

**THE MYSTERIES OF ASTROLOGY, AND THE  
WONDERS OF MAGIC: INCLUDING A HISTORY  
OF THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF ASTROLOGY,  
AND THE VARIOUS BRANCHES OF  
NECROMANCY; TOGETHER WITH VALUABLE  
DIRECTIONS AND SUGGESTIONS RELATIVE TO  
THE CASTING OF NATIVITIES**

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The Mysteries of Astrology, and the Wonders of Magic: Including a History of the Rise and Progress of Astrology, and the Various Branches of Necromancy; Together with Valuable Directions and Suggestions Relative to the Casting of Nativities by C. W. Roback

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**C. W. ROBACK**

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FRONTISPIECE.



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**CASTING OF NATIVITIES,**  
AND  
PREDICTIONS BY GROMANCY, CHIROMANCY, PHYSIOGNOMY, &c.  
ALSO,  
*Highly interesting Narratives, Anecdotes, &c.*  
ILLUSTRATIVE OF  
THE MARVELS OF WITCHCRAFT, SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA, AND  
THE RESULTS OF SUPERNATURAL INFLUENCE.

BY  
**DR. C. W. ROBACK,**  
PRESIDENT OF THE ASTROLOGICAL COLLEGE OF SWEDEN, AND FOUNDER OF THE SOCIETY  
OF THE MAGI IN LONDON, PARIS, AND ST. PETERSBURG.

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BOSTON:  
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1854.

TO

*The People of the United States,*

A NATION NEITHER SKEPTICAL NOR CREDULOUS,

BUT

EVER READY TO HEAR, READ, AND INVESTIGATE—EVER WILLING TO RECOGNISE AND  
BOW TO TRUTH, IN WHATEVER GUESS SHE MAY APPEAR—AND EVER  
EAGER TO ACCORD TO LEARNING AND RESEARCH  
THE MERT THEY DESERVE,

T H I S V O L U M E

IS

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY

T H E A U T H O R .





## Autobiography of the Author.

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My earliest recollections of home refer to an old castellated building of somewhat rude architecture, situated almost under the shadow of an enormous mass of table rocks, towering high above its roof, and dwarfing into comparative insignificance its massive walls and really colossal proportions. The scenery around was wild and romantic. Groups of tall spectral firs and rocks



THE CASTLE OF FALSTERS.

rising abruptly from the plain, were scattered over the plateau upon which the edifice stood ; a sluggish stream, which supplied

the moat of the castle twined among the dwarf evergreens that covered most of the level ground in the vicinity, and the back ground of the landscape was a mountain range, darkened with forests of the yellow pine up to the line where vegetation ceased, and the region of eternal snow began.

The building was the ancient castle of Falsters, in Sweden, my ancestral home. Within its walls, the family of Roback, or, as it is spelled in the old Norse records, *Robach*, had dwelt from time immemorial. The founders of the house of Roback were men of renown among the Vi-Kings and Jarls of the Scandinavian coast and islands, and honorable mention is made of their exploits in the *Sagas* of the *Scalds*, or bards of the North. Some of these poems are now extant in the Icelandic collection, in the library of the Royal Geographical Society at Copenhagen. I have no recollection of my parents, both of whom died in my infancy, and my family reminiscences are confined to my six brothers—all my elders, and one sister, younger than myself. By the time I had reached the age of ten years I began to perceive that a degree of respect and attention, almost amounting to reverence, was paid to me by the rest of the family. Five of my brothers had by this time gone out into the world to seek their fortunes; and, as the cadets of an ancient line, known and honored throughout Sweden, had been courted, caressed, and helped forward by powerful friends in the careers they had chosen.

It was about this period that my elder brother Frithiof imparted to me the history of our family. He informed me that our race had been renowned for their prophetic gifts, and their skill and attainments in Magic, Astrology, and other occult lore, for more than four hundred years. He spoke of Magnus Roback our grandfather, and of the fame he had acquired as an Astrologist, and of an uncle, now resident at St. Petersburg, and enjoying the countenance and friendship of the Emperor Nicholas. "But," said my brother, "it is in the seventh son of a seventh son, that the prophetic gifts bestowed upon our family must be looked for in their utmost intensity. You occupy that extraordinary position. Our father, Gustavus Adolphus Roback, was the seventh son of Magnus Roback, and you are his seventh

*child.*" This disclosure was made to me in the "Hall of Shields," a vast apartment of the castle, the walls of which were hung with the targes, spears, and battle axes of my warlike and



THE HALL OF SHIELDS.

daring progenitors; and as I contemplated those weapons of strife, I said within myself, "my gifts are not of war but of peace, not of hatred and violence, but of benevolence and philanthropy. If I can foresee and foretell dangers, why cannot I also teach the parties imperilled how to avert them. Such shall be my mission."

When I was fourteen years old my eldest brother, Thorsten, put into my hands a little history of the Roback race, derived from various black-letter and printed volumes preserved in the family archives. He also presented me with an antique drinking horn, and a *kur* or trumpet, which had been heir looms of our house for many centuries, together with a model of a Scandinavian War Galley, the original of which was commanded by a Jarl of our name in the eighth century. A curiously carved Sledge, (said to have belonged to a Vi-King of our race, who was a member of the famous Icelandic expedition supposed to have