently occur, yet very rarely does it happen that they are visible in England; and it is only at wide intervals that a total eclipse is witnessed in this country. Occasionally, when the expectations of those whose minds are less devoted to the more minute details of science are raised to the extreme, the expectation is disappointed from the unfavourable state of the atmosphere. Such was the case with the last solar eclipse of March 15, 1858. Great preparations were made in various parts of the kingdom to witness the phenomenon, yet it was a failure, so far as the general expectation was concerned. Enough, however, was afforded to convince the beholder of the fact of its occurrence, and to encourage the idea that future eclipses would be more favourably observed. Once more will this opportunity occur on the afternoon of the 18th of July, of the character termed a *partial eclipse*. The first contact of the dark shadow of the moon with the sun will occur at London at 1.38 p.m.; the middle of the eclipse will be at 2.48; and the total disappearance at 3.53 p.m. Supposing the sky be not obscured with clouds, as in the years 1851 and 1858, the time of the occurrence could not be more favourable, as the sun will then be shining in its greatest lustre very near the meridian, and the results attending the partial deprivation of its light will be more strikingly exhibited. The following remarks are calculated to excite curiosity as to the subject of eclipses, especially those which have recently occurred.

In the infancy of the world, not the least difficult of the problems encountered by the astronomer, in endeavouring to reconcile the confusion which then characterised the motions of the heavenly bodies, was the circumstance that at uncertain intervals the bright orb of day became obscured, the face of Nature underwent a momentary change, and what had before sparkled with radiance and beauty, was now clothed in the darkness of night; while at the same time, hardly were the senses aware of the fact, the brilliancy of daylight once more returned, and charmed the beholder with both awe and admiration. The thought might arise in the mind of some bold genius—"Are these difficulties capable of explanation, and will the time ever arrive when posterity will clearly comprehend the cause?" At that time there seemed no possibility of a realisation of the physical causes which governed matters so remote as the motions of the heavenly bodies. Yet in the present day, we are not only acquainted with the reason, but are enabled to calculate backward the recurrence of all eclipses, and to predict for some centuries the exact moment of those which are to come. To investigate the reasons which have gradually brought about this result is at all times interesting, but especially so at the present moment.

The first race of mankind were more favourably situated for astronomical research than the votaries of science in our own time. They had not the powerful instruments which we possess to bring near the remote objects of the far-off star-dust; yet they, in their day, were enabled, in a clearer atmosphere, and living to greater ages than are now allowed to men, to attain to a surprising degree of knowledge, almost equalling in comparison that achieved in our own times. To classify the fixed stars, and arrange them into constellations; to extricate from confusion the

regular and exact laws which now so clearly exhibit the phases of the moon; to distinguish the planets from the fixed stars, and to determine the time of their revolution round their primary; and, finally, to predict the eclipses of the sun and moon with any degree of accuracy—all these were the work of a lifetime, such as could, in fact, only be achieved by a patriarch. The Chaldean shepherds, after the Flood, living in the open air, very naturally paid much attention to astronomy, and it is to them we are probably indebted for the first successful prediction of an eclipse. They could have arrived at that pitch of perfection only by an attentive observation of the phases of the moon: first, she appeared in the western sky in the shape of a fine crescent of light; gradually the crescent increased to the half-circle; and, finally, became of a circular form, exactly in the opposite region of the heavens. Thus the times of change were made known, and the observers were enabled to predict their occurrence. As years rolled round, and the heavenly bodies were watched with more and more interest, it began to be remarked that an eclipse of the sun only occurred at the time of new moon, and, *vice versa*, an eclipse of the moon was never visible but at full moon. Putting all these facts together, what more natural conclusion could be arrived at than that the deprivation of the light of the sun and moon was caused by the interposition of some dark, opaque body between it and the earth? This could be proved by a close examination of the relative positions of the sun and moon at the occurrence of the next eclipse, and the hypothesis—a bold one at that early age—would either stand or fall. This was found to be correct, and here was a great step gained in the field of research, to the still further development of which the anxious astronomer gave his attention. All this time the discoveries of one man were transmitted to his descendants, and from one tribe to another, until we come down to the time of the Greeks, whose philosophers were accustomed to regard astronomical matters with a degree of superstition which contrasts strongly with the feelings entertained by men in the present day. Thales, a distinguished philosopher, who lived about 600 years before the Christian era, in the course of his travels in Egypt and other places had acquired much information, and was led to communicate the result of his researches to the inhabitants of his own nation, and under this impulse he formed a school called the *Ionian school*. His knowledge of astronomy was such that in the year 585 B.C. he predicted an eclipse of the sun, which is recorded by Herodotus, and which put a stop to the war between the Medes and the Lybians. This prediction was confined only to the year, and not—as in our own day—to the very minute of its occurrence. At the time the eclipse occurred which Thales predicted—which was to happen at Sardis or Miletus, in Asia—the same phenomenon was visible in North America, the southern parts of France, Italy, and even Athens, and not unlikely at Babylon. When an historical event is mentioned as occurring at the time of one of these remarkable eclipses, our astronomers can now calculate the time when the event happened, and in many cases verify the correctness of the record. Some traditions of observations of eclipses by Chinese historians have been handed down to our times. At a very early period much attention was paid to astronomy in China, and the labours of those who devoted their lives to such studies were sometimes rewarded with successful predictions of eclipses. From the year 164 of the Christian era, the study of astronomy in China fell into disrepute for some centuries, and on that account too much stress cannot be laid on Chinese observations of eclipses, which may be as much exaggerated as the age of their empire. This remark will not apply to the accuracy of the Grecian observations, which are generally found correct. In the first year of the Peloponnesian war, Thucydides informs us that a solar eclipse happened on the afternoon of a summer's day, the effect of which was so great that many of the stars were visible. This eclipse must have happened in the year 431 B.C.; and, by computation, it appears that on the 3rd of August in that year, a signal eclipse passed over Athens, corresponding very nearly to the account of Thucydides.

(To be continued.)

### POPULAR DELUSIONS.

#### MESMER AND THE MAGNETISERS.

THE ridiculous pretensions of the astrologers were in some degree rivalled by the professors of animal magnetism, who declared that all diseases were curable by their mysterious art.

Paracelsus and Van Helmont industriously promulgated all kinds of magnetic and sympathetic cures, and made the most impudent assertions about the wonderful works which they pretended to have accomplished, charging those who declined to accept their statements with drowsiness, ignorance, and obstinacy. The theory of the magnetisers was, that there existed among all bodies a certain magnetical or attractive agreement, a sort of sympathy between all natural things, and that a proper application of this principle led to the most astonishing results.

In the year 1639 a little book was published, under the title of "The Sympathetical Powder of Edericus Mohynus, of Ebuero," in which wounds were said to be curable without the use of ordinary remedies. The writer professed to trace the cure to the sympathetic action of the stars, but other writers on the same subject averred that the cure depended more on the directing will of the operator, than on astrological influence. Without wasting time in exposing the folly of either statement, we need only observe that any individual possessed of common sense will be convinced of the absurdity of the magnetisers' pretensions, by examining the practical parts of their system.

The magnet, or loadstone, was regarded as the main-stay of the magnetic system. Helmont says that the back of the loadstone, as it repulses iron, so also it removes gout, swellings, rheumatism—likewise it prevents the cramp. Paracelsus says that a cure might be effected in various ways, but one specimen will suffice:—"Take a magnet impregnated with mummy, and mixed with rich earth; in this earth sow some seeds that have a congruity or homogeneity with the disease; then let this earth, well sifted and mixed with mummy, be laid in an earthen vessel; let the seed committed to it be watered daily with a lotion in which the diseased limb or body has been washed. Thus will the disease be transplanted from the human body to the seeds which are in the earth. Having done this, transplant the seeds from the earthen vessel to the ground, and wait till they begin to sprout into herbs; as they increase the disease will diminish; and when they have arrived at their full growth, it will disappear altogether. Uldericus Balk declares that "if thou shalt inclose the warm blood of the sick in the white and shell of an egg, which is exposed to a nourishing warmth, and this blood, being mixed with a piece of flesh, thou shalt give to a hungry dog, the disorder departs from thee into the dog." Another writer tells us that "the root of the Caroline thistle being plucked up when full of juice and virtue, and tempered with the mummy of a man, will exhaust the powers and natural strength out of a man, on whose shadow thou shalt stand, into thyself." Again Paracelsus gives a receipt for curing wounds given with a sharp instrument:—"Take," says he, "of moss growing on the head of a thief who has been hanged and left in the air; of real mummy, of human blood, of each one ounce; of human suet two ounces; of linseed oil, turpentine, and Armenian bole, of each two drachms; mix all well in a mortar, and keep the salve in an oblong narrow urn." The method of cure was, to apply this salve, not to the wound, but to the weapon which caused the wound, simply washing the wound with clean water, and bandaging it with linen rag.

It is not necessary to offer any serious rebuttal to recipes when the ingredients are so abhorrent,

partake so much of the delusion of magic, and the application of which was never made to the part affected. Who would be silly enough to imagine that he could draw out the gout with a loadstone, transfer rheumatism to a plant, rid himself of any disease by passing it over to a dog, acquire strength

large hall was an oval vessel, made of oak, four or five feet in diameter, and one foot in depth. Bottles, filled with magnetic water, well corked up and disposed in radii, were laid at the bottom of this vessel; water was poured upon them, and iron filings thrown in, to heighten the magnetic effect, after which an iron cover was placed over the vessel. This cover was called the *bagnet*, and was pierced with holes, through which iron rods were passed, to be applied to the bodies of the afflicted. The room in which the magnetic fluid was applied was decorated in the most tasteful manner; everything which could charm the eye, everything calculated to excite the imagination and arouse the sensibilities, was introduced; the mellow light fell through windows of stained glass; the air was loaded with perfume; the voices of an invisible choir, hired from the opera, were heard; otherwise a solemn silence prevailed, and the attendants moved about as if impressed by the responsibility of serving the mysterious Mesmer. All this was calculated to produce the intended effect on the weak, nervous, and credulous crowds who attended his consulting rooms. On the delicate frames of sensitive women, the strange remedies used by Mesmer, no doubt, produced singular effects; but it was obvious enough that they were simply the effects which would be produced by any means which excited an overwrought imagination, in



MESMER'S OPERATING ROOM.

from standing in the shadow of a healthy man, or heal a wound by swaddling and anointing the knife which caused it? This last recipe of the weapon created much controversy when it first appeared; but as the wound was to be carefully cleaned every day, one writer says, surgeons at this moment follow exactly the same method, except anointing the weapon!

After causing much excitement and deluding a large number of people into a belief of their extraordinary powers, the magnetisers lost much of their popularity, which was, however, suddenly revived by Father Hell and Anthony Mesmer, about the year 1774. These men employed the loadstone as a cure for disease, and invented a mechanical contrivance of steel plates, which was applied to the body of the patient. Of these two, Mesmer is the best known. In 1766 he published a treatise on the "Influence of the Stars and Planets in the Cure of Disease." His publication was regarded only in the light of a reproduction of the doctrines of Paracelsus, Van Helmont, &c., and did not attract the attention which its author anticipated. Mesmer then gave out that he had restored the sight of a woman who had been totally blind for years; but when the matter was inquired into, the woman turned out to be still stone blind, which Mesmer declared was attributable to her own obstinacy! After the discovery of this obvious cheat, Mesmer thought it advisable to quit Vienna, and took up his abode in Paris, in 1778. There he began to excite attention. He taught that a universal fluid surrounded and penetrated all bodies, and was the first cause of all phenomena; that man could change the movements of this fluid, and augment or diminish the quantity in other individuals. He gave to it the name of the *Animal Magnetic Fluid*.

Mesmer established himself in Paris, and, surrounded by everything of the most costly and elegant description, received his patients, and found his reputation rapidly extending. In a

weak, nervous subject. Mesmer was incapable of acting on the strong-minded or able-bodied, neither could he operate on those who entertained doubts of his success. It was essential for the patient to resign himself entirely to the magnetiser, that he should disregard physics and metaphysics, remove all objections from his mind, and take for granted, as so many facts, all the assertions of the operator. Then, indeed, a temporary cure might be effected on those who had nothing the matter with them, except an imaginary disease; but those who were really suffering from severe maladies experienced no relief. The whole affair was a delusion. Those who thought they were ill, thought they were cured, and gave out that Mesmer cured them. The effects of imagination in these ways have been seen in thousands of cases before and since; even in some cases of real sickness, imagination will produce a beneficial effect. Who has not heard of the garrison at Breda (1625), cured of the scurvy by the supposed virtue of a drop of camomile decoction, in a gallon of water? And who, on the contrary, has not heard of the case, where a stream of cold water was poured on the neck of a condemned criminal who was expecting the executioner's axe, and who died on the spot? The wonderful effect which the excited imagination exerts over the body is patent; and to this cause, and no other, the partial success of the magnetisers is to be ascribed.

Mesmer professed to open the eyes of the blind, to impart strength to the paralytic, to heal all manner of diseases; but blindness, deafness, paralysis, severe cases of illness, were beyond his influence, and all he could do was to declare his patients obstinate and unbelieving. It is not within the province of this article to discuss the claims of modern mesmerism. That cures have been effected by its agency we have no hesitation in admitting; and we refer such of our readers as may be interested in the subject to an article on Anesthesia (vol. v., p. 222), in which the application of mesmerism in medical cases is fully discussed.

four or five inches long; and the rod, having been pared with your knife so as to fit in tightly, is fixed in the tube about two inches deep, leaving a similar length projecting, so as to form a socket into which to insert the next joint. The tube may be made fast to the first-mentioned piece by punching it with a bradawl, making a slight indentation of the metal enter the wood.

"Now I understand you, papa, and I think this would complete our second rod, when we had made a sufficient number of tubes of the right size."

"Yes, with one exception; for some kinds of fishing you will require a 'reel' or 'winch,' which will be attached to the butt-end of your rod, for the purpose of containing an extra amount of running-line, when you wish to 'play your fish.' Large fish, when they are hooked, frequently dart off with considerable speed and force, and it is prudent to give them plenty of line, and allow them to do so, otherwise your line would probably be broken. The reel will be best purchased at a shop where fishing-tackle is sold, as you cannot make one that will be nearly so efficient. You may, if you choose, try one or two substitutes. With a little ingenuity, a common cotton reel, of sufficiently large size, might be made to serve. But as one important use of the reel is the facility of rapidly lengthening or shortening the line, it is desirable to be able to wind or unwind with the greatest ease and celerity. I think, therefore, it will be desirable to purchase one. They are made of brass, and are bound to the butt-end of the rod with similar cord to that you used in your splicing."

"I think now, papa, we have learnt enough to make our rod sufficiently useful and complete. You promised to tell us something more of the tackle, the floats, the lines, &c."

"Perhaps another time I will do so; but I think you have enough to remember for the present."

(To be continued.)

## POPULAR DELUSIONS.

### ALCHEMY.

THE transmutation of base metals into gold was a delusion which held possession of the popular mind for centuries. Those who professed to know the secret were described as alchemists, and they rivalled each other in their ridiculous pretensions. Most of us recollect the nursery oddity, which stated that "Stephen John Afternoon, milk-pan weaver, made a glass pair of stairs out of a pig-stye parlour door;" and the pretensions of the alchemists were not in any degree less absurd, nor was the jargon which they employed less ridiculous in its nature. That credulous people should be deceived; that those who were greedy of gain should speculate in a scheme which promised to enrich them beyond the dream of avarice, is not surprising; all that seems really singular about it is, that some of the alchemists unquestionably believed in the ultimate success of their profitless pursuit, and that so many should be rash enough to profess to do that which was certain to invite investigation, and so likely to involve them in utter ruin. A writer, as recently as 1801, in treating gravely of the subject of alchemy, says:—"Geber is good—Artemus is better, but Flammel is best of all—and better still than these is the instructions" (not very excellent English, by the way), "which those who follow shall never want gold." A secret so important, so freely communicated to the whole world, ought to have completed an entire revolution in the affairs of public and private life. No one would have cared for the diggings; the gold-fields of California and Australia would have offered their auriferous treasures in vain; no chancellor of the exchequer would have needed to "cudgel his brains" on the solemn question of the budget; no one would have cared to venture on rash speculations in the City or on the course; no one would have been tempted to fraudulent dealings; and nobody in the wide world need have been short of money. The secret of how to make a brass candlestick or copper warming-pan into golden ingots, might have made us look for something better than gold as a test of respectability and position, and brains might have beaten bullion; but whatever might have been the result, many men would have given their ears to know the secret. Well, the secret has been disclosed for these sixty years, and the world is not a pound the better for it.

But the secret—what is the secret? asks the reader, impatient, of course, to begin at once on his coal-scuttle and fire-irons. Know then, that, according to the modern alchemists, the expense "thou must be at will be but a trifle." "All

the instruments necessary are but three—viz., a crucible, an egg philosophical, and a retort with its receiver. "Put your fine gold in weight about five pennyweights, fill it up, put it into your philosophical egg, pour upon it twice the weight of the best Hungarian mercury, close up the egg with an hermetic seal, put it for three months in horse-dung; take it out at the end of that time, and see what kind of form thy gold and mercury has assumed; take it out, pour on it half of its weight of good spirit of sal-ammoniac, set them in a pot full of sand over the fire in the retort, let them distil into a pure essence, add to one part of this mercury two parts of water of life, put them into thy philosophical egg, set them in horse-dung for another three months; then take them out and see what thou hast—a pure ethereal essence, which is living gold," and which was said to possess the extraordinary power of miraculously turning all baser metals into the most precious and durable gold!

Truly this was a very plain practical receipt, but—and "there's the rub"—one had to ascertain, first of all, what was meant by the water of life, and from whence it was to be obtained. To learn this secret was not by any means an easy matter; once known, the alchemists professed you would have the philosopher's stone, and not only be able to make gold, but explode disease and prolong life to an indefinite period, and become at once as rich as Croesus, and as deathless as the fabled Wandering Jew. But where was that philosopher's stone to be found? The alchemists themselves fell to logger-heads about it, and denounced each other as impostors.

The professors of alchemy maintained that the antediluvians knew all about the philosopher's stone. They pretended that Shem or Chem, the son of Noah, was an adept in the art, and traced the words *chemistry* and *alchemy* to his name. It is asserted that the art was practised by the Chinese 2,000 years before the Christian era. It certainly was professed very soon after the commencement of that era in the eastern world, and the prefix *al* to the word *chemistry* marks its connection with Arabia.

Geber, who lived in the eighth century, maintained that all metals laboured under disease which was to be cured only by pure gold; that the same valuable substance would heal every mortal malady; and that the secret of propagating gold, just as a plant might be propagated, was an arrangement of nature discoverable by man. He wrote 500 treatises to prove the truth of his assertions; and the style of these compositions justifies Dr. Johnson's etymology of the word *gibberish*, which, he says, was originally applied to the language of Geber and his tribe.

Raymond Lully—born at Majorca, 1235—ranked high as an alchemist. It is asserted that he made gold, while residing in the Tower of London, from iron, pewter, lead, and mercury, to the amount of six millions; but, unfortunately for the story, it is very doubtful whether he ever was in England, and more than probable that the origin of the statement of his enriching the Treasury by so large an amount, is traceable to the tradition that he was the first financier who suggested a tax upon wool, which brought in the sum named to the exchequer. But that Lully professed to make gold is beyond dispute; so did his friend Roger Bacon; so did Pope John XXII; it was the chimera of the old philosophers, all of whom dabbled in it more or less.

The believers in alchemy were confirmed in their faith of this golden dream when Nicholas Flamel, in the fourteenth century, a man who had all his life appeared as if in deep poverty, died and bequeathed an immense fortune for the foundation of churches and hospitals. He was known to have conducted numerous experiments for the discovery of the philosopher's stone, and when his wealth was suddenly disclosed, it was universally declared to be the result of alchemy. But a little investigation would have shown that Nicholas was a miser of the closest sort, and that he made money, not by magic spell or transmutation, but by conjuring and usury, cent. per cent. on moneys lent or debts collected!

The fifteenth century was remarkably productive of alchemists. Basil Valentine, a monk of Erfurt, in Germany, particularly distinguished himself in this art. He was of opinion that the metals are compounds of salt, sulphur, and mercury, and that the philosopher's stone was composed of the same ingredients. He wrote twenty-one books on the process of transmutation. These he placed in an inclosure within the stonework of one of the pillars of the church, and after his death they were supposed to be lost; but a thunderbolt shattered the pillar, and the manuscripts were discovered—the

pillar, on the veracious authority of Valentine's disciples, closing up again of its own accord!

It is unnecessary to pursue the histories of these old alchemists. They believed—from Hermes down to Woulfe, which includes a range of near four thousand years—all baser metals might be turned to gold.

Some of the alchemists were honest seekers after truth. They were deceived, by their limited range of observation and crude experiments, into the belief that it was possible to do that the utter impracticability of which is patent now-a-days to the meanest capacity. We should do injustice to some of these men to write them all down as rogues and tricksters, when want of knowledge was the sole cause of their deception. The labour and pains, watchings, vexations, and frettings, and especially the costs those unfortunate men plunged into, bear evidence of their sincerity. Prepossessed with the conceit of becoming rich on a sudden, they closed their ears against any arguments employed to disabuse them, and so sank themselves into the lowest degree of poverty. One of these men declared before he died that "if he had a mortal enemy, whom he desired to make miserable, he would advise him, above all things, to give himself up to the study and practice of alchemy."

The majority of the alchemists, however, were no better than swindlers. These were the men who were patronised and applauded. They resorted to every species of artifice to deceive their employers, and to reap a golden harvest for themselves. They put oxide of gold at the bottom of the crucible, carefully concealed from view, but ready to be discovered at any moment the alchemist thought proper. They made a hole in a piece of charcoal, filled it with powdered gold, and threw it on the baser metals to be transmuted, so that real gold might be found in the crucible. They put an amalgam of gold into the crucible with tin or lead, and thus exhibited grains of gold to the eyes of their credulous dupes. They used small pieces of wood hollowed at the end, and filled with gold filings, which in burning left the metal in the crucible. They whitened gold with mercury, and made it pass for tin, so that when it was melted, and the gold appeared, they might declare it was obtained by transmutation. They taxed their ingenuity to discover—not the philosopher's stone, but the best methods of deceiving their avaricious but simple-minded believers. The appearance of a few grains of gold gave an air of credibility to the impostor's pretensions, and induced the speculator to advance money, to sell his plate, to mortgage his lands, to plunge himself into difficulties, and to find himself, at last, a ruined and disappointed man.

In future articles we shall refer to charms and amulets, signs and omens, and stories of the apparitions of the dead.

## GARIBALDI.

### CHAPTER V.

HOWEVER they may have sneered at his talent as a commander, his greatest enemies have never cast a doubt upon the personal courage of Louis Napoleon. At the battle of Magenta, which lasted two days, the 3rd and 4th of June, he gave not only brilliant proofs of it, but of coolness and presence of mind, qualities equally necessary for a successful general.

From the best and most reliable accounts, it would appear that the French and Sardinian forces having effected their passage across the Ticino at Turbigo, took the enemy by surprise, and gained an important position, which was confided to the imperial guard, under the command of the Emperor himself. No sooner were the Austrians aware of this, than they made a tremendous attack upon it. The French, incited by the presence of their sovereign, who, whatever may be the real feelings of his subjects towards him, is decidedly the idol of the army, performed prodigies of valour, holding out against enormous odds until General MacMahon brought up his division, and drove them back with immense slaughter.

Neither our space nor design permits us to enter into the details of these important days. There is little doubt, however, that the sword of the gallant Irishman retrieved the error of his master and the fortunes of the day. Louis Napoleon, yielding to one to the impulse of his feelings, generally so completely under control, created his deliverer Duke of Magenta and Maréchal of France, as a recompense for this important service.

"You have saved the army," he exclaimed, as he embraced him on the field of battle. Like most



and don't loike to starve; so, if you'll give I summat to do, I'll be glad. I can turn a hand to anything, and bean't greedy for wage." The last was a most important consideration in the eyes of the mistress of The Grange.

"Not greedy for wage," she repeated; "umph! you don't look very strong."

"You should see I at plough!"

Miss Mendal had a couple of fields that required ploughing.

"How long have you been out of work?" she inquired.

"Sin Chewidden-day, missus."

Maude regarded the lad attentively; she recognised by the expression that he came from Cornwall, it being the name given by the miners to White Thursday—the Thursday preceding Christmas-day.

"Well," said Miss Mendal, "I will see if I can employ you; not that I really require any one—but—yes—. You may call at the house in the evening."

"Thank 'ee, missus."

"By-the-bye, what is your name?"

"Collin Crow," answered the boy. "Farmer Goodman knows I well, and will give I a cracker. I ha' slept in his barn sin I left work."

The mistress of The Grange said she would see Farmer Goodman in the course of her walks.

Little did her companion imagine that in the simple-looking rustic a protector was near, capable of coping in cunning with Miss Mendal herself. But we must not anticipate events.

Enough to add—Squire Beacham had kept his word.

(To be continued.)

## The German Language

CLEARLY TAUGHT AND QUICKLY LEARNT.

LESSON XXXIII.

In reviewing the instructions already given respecting the German language, you will find the difficulties to consist less in those important parts of speech, the nouns and verbs (which strikingly resemble our own), than in the words of less ostensible value—the articles, the conjunctions, and the prepositions.

As to the adjectives, those before the nouns follow, in a great degree, the rules that apply to the articles, and the adjectives that follow the noun remain, like the adverb, indeclinable.

Most of the verbs that are irregular with us are irregular in German; but we shall give you a list of the principal irregular verbs—that is to say, of the tenses in which irregularity exists.

The following prepositions we wish you to commit to memory, and particularly to remark what cases they severally govern. The names of these cases are affixed in an abbreviated form:—

A LIST OF SOME PREPOSITIONS IN GENERAL USE.

Neben, at the side of (dat. and acc.)

Nebst, together with (dat.)

Ob, over, at (dat.)

Oberhalb, above (gen.)

Ohne, without (acc.)

Sammt, together with (dat.)

Seit, since (dat.)

Sonder, without (acc.)

Trotz, in spite of (gen.)

Ueber, over, at (dat. and acc.)

Um, around (acc.)

Um-willen, for the sake of (gen.)

Ungeachtet, notwithstanding (gen.)

Unter, under, among (dat. and acc.)

Unterhalb, below (gen.)

Unweit, not far from (gen.)

Bermittelft, by means of (gen.)

Bermöge, by dint of (gen.)

Von, from (dat.)

Vor, before, ago (dat. and acc.)

Während, during (gen.)

Wegen, on account of (gen.)

Wider, against (acc.)

Zu, to, at (dat.)

Zufolge, in consequence of (gen.)

Zwider, contrary to (dat.)

Zwischen, between (dat. and acc.)

CONVERSATION WITH A GOLDSMITH.

I want a seal.	Ich habe ein Petschaft nötig.
That suits me.	Das steht mir wohl an.
I wish to have my initials A. B. engraven on it.	Lassen Sie meine Anfangsbuchstaben A. B. darauf stechen.
Allow me to see some bracelets.	Lassen Sie mich einige Armbänder ansehen.
I also want some earrings.	Ich brauche auch Ohrringe.
What is the price of this pin?	Was ist der Preis jener Nadel?
I cannot give so much for it.	Ich kann nicht so viel dafür geben.
Can you not abate something?	Können Sie Nichts ablassen?
No, sir, I make very little on it.	Nein, mein Herr, ich verdiene sehr wenig daran.
I never overcharge.	Ich überlege nie (or ich schlage nie vor), ich verführe Sie.
Well, I shall take this ring.	Run, so nehme ich diesen Ring.

## The Amateur Gardener.

BY GEORGE GLENNY.

DAHLIAS are now in perfection, and by carefully stopping all the growing points beyond the blooms, the plants will fill out to a surface and be covered with flowers.

When the buds appear at the ends of branches there are, in general, two stems with terminal buds, and one with a bud and a growing shoot by the side of it; this should be removed altogether—the two buds will grow the stronger through it, and, moreover, there being nothing to grow beyond them, they bloom in full view.

If the growing shoot be not removed, the branch shoots out beyond the blooms and conceals them in the foliage, so that the dahlia does not show half its flowers, and is not much of a favourite, because not grown in perfection.

The hollyhock is in bloom now, and unless stopped at some particular height, grows tall enough to be ugly. Those who desire to see them uniformly of one height, take the tops off at six feet or seven feet from the ground, and if after lopping they grow, top them again.

It is quite true that it shortens the period of flowering, but when they have done blooming for six feet from the ground, who cares to see the few flowers at the top, and the lower six feet bare?

Asters and stocks are in bloom, and if you have grown any in pots, sink a few in the beds and borders, in the places where larkspurs, nemophila, erysimum, and other annuals have done blooming.

But as they will not want moving until they may be thrown away, it will be better to treat them out of their pots, for it is in all cases a great relief to potted plants to put them in the open ground.

Layering the carnations and picotees, to propagate them with safety, is a work requiring attention; the leaves should be taken off the lower part of all the bottom shoots, up as high as to leave only three clear joints.

They are then bare stems with tufts of leaves at the top. These shoots are made to root by cutting a slit on the under side, half an inch long, and halfway through the stem, and up to the first joint below the leaves, but not into the joint.

The soil must then be stirred, and some silver sand stirred in amongst it; then bend the stem down, so that it may be pegged down, to leave only the leaves above ground; cover up and water.

Some begin the cut below the second joint from the leaves, and make the slit half-way through, and bring the knife to the next joint, and peg it

down, so that two joints of the layer shall be under ground.

Do not do as many do, cut the leaves square at the top; it retards the striking, and makes ugly plants; although our forefathers did so, and recommended it to others, it is a bad practice, and no good can come of it.

The pinks struck last month may be now planted out six inches apart, or, if intended to be wintered under glass, potted one each in a three-inch pot, or pairs in four-inch pots, using plain loam only.

Cut down the pelargoniums (show or fancy geraniums) and put in the cuttings. Three joints are plenty for a cutting. Cut the stem square, close under the lowest leaf or pair of leaves. Take off the leaves from that joint and the next, and one joint above them is sufficient.

Therefore some of the branches you cut off will make two cuttings. When you have three joints, put two in the soil and one above; but if you are pinched for stuff two joints will do, one in the ground and one above.

These may be placed in the common border under a handglass, and be well watered in; they must be shaded from the heat of the sun, and be occasionally watered.

The cut down plants should be pruned to a reasonable shape, and be set in the open ground till they break out into new shoots, when they may be turned out of their pots, the soil shook away, all the matted fibres taken from them, and be repotted with new compost in smaller pots.

Give balsams their last shift as soon as their roots reach the side of the pots they are in. Let the soil be two-thirds good loam and one-third dung rotted to mould.

Give plants in dwelling-houses all the air you can, water them all over the foliage, and if you have an opportunity let them have the benefit of a shower of rain.

We must not, during all this, neglect weeding, hunting for enemies among the fruit, trapping the earwigs among the flowers, keeping the birds from devouring the produce when it is ready, and especially the peas, of which we have known a whole crop spoiled in twenty-four hours.

## POPULAR DELUSIONS.

SIGNS, OMENS, CHARMS, AND AMULETS.

IN continuing our notices of popular delusions, we cannot omit some mention of the absurd importance attached by the weak and superstitious to the simplest circumstances of life, and how, by an attention to signs and omens, they render themselves inwardly miserable and outwardly ridiculous.

"We suffer," says the accomplished author of the *Spectator*, "as much from trifling accidents as from real evils. I have known the shooting of a star spoil a night's rest, and have seen a man in love grow pale and lose his appetite upon the plucking of a merry-thought. A screech-owl at midnight has alarmed a family more than a band of robbers; nay, the voice of a cricket has struck more terror than the roaring of a lion. There is nothing so inconsiderable which may not appear dreadful to an imagination that is filled with omens and prognostics. A rusty nail or a crooked pin shoot up into prodigies."

Many of these signs and omens are still recognised amongst us, and yet they are so utterly unreasonable, they are so laughably absurd, as to render unnecessary the employment of any serious argument to confute them. For example:

Tingling in the ear is a *sure sign* that somebody is talking about us. If the right ear tingle, our good qualities form the subject of conversation; if the left ear, we are being scandalised and condemned. The victim of the scandal-monger, anxious to punish his detractor, must bite his little finger, and thereby place the tongue of the evil-speaker in the same predicament!

To sit down to dinner in a party of thirteen is an omen of the death of one of the party during the twelvemonth. Beranger has given a poetical view of this superstition in his charming poem, "Thirteen at Table." The superstition is supposed to have arisen from the number present at our Lord's Last Supper. What can be more irrational than to suppose that, because thirteen people dine together, one of them must die before the close of the year? To be sure, the larger the number of diners the greater the probability of some of them dying; but that is not the cause of the superstition, as a fourteenth diner is supposed to break the fatal spell.

It is supposed to be unlucky to walk under a ladder, to meet an ass, to tread on a beetle, to

upset the salt, to forget to eat goose on Michaelmas-day, to let a chair fall backwards, to slip in walking, to feel a cold shiver, to talk to oneself, to sneeze three times, to have an itching in the nose, or to hear the ticking of the death-watch. Many other examples of the omens of bad fortune might be adduced, but the foregoing may suffice. Their absurdity is obvious, and the misery unnecessarily occasioned by any attention to them is equally clear. If every trivial occurrence is construed into a warning, what a wretched life we must lead! In one sense we may admit the force of these evil omens—as walking under a ladder is a little dangerous when a bricklayer is ascending with a hod of bricks; to tread on a beetle is very unlucky for the beetle, and to slip in walking may dislocate the ankle; an itching in the nose, a shivering in the back, sneezing three times, or three times three, is a certain omen that you have taken cold; and with regard to thirteen sitting down to dinner, it is most unlucky when there is only dinner enough for twelve! But of course this is not the sense in which the superstitious regard these signs—people who pick up with trembling anxiety a bit of half-burnt coal that has popped out of the fire, and carefully examine it, to determine whether it be a purse or a coffin!

Signs of good luck are no less absurd than the omens of evil fortune. For example—It is fortunate to be followed by a strange dog; to have a black cat voluntarily take up its abode in your house; to sit between a married couple at dinner; to meet a piebald horse—on which happy chance, spitting three times and wishing for what you most require, is recommended; it is also fortunate to experience a tingling in your right hand; to sneeze twice; to put on, by accident, your stockings wrong side out; and to have a swarm of bees alighting in your garden. Why these occurrences should be signs of prosperity is a question that superstition never asks nor answers, but they are still received as positively true, and supposed to be calculated with the same certainty as the ebb and flow of the tides, or the change of the moon.

It is a singular anomaly, the existence of such superstitions amid the enlightenment of the nineteenth century; but that such idle belief in these childish delusions does actually prevail to a large extent is beyond question. There are people still who entertain a dread of living in a corner house, and regard with apprehension the guttering of a badly-made candle, as the tallow rises into the imaginary form of a shroud. The sale of dream-books is a sure "sign" of popular credulity, and the delusive notion entertained with respect to lucky and unlucky days is at once painful and ridiculous. Nothing must be begun on a Friday—unluckiest of days—as no good can come of anything so begun; and yet it was on a Friday Columbus discovered America, and that the New World was added to the Old!

Leaving the subject of signs and omens, we may here advert to some of those charms by which, in the old time, and to some extent, unhappily, in our own, bad fortune was supposed to be averted.

In the pronunciation of a certain form of words—bordering so close upon profanity as to render them unfit for publication—it is gravely stated, in a volume brought out by a respectable publisher not many years ago, that there is a "ready, cheap, easy remedy" for diseases, "whereby a poor, miserable wretch will reap more real benefit than in a whole shop of an apothecary's drugs." A certain cure for the ague is stated to be the possession of a clean piece of paper, thus inscribed with the word "abracadabra"—

A B R A C A D A B R A  
 B R A C A D A B R A  
 R A C A D A B R A  
 A C A D A B R A  
 C A D A B R A  
 A D A B R A  
 D A B R A  
 A B R A  
 B R A  
 R A  
 A

This charm was used during the prevalence of the Great Plague of London in 1665. "It is here to be particularly noticed by us," says the writer to whom we have referred, "that in forming a charm or amulet, it will be of no effect, except the very soul of the operator is strongly and intensely exerted and impressed, as it were, and the image of the idea sealed on the charm or amulet; for without this, in vain will be all the observations of times,

hours, and constellations; therefore this I have thought fit to mention, once for all, that it may be almost always uppermost in the mind of the operator, for without this one thing being observed and noticed, many who form seals, &c., do fall short of the wished-for effect."

A statement such as this exhibits at once the complete fallacy of amulets and charms. They were not to be relied on; they failed in producing the "wished-for effect," because the "soul of the operator" was not "strongly and intensely exerted." The prescriptions of the physician depend on no such influence. You want no "image of an idea sealed" on a dose of senna. But in magic everything depended on the condition of the operator, and therefore every detected failure was readily excused by want of "intensity" on the part of the charmer, or absence of faith on that of the charmed.

But to proceed. Those who dealt in charms and amulets, held that everything in nature had a natural antipathy to something else, and that the presence of the one would necessitate the absence of the other. Thus, treacle was said to be repugnant to poison; the amethyst stone to drunkenness, coral to cholera. A live duck applied to the stomach of a patient afflicted with the colic, was said to be a certain cure to the sufferer, and certain death to the duck! Swallowing the heart of a lapwing was supposed to improve the intellect, warm the imagination, and sharpen the wit! The eyes of a frog, bound to the sick person, was declared to be a certain cure for the tertian ague; the right eye of a serpent was the cure for ophthalmia; and the tooth of a mole was said to give immediate relief in tooth-ache! The chrysolite stone was said to be singularly good for the lungs, and to cure asthma; and still more singular, bored through and filled up with the mane of an ass, it would "drive away all folly."

Statements of this description require no serious comment; and yet they were firmly believed not long since, and in a less degree are still received by a number of ignorant or superstitious people. In a work published in the present century, we are told that "the sword with which a man is slain hath wonderful power; for if the snaffle of a bridle, or bit, or spurs be made of it, with these a horse ever so wild is tamed, and made gentle and obedient." Probably the author of this ridiculous statement would account for Rarey's success on this hypothesis! Again he says, "The most certain cure for a violent headache is to take any herb growing upon the top of the head of an image; the same being bound or hung about one with a red thread, it will soon allay the violent pain thereof." This is a valuable recipe, *supposing it was true.*

(To be continued.)

A FEW HINTS TO OUR FAIR READERS ABOUT TO MARRY.

OUR fair readers must not suppose that we have ceased to think about them and their interesting position, because we have been for some time silent. The prize essay written on the subject of Marriage, rendered other essays on the topic superfluous during the time of its publication; but we are by no means of opinion that this essay has superseded our "Hints."

Our "Hints" have a more general application in the advice that they tender than the prize essay to which we have alluded above. They are addressed to persons of all the various grades in the social scale, constituting our readers. At one time they are more applicable to those whose families have already attained an easy position, at another to the daughters of such as are pressing forward to it.

When we have concluded our hints to persons about to marry, we shall devote our attention to those for whom the silken knot has been already tied, and as relates to them our views will be equally comprehensive.

In the present chapter we mean to speak of absence, and how lovers can best endure it.

The pains of absence are very severe for sensitive natures, though mere worldlings make light of them, and though elderly people have forgotten them.

Every period of life has its trials. The weakness, the ailments, and the ignorance of childhood, the struggle and the toil of manhood, and the infirmities of age! But the sorrows of youth, are, generally speaking, sentimental sorrows; in fact, the sorrows of love. Of these, absence is one of the most trying.

Absence of the loved one is more severely felt by

the fair sex than by gentlemen, and this, not because the latter love less earnestly, but because the seclusion and retirement of female existence nourish sentimental sorrows.

The calls of business—calls that must be attended to—oblige the most ardent lover to turn his thoughts from his adored Julia, Anna, Lucinda, or whoever she may be, and thus the tyranny of one only idea succumbs. With ladies, the case is often very different.

Part of the misery of absence consists in the feverish longing for a pleasure which cannot be enjoyed—viz., the society of the absent loved one.

The more our fair readers, whose swains are far away, indulge in reveries, the more will they suffer from vain wishes and restless impatience—a state of feeling that often preys seriously on the spirits, and even the health.

What we advise is, that they should endeavour to do for themselves what circumstances do for their lovers—viz., force themselves from the one absorbing thought into active exertion of some kind. Let them, above all things, avoid solitude, and even deny themselves the pleasure of constantly talking of their lovers. Let them not seek too often the scenes that are associated with them; let them also portion out their time for their various duties. Industry will be distasteful to them at first, but by degrees society and employment will introduce a fresh and healthy train of thought.

Sentimental poetry has its advantages in some cases, as it refines the taste and softens the heart; but, on this very account, pining lovers should avoid it—their hearts are too soft already. They should have recourse to reading that will strengthen the mind—to the biography of self-made men, for instance, or to tales of stirring adventure—of shipwrecks, battles, and heroic deeds.

Resolution to conquer unavailing regret will soon bear its fruits. Cheerfulness and peace of mind will succeed to gloom and restlessness, and the absent one will not be loved less, but more wisely.

These hints are, of course, intended for affectionate, sensitive, gentle natures. They are quite unnecessary for some of the thoughtless young girls of the present day, to whom a lover is only an admirer, and with whom "out of sight is out of mind."

They care much more for compliments and adulation than for love—a sentiment which they cannot understand.

Such characters are heartily despised by men, but very often, if ladies look pretty, they are supposed to be amiable.

Men have not much sympathy with excessive grief in the fair sex; but complete indifference, where they themselves are concerned, is very repulsive to them.

Zillah—never recovered her influence after one convincing proof of want of feeling. Francis Brown had been paying his addresses to her for some time. He was a very respectable young tradesman, lately taken into partnership by his employer. With a view to his marriage with Zillah, his devotion to business had been so unremitting that it had injured his health. He had been sent into the country to recover his strength.

As Zillah had suffered very little from his absence, the announcement of his approaching return gave her little pleasure. In his letter were contained these words, "If my medical man allows me to travel I shall be with you on the evening of Wednesday next. I count the moments till we meet, &c. &c. &c." For this very evening Zillah happened to have an invitation.

She waited till seven for the arrival of Francis, and then, only too willing to give him up, she dressed herself showily, and went off to a gay party.

Francis arrived at eight, and it would be difficult to describe his mortification at finding Zillah out. He hoped his letter had miscarried, but Zillah's little sister soon let him know it had been received. The shock of finding Zillah so indifferent to him almost occasioned a relapse, but it opened his eyes to her real character, and he began to doubt her being suited to him.

Zillah was very much provoked when, on her return, she heard that Francis was returned, for she had no idea of offending him seriously, and of giving up a good match. She tried to make amends when next she met her lover by increased devotion, but it did not succeed; and as he no longer beheld her with the same eyes, the courtship only lagged on for awhile, and at length Zillah and Francis quarrelled and parted for ever.

Thus, "our fair readers about to marry" may not only suffer too severely from their lovers' absence, but there is such a thing as taking it too lightly.

are starved with famine, live not above seven days;"\* that there are seven modulations of the voice, seven circles in the heavens, seven days of the week, seven planets, seven stars about the Arctic Pole, seven stars in the Pleiades, and seven colours in the rainbow; seven ages of the world, seven changes of man, seven liberal arts, seven mechanical arts, seven metals, seven "holes in the head," seven pair of nerves, seven mountains at Rome, seven wise men of Greece, and seven sleepers at Ephesus! It would be hard to say what all this proved, except the idle fancies and ridiculous assumptions of the astrologers. It does show us, however, how grossly ignorant and childishly credulous those must have been, or who attach any importance to assertions and practices so palpably absurd.

In our next article we propose dealing with some of the popular delusions about ghosts, and with that subject to bring our series of sketches to a close.

#### A FEW HINTS TO OUR FAIR READERS ABOUT TO MARRY.

WE must add one serious reason to those we advanced in the last chapter against writing very long letters. If these letters are not filled up with gossip, as were "Euphemia's," then, in all probability, they are replete with enthusiasm; and as feeling, like everything else, changes and passes away, it is by no means improbable that the writer will repent of this enthusiasm.

Passionate speeches are forgotten or indistinctly remembered, and the fondest looks leave no record behind them; but written documents remain years after they are penned. Years do we say?—we have still letters in our libraries, the originals of which were written by hands that for centuries have mouldered in the grave.

But it is less for the sake of posterity than for your own that we advise you to be not quite un-mindful of possibilities, even when writing to your lover. We do not mean that your style should be stiff and cold. Far from it. Your future husband has a right to your love, and the pen, like the tongue, should be the heart's interpreter. But avoid absurd exaggeration in your epithets, and shun all romantic absurdities.

Persons about to marry do not always get married. If you look over past chapters of these "Hints," you will see how often faults that some might think trivial lead to the dissolution of engagements, and remember that we have devoted our attention principally to the faults and failings of our fair friends; their suitors' errors also ruffle but too often the course of love.

Without any fault on the lady's side, the caprice or coldness of the gentleman may occasion the breaking off of the engagement.

It is better when mutual affection ceases that the parting should be peaceably agreed upon. It seems to us, that any man who could woo and win a young girl's affections, and become indifferent to her as soon as the charm of novelty passed away, is not to be regretted; and, in many cases, she has reason to rejoice that she found out his heartlessness before, not after, marriage. But there are cases in which ruthless triflers ought to meet with their deserts; and how much sorer the young lady might wish to conceal her sorrow and weep in private, her parents may consider it their duty to urge her to prosecute the deceiver, in order that he may not go unpunished, to play the same cruel part with another maiden, and spread misery in other peaceful homes.

Where a suitor—who is possessed of this world's goods—amuses himself with courtship, captivates a young girl's heart, and then leaves her to divert himself with something new, we should be among the first to recommend an action for "breach of promise;" and, had we to assess the damages, the trifler should not come off easily. But what can a tone—to her he has deceived—for wounded feelings and blighted hopes? At any rate, when all is known, and when even the love-letters are produced in court, if discretion has guided her pen, she will have nothing to blush for.

When persons about to marry (before taking the desperate plunge), change their minds by common consent, the letters should be returned to the writers of them; and no gentleman who has a nice sense of honour hesitates, on receiving back his letters, to comply with the lady's request to return them. But, unluckily, all men have not a nice sense

of honour, and sometimes there is difficulty in recovering the letters—another reason for caution in writing them.

Subject as engagements are to casualties, ladies should not be too prompt in giving their portraits to their lovers.

Before the discovery of photography the cost of a likeness in miniature was a barrier to the indiscriminate interchange of portraits; now it can be effected with little expense to either party. But woman's delicacy of feeling is unaltered, and it would still be equally galling to a sensitive young lady to think that an inconstant lover had it in his power to hold up her likeness as a trophy of his own power and as a butt of ridicule for his friends.

In the early part of the engagement the suitor can hardly aspire to the possession of the lady's likeness; and in the latter, why should he ask for the picture just as he is about to be blessed with the original?

It is in the event of absence that the portrait of the beloved one is so great a solace, and it were wrong to deny lovers any rational consolation in their affliction. All we wish to show is, that such a proof of affection as a portrait should not be given thoughtlessly by our fair readers, and that what our lively neighbours call a *gage d'amour*, "a pledge of love," should be *par l'amour obtenu*, "obtained by love," not by the passing fancy of an hour, but by affection so faithful, that the object of it may reasonably hope it will prove to be what the amiable poet so charmingly describes:—

"The love that soothes life's latest stage,  
Proof against sickness and old age,  
Preserv'd by virtue from declension,  
Becomes not weary of attention,  
But lives when that exterior grace  
Which first inspired the flame decays."

#### Scientific Notes.

**LIFE-BOAT SERVICES.**—It is satisfactory to find that during the terrific gales of the months that have passed of the present year, the life-boats in connection with the Royal National Life-boat Institution have been instrumental in rescuing one hundred and fifteen of our fellow-creatures from a watery grave, as well as assisting vessels with valuable cargoes safely into harbour. Nearly all the services of the life-boats took place, as usual, during stormy weather and heavy seas, and frequently in the dark hour of night; yet not a single accident happened either to the crews or the boats.

**MARSHES OF THE GIRONDE.**—There is a vast marshy tract in the west of France, tenanted by frogs and wild fowl, the barrenness and uselessness of which have hitherto proved impracticable to the industry of man, yielding him no harvest, but rendering the vicinity unhealthy. Amid all changes of dynasty, this source of pestilence has been neglected. Immense sums were squandered on the fountains of Versailles and Neuilly, or in turning cultivated land into forests for the recreation of royal voluptuaries, but this means of benefiting the nation was overlooked. This tract is now being scientifically drained, by order of the Government, and will probably be shortly one of the most productive regions of the south. When this is effected, the type of pestilential fever peculiar to the spot will disappear; oak and beech will replace the straggling osier and broom, and corn will wave in the now stagnant pools.

**MECHANICAL POWER.**—Strange applications of power are occasionally made in America; we have ourselves watched the operation of lifting and moving a large brick dwelling to a considerable distance with wonder; but nothing can exceed in this way a late occurrence at Chicago, when a block 320 feet long, consisting of thirteen large stores and a splendid marble bank, presenting an unbroken front, was raised bodily from its foundations to a height of 4 feet 8 inches in 5 days, and was then built up to from below by the masons. At the time, the houses were filled with occupants engaged in their wonted affairs, yet not a pane of glass was broken or any of the interiors disarranged by the movement! The entire weight raised was estimated at 35,000 tons, 6,000 screws and 600 men being engaged in the process.

**GIGANTIC BURNING GLASS.**—Mr. Brettel, an ingenious artist of Islington, has succeeded in producing an extraordinary glass lens of unusual power and dimensions. With a diameter of 3 feet, it fuses in a few seconds platinum, iron, steel, flint, and the most refractory substances. A diamond—the most infusible of all things—weighing 10 grains, placed within its influence, lost 4 grains in weight

within half an hour. During this process of tentative fusion, the gem, while emitting pale white fumes, expanded and unfolded itself like a flower bud in the very act of bursting from its calyx; but when the diamond was withdrawn from the focus of the lens, it resumed its proper form, lucidity, hardness, and susceptibility of polish. A lens the counterpart of this, made in England during the last century, was one of the presents to the Emperor of China taken out by Lord Macartney's embassy.

**TETANUS.**—A Swiss medical journal mentions the successful employment of tartar emetic in a case of tetanus, or lock-jaw—that terrible disease for which science has hitherto found no cure. Accidental laceration of a finger had been followed by gangrene and lock-jaw, and the age of the sufferer, who was 63, was unfavourable to recovery. Repeated doses of tartar emetic were given, half a grain every thirty minutes, in conjunction with warm baths, morphine, and chloride of potash, and this treatment effected his recovery. The tartar emetic produced copious evacuation, but little vomiting, and may be considered as the principal agent in the case, the other medicines being merely alleviatives.

## GARIBALDI.

### CHAPTER IX.

FROM the day when Garibaldi resigned his command in the Sardinian army, men naturally asked themselves what next would follow; no one believed in his inactivity: the whole life of the hero gave a contradiction to such a supposition. Some speculated on an attempt to revolutionise Rome and secularise the Papal States, whilst the more far-sighted cast their eyes towards Sicily, where insurrectionary symptoms had already manifested themselves, and been partially repressed. Every fortress was in the hands of the Neapolitans, the people only partially armed.

In organising his expedition, the Liberator of Sicily was placed in a perilous position with the Sardinian Government. It would be useless to inquire whether the ministry were sincere in their prohibition, or decided upon seizing the arms and ammunition collected in Genoa, till they ascertained that the expeditionists had other supplies. To all appearances they fulfilled the obligations of international law, and cleverly deprived diplomacy of the right to call them to an account.

Garibaldi was acting on his own account, and Sardinia had nothing to do with him.

Two days previous to the sailing of the expedition a small ship had cleared from Genoa to Malta—a mere blind, for every one knew her destination. It was on board of this vessel that Garibaldi and more than half of his followers embarked. They consisted principally of his own tried companions, Chasseurs des Alpes, Romagnols, Lombards, and several Genoese. A second expedition sailed from Leghorn, and joined the former at sea.

It was a small force to attack an army with, in possession not only of every strong place in the island, but well supplied with artillery and ammunition; but its leader was one who never yet calculated odds when the liberty of his country called him into action. If Fortune favours the brave, never had soldier a greater claim upon her smiles.

Before sailing, the papers in Turin published the following letter, written by the hero to a friend:—

"It is the duty of all to encourage, aid, and augment the number of combatants against oppression. It is not the insurrectionary party in Sicily whom we are assisting, but Sicily herself, where there are enemies to contend with. It was not I who advised an insurrection in Sicily; but from the moment that our Sicilian brethren threw themselves into the struggle, I considered it my duty to assist them. Our battle cry will be, 'Italy and Victor Emmanuel!'"

Crime and oppression generally bring the fitting punishment with them. If the Governor of Marsala had not given an order to disarm the inhabitants of the city generally, including even the consuls, Captain Murray's vessel, the Intrepid, would not have placed itself, probably, in such a position as to prevent the Neapolitan ships of war from firing upon the two steamers which conveyed the expedition. That gallant officer had landed to consult with the vice-consul as to the steps necessary to take in consequence of the latter having been forcibly compelled to give up his arms. The first steamed rapidly up to the mole, and immediately commenced discharging large bodies of armed men; the second unfortunately grounded about a hundred yards from the entrance to the harbour.

\* A learned writer on magic omens to this, and instances the case of a friend of his, a "Dr. Spurr" who lived upwards of two years upon a gooseberry a day! He adds, somewhat significantly, "this gentleman was particularly abstemious in his diet."

You should come in.

Sie sollten hinein-  
gehen.

It is near eight o'clock.

Es ist beinahe acht  
Uhr.

Let us make haste.

Lassen Sie uns eilen.

## The Amateur Gardener.

BY GEORGE GLENNY.

As this is the season in which bulbs of all kinds may be purchased, and, as a general rule, the earlier they are purchased the better they are likely to prove, we will offer a few remarks on the various methods of cultivating them.

First, in pots of mould, like any other plants; secondly, in water; thirdly, in wet sand; fourthly, in moss; lastly, in the open ground.

In pots of mould every one of the early-blooming kinds will succeed; hyacinths, early tulips (late ones are very difficult to grow anywhere but the open ground), snowdrops, crocuses, jonquils, narcissuses.

The soil best adapted for this kind of culture is sandy loam, or loam from rotted turf two parts, and dung rotted to mould one part: this is both light and rich; but as loam cannot be at all times and in all places procured, it must be made sandy by mixing sand with it, and then take your measure of both.

In the event of not being able to procure these separate things to mix, you may always command sufficient soil at the nursery where you buy your bulbs, or you may for a trifle get the nurseryman to pot them for you.

Hyacinths should be grown in pots six inches across, but there are pots made deep on purpose for them, narrower and deeper than the ordinary pots, for those who prefer them; those, however, which are six inches across are deep enough.

Fill these two-thirds full, after putting some crocks (bits of broken flower-pots) at the bottom to keep the soil from washing through the hole, place the bulb on this and fill up to within a trifle of the top, and knock the bottom of the pot on the table to shake the soil closer, and then it will be within half an inch of the top of the rim.

This is necessary to leave room for water enough to run through all the soil whenever you fill it up. When the pot is too full of mould, and there is not room for water, you have to put little at a time and stand over it while it runs through.

When potted, you have only to take care that the soil never afterwards gets dry. You may put the pots in any hole or corner till the plant makes its appearance above ground, when you must keep it in the lightest place you have—a window is the best, and give all the air you can by opening the window or putting the plants outside.

The hyacinth is perfectly hardy, and may be exposed all the winter without danger; but if kept within doors it will bloom from one to two months earlier, although not better; these, however, are especially adapted for house culture.

Tulips may be put three in a six-inch pot. Jonquils also, snowdrops, and crocuses may be put half-a-dozen in a four-inch pot; narcissuses, one in a six-inch pot. Pot them just the same, in similar soil, and treat them in the same way.

In water, these subjects grow nearly as well as in mould. Glasses are made on purpose large enough for narcissuses, and small enough for a single snow-drop; as well as intermediate sizes for jonquils, crocuses, and early tulips.

Use river or rain water; and fill up the glasses so that the water just touches the bottom of the bulb, but not higher. The glasses may be put in a cupboard, or anywhere in the dark, till the bulb starts into growth.

There is a strong notion prevalent that they are better for this early darkness; we confess, that having grown them both ways for years, we have not discovered any difference; and, as glasses are an ornament, most people like to show them directly.

They may be on the mantel-piece until they start at top, and then they must have all the light you can give them; the middle ledge of the window is the best place.

When grown in wet sand it is generally in the water-glasses, and the sand must be kept wet, for if neglected the roots soon wither, and if too long left to themselves, perish altogether.

When bulbs are grown in wet moss, it matters but little what vessel it is in; a punch-bowl, a fancy dish, a vase, or any kind of ornamental bit of glass

or crockery will answer. The moss must be short and close, and be pressed hard to within a little of the top; then the bulbs must be placed upright in the order they ought to flower; suppose it to be hyacinths, one in the centre and half-a-dozen round it if it be a circular, but the grouping is a matter of taste. When placed, tuck fine green moss between and above them, so as nearly to cover them, and the moss must never be dry; but we have seen them watered until the water itself reached up to the bulb, and few things look better than bulbs grown in this way, if well chosen.

Bulbs in the open ground can hardly go wrong, and it is to be regretted that they are not more cultivated than they are. First, because they never fail if bought in good health; secondly, because they appear before any other flowers, and make a border more brilliant than any other kind of plants can make them, even in summer time; thirdly, because the colours are so diversified that we can make any display we please. The hyacinth may be had of all shades—of red, blue, and purple, as well as pure white and yellow. Early tulips—scarlet, purple, lake, rose, yellow, orange, white, and striped; and the white of the snowdrop, and the yellow and white of the narcissus are familiar. With a selection of these things a border may be interesting from February till the end of May. Plant all these bulbs three inches deep, and then leave them to take care of themselves; and no matter how soon they are planted.

## POPULAR DELUSIONS.

CHARMS, AMULETS, ETC.

IN proceeding to notice the doctrines of talismanic magic with regard to the construction and composition of seals, rings, images, &c., it is scarcely necessary to observe, that any serious argument to invalidate their utility is rendered superfluous by the extreme absurdity of the things themselves.

As a fundamental article of belief, it was held by the magicians, that all the stars had their peculiar natures, properties, and conditions, and communicated by their rays their own properties to inferior things; that is to say, a star shining on a stone imparted to the stone part of its own individual character. It was therefore maintained, that the student of astrology must acquire a knowledge of the virtue and efficacy of "perfumes, or suffumigations and vapours," which were of force for "the opportunely receiving of celestial gifts under the rays of the stars." For example, the adept wanted to raise a storm of thunder and lightning—what was he to do?—*burn a chameleon's liver on his hearth!* Or he was anxious to collect curious specimens of serpents, and burning the bones in the upper part of a hart's throat was his *infallible* receipt for bringing the snakes together. Supposing he wished to dismiss them—burning a little of the hart's horn immediately effected his purpose. The lungs of an ass being burnt were said to put all poisonous things to flight. The fume of the burnt hoof of a horse drove away mice; and that of the left foot of a mule drove away flies!

Suffumigations were used in all the instruments of magic. Some of the magicians asserted that if any one should hide gold or silver, or any such like precious thing (the moon being in conjunction with the sun), and should perfume the place with coriander, saffron, henbane, and black poppy, of each the same quantity, and bruised together and tempered with the juice of hemlock, that which was so hidden should never be taken away therefrom, but that spirits should continually keep it, and if any one endeavoured to take it away by force, they should be struck by frenzy.

The use of suffumigations in the manufacture of a talisman was declared to be essential to their real value. If made under the influence of the sun, perfumes agreeable to the sun were to be used; if made under the influence of the moon, "lunary things" were to be employed. It may not be uninteresting to furnish one or two recipes for the composition of perfumes appropriate to the planets.

For example—Venus: "Take musk, ambergris, lignum aloes, red roses, red coral, and mix them up with sparrows' brains and pigeons' blood."

For Saturn: "Take the seed of black poppies, henbane, mandrake root, loadstone, and myrrh, and mix up with the brain of a cat and a little bat's blood."

The twelve signs of the zodiac, as well as the planets, had their own proper suffumigations, namely—Aries, myrrh; Taurus, pepper-wort; Gemini, mastic; Cancer, camphire; Leo, frankincense, &c. The most powerful fume was said to

be a compound of the seven aromatics—pepper-wort, nutmeg, lignum aloes, mastic, saffron, cinnamon, and myrtle.

In reading these instructions in books on talismanic magic, it is difficult to imagine any individual stupid enough to place any credence in such ridiculous recipes. We are satisfied that the age must have been dark indeed when such things were received and believed; and yet we find the title-page of such books bearing the date of this enlightened nineteenth century! The credulity of the popular mind is not so great as it was in former times, but it is still affected by the delusions of the pretenders to things spiritual and unseen.

Rings, it is asserted by the magicians, "when opportunely made," impress their virtues upon those who wear them, and fortify them against "sickness, poisons, enemies, evil spirits, and all manner of evil things." A writer on this subject informs his readers that he is acquainted with every method for the manufacture of such articles, but prefers reserving them to himself, on the ground that he is "not willing to throw pearls before swine." He is, however, good enough, notwithstanding this unbecoming remark, to furnish one or two *simple* recipes, which we take the liberty to quote:—

"When any star ascends in the horoscope (fortunately, with a fortunate aspect or conjunction of the moon, proceed to take a stone and herb, that is, under the star, and likewise make a ring of the metal, that is, corresponding to the star; and in the ring, under the stone, put the herb or root, not forgetting to inscribe the effect, image, name, and character, as also the proper suffume."

The obscurity of the directions are in accordance with the whole doctrines of talismanic magic, wherein it seems to have been the object of the writers and practitioners to keep everything as dark as possible. Such things will never bear the light, and require to be kept at a mysterious distance from the deluded mortal who trusts in them; familiarity would breed contempt.

Magical rings were exceedingly popular in the old time, and galvanic rings (a cure for the cramp, &c.) are still seen on the fingers of some simple-minded people. There is a story told of an Indian prince who had seven rings—a lucky ring for every day in the week, and who, by duly changing them every day, averted death, disaster, and disease till he was more than one hundred and thirty years old. How he came by his death at last—whether he misplaced his rings or the rings lost their virtue—history saith not. Is it not Plato, also, who tells us of that Lydian king, who had a ring of such wondrous power, that it rendered him invisible at will? And have not other ancient historians described the virtues of such rings in connection with all the business and pleasure of life? What if they have? We are not obliged to receive all the fabulous stories of the old writers because they are old; we have to test them by ordinary experience and common sense, and under such tests, what becomes of the virtues of these magical rings, though "suffumed" by owl brain and fox blood, and manufactured under the strictest rules of the cabala?

The old magicians agreed that the efficacy of numbers was most important in the construction of talismans; "for whatsoever things are and are done in these inferior natural virtues, are all done and governed by number, weight, measure, harmony, motion, and light." To numbers especially they directed their particular attention, and attached peculiar importance; on this subject they became more than usually obscure, and left their disciples in the dark at last. One or two curious speculations, interesting simply as curiosities, may here be given.

The scale of unity was seen in all things. In the "exemplary world," there was one Divine Essence; in the "intellectual world," one Supreme Intelligence; in the "celestial world," one king of stars, the sun; in the "elemental world," one instrument of all virtues, the philosopher's stone; in the "lesser world," "one first living and last dying," the heart; in the "infernal world," one Prince of Darkness, Lucifer. All this was intended to show that the scale of numbers was repeated in all the divisions of the universe; and this was supposed to be of the utmost importance in the working of spells, the formation of charms, and the manufacture of amulets. Number seven was, perhaps, one of the most curious cited by the magicians. Much of their description must be omitted. We are told that the "utmost height of a man's body is seven feet;" that there are "seven degrees in the body—namely, marrow, bone, nerve, vein, artery, flesh, and skin;" that, without drawing of the breath, the "life doth not remain above seven hours;" that they "who



SCENE IN OTAHEITE, SOCIETY ISLANDS, SOUTH PACIFIC.

TAHITIAN LANDSCAPE.

recovered our surprise, a slight movement near the camp attracted our attention, and looking towards it we perceived the whole in motion. Some particular object (probably the dead body of Black Madge) went in front of the procession, closely surrounded by gypsies of all ages, then followed the tents, carts, donkeys, &c., and in a strangely brief period of time all had vanished from our eyes like a dream.

"Well, on my life, that's the coolest thing I ever saw," exclaimed one of the gentlemen, "but it shall not avail them. They shall not escape me. Do you, Sidney, remain here, while I return to the farm we have just left, to procure aid for this poor fellow, and dispatch scouts to watch that villainous crew, and give information to the magistrates."

With these words the speaker rode off, leaving us to endure as best we could the tortures of suspense and anxiety, watching a dying man, whom none among us could help.

To me the agony of the scene was almost intolerable. Gazing upon the expiring sufferer before me, all my wrongs and injuries, all his cruelties, were forgotten, and weeping over the chilling hand I held, I could only remember the days when he had been kind, and the fact that he was Fulke's father.

By-and-by, however, my sorrowful musings were disturbed by the arrival of men carrying a door, upon which, groaning deeply, Mr. Cunningham was laid, and borne gently to the farm whence they had been dispatched.

At the suggestion of one of the gentlemen, I hurried forward, in order to reach the house first, and dismounting hastily at the threshold, ran against a buxom figure coming eagerly from an inner room, which she had been preparing for the expected visitor, and who proved to be the hostess, and my dear, darling old nurse, Bessie.

(To be continued.)

TALK of fame and romance—all the glory and adventure in the world are not worth one hour of domestic bliss.—*Curiosities of Literature.*

If there were nothing particular to do in this world—no deserts to be reclaimed, no wastes to be planted and peopled, no poor to be fed and taught, no tyrannies to be overthrown—then one might wish to take up one's abode in some sunny island of the Pacific, where the earth yields the richest crops with the smallest possible amount of labour, where the rains are confined to three months in the year, and perpetual spring blooms during the other nine; where the simplest food suffices for the wants of man, and the simplest pleasures content him. Such an island is Tahiti.

We all know its history:—how it was discovered by a Spanish navigator named Quiros, who, however, gave such a blundering description of it, that the next visitor, Captain Wallis, who landed there in 1767, supposed that he was the first to make the discovery, and how Captain Cook visited it in the course of his celebrated voyages a few years later, and first gave the English public some information relative to this beautiful region. Since that time missionary settlements have been formed, and the natives, always mild and docile in character, have followed the example of their sovereigns, who, since 1816, have embraced Christianity. European fashions and customs have been introduced by the French, and the old rites and usages of the natives have almost disappeared.

But the subject of this article is, more particularly, the landscape of the island. It is luxuriant, as in all tropical countries; but, in addition to this, there is a softness and a delicacy about it which our engravings attempt to portray. When Captain Cook first looked upon such a scene, he declared that it realised the poetic fables of Arcadia. Without speaking of the graceful vegetation of the coast, the coral reefs which surround the island produce, in the waters near the shore, a stillness which reminded him of some parts of the Mediterranean. So placid are these Tahitian waters, according to a French officer, M. de Laminal, who lately visited them, that a ship might lie anchored by a fishing line; and so

clear are they, that the brilliant coralline vegetation is plainly visible in their depths, animated by myriads of fish of the most brilliant and diversified hues.

In the interior, the most charming scenes of natural and cultivated beauty present themselves to the eyes of the traveller at every step of his way. Vegetation is everywhere rich, and the productions of the island are as varied as possible. The casuarina, the fig-tree, the arrowroot, the bread-fruit tree, the cocoa-palm, batatas, yams, bananas, taro, sugar-cane, tobacco, oranges, are cultivated, or grow wild in large quantities. The cultivation of cotton and indigo, for which the soil and climate are well suited, has been introduced by Europeans; but the indolence of the natives has interfered with the development of any commercial projects of this kind. Indolence is inevitably induced by a sunny sky and a fruitful soil; strong men in brain or limb are bred of hard weather and hard work.

POPULAR DELUSIONS.

GHOSTS.

IN drawing to a close our articles on Popular Delusions, we must direct the attention of our readers to the subject of apparitions.

There is, and always has been, a widespread belief in ghosts. Without entering on any philological strictures on the word, or any abstract theory on the subject, it is sufficient to observe, that what is commonly meant by a ghost is the apparition of a deceased person.

All ghost stories have in them more or less of the terrible; and the idea of the dead manifesting themselves to the living, is not by any means agreeable. Most of us would dread such an encounter, its mysterious character would fill us with awe, and an intimacy with the other world's inhabitants would be likely to unfit us for the duties of this. There is much that is solemn, and indeed awful, in the presence of the dead; but much more solemn and far more awful would it be to stand face to face with

a disembodied spirit, ignorant of its grand secret, unconscious of its novel powers, and spell-bound by its presence.

Most ghost stories tell us that ghosts appear for some certain object; that there is some reason for their quitting the land of shadows to return to the place of their earthly residence; and that they have something of importance to communicate to the living. But there are numerous instances in which they are said to have appeared for no particular object, or, at all events, with no apparent reason. To such poor Hood's objection applies with peculiar force. "What did they come for?" he asks. "The colliers may rise for higher wages; the bread on account of the failure of the crops; the Radicals may rise for reform; the rising generation may rise; but that a ghost should rise merely to make my hair rise, is more than I can credit!"

It appears that the idea of disembodied spirits wandering over the face of the earth, originated with the heathen nations of antiquity. Charon, that grim boatman, would not take a soul across the Styx, and land him safe in Hades, if the body remained unburied, and thus many poor souls were supposed to be left to wander restlessly in the world. On this account an Athenian admiral was put to death, as during an engagement he had thrown some of the bodies of his crew overboard, and thus denied them the rites of sepulture, and a consequent admission into ghostland. Many of our ghost stories turn on this idea. The spirit of a murdered man appears and haunts somebody until the body is found, and the murderer found, and evidence found, and a verdict found, and a certain black tree, of artificial growth, bears direful fruit; or flitting around some tall gibbet, where the ghastly remains of a man in chains sways mournfully to and fro in the night wind, is seen a ghost—the ghost of the miserable malefactor watching its own poor body serving as a banquet for the kites and crows.

Other perturbed spirits are said to revisit the "pale glimpses of the moon" for less important objects—for example, the payment of an outstanding account at a grocer's shop, and some, as we noticed before, with no apparent object at all. Sometimes the ghost is said to be seen by one person only, sometimes by several persons together; occasionally they are heard and not seen, talking freely, and affording a fund of information on things in general, without making themselves visible; sometimes they are neither seen nor heard, but are felt in the sense of a mysterious presence, which communicates a painful sensation to the whole body, especially to the brain and nervous system.

There are, of course, a large number of these ghost stories, which, from their very absurd character, are only calculated to frighten children and exceedingly nervous people. White figures and blue fire are now seldom to be seen, even on the stage of a suburban theatre, and receive no more credit than the horns, hoof, and forked tail of a nameless individual who was supposed to be intimately connected with the sayings and doings of ghosts and goblins.

Besides these grotesque stories, however, there are several which are apparently supported by the evidence of those whose veracity is unquestionable. Men of standing and ability have said they have seen, or heard, or felt the presence of ghosts, and that they have held communion with the spirits of the dead. In old times, a torch and a tar barrel might have been the result of such assertions, and the ghost-seer would have speedily joined the ghosts. Such times have happily passed away, and it is to be regretted that any of the whimsical superstitions which characterised that barbarous age should be still left amongst us.

In looking at the instances given by modern writers on apparitions (and for which we refer our readers to our supplementary numbers on "Apparitions"), we observe that most of them are traceable to a diseased body or disordered mind; that there is a tendency in all of us to believe without examination what others positively assert; and that in nearly all the examples given coincidences are represented as connections.

First of all, the figures of certain people, known or unknown, are represented as having appeared to certain persons. Sometimes these persons positively assert, and firmly believe, the reality of these apparitions. Their minds are thoroughly impressed with the conviction that they have really seen, and sometimes conversed with, a denizen of the other world; but such instances, as medical science teaches us, are hallucinations, arising from a disordered body, or an overwrought imagination. In most cases, the apparitions said to have been seen are those of dear relatives at a distance, towards

whom the mind naturally turns in affectionate anxiety. A worthy and excellent man, such as Oberlin, thrown amongst a superstitious peasantry, deprived by death of the dear partner of his joys and sorrows, entertains the idea, and fondly maintains it, that though separated from him by the grave, her spirit still visits his homestead, consoling and directing him in his bereavement. Anna Maria Porter asserts that she saw the spirit of a worthy old friend, at the time of his death, seat himself at her tea table without speaking. An officer sees an intimate friend, and learns that his friend died at the very hour of the appearance. A mother sees her child, about whom she is extremely anxious. A wife sees her husband, whom she knows to be exposed to imminent peril. A friend sees a distant friend, in whom he feels the deepest interest. A stranger sees a ghost in a haunted chamber—or rather, we should say, these people believe they see these sights: there is no cause, in many instances, to impugn the honesty of their convictions. But what can be more natural than that anxiety about any particular person should disturb the thoughts, that, in a semi-conscious state, between sleeping and waking, the imagination should conjure up their forms, and impress the mind with an idea of their actual presence? Under such circumstances, every trivial incident is made to favour the impression: the creaking of a board, the rattling of a window frame, the moaning of the wind, the howling of a watch-dog, are supposed to have some terrible significance.

But medical testimony teaches us that many of these "ghosts" are simply optical delusions, arising from a peculiarity in the optic nerve, certain images being produced on the retina without any apparent cause. Scott, in his "Letters on Demonology," has dealt very ably with the subject, and furnished numerous instances in which individuals afflicted in this way, who saw ghosts by their bedsides and elsewhere, were themselves fully convinced of the optical delusion under which they suffered; but the terrible impressions of these appearances were so great, as to produce disease and death.

That when one person firmly avows he has seen a ghost at a certain place, others should be led to imagine they have seen it also, is not at all extraordinary. A humorist stops opposite Northumberland House, and steadily gazing at the Percy lion, solemnly avows he has seen him wag his tail. Crowds assemble—everybody anxiously watching for a repetition of the singular phenomenon, some of them fully satisfied that they have seen it—others equally positive that something very extraordinary has taken place. This fairly illustrates the facility with which a large number of persons may be induced to believe in any form of delusion, however ridiculous, if somebody will but stand up and cry, "Behold the marvel!" See how a ghost story will spread. Molly, the cook-maid, hears a rustling of silk, and sees nothing; of course she sets it down to a ghost walking in silk attire. Susan, the chambermaid, is afraid of going up-stairs alone, for, of course, the rustling of the silk is also heard by her, and, standing between an open window and an open door—in the broad daylight—she felt something cold sweep past her! All the servants begin to hear strange sounds and see strange sights, and to feel "a presence;" and the house-dog howls dreadfully on a cold night—and—the house is haunted! The fancy of a nervous cook sets up a new and "unimpeachable" ghost; for all the servants, who have frightened one another out of their wits, are ready to sign their name or put their mark to another case of "spiritual manifestation."

Some ghosts there are—or, rather, there are said to be—which seem to amuse themselves like the mischievous sprites in fairy tales, namely, by playing all sorts of odd tricks and whimsical conceits. Knocking is a very common instance of this sort—"Knock, knock, knock, the sound never ceases." Sometimes these knockings have been contrived, by clever rogues, either as a jest, or for their own profit; and a large number may be traced to simple accident—a broken window; a loose pantile; a rusty hinge; or a creaking board. When there is an extraordinary commotion amongst crockery—tea-services smashed, and dinner-plates rolling to destruction off their shelves—it is usually to be traced to the malicious pranks of somebody about the premises. There is the instance of the farm at Baldarroch, Aberdeenshire, which little more than twenty years ago excited so much interest. Showers of clods and stones fell on the outside of the premises; spoons, knives, plates, mustard-pots, rolling-pins, and flat irons, were whirled about the interior from room to room. The whole neighbourhood was in alarm. Every-

body set down the manifestations as arising from some perturbed spirit, or the evil one himself. An old man positively asserted that one night he met a phantom, hard by the premises, "who wheeled round his head with a whizzing noise, making a wind about his ears that almost blew his bonnet off." Strange music was also heard, and it was positively affirmed that hay-ricks capered about in the corn-yard. Everything was endowed with locomotion; a table danced the Highland fling, and a piece of meat roasting before the fire flew up the chimney with a tremendous bang. All this was spread abroad on the testimony of those whose veracity there was no cause to doubt; but we know how it turned out—two servant girls were at the bottom of the whole affair; they had employed considerable dexterity in the trick, which the terror and credulity of the neighbours swelled into immense importance, but when the "ghosts" of Baldarroch were lodged in gaol, it was no longer possible for the most superstitious to maintain their faith in the "manifestation."

Without entering further on the subject of ghosts and goblin stories, we may here state our conviction that every one of them, if properly investigated, would show that deception has been practised: deceptions, in numerous instances, arising from natural causes, such as bodily infirmity, mental depression, or optical illusion; in others, by the mere force of imagination and the fear which is usually felt at the idea of holding communion with the dead; and lastly, that many of these cases are nothing more than fraudulent deceptions on the weak and credulous.

The pretended exercise of supernatural power by certain classes of people, and a widespread belief in these pretensions, is traceable in every age of the world's history. It has assumed different forms, and been pursued more or less innocently by those who have traded on the credulity of mankind. And sowing the seeds of superstition broadcast over the earth, these seeds have sprung up and borne fruits in the minds of those who have really entertained no disposition to deceive others, but who have honestly believed in their own deceptions, and have become the unwilling and unconscious instruments of perpetuating Popular Delusions. The raging delirium of witchcraft has passed away, and been succeeded by milder forms of delusion; ghost and goblin stories have lost much of their old character, and assumed a more philosophical form; but that people should be found still credulous enough to believe them at all, is a disgrace to the enlightenment and civilisation of the nineteenth century.

### Scientific Notes.

**PEAT GAS.**—While enumerating on a previous occasion the various admirable uses whereto the vast stores of peat in the United Kingdom might profitably and economically be applied, its power of furnishing gas for illuminating purposes was omitted. In Copenhagen, it appears that gas is thus obtained in large quantities, of a superior quality, yielding a light whiter, clearer, and more brilliant than any procurable from coal. The example should stimulate imitation.

**SHOWER OF ICE.**—General Sabine, in a recent letter to the Royal Society, describes a remarkable meteorological occurrence during his voyage from England to the East Indies. On the forenoon of January 14, 1860, after passing, and when about 300 miles S. S. E. of the Cape of Good Hope, the wind shifting suddenly from E. to N., a heavy squall swept over the vessel, accompanied by violent rain, and some vivid lightning. The lightning was followed by a shower of icy fragments of great size, which lasted for three minutes. Ordinary hail showers are found, on examination, to consist of a spongy and porous nucleus, like frozen snow, surrounded by a thin film of ice; but these were irregular and compact masses of real ice, of sizes varying from that of a sugar plum to that of half a brick. After the first surprise, when partially melted, two pieces were found to weigh 3½ and 5 ounces respectively; while another fragment, after a quarter of an hour, filled an ordinary water tumbler. The sails of the vessel were rent into numerous holes by the pelting of this pitiless shower; but, though many of the crew were knocked down, no one was seriously injured.

**SOAPING AND SCRUBBING BRUSH.**—An invention of a strikingly simple yet ingenious character, and which will, no doubt, recommend itself to all lovers of cleanliness, has just been patented by Mr. Tusch, of New York. It consists in attaching a cake of soap to the back of a brush in such a manner that,