

THE ASSISTANT GÉNIES,
AND
IRRECONCILEABLE GNOMES,
OR
CONTINUATION
TO THE
COMTE DE GABALIS.

LA HAYE, M.DCC.XVIII.

Translated by John Yarker, Esq.

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PART 3.

**THE CONCLUSION TO THE
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PREFACE.

The scene of this Continuation of Discourses upon the Secret Sciences is laid in Ireland. An exile who had been staying at Berlin came to this country with the Marshal de Schomberg, who had accepted service under William, Prince of Orange, when he landed in England. The Relator accepts the hospitality of an Irish gentleman of the name of Schits (whatever real name these letters may represent), to whom he had rendered some service in the troubled state of that country, occasioned by a rising in favour of James II. of England. This Mr. Schits is given to the occult sciences, and an accident gives rise to a short discussion upon the nature of the pilgrimage to St. Patrick's Hole, at Lough Derg, in Donegal, near which St. Patrick and St. Dabeoc founded a Priory, which privilege the Irishman considers had developed into a Species of buffoonery, induced by the avarice of the Monks. He proposes that his guest should, in preference to this adventure, visit an Hermit of the name of Macnamara, whose reputation was very great, and accordingly the Relator departs on this quest, and is successful in finding the mystic Philosopher.

This "Continuation" or Third Part is probably by a different hand to either of the two previous Sections, but is really the most interesting of the whole, and more especially to the modern Spiritualist or Spiritist, as the book draws upon the literature of 2,500 years—as the subject was understood two centuries ago—in search of proof of the reality of apparitions, visions, prevision, medical clairvoyance, etc., and assigns these phenomena to the production of ministering Génie, or what the Neo-Platonists termed

Tutelary dæmons, of the nature of those which, it is alleged, attended upon Paracelsus, Agrippa, Descartes, etc.

Originally, the character of the mysteries practised at St. Patrick's Purgatory was very different to that which is here described, and had origin in the remote Mysteries of antiquity; as continued in the Discipline of the Culdee Monks. They were of that nature which is symbolised in the three drops of the brew of the caldron of Ceridwen, the goddess of the Druidical mysteries, imparting prevision, etc., and which was symbolically re-produced in the three gouts of blood on the lance which Pheridur beheld in the Welsh legend, and again in the bowl containing a head swimming in blood, which, in the hands of Bran the Blessed, restored the dead to life, and afforded preternatural visions. Again transformed into the bowl of Perceval, and the legend of the San Greal, attached to the Abbey of Glastonbury, which bowl containing the blood of Christ, seen by a chaste knight, possessed similar miraculous properties to those described. All which are mystical allegories shrouding the same doctrine as that embraced in the "Purgatory of St. Patrick," and in some measure allied with the whole teaching of the following book. It may be remarked that a severed head was used in very ancient times, in Magical operations, and there was of old in Hanover a head and dish supposed to be connected with the ancient knightly order of the Temple, and attributed to the Baptist.

DR. KENEALY has pointed out that many Manx traditions respecting caves and subterranean passages in the Isle of Man, in all probability, were legends of old time referring to the Druidical secret Mysteries. The old historian Froissart, under date A.D. 1390, refers to "St. Patrick's Hole." His translator (Johnes) has amplified this account, in an interesting way, well worthy of note. What is remarkable in this account is, that it is alleged that those who slept a night

in this Cave (no doubt laid in the *pastos* mentioned herein), saw visions which correspond with the scenic representations of the ancient Mysteries of Osiris, Bacchus, Mythras, etc. There had to be a lengthy fast, with bathing, as in the Mysteries, and amongst the modern Druses. We italicize the allusions, which seem to prove that these legends, if they do not represent the occult practices of the Culdee Monks, are older than Christianity in Ireland.

This Cave is called the Purgatory of St. Patrick, and the Priory near it dates about A.D. 432. The first writer upon the subject, whose notice has come down to us, is Henry, or Hugh Monk of Saltrey, in Huntingdonshire, who tells us that which one Owen, or Tyndal, a soldier of King Stephen had seen there. The Cave was about 16½ feet long by 2 feet 1 inch wide, built of free-stone, covered with broad flags, and having green turf laid over them, and so low and narrow that a tall man could hardly sit, much less stand in it. In the side was a window just wide enough to admit a faint ray of light; *in the floor a cavity capable of containing a man at his length*; and under a large stone at the end of the pavement, a deep pit. The bottom of the Cave was lower than the surface of the ground. It stood on the east side of the Priory Church, encompassed with a wall, and surrounded by nine circles or cells, called *the beds*, and scarcely 3 feet high, named after several saints. The penitents who visited this island, after *fasting on bread and water for nine days, and making processions round these holy stations thrice a day barefoot* for the first seven days, and *six times* on the eighth, *washing their weary limbs* each night in the adjoining lake, *on the ninth enter the Cave*. Here they observe a *twenty-four hours' fast*, taking only a little water, and upon quitting it, *bathe in the lake*, and so conclude the solemnity. The original preparatory fast, as we learn from Matthew Paris, was fifteen days, and as long after quitting the Cave; out of

which all who entered did not return. The Arcane Discipline of the first Christians had a similar fast.

Gough's addition to Camden, p. 641, vol. iii., has the following:—"Leave being first obtained of the Bishop of the Diocese, the prior represented to the penitents all the horror and difficulty of the undertaking, suggesting to them at the same time an easier penance. If they persevered in their resolution they were conducted to the door with a procession from the Convent, and, after twenty-four hours' confinement, let out next morning with the like ceremony. In this recess, enlightened only by a kind of twilight, which discovered a field and hall, Owen was first *visited by fifteen persons clothed in white*, like religious newly shorn, *who encouraged him against the horrid scenes* that were next to present themselves to his view. They were succeeded by *troops of demons*, who began with *laying him on a burning pile*, which he soon extinguished by pronouncing the name of Christ. They then dragged him *through the several scenes of torment*, where the wicked suffered all the *variety of tortures* of ancient Tartarus; and standing proof against all these horrors, he was favoured with a *full view and description of Paradise*, by two venerable prelates, who refused to let him stay there. He (Owen) met with the same demons and monks as he went out of the Cave, after which he visited the Holy Sepulchre, and at his return, taking upon him the habit, assisted in founding Besmagovcisth Abbey."

Froissart mentions the experience of two soldiers, one of whom told him that when inside they were at once overcome with drowsiness, and slept the whole night. They had many strange dreams, but when the Cave was opened next morning they instantly lost all recollection of what they had seen.

It may be observed that there are still in Ireland, or was until recent times, many traces of the Mysteries and

worship of the Syrian Baal. Not the least remarkable is the seven small chapels attached to the Round Towers, corresponding with the High-place and the seven altars visited and erected by Baalim at the command of Baalak. Michelet shews that the old Irish gods were Cabiric.

Space prevents us from comparing the Discipline of the Culdee Monks, with that of the Gnostics, Theurgists, Neo-Platonists, through whom it passes on to the much more ancient State Mysteries, and we can only add here, in brief, that the *State* which all these aimed at inducing, is amply elucidated in the following pages.

By the kindness of Charles Monck Wilson, Esq., J.P., F.R.S.L., etc., the writer is able to add some very interesting matter in regard to this remarkable "Purgatory"—Lough Derg contains within its bosom three small islands, Deig Island at the North West extremity of the Lake; Station Island in the South East; and between these two St. Debeoc's Island, or the Island of Saints, so close to the shore that it was united to it by a wooden bridge supported on stone pillars, and approached by a very ancient road; the "Purgatory" being at the further end towards the middle of the Lake.

There are very grave doubts whether St. Patrick had any hand in the erection or development of the place, as the most authentic of his Lives, and said to have been written by himself, makes no mention of the Purgatory, and its actual origin is unknown. There is an old legendary tale, which has some mystical reference to the formation of the three islands, and which we give herewith. Fin McCool and his heroes were one day walking on the shore of the Lough, when Fin's notice was attracted to a large bone, out of which a white little maggot was peeping, which when he observed, "he put the thumb of knowledge in his mouth and squeezed it," and then stood for a short time over the bone in

surprise. Conan, the only coward in his service, came up to him and asked him why he looked so seriously at the bone of an *old horse*. Fin replied, "If this bone was thrown into the lake that little maggot would grow into the size of a monster, and do much injury." Conan, the stolid, took up the bone in his hand, and addressing the little maggot, said, "Methinks that you have not got the germ of a big beast, pity that you should not get a drink," with this he flung the bone up in the air with all his might, and it fell into the middle of the Lough, which was then styled Lough Finn from the brightness of its waters. "Cursed fool," said Fin to Conan, "thou shalt yet dearly pay for that dark deed." "The devil may care," said Conan; with that they pursued their way through the mountains in pursuit of Red Deer. In twelve months after they passed by the margin of the same Lough, and lo! they beheld with astonishment a multiform Monster with *three humps* on its back resembling three round hills rising above the water, and making towards them with amazing rapidity, and roaring most hideously. The alarmed Fingalians took to flight, leaving Conan a fearful distance behind, who was overtaken by the Monster and swallowed, arms and all. Conan felt the scorching heat of the Monster's stomach, and finding that it was very gloomy lodgings, he bethought him of a plan, by which, if he could not effect his escape, he might at least be avenged upon the Monster, to whose strength he had contributed so much. He took his *Meadog*, or side knife, and cut through the Monster's stomach and side, which caused it to make for the shore again, and vomit this soldier out. In passing through the lake it bled so profusely that it (the lake) seemed all blood, and continued so for a long time, which induced Fin to change the name from Lough Finn to Lough Derg. So far, the legend, which does not explain whether the horse's bone has any allusion to the classic Centaurs carved on so

many of the ancient Monuments of Ireland; the word *Dearc*, or *Derc*, means a cave and also an eye, the latter being its primary meaning, and this is exceedingly suggestive of the mystic; the word *earc* has a very varied significance, and means Sun, heaven, a bee, a bovine animal, speckled, a salmon, and it is rather curious that the latter fish is not found in the lake, St. Patrick having banished it at an angry moment.

Of the actual origin of the Purgatory nothing seems to be recorded in the Annals of Ireland. According to a letter of 1835, from which I am extracting, Colgin, who had more materials at hand than any writer since, gives the following account of Dabeoc, the patron of the Island—"He is called Dabeocus in general, and often Beanus in Latin. He is the patron of a very celebrated Church in a certain lake in Ulster called *Loch Gerg*, in which is the celebrated Purgatory of St. Patrick, whence either the lake itself, or the place in which it lies, is called *Gleam Gerc*, where, in the adjacent territory, St. Dabeocus is held in the greatest veneration among our people to this day, and his festivity is observed three days in every year, according to our Festilogies, viz.: on the 1st day of January, 24th July, and the 16th December, so Marian Gorman, Cathal Maguire, and Martyrology of Dalleytutal Dugal; but the Calender of Cashel places his festival day only on the 16th December. It is stated in the beginning of the Irish Life that he had foretold several things about the holiness and virtues of St. Columb, many years before that latter was born, from which it follows that he flourished in the time of St. Patrick. He is ranked among the chief Saints of Ireland by Caimin of Cunhir, in his book written concerning them." Colgin traces his pedigree to Dichu, the first convert of St. Patrick, from which he infers that he was of the race of the Dalfrutachs, in County of Down. Hence, he was most probably a Druid,

like so many others of the first Christian Monks. In reference to the terminal part of this name Mr. Wilson observes that *beoc* is the verb of which the god Buah is the noun, and that both Belbec in Meath and Balbec in Syria seem to be compounds of the word *beoc*. The chair of Devoc lies in the townland of *Suide Dhabeog* (Seevoge), where in the living rock some impression of elbows is shewn.

It appears from a little work published at Louvaine, about the middle of the seventeenth century, entitled the *Mirror of Penance*, that it was then believed that St. Patrick entered the Cave of Lough Derg in order to pray more fervently to God, in being removed from all abstractions of the external world, and that whilst his mind was earnestly directed to the Divinity he prayed that the pains of Purgatory might be shewn unto him. The request was granted; lo! before his heaven touched fancy, the region of Purgatory sprang into existence, and he saw the souls of millions undergoing the process of purification, each placed in such a *crucible* as was fitted to soften and remove the terrestrial dross that stained the etherial dress of the spirit; some darkened with a deep hue which much destroyed the heavenly radiance, but which blackened them not wholly; others half darkened, half bright, and in the act of becoming spirits of light, from the action of the purifying element of fire. Some became effulgent by slow and almost imperceptible degrees, in having no friends to pray for them, whilst others glowed in the furnace, and cast off the *first crust* with amazing rapidity, by the force and the prayers and alms which their friends offered for them on earth. Some he perceived escaping from the flames and winging their course to heaven; others almost bright enough to attempt the same. But deep buried in the abyss he perceived the souls of others who were destined to consume with the groans of ten thousand years, for having been guilty of some *venial* sin,

which, bordering very closely upon *Mortal*, did not stain the spirit through and through as mortal sin doth; these looked up with piteous eyes towards earth expecting the prayers of their sons and friends, and felt the punishment of one second there longer and more severe than that of a hundred years on earth. Awed by this vision, Patrick departed from the cave, and ordered that henceforward the Island should be made a terrestrial Purgatory—where sinners could wear off all their sins by prayer and fasting. They were all to be confined in the cave, and should they see the same visions which Patrick saw (which many did), it was a favourable sign of the acceptability of their prayers and mortification.

After this, we will close our account with dry facts. From an Inquisition taken at Donegal in 1603, we get the following information:—"In the part of Ulster called O'Donnell's Countrie, are the walls and monuments of a certain Monastery or Priory, late home of the Canonic friars, called the Priory of *Lough Darge*, also commonly called St. Patrick's Purgatory, which Priory is now very much on a decay, and has these many years past been totally abandoned and dissolved. The aforesaid Priory lies and is situated in a certain small island in the middle of a lake called *Lough Derg*, about 15 miles from the village of Donegall aforesaid. The Prior of the Monastery aforesaid at the time of the dissolution, and abandoning aforesaid, was seized in of Fee and right of the Priory aforesaid, of the site, circuit, ardit, and precinct of the said lake home, with the appurtenances in which are the old Church, very ruinous, and walls of stone lately levelled with small piece of land circumjacent, containing $1\frac{1}{2}$ acres of land, and the which island aforesaid containing 10 acres, and of certain lands and hereditaments to the said Island adjacent, called Termon Maguith, and Termon McMougham containing 4 acres of land, etc."

A generation later the whole place was rooted up.

"In 1632, the State ordered Sir James Balfour and Sir W. Stuart to seize unto his Majesty's use the Island of Purgatory. They found an Abbot and 40 Friars, a daily resort of 400 pilgrims who paid 8d. each. In order to hinder the deluded people—they ordered the walls, works, foundations, and vaults, to be rooted up, also the place called St. Patrick's bed, and the stone whereon he knelt. These, and all other superstitious relics, he ordered to be thrown into the Lough. So effectually did Sir W. Stuart finish his work, that not one stone upon another is now to be found upon the once celebrated Island of Purgatory."

After this it would seem that some sort of restoration of the *Turas* (circumambulation) and its usages was made on Station Island, beforementioned, and the letter of 1835, by a gentleman in some way connected with the Ordinance Survey, from which we have extracted this account, concludes by saying:—"It is reported about Lough Dearg that 7000 pilgrims from England, Ireland, and Scotland, visit it every year during the Station season, which lasts from the 1st June to the 15th August, that Muldoon the Ferryman pays the Landlord £150 rent. All the beautiful stones differed from those of every neighbouring quarry, were removed from Saints' Island, to build the present Chapels, or the modern one; that the festal days of the patron are no longer observed, and that I could find no inscriptions on it but the following, which appears on a holy water trough or stone:—MANVs (Manus). COPANIP33 (Conaninus? Conanicus). This is modern, and still I do not understand it."

JOHN YARKER.

West Didsbury, 1897.

THE ASSISTANT GÉNIES.

The death of the Marshal de Schomberg, which afflicted all England, was a subject of despair to me, and the fatal blow which had deprived him of life, deprived me at the same time of a Father, a Protector, and a Friend, that I had found happily assembled in his Person. I had cast the basis of this great union in Brandebourg, where motives altogether different had conducted us. Monsieur de Schomberg had arrived there to seek that liberty in Religion which he had not been able to find either in France, or in Portugal; and I had repaired there to withdraw myself from the fury of a Minister of State, who was the enemy of my family, and who had ruined me entirely in the mind of the King by false accusations, which were none the less black, that I had favored the opinions of the Huguenots of Languedoc, in place of employing efficaciously the troops which had orders to convert them. I know not if the character of stranger and exile, which established some conformity in our destiny, or perhaps that of victim of a Religion for which he had so firm an attachment, and which, although it was not mine, had occasioned my misfortunes, may have led his heart to wish me well. But it is true that he had for me all the consideration and all the tenderness imaginable. I ate only with him; he would meet me in all parts, and I made with

him all the journies that he made in Holland, without having ever in the least penetrated the mystery of his Negotiations. It was impossible for me to resist the temptation to pass the sea with him to follow the Prince of Orange, who was called by the English to deliver them from the despotism of his Father-in-law. I would have been able to obtain, by his introduction, some good employment in the State; but the love of my Country bounded my ambition, and I contented myself with being a spectator of a Tragedy of which the dénouement has surprised all the Universe.

The party of the Prince of Orange having prevailed, and all the Nation having yielded, willingly or by force, under the effort of his arms, they went over to Ireland to reduce the rebellious subjects, to whom they gave the just title of Revolters. The fortune which had accompanied him hitherto did not abandon him in this Expedition. It rendered him victorious over all the people. But the Marshal de Schomberg, who commanded his army, paid with his blood and his life the success of a battle fought with so much bravery and justice. His death came as a thunder-clap, which astonished me. I wished to follow him into the other world, and my grief had certainly sent me there, without the succours and the wise counsels of an Irish gentleman, who had the kindness to entertain me at his residence. His House seemed to have been designed expressly for an afflicted man; it was situated in a part the most retired of any in that Kingdom, in a place solitary and traversed with Lakes, Woods, and Bogs. One saw neither gold, nor silver, nor pictures, nor delicate architecture; but all was commodious, proper, and well conceived, and all the Apartments left nothing in their simplicity but what was agreeable to the sight. I was received into this house with hearty welcome; I had had the good fortune to render a considerable service to this Gentleman, and he had preserved, by my solicitation,

and by the credit of the late Marshal, the estates which he possessed in Ireland, and which his Catholicism would have caused to be confiscated. Gratitude led him to enter into my affliction; his family recognised the obligation they were under to me, and the sadness of my heart in such manner, that upon my arrival, I found these persons already affected, and who mingled their tears with mine. They neglected nothing which they could do to console me. I was not yet susceptible of consolation. My evil appeared to me incurable, and all the remedies offered seemed but to aggravate it. I had often proved that the strength of the human heart cannot support for a long time a violent grief, and that it is necessary that we should finish it, or that it should end. I had already passed two months bathed in tears, and flying from mankind, had sought but sombre places, and fearful objects, when my reason roused itself as from a profound sleep, and having perceived the disorder into which the excess of my grief had thrown all my faculties, the trouble of my spirit and the langour of my body, made me comprehend, that our griefs are useless to the dead, and that their repose is not established upon the destruction of the living, but only upon the fervour of our prayers, when they have merited the collection of the fruit.

I became less sullen: the Company of my Host became to me more supportable, and we would find ourselves sometimes assembled in his little Library, which was furnished with some very rare books. He knew many things and he knew them as an honest man. On my part I had an ardent love of study, and of books, and the practise of the people of the Court had sufficiently humanised all that I had learned in the Schools, when they had destined me for the Church; so that our conversations had nothing pedantic, and we could manage propositions of philosophy or criticism, with the same agreement, and the same facility, that one recounts

an affair of gallantry. Curiosity was the dominant passion of my Irishman, and he applied himself more to the Secret Sciences than any others, though he was not ignorant of any of them. My inclinations would not have conducted me to this, but that I had before taken some tinge of it in Brandebourg, at the house of a Jew, who had lodged me in an apartment of his house, and whose honesty was so great that he confided to me the key of a Cabinet, where he had a number of Volumes consecrated to the Usages and to the Mysteries of the Cabala. M. Schits, that is the name of my gentleman, wished to shew me a book of this character, and our eyes sought it on the shelves of his Library, but were not so happy as to discover it. But in recompense I disinterred one which originated a long conversation. It was the work of a profound Englishman. It had for Title *DE MEDIO STATU ANIMARUM*. I understood at once that it would treat of Purgatory, and I was not deceived. I demanded of Mr. Schits, if it mentioned the Purgatory of St. Patrick? He began to laugh, and answered me, "No." I wished to inform myself what he thought of it, and if the opinion of it, which was originally of his Country, still endured. He answered me that it was accepted by the people, but that honest men regarded it as a fable invented by the Monks, who had found the secret of fattening themselves upon the illusions, and upon the credulity of fools. "The Abbey of these Charlatans," added he, "is not very far from one of my lands, my Vassals carry their offerings there with the others. We had to there an extreme influx of Pilgrims from all countries, amongst which I found myself, sufficiently foolish to desire to undertake the voyage to this pretended Purgatory; we were at once deprived of envy by the frightful descriptions which were made to us, and particularly by the idea of the preparations which they imposed upon us, and the dangers which might follow the execution of our intentions. We were

conducted with ceremony to the door of a profound and shady grove, and whilst with trembling Knees they made the prescribed prayers, the Monks insinuated themselves in the depths of the grotto by subterranean passages, and there made the most horrible groans, and some claps of thunder capable of terrifying the most resolute. The Pilgrims withdrew full of fright, but their purses remained there infallibly, for softened and touched as they were, they had given even their last *Sol*, in order to assist the souls of their parents, whom they believed to be detained in these fiery Dungeons. It is no advantage" continued he, "for me to deliver you to the temptation of my enterprise in these quarters; there are sufficient dupes without me and others, and I do not think that these Monks can be much enriched by the offerings of one adventure." I was quite willing to consume in little Pilgrimages the time which it might take the Prince of Orange to finish his Campaign. "I counsel you," said Mr. Schits to me, "to await the end with me, we will do the best possible to provide against *ennuyé*, and if our cares are not sufficient for that, we will employ those of our Neighbours. There is in this Province a man altogether extraordinary, by his figure, by his talents, and by his manner of life. He knows the genius of all the Courts, and I believe that he has frequented them. I shall be grieved if you set out from this country without having the pleasure of seeing him, and Discoursing with him. I would have the honour of accompanying you to him, if the gout did not hold me so fast; it is awake this night, and I already feel its violence in my knee. But let not this disquiet you, I will give you a good guide to conduct you. The man of whom I have spoken has made to himself a law of rarely receiving visits; you are naturally so engaging, that I am sure that he will be very agreeable to you. I have already told you that he is an extraordinary man. The little Commerce that he has with the rest of the

world, leaves us in ignorance of the place of his birth, and still more his religion; that which is true is, that he has a very elevated idea of the Divinity; which he speaks of with the most profound respect, and he attributes to the names which have been given Him, some virtues and effects which pass the bounds of imagination. Inconsiderate People, who judge always foolishly of things which they do not understand, recount surprising things. They tell us as a truth, that he has passed two hundred years in this hermitage, without either eating or ageing; that he is equally instructed in the future and the past, and in short that he has so much facility in communicating with the Inhabitants of the other world, that they witness with repugnance his Discourses with these Hosts. I have not spoken with him more than twice in my life; and it appears to me that Heaven has given him great tranquility of soul, and a very vigorous holiness. He has a clearness upon everything, but his forte is a knowledge of the Secret Sciences, which he possesses in perfection, and which perhaps he has acquired in his travels, for certainly he has made several, and I know from himself that his solitude has had long intervals. If you wish, you can captivate him in a few hours by committing to memory a sketch of the principles of this occult art, and a part of the terms which are proper to it, I am persuaded that they will serve you as a passport for admission to a participation in his mysteries." "If it only needs that Monsieur," replied I, "I can even set out this hour; I am perfectly instructed in the jargon of the Cabalists, and my Jew of Berlin who had the Rabbinical taste, has so well explained these principles, that I am able myself to form questions so specious to our solitary, as to make him believe that I have an unbounded application of these terms. I know the divine names, those of the Intelligences, and the language of the Chemists. I combine Numbers after the Pythagorean mode, and I could speak an

entire month upon the Constellations." "That is sufficient," said Mr. Schits, "you can set out when it pleases you; remember at least to appear docile, and not too confident; forget the airs of Cavaliers; modesty and simplicity will render you good offices. I go to order the preparations for your voyage, we will give you some good provisions, without enquiring whether they are necessary to you; for to say the truth, your grief has almost conformed you to the abstinence of these Philosophers, so that I am not yet quite certain whether you know how to eat."

I thanked Mr. Schits for his obliging cares, and no longer thought of anything but my departure. The domestic whom he gave me for guide, was frightened at my design, and wished to make me abandon it, he told my Valet de Chambre in secret that his Master had ordered him to lead me to the Devil, that this man, whom we were going to see, was the director of the Sabbath (the witches' Sabbath), and that he held much more communication with hell than with the earth. He added to this recital a thousand other prodigious circumstances, capable of astonishing a weak and credulous mind. I laughed at his extravagance, and started for the field.

On the road I turned over in my mind a thousand different thoughts, and my heart found itself divided between fear and hope; sometimes I apprehended that the caprice, and the extravagances, which are nearly always inseparable from solitary persons, would render my steps useless; sometimes I listened agreeably to certain interior presentiments which promised me an agreeable and favourable welcome; in the end, this presentiment on my designs prevailed, I occupied myself seriously with all the things which I ought to propose to our Philosopher. The Companions of my voyage seeing me grave, sought to divert me. My Valet who is naturally gay and intrepid, said to me then: "It seems,

Monsieur, that you are afraid of the Devil, but I assure you, upon my word, that I bear the counterpoise to all these devilries in your *valise*, and I have had the precaution to enclose a bag of drugs proper to put to route all the Infernal troops; we have some St. John's Wort, some Aniseed, some Olive Powder, some Rue, some Incense, some Sulphur, some white Hellebore, and above all these, a phial of the Essence, before which Lucifer and all the bodies of his confreres could not remain a single moment."

This sally enlivened me much: I continued my march, and Heaven, which perhaps approved it not, inundated me with a flood so abundant, that I was soaked to the skin. It was impossible to get away from this deluge, for upon the road there was neither tree, nor house, where we could shelter.

When the Sun began to leave our horizon, and the night arrived to mark the close of our journey, my guide discovered a little Cottage where his Master had once taken refuge; we drew diligently to this Cottage, and having arrived we were received with so savage an air, that I could fancy myself to be in a Cavern of the Cyclops. The Host, the Hostess, and all their family, had no more of human qualities than the figure, and yet they were so disguised by the singularity of their dress, that the sight of Satyrs, such as we depict them, were a thousand times more supportable. I judged at the moment that it was not necessary to reason with them, nor to expect any humanity. My Valet set himself to make a fire that we might dry ourselves. He was obliged to extinguish it, because the thick and stifling smoke which arose from the earth (turf) which they burn instead of wood, would have driven us from this miserable habitation. We had furnished ourselves, happily, with some tapers, that would serve to give us light, whilst we made our first attack upon the provisions; all was cold, but notwithstanding that

I never in my life ate with so much appetite. After having made our repast we prepared upon the floor of the Chamber, a couch with the undressed skins of cattle, they were dry and so rough, that Morpheus himself, with my lassitude, had passed the night without sleep. I found my Body all bruised, and my Mantle, like that of the others, was soaked with water, and could not save me from a general contusion. My Guide and my Valet, to whom the hard earth served for mattress, avenged themselves for their sleeplessness upon the Philosopher. "It is," said they, "the greatest folly of mankind; why should he not wish the better to bound his curiosity in the discovery of things that are necessary to life, or which render it more commodious and more agreeable, but must go to consult these men in devilry upon the future, or upon that which passes in the other world, where we would not be too soon. We are sufficiently easy when we can live and be content." "It would be well," said the other, "if these uncomfortable movements that I am continually making were arrested."

We departed from this infernal house at the second crow of the cock, after having paid plentifully for such bad lodgings. The Master of the Lodge received my money with a species of ecstasy, and it was apparently the first that had come into his hands. We started to regain our road, and our walk was so happy, that at the third hour of the Sun we found ourselves in sight of the Hermitage which I sought. Its situation appeared to me very advantageous and even very agreeable, in comparison with the sterile and desert country that we had traversed in order to reach it. It was built upon a little height, where it had a clump of dwarf trees, which covered with their branches a Fountain whence ran without cessation, a lively and clear stream which watered a very smiling Valley. I felt myself shivering as I approached this Hermitage, and my natural firmness, and all

the resources of my reason, were not able to hinder a little oppression that I owed, without doubt, to ill founded prejudice. It did not last long, and vanished with the presence of the Philosopher.

We were not distant from his door above twenty steps when it opened; and there came from it a man of enormous stature, and by no means resembling any picture that one might have drawn. He came straight to me, without band, without hat, and covered with a long coat, of which time had effaced the colour. I noticed a joyous air upon his countenance, which reassured me entirely. In fact he embraced me with much tenderness and eagerness, and taking me by the hand, he said: "Blessed be the Lord who has sent you to visit the most unworthy of His servants; I count this day as one of the most fortunate of my life, since He has placed you before my eyes, you whose name is written in golden letters in the Book of the Predestined, and who, at a more advanced age will become the most zealous Partisan of all wisdom. You believe perhaps, my son, that your journey has been taken only from a motive of curiosity; and that your own heart has induced it; but disabuse your mind both of one and the other: the Spirit of the most High, who acts in us independently of all that which we feel, has been the sole and secret Director of it. I state this upon the faith of my Génie,* who came to apprise me of it, and who has never deceived me. He has drawn me from a profound meditation, where two important truths had begun to lure my attention, in order to inform me of your advent, and of a thousand particulars which will occur in following the variations, and the lustre of your destiny."

During the agreeable things which he said to me, I could attentively consider his figure, and not to carry further the description I may say, that he had the body of a Giant, the

* The French form, the 1st part translates it Genius. — *Translator.*

face very long, the hair white and curly, the eyes black and full of fire, the mouth large and furnished with all the teeth, the beard of a Capuchin, the eyebrows thick, the hands of a length without parallel, and the colour fresh and red. I saw all this with a glance of the eye. But that which I ought to add, and that which pleased me most, was the graciousness of his address, and a physiognomy so taking, that I at once resolved to give him my esteem, and my confidence.

In order not to appear uncivil in this beginning, I rendered him sweetness for sweetness, praise for praise, in witness that I esteemed myself the most happy of all men, in being able to enjoy for a moment the conversation of a Person of such great merit, and that the lightness which I already began to feel in the depths of my soul, was capable of making me forget all my misfortunes.

These compliments lasted to the door of his habitation, which I entered with a respect equal to that which one has at the door of a Sanctuary. It was truly the domicile of a Philosopher; everything there was badly arranged, and in extreme negligence, saving a Study which was beside his Chamber, where he shut up his bottles of essences, and some admirable Powders. My Valet followed me, and prayed me to let him retire, and then that I would ask a place for my provisions. He said to me smiling; "You apprehended, without doubt, my son, that you would have poor cheer with me, your precautions are sufficiently manifest; leave all these gross viands for your domestics; I have more exquisite meats to present to you, and in order that you may not doubt it, and the care for your victualling may not cause you any distraction, I will deliver you for fifteen days from all care of your body." He then took from his Study a little bottle, of I know not what liquor, of which he placed some drops upon my tongue, which took away from me effectually all desire for eating, without my

perceiving any loathing, or any weakness. "Behold," continued he, "an Elixir altogether divine: I at one time gave a good part to the good man Cardan. This present was useless to him from the folly of his son.* That heedless fellow broke the phial in which the precious treasure was enclosed, in the desire of a debauch."

I did not consider it proper to ask him the secret of the preparation, which would be a great resource to a warrior, liable to lack everything upon certain occasions.† I only urged him to make me a partaker of those sublime truths, that he had commenced to develop in the meditation that his Génie had interrupted in my favour, and I added to my suggestion, a very humble prayer, that he would teach me by what means Philosophers such as he, could communicate so easily with their Génies; for, said I to him, "I have for a long time heard speak in the world of these Génies, and in a conciliatory manner, without being able to persuade myself that Socrates and his Disciples, had succeeded; at least we would not willingly admit that these great men were great Magicians, and that they had much commerce with Hell." "I am about, my son," answered he, "to satisfy fully your curiosity. This morning, following my usual custom, after having thanked the God of light for that which He dispenses to us in the Ministry of the Sun, I set myself to deplore the miserable lot of men, who have their eyes closed upon the nature of their Author, and entering profoundly into an examination of the reasoning that might draw them from this inconceivable blindness; I considered that there is nothing more proper to produce this Salutory

* This refers to the second Cardan the Physician and his son who was hanged, see part first, page 21, ed. of 1886, further described at page 47.—*Translator.*

† See vol. 1, page 11, of the *Transactions of the Scottish Lodge of the Theosophical Society*, in which it is related that a friend of the writer once received a few grains of a red powder which enabled him to go three months almost entirely without food.—*Translator.*

effect, than that of causing them to remark three excellent characters, which are graven and imprinted at the depth of their being, and which all other things cannot efface: to wit, Unity, truth, goodness; these are three things which make but one, and which are found equally, and without interruption, in all that which sets out from the hands of the Lord. Consider it well, my son, and you will be persuaded, with me, that all beings, of whatever species they be, body or spirit, subsist but by them, and that their absence, if it were possible, would cause their destruction entirely and their annihilation. But to make you perceive this in a clear manner, let us apply this general rule to a particular case, and seek to give force to this truth by the manner in which we ordinarily express ourselves to-day.

“Is it not true, that to convince us that gold, which presents itself to us, is gold in effect, and not another metal; we simply say that it is good gold, pure gold, true gold, three different terms which give us the same idea, namely one without mixture, without alloy, without alteration; in such sort that it is easy to know, that unity, truth, and goodness, not only distinguish that which is gold, from that which is not; but further that it establishes all that there is of the real, and the essential, in gold, being impossible to conceive of other thing there, than that which makes that the gold is truly gold; what think you of this thing which being expressed and enunciated diversely, spreads itself and finds itself in all, without change, and without diminution, if that is not what God created it, who has made it to subsist, and who wills all His Works so to be. Our predecessors have comprehended this fully, and it is upon this principle that they said so nobly, that ‘God is in all things, because that outside him we find nothing.’”

“But, my Father,” replied I, “permit me here to put in work the little Philosophy that rests with me. If God is

in all things, and all things are nothing but himself; that is to say, if God is all their essence, and their Reality, as you seem to sustain; is it not to confound the creatures with their Creator, and can I avoid rendering them the homage which I owe to him, if I discover there nothing but himself; how do you reconcile this?" "Be guarded, my son, in that which you say," answered he, "your assumption is not just, unity is all that there is real and essential in numbers, and nevertheless, numbers are not unity, they exist in effect but because unity communicates itself to them without confounding itself with them, and their difference arises but from this, that they communicate differently. This is saying sufficient upon the matter, which doubtless appears to you very abstract and a little mystic, I abandon it to your reflexions, it will conduct you to satisfactory discoveries, and you will one day avow, that in place of languishing in ignorance of our God, we ought to be convinced by our own sentiment, that it is impossible to come to a knowledge of the creature, but by that of his Creator.

"I come now to your Génies," continued he, "and I will try to remove the unjust notions that you have without doubt, against spirits from whom we receive so many benefits. I permit vulgar souls to diabolise everything, and to put in the bosom of Hell the principle of so much of the marvellous effects which they admire, and which are sometimes so useful to them. But for you who possess wisdom, or is about to possess it, it is not necessary for you to believe that the Demons who are our irreconcilable enemies, will labour to do good to us, nor that in the infinite evils which their sentiments are full of, and which has all their attention, they can apply themselves to all the extravagant exercises which are supposed of them with so little reason, and which are quite proper to make us look upon them as Comedians who grimace, and play pranks upon the

Theatre of the world, rather than unfortunate spirits devoured by an eternal flame, which the justice of heaven shuts up in the pits of the abyss." "I think as you," said I to him, "that the Devil is not in that state to undertake all the *Rôles* that we make him play upon the earth, and that his misfortunes have given him other occupations than that of arranging the images, or of refreshing the traces in our head, in order to sally our imagination. But you know well, my Father, that I conform myself to our holy Religion, and the beliefs of the Church, which regard him as a dog that God has bound, and tied up, and that is loosed sometimes to make us feel our weakness, and to punish our infidelities." "I am willing," said he, "that you regard him as a punisher, and a Minister of the Justice of the most High, and not as a guide and a Benefactor, for these are the titles and the qualities which distinguish entirely the *Génies*, to whom we ought to attend for their useful counsels, solid instruction, and essential services."

"If this race is so beneficent," interrupted I, "whence comes it, my Father, that the first Christians left off sacrifice to them, and to swear by the *Génie* of the Emperors." "That is," replied he, "because it is not permitted to a creature to swear by another creature, and because another common error was the supposition that these *Génies* were Demons." "If they are not Demons as you say," added I, "and if they are truly occupied with our instruction, and our guidance; do you not leave in inaction the multitude of angels, to whom we are assured that the Lord has confided the care of our conduct." "No," said he, "their destination and their Employments are altogether different. The Angels direct us in the way of grace, and lead us in the way to enjoy the fruit of Redemption. But the *Génies* who are also Angels, and happy Angels, make themselves our assiduous and vigilant Directors, in the

natural and politic order. Each man has his own in the state he may be in, and the vigilance of these faithful guides is directed generally to all which has reference to our life, our health, or our honour. If one has an inclination for love, if someone takes a liking to us at first sight, if one is favoured in a Process, if someone treats us with unexpected liberality, if one has applause in conversation, if one is saved from ambushes prepared for us, and dangers which menace us, if we should be successful in war, in Negociation, in Arts; it is to the Génies that we are nearly always indebted for these advantages, and it is they who procure us this happiness; I say moreover, that it is from them that it is necessary to seek the key of that, I know not what, which pleases and which engages, which constitutes that which we call sympathy and natural affinity, and which comes so little near to nature, that to examine the depths upon which it is supported, that is to say the humours, temperament, bodily figure, and character of the spirit, should but produce oppositions and contraries."

"These are beautiful principles, my Father," said I to him, "the question and the difficulty is to prove them." "Think not," replied he, "that that will embarrass me, I have all the Histories of the world to warrant me in that which I advance; Augustus would have had his throat cut in Macedonia, if his Génie had not instructed his Doctor to cause him to change his place, though sick as he was in his Camp; this notice exposed him to the fury of the soldiers of Brutus, who penetrated even to the Tent which he had left, and who slew all whom they met with. But Brutus himself, had he taken his life with so much resolution and firmness, if his Génie had not prepared at this tragic Act to watch over his death? I speak to you here of two illustrious Romans who were well persuaded that their Republic owed its glory and its prosperity to the conduct of the Génie who made its fortune their care."

"That is well," answered I; "but why do we see so many people hated and unfortunate, who find not a single stone in their path, which is not to them a stone of stumbling, and of scandal. What is their Génie doing, is he sleeping?" "Do not deceive yourself, my son, it is with the Génies, as with the ordinary graces, which operate on souls according to the dispositions which they encounter, stirring the easy hearts, shaking hard the hardened, quickening in some sort the disposition of those, in whom the weight of their iniquities has stifled the voice of remorse. The Génies act somewhat similarly, when their ministry binds them to a fine soul, to one naturally pliant, they labour with indefatigable application to attract to him all sorts of benefits; but there is nothing which discourages them so much as to be confined to hardened souls, gross, sullen, and rebellious to all their movements. The uselessness of their cares rebuffs them and obliges them to withdraw themselves for a time. It is for this cause that there are Génies for all sorts of people, and that antiquity was convinced of it; the People are never attentive, because their brutality is an obstacle to their communication, and renders them inaccessible to their inspirations and their Councils, this leads to their removing themselves afar and to abandon the wicked to his evil ways." "It is true," said I to him, "that History has hardly spoken of them, and that the common opinion is, that Génies belong only to great men." "They are for all," replied he, "and their number is so considerable, and so vast, that the Providence of the most High often destines two of them to the same person, when he finds himself elevated to a high rank. The Génies comprise an illustrious Republic which includes several classes, and which govern themselves by an admirable subordination; the Superiors having an absolute authority over the inferiors, and these labouring together to fulfil diligently the projects and the decisions of the others,

of whom they become very often the Ministers. There are Génies for Empires, for Kingdoms, for Provinces, for Towns, and for all those who inhabit them. It is necessary to be imbued with this system, if we wish to unravel an infinite number of effects, which surprise the world, and of which the causes are hidden. One establishes them in the skies, another upon the earth, others in the persons of those who gather the fruit of these marvels. But all deceive themselves, because they seek where these causes are not, and their thoughts never fall upon the Génies who originate them, and they drive them away always from their aim. Profit, my son, by the discoveries which I make to you; be not the dupe of a popular error; and far be it from you to lose yourself, with all the others, in the chiméras which they give as the principle of those secret bonds which form themselves at first sight, and which often endure until the last sigh; in spite of the little assortment which we remark in the subjects who unite themselves. Render to Cæsar that which belongs to Cæsar, and honour the Génies for their Work, since they are the sole artisans. If Theduti is so well obeyed, if Philandre has some very considerable friends, if Dimaque keeps his important Employments in spite of the envious, if Oronte has some unexpected successes and gains all his suits; it is a happiness which they owe to the management of their Génies, who are found at the head of their Class, acting internally for them, and causing the Génies dependant upon them to act similarly, in order to bend them in favour of the persons who are found committed to their guardianship and to their vigilance. You will tell me that great Men have merit, and the qualities to make themselves distinguished and revered by all. It is true; but how many people with extraordinary talents, are left to languish all their life in misfortune and neglect. I do not wish to enter into tiresome details to make this truth sensible to you, the Commerce of

the Court, and the great World has presented to you without doubt more examples and proofs of it than I would be able to furnish you. The thing that I ask of you is to let pass through your memory many extravagant Unions that you have remarked, without being able to imagine that these are in virtue of a pretended natural affinity; of fine Men with ill-favoured Women; of polished people with rough persons; of peaceable husbands with turbulent Women. In a word, bile drawn to phlegm, blood to lymph; whence are born these inclinations so badly assorted? And in what is the source of these inclinations so disproportionate; do you derive it from the same temperament, the same humour, the same hue, the same character of spirit; but there is nothing more dissimilar as I suppose it, and as you see it. Would you attribute it to caprice, to the blindness caused by the bondage of love; but that is saying nothing, it is to put the effect for the cause, and for proof, that which is in question. Say you, that these couples are marked with the same die, that they are born under the same constellation, and that they participate in the same influences? But that is jargon. It is a long time since we returned from the illusions of our Fathers, and we now know that the Stars and the Planets do nothing upon our hearts. Renounce, my Son, all these false prejudices, leave these mysteries, I know not what. This chimerical sympathy, that we think only to be the cause and the mother of those sudden loves, and impenetrable affections. And since the source is discoverable neither in the body, nor in the spirit, and is not there effectually; raise yourself then to those blessed Génies, whom the Lord has prepared to govern, it is there that you will find the cause. I do not think that you will give them the power that our Casuists give to the Devil over us; they permit him to enter familiarly into our thoughts, to agitate, as it pleases him, the blood and spirits, to arrange according to his fantasy, the Images that he has

introduced there, to overrun the nerves of our brain; and in short to move at his will all parts of the machine. But as it is by the impression which our soul receives from these troubles and from these different movements, that one determines to form such or such thoughts, or kindle such or such passions, it is easy to comprehend that the Génies which watch over us, and who exercise an authority incomparably greater than that of the demons, are able to turn our spirits to the things which they judge to be useful for us. It is true even that to succeed, they are often aided by the dexterity of the other Génies, with whom they have particular relations; and it is by that path that badly assorted persons, such as those we have spoken of, find themselves inopportunately and reciprocally bound together, without power to render a reason to themselves. Also when the bonds received become smoothed by time, or because that their Génies take less interest in preserving them, they then perceive, with astonishment, the irregularity and the folly of their choice.

"Think not, my son, that the mutual assistance which the Génies render are imaginary. You have only to read the History of Daniel to be convinced of the reality. The Angel which spoke to him in the tenth Chapter, and who would be the Génie of the Hebrews, avowed that the Génie of the Persians had resisted him twenty-one days; but that having called upon Michael to assist him, that Archangel had overcome his resistance by authority, or by reasoning, in making him, without doubt, to understand that the residence of the Angel, for whom he took part, near the Persian King, and the inspirations which he wished him to give in favour of Israel, would be nothing prejudicial to the glory and the interests of his State."

"In effect, my Father," interrupted I, "the Scriptures teach us, that this Angel remained afterwards without trouble near the person of this prince; but, "added I, "since the

Génies aid each other, and have relations and particular bonds, the one with the other, dare I flatter myself that mine, who is without doubt inferior to yours, is in some sort of intelligence with him, and that it is their union that has procured me all the welcome that I have received in this happy journey, and which I avow that I have hardly merited." "Consider it assuredly so," replied he to me, "it is your Génie who has conducted you here, and who has managed it upon the basis of that curiosity which you naturally have, in order to inspirit you to undertake this little voyage, which it imported you to make, for reasons that you may regard more than me, and which you will know in time. He has concerted all your proceeding with mine, who informed me of them exactly, and who, upon your arrival, came to draw me from my profound thoughts, and caused me to come to meet you, in order that I might receive you with more courtesy."

"But, my father," interrupted I, "if Mrs. the Génies have so absolute an empire over the human spirit, and over the heart of men, that they can turn them in any way that pleases them, how do you preserve your liberty?" "How do I keep it," replied he, "Ah! what violence do we make when we bear no evil, and when we act with inclination and with pleasure. Are our liberties wounded, because the most High wishes to fill up the plan of His eternal designs, and to restrain the wicked who trouble the order that He has established in this lower world, and curb their malice to protect in some sort the economy of which He manages the use so well, that He turns all things to His glory, and to the advantage of His Elect."

"There is a providence," continued he, "for homely persons, and as Heaven does not wish that they should suffer for this inutility their Génies are charged with the care of their establishment, and certainly they acquit themselves of it, ordinarily, with a success which even surpasses the hope

of the interested." "Your ideas," said I to him, "agree with that of one of my friends, who sustains pleasantly that concupiscence has entered the world to favour the homely. For, says he, 'if men were always cold in their feelings, and passion and fire did not trouble their life, these poor unfortunates would run the risk of carrying their solitude even to the tomb.' He says all this in *badinage*, and you do the same doubtless, in that which you say upon this subject. However, to speak seriously it is necessary to agree that there is a secret Power which holds all hearts, and causes that each finds its own, according to the popular proverb. I believe even that if we made a list of the young women who remain without establishment, we should find that the number of the beautiful surpass much those of the homely: whether it is because these last have always more mind, or because they help themselves advantageously, or in short, because Providence and your Génies range themselves upon their side."

"It is certain," replied he, "that the aid of the Génies afford a great counterpoise to the disgraces of nature, and that it is they that have given worth to so many great men, whose deformed bodies, had wounded the eyes of all that opened them upon their figure, without a certain inexplicable éclat that their Génies spread over their person, and which rendered them agreeable to all." "You believe then, my Father," interrupted I, "that Esop, Socrates, Lycurgus, and many others, owed a part of their merit and their advancement to the ability of their Génies?" "Yes, my son," continued he, "I am persuaded that the commerce of the Génies with whom they treated so easily, and who never abandoned them, made the better half of their wisdom and their reputation, and that they were wholly indebted to them for those great and superior airs, for that insurmountable ascendancy, which attracted all imaginations, which imposed upon all people, and which caused them to receive all their words as so many oracles."

"It is great prejudice," said I to him, "that the men of the day have rendered themselves unworthy of their familiarity; I count this misfortune amongst their greatest disgraces, and it seems to me that they ought to put every stone in work to renew their relations with them."

"We are not so universally embroiled as you think," replied he, "they still confer daily in discourses with the Philosophers, and they communicate with others, but only during sleep: it is a punishment for having taken them for Demons." "We are wrong," responded I, "to confound them with the Devils; it is above all difficult to abstain from it, and myself, who have the honour of speaking to you, and who take pride in not easily surrendering myself to the common errors, which preoccupy all people, I feel carried away to do them this injustice, and I believe that I may commit it, if the extreme deference which I have for all your sentiments, did not restrain me upon this point. It is why I conjure you, my Father, not to exercise my faith for too long a time, for fear that it might succumb under the weight of these great doubts. You have told me things which are very beautiful, and very sublime; but they subsist upon principles to which my mind is so little accustomed, and which appears so new, that they will not remain a moment, if you do not arrest them at some sensible places." "Ah! well," said he "it is necessary to content you. Examples and facts may often persuade better than the most solid reasons. I am about to give you them, so constant and so convincing, upon all the species of gifts that we receive from our Génies, that you will be the most opinionated of all men if you do not submit." "Since you have this complaisance for me," answered I, "permit me to recall to your recollection what you have said, that our Génies form in us those agreeable inclinations which we attribute to sympathy, that they aid us in sickness, caution us against dangers, discover to us secret presentiments,

and that often our fortune, our establishments, our reputation and our brightness, are their work, and the effects of their benevolence." "I understand you," replied he, "you wish to confirm all this, and it is that which I propose to do, in order to leave you in no doubts, or scruples upon this matter.

"Let us begin then with the affections which are discovered at first sight; those opinionative inclinations which we suppose to be the effect of a certain sympathy, and of certain affinities which we call natural, and which are so little love, to which we give this name." "Ah! my Father," said I to him, "permit me to arrest you there; why! would you doubt that love is born with us; which interprets itself on a thousand occasions, and which the fathers and their children, the husbands and their wives, recognise that they receive from nature." "Yes, my Son," answered he, "I put away a name that is usurped without right and without foundation. This love is but a recognition which forms itself by time and reason. The habit of living with certain people who nourish us, elevate us, instruct us, caress us, and destine for us their goods, causes those impressions in our spirit and in our heart, which attracts to them our tenderness and our gratitude. Nature has no part in all that; if it had the least in the world, as it is intelligent and uniform, we should not take so often to changes, and we should not see so many children who weep for their father who is yet in life, inasmuch as he persecutes and hates those to whom he ought very certainly to shew pleasure. This proof has always appeared to me a good view. One of your greatest Authors finds it incontestible, and I myself wish to hold with him. "Let us return at present to the secret inclination which makes itself felt at first sight, and which is caused when a stranger, of whom the name even is unknown to us, pleases us suddenly, and for whom we declare ourselves, even to the prejudice of those to whom blood unites us, or that we have

a practical part with during several years. We have never been able to render a reason for this sudden movement of our heart, which interests us so strongly for a new comer, that we may resent his good or his bad fortune, his gains, and his losses, as of our own.

“ I have said to you already that this inclination of one person for another, or of the two collectively, is due to the bond, or to the subordination of Génies who in concert, or the one by order of the other, form in the soul this hidden inclination, which never lacks manifestation in the presence of the object determined. This inclination which is formed in us, by the folds and the traces that our Génies imprint in our brain, dwells there nearly always as bound by the Génie, even when the object is not present; I say nearly always, for it happens sometimes that it does not develop itself during absence. It is that which you will see in an adventure which, in times past, was the admiration of all Asia.

“ Odatis, only daughter of Omartes, the most amiable Princess of the East was marriageable. The King her Father thought of everything good to marry her; he promised that he would never oppose her inclinations, and that she should dispose of her own heart and her destiny. That he might hold speech, he caused letters to be spread through all Asia, to advertise those who might be able to pretend to this alliance, so illustrious, to repair on the first day of January to his Capital, because he would recognise for his Successor, and his Son-in-law him that his Daughter might chose for her Spouse. Behold these Princes in movement, and principally those who were the near neighbours of the States of Omartes, because of the convenience. Histaspus, King of the Medes, had a Brother named Zariadres, who was, without contradiction, the most accomplished Prince of his time. His Génie, who wished to advance his fortune, resolved to give him this Crown with

the most charming of all Spouses. As he found himself of the same Class with that of Odatis, they were in perfect union, he easily caused him to enter into his designs; they took together the measures necessary for their execution, and they took them so exactly, that in the same night, and at one and the same hour, the one presented himself in sleep to Odatis, under the figure of Zariadres, and the other to Zariadres under that of Odatis. The Images of the Apparitions of these Génies, thus disguised, remained in their imaginations, and made a wound so profound in their hearts, that they could not live without thinking the one of the other. The declaration of Omartes disquieted the Princess his daughter. She might apprehend besides the death of Zariadres, who was distant from her more than two hundred leagues, that he might not come to the appointment, failing the advise. In this fear she despatched a confidential messenger to remind him of his vows, and to urge him to hasten his march. His Génie had already instructed him of everything by a second apparition. The Courier found him departed, and joined him on the road. Zariadres opened the letter that he bore on the part of the Princess, and he read it with all the transports that one can imagine. That which embarrassed him a little and diminished his joy, was that Odatis should remark to him; that although the King her Father was all complaisance for her, and that he had engaged to leave her to decide on the state of her heart; she could perceive well that he would be pained to see her married to a stranger. In spite of this grievous circumstance, he continued to pursue his route, and he hoped that his love which was marvellous, would triumph over all the obstacles that might oppose his desires. The day fixed by the letters had arrived, the Princes thus advertised repaired to the great Hall of the Palace of Omartes, at the end of which was raised a species of Theatre where one could

distinguish all the Assistants. The King ascended there with his daughter and followers. He had instructed the Ceremonial of the declaration of her choice; this was to drink an exquisite liquor filling a cup of gold, and then to give a portion of it to him whom she should choose for her Spouse. Odatis held the Cup a long time between her hands without bringing it to her lips. She brought it on all sides with unquiet looks, to see if she could not discover Zariadres. He appeared at this moment of her disquiet, and having cleared the crowd, he threw himself at the feet of the Princess, the charming Original, of which the copy had illuminated in his soul an ardour so beautiful and so constant. Odatis raised him, and having drank, without further hesitation, in the Nuptial Cup, she presented it to Zariadres. This unexpected blow surprised all the assembly of Pretenders, and in their astonishment they made a circle around Omartes to make their complaints and their murmurs. The two Spouses profited by this tumult, they set out from the Palace and were got out of the gates of the City in the Chariot which had brought Zariadres, and which he had left there expressly. Thence they drove diligently, towards the Caspian Sea, where were the States of Histaspus, where they lived in a union so sweet, and so perfect, that it has served since for the model of all happy marriages.”*

“Truly, my Father,” said I to him, “a pretty History, if it were true. As you have dug into a fabulous antiquity, I will not dissimulate to you, that I think it a little suspect.” “It ought not to be so to you,” answered he, “for then you should doubt everything; for there is nothing which ever had greater authority than this. There was a time when the Asiatics had it painted in their temples, and in their houses; their Poets and their Shepherds made it the subject of their

* This account is found in the history of Chares of Mitylene by Athenæus. Book xii., chapter 35, of his *Deipnosophistæ*.—*Translator*.

Verses, and of their Songs, and it was a species of happiness for a family, when they possessed a child who could take the name of Odatis or of Zariadres. But I quite see what it is, you desire recent stories, and it is necessary that you be satisfied.

"Far from wishing to overwhelm you with examples and facts, that the Greeks and Latins could furnish me with, and to arm myself with these to vanquish your incredulity; I will forget in your favour, all that which they have written of the Génies, their appearances to their great Men, their communications with their Philosophers, so much of advise, of instructions, and of Counsels given; so many benefits conferred, so much of happiness or of misfortunes announced, so much of dangers and of evils prevented, so many menaces made, so much marked indignation, so much miraculous healing by suggestion; and in fine so many other things so useful and so brilliant, that there is nothing left to believe, if we pretend that they are impositions." "Far from me," said I, "to prevail against you in these marvels so constant and so true, and of which I have such good and such illustrious warrant." "I permit you," said he, "to disdain that which they have recounted of Alexander, to wit that his Génie, disguised in the form of a Serpent, discovered to him in a dream an effective simple to cure the mortal wound of Ptolomey, the most brave, and perhaps the most necessary of his Lieutenants. He had his arm pierced with a poisoned arrow, and had perished, without doubt, but for this specific remedy, which preserved a life so cherished by his General. I would not further be discontented if you reckoned for nothing that which the Emperor Antoninus has said of himself; he assures us that being subject to frequent vertigos, and much vomiting of blood, he was delivered from these two infirmities by an opiate of which he was inspired during sleep.*

* The pagan Emperor Aurelius Antoninus (circa 145 A.D.) thus himself relates this circumstance (Geo. Long's translation, 1869)—"Remedies have been shewn to me

In a word, my son, you can regard these narrations, and a thousand others which I suppress, as antiquated things and the illusions of first times. But since the Authors who approach nearer to our time, are those who doubtless merit your belief, you should not refuse that which Marcellus Ficinus has written of the celebrated Avenzoar. He says that this Arabian Doctor suffered cruelly of an inflammation of the eyes, and that another Doctor of his friends who died two years before, appeared to him in the night, and apprised him to make an eyesalve, of which the application perfectly cured him. I do not think, my son, that you will be of the humour to believe that the dead come to life, nor that a shade, which is nothing, is able in Pharmacopia to render such offices. That was also the Génie of Avenzoar, or of his defunct Friend, who desired to benefit him by this healing, the witness of a friendship which had been so cherished, and of which he had, perhaps, been the principal artisan, and the secret Mediator. This was a sentiment common to all Nations, and even to that of the Jews who would distinguish themselves from all others, that apparitions of the dead and the absent living were all made by the Génies. When Saint Peter, delivered from his prison, went to knock at the door of Mary, mother of John, those who were in the house, with the young Rhoda† who had recognised his voice, announced his presence and his escape, they all cried with one voice, it is not him, 'It is his Angel.' Judea gave then this name to the Génies; but since this the Doctors, for a greater distinction, have attributed it but to the Spirits who

"by dreams, both other, and against bloodspitting and giddiness." As to doctrine of Génies, or as he terms them, *damons*, we have these allusions—"It is sufficient to attend to the *dæmon* within him, and reverence it." ". . . It is in my power never to act contrary to my god and *dæmon*." ". . . And the gods aid them in all ways, in dreams, by signs, towards the attainment of those things on which they set a value. . . ." "Pass the portion of life which remains to thee up to the time of thy death free from perturbations, nobly and obedient to thy own *dæmon*."—*Translator*.

† Acts, xii. chap., 12-13 verses.—*Translator*.

appear as the representatives of the most High. Saint Augustine, and some others of the Fathers, have followed this maxim, and they put always the Angels in the place of the Lord when they shew themselves, or when they speak to the holy Patriarchs."

"I know not that which you say on this," interrupted I, "I admire your healing Génies, and I await that which you may say to me of the instructing Génies." "I am with you," replied he, "and I wish at the same time to defer to your aversion to antiquity, and to that which has a foreign air." Then continuing the discourse, he demanded of me if I received the authority of Saint Augustine. "Ah! my Father," cried I, "he is held in veneration throughout the Christian world, and he that rejected him would be very raw." "Ah well, my son," answered he, "this Doctor, so profound, so venerable, with reason, as one of the greatest lights of the Church, assures us in one of his Books, that the declamator Eulogius had sought uselessly for several days to understand a passage of Cicero; but that at the time when he despaired further of discovering the true sense, he himself appeared to him during sleep, and gave him a perfect explanation. Do not imagine that Saint Augustine quitted his couch to put in an appearance before that of Eulogius, for he avows himself that this Comedy was played without his participation, and in his absence, then there had been no other actor but his Génie, who had sought to ease the pain and the embarrassment of this poor Author, for whom Saint Augustine had some esteem. Cardan the son, said he not somewhere that his Father had long and frequent conversations with his Génie, and that it was there that he derived what he knew that was best and most sublime?" He added, it seems to me, in the same place, that an Italian Philosopher,

* The father of the celebrated physician is meant, see part first, page 21, ed. 1886, but there is a misprint, the 1715 edition has "seven unknown ones."—*Translator*.

whom he names, but whom I do not remember, owed the better part of his science to his communications with Spirits. But, my son, let us see something more modern, and which is known throughout all your Country. I allow with much pleasure, that I am persuaded that foreign stories, of which I have a good provision, will be much less agreeable to you.

"A Savant of Dijon had tired himself for a long day upon an essential point in a Greek Poet, without being able to comprehend anything. Repulsed and sorry for the uselessness of his long application, he went to bed, his chagrin enduring; and as he was in a sound sleep, his Génie transported him in spirit to Stockholm, introducing him into the Palace of the Queen Christina, he conducted him into her Library; he caused him to look over all the Books, and examine them. Having fallen upon a little volume, of which the title appeared to him to be new, he opened it, and having turned over ten or twelve pages, he there saw ten Greek verses, the reading of which entirely solved the difficulty which had so long occupied him. The deep sense of joy, which this discovery caused, awoke him; his imagination is so full of this Greek Poetry that he brought it back, and repeated it unceasingly; he did not wish to forget it, and therefore struck a light with his tinderbox, and with the assistance of his pen he committed it to paper; after which he sought to recover his sleep. In the morning when he awoke, he reflected upon his night's Adventure, and found it most extraordinary in all its circumstances, he resolved with himself to follow out the matter still further.

"Mr. Descartes was then in Sweden, near the Queen, who wished to learn his fine Philosophy. He knew him by reputation, but he had more association with Mr. Chanut, who was Ambassador for France. It was to him that he addressed himself to get him to convey one of his Letters to Mr. Descartes, and to engage him to answer him. He

supplicated him to mark precisely if the Library of the Queen, her Palace, and the Town of Stockholm, were situated in such manner; if upon one of the Shelves of this Library, at the bottom, there was a Book there of such size, with such cover, and with such a title upon the edge. Lastly, if in this Book which he conjured him to read exactly for love of him, in case he found it, there was not ten Greek verses altogether similar to those he put at the bottom of his Letter.

“Mr. Descartes who was a man of unparalleled civility, soon satisfied our Savant. He answered him that the most able Engineer could not have drawn any better the plan of Stockholm which he had given in his Letter; that the Palace and the Library were very perfectly depicted; that he had found the Book in question on the Shelf designated; that he had read the Greek verses mentioned; that the Book is very scarce; but nevertheless, that one of his Friends had promised him a copy which he would send to France by the first conveyance; that he besought him to accept the present which he made him in advance, and to regard it as a mark of the particular esteem that he had for his Person. This Story is public, and there are few literary people who are ignorant of it.”

“I avow to you, my Father,” said I to him, “that this is strong, and that I should be wrong to claim any vantage upon account of the Génies who instruct us. But since you are upon so beautiful a road, tell me something of those who caution us against dangers, and reveal to us the future.” “You are embarking me,” answered he, “upon a vast and spacious Sea, I have a thousand stories to relate to you upon this subject, all of them originally from your Country. But in order not to fatigue you by their great number, I will give a few only, of which the truth is attested by illustrious persons who are still living, and of whom, I

have no doubt, you will have some knowledge. Before I turn the vessel to the wind, accept that I make you partaker of that which I once learned in Paris, of a Jesuit who had all the air of a perfectly honest man, who would not lie. He told me that when he was young Regent, he proposed to himself one evening to rise earlier in the morning than was his custom to make fifty verses, which were lacking from a piece that his scholars ought to disclaim. In effect, he arose early in the morning, and having assumed his habit, he sought a light. He went back into his chamber to work, and having seated himself in his chair, he saw upon the table a sheet of paper full of his handwriting, and where the Verses which he meditated composing were written. This spectacle ravished him, he was some moments in a species of ecstasy, and believing that he was not indebted to the Devil for this good office, because he had done nothing to please him; he gave to his good Angel all the honour of a Work, for which he was indebted to the courtesy of his Génie, who had wished to spare him the pain of rubbing his brow during some hours."

"Let us leave these," said I to him, "your Jesuits, I am not surprised at anything which happens to them; the Universe collectively being made only for them, and there is not a creature that is not of some use to them."

"I quit their Company," replied he, "to pass to that of a person, very illustrious by her rank and by her virtue, this is Madam the Princess de Conty, Niece of Cardinal Mazarin. The Génie of that pious Princess caused her to see in a dream an apartment of her Palace ready to fall, and her Children sleeping there, upon the point of being buried under the ruins. The frightful spectacle that was presented to her imagination stirred her heart and all her blood. She trembled, and in her fright she awoke in sudden surprise, and called some women who slept in her dressing-room. They went at the call to receive the order of their Mistress. She

told them her vision and that she wished absolutely that they would bring her the children. Her women resisted this order, citing the ancient Proverb that all dreams are false. The Princess commanded them to be fetched. The Governess and the Nurses set out to obey, but retraced their steps, saying that the young Princes slept tranquilly, and that it would be wicked to trouble their repose. The Princess seeing their obstinacy, and perhaps their deceit, demanded angrily her Chamber robe. There was no means of drawing back, they went to seek the young Princes, who were scarcely in the Chamber of their Mother, when their apartment fell down. All the Court has been informed of this dream of the Princess. She regarded it herself as a singular favour of Heaven, that she had received through the Ministry of her good Angel; for, said she, to the Persons who went to felicitate her, 'I could hear an importunate voice in the depths of my heart, which unrelaxingly pressed me to go and bring away my children.'" "The question is, my Father," interrupted I, "to know if this salutary advise is the work of an Angel, or of one of your Génies." "The Story that I am about to recount," answered he, "will decide in the last resort.

"A Councillor of the Parliament of Paris, I have forgotten his name, but this adventure has been known by much people from the recital he has made of it. This Councillor slept profoundly in his bed. During sleep, he thought he saw a young man, who with vehemence and a lively air, repeated to him several times certain words in an unknown idiom. These words entered fully into his head, and arranged themselves so distinctly that he awoke. He obtained a light and some writing paper. Having written the words, he extinguished his taper, not thinking but that he would again fall asleep. For the rest of the night he could not close his eyes. His dream and the foreign words

came back always to his mind, and he found himself disquieted to the last degree; he took the part of rising, and sought to abstract his mind until it was day upon a Process that he ought to draw up. He dressed himself, and with his equipage of a Magistrate repaired to the Palace. As he was fatigued and lowered by his disquiet and want of sleep, he proposed to three or four of his *Confreres*, that had been as diligent as himself, and with whom he was Discoursing of the cause which made the subject of his Report, to go and drink a cup of wine, saying that he needed it. These gentlemen agreed to the proposition, and went together to the Buffet. He told them of his adventure, and shewed them the barbarous words which he had written upon a scrap of paper. They had nearly all travelled after their schooling, and one understood English and German, the others Italian and Spanish.

"They could understand nothing of that which he had shewn them. Then one of the troop said to the others, 'We seem much embarrassed, Messieurs; Mr. de Sommaise is but three steps from here, he is versed in the least known languages, let us send to him to enquire, under pretext of communicating an important affair, he will come at our prayer, for he is honest and polished.' This party went to the Assembly; they caused Mr. de Sommaise to come to them, and after some prelude in play, they placed before his eyes the scrap of paper, asking him if he knew the idiom of the words they presented to him. 'Yes,' answered he, 'it is Syriac written in French characters.' 'But,' said they, 'what does it mean?' 'To make an exact version of it,' answered he, 'it is necessary to read thus,'—'Set out from thy house, for it will fall in ruins to-day at nine o'clock in the evening.' They uttered a peal of laughter at this version, and pretended that the dream was a joke and a tale made for pleasantry. One of the more prudent of the Company, who saw from the air of the interested Councillor

that he did not impose upon them, said to these Messieurs the laughers: 'You laugh and you jest about this, as for me I treat this affair more seriously than you. I swear to you if this referred to me, I would not be a moment without dislodging.' Then turning himself towards the Councillor, he said, 'Credit me, Monsieur, return home, and put all the Porters of the quarter in movement, you can put back your moveables in their places, in case this thing does not happen.' The Councillor profited by the advise, and it proved to be salutary, for the house, whilst it fell down, fell at the precise hour that this charitable Génie had advised him. He judged well that he had spoken a foreign language, in order to apply it to advantage, by the singularity of the circumstances of his apparition, which he had to manage in all that followed, such as the interview and the interpretation of Mr. de Sommaise, and the Counsel from it which resulted.

"I avow," said I to him, "that this manœuvre is entirely in keeping with the character of the Génies." "The justice of your avowal," answered he, "will seem to you more sensible in a few moments. I am about to recite to you that which befell Madam the Maréchale de Grancey. She told me one day in her Hotel, that the Génie of a man of the Court, for whom she had extreme consideration, presented himself to her during sleep, under the figure of her late Spouse. His speech was not long, he said only—'Madam, make a search in my dressing-room; there is in the pocket of my small-clothes a Letter, which is of the last consequence to one of our good Friends, take care to burn it.' The Maréchale continuing to sleep in spite of this instruction, wished to question him upon his state in the other world; the phantom disappeared without answering her. She awoke in trouble, She called her attendants, they ran to her bed, She recounted her dream, they told her to sleep, and that it could only be a vapour of the night. She caused the *Valet*

de Chambre of the late Maréchal to be roused, whose fidelity had caused her to retain him in the house after the death of his Master. He went to the order of Mme. de Grancey. She demanded if he had retained some clothing of the Maréchal in his dressing-room; he answered 'No, and that he had made his profit of them.' The Maréchale commanded him to make a strict search. He went out, but returned empty-handed. They sought again, but were not more happy. But, in short, upon being sent a third time, by the pressing solicitations of his Mistress, he sought so well, that he discovered in an obscure corner of the dressing-room under a heap of rubbish an old small-clothes of black taffeta with eylet-holes, as we see them anciently. He presented this dress to the Maréchale. She put her hand in the pocket, whence she drew a letter which she opened, and having comprehended its importance by the reading which she made, she threw it in the fire, to save a friend of the house the chagrin that he would receive if it was produced."

"These recitals, so well articulated," interrupted I, "fill me with admiration. I much mistrust dreams; but when they have a result so real and so considerable, and besides, such illustrious and distinguished testimony in sustaining their truth, I cannot but regard them as the inspirations of heaven, which takes care for our days and for our reputation."

"I do not know," continued he, whether you are acquainted with the Abbé de Montmorin who is named as a Bishop, and whose piety will conduct him still further; he is one of the best men in the world, and incapable of deceit.

"He has assured me that being one day on his knees in the Church of St. Louis to pass a little time, he felt an interior solicitation to leave that place. For some moments he resisted this secret voice, but finally, being unable to hold himself in opposition to this importunity, he arose sharply

and placed himself upon the side opposite to that which he quitted. 'Hardly had I reached there,' said he to me, 'than a stone became detached from the vaulted roof, and fell perpendicularly upon the place that I had just abandoned, and by which my head would have been crushed, without the assistance of my Génie, whose pressing solicitations drew me, to speak thus, by that happy and salutary movement.'

"I do not wish you to ignore that which this same Génie did one day to this Prelate to oblige another Génie of his own Class, who solicited some *Requiems* for a poor defunct whom he had often assisted to regulate his steps." "Permit me," said I, "my father, to stop you at this part. It seems to me that you widen your system. In distinguishing a short time ago the functions of the Angels and the Génies, you shut up the ministry of these last in the natural and the civil Order, and behold, I see you anticipating upon that of grace." "These anticipations," replied he, "happen sometimes when it pleases the Lord, who holds all his Ministers under his hand, and causes them to act according to his own designs and will. The general rules, as you know, have their exceptions. The Angel Raphael, who is of a superior rank, destined for great Mysteries, and for those things which have an affinity to the glory of the most High, and a very happy Eternity, hindered not his being sent to the young Tobit to act as a guide, to cause an old debt to be paid, to give him a faithful Spouse, and to restore sight to his father." "It is enough, my father, I am satisfied with your enlightenment, continue the story that you began."

"Mr. de Montmorin," repeated he, "has recounted it to me in these terms. 'This same Génie,' said this Prelate, 'who had preserved my head from being infallibly crushed, conducted me one night, during sleep, to the door of the College of the Bernardines. I demanded of the Porter who presented himself to me, how was Mr. the Abbé of Prières?'

'Very well, Monsieur,' answered he; 'Do me the pleasure,' said I to him, 'to inform him that the Abbé de Montmorin desires to make his reverence to him.' 'That cannot be,' replied he; 'and why,' repeated I, 'is he engaged?' 'No,' added he, 'it is that it will be necessary to go very far to deliver your Message.' 'Explain to me this enigma,' said I to him, 'for I understand nothing of your discourse.' 'I wish to say, Monsieur,' answered he, 'that our Abbé has been in the other world for three days, and therefore it is hardly of any use, either for you or me, to speak to him.' 'I then prayed this Porter to shew me the place of his burial, in order to throw the consecrated water upon his grave; he conducted me to it, and I said there a *De profundis* for the repose of his soul.

"When I awoke, my dream returned to my memory, I regarded it as an idle fancy of dreaming sleep.' I said to myself, 'In what have I been lacking to this Abbé de Prières, whom I never saw in my life, and whom I know only by reputation that he has been a great reformer of the Monks; there must be strange windings in the heads of men, that all these follies are pushed upon this road;' after which I thought no more about it. As soon as I had dined, I mounted a coach to make a visit to the Marquis de Saint Hesem, my Kinsman and my Friend. My visit made, I told my Coachman to drive me to the Abbé N., whom I saw often: in place of his taking his ordinary route, which was the shortest, he drove past the Ruè des Bernardins. I perceived then that we were near the gate of the College of these Monks. This singularity made an impression upon me. I told my Coachman to stop, and descended; I made the request to speak to the Abbé de Prières, in the persuasion that the inopportune visit that I hazarded would not be badly received by a man who knew the world, and would know my name without knowing my person. The Porter

who came to me I found to be the same that I had seen in my dream, and the marvellousness of this Adventure, is that my demands and his answers were also the same, without there being one syllable lacking. I do not repeat our dialogue as you have heard it. I will add only that I did not leave this Porter until after he had conducted me to the tomb of this Abbé, who is interred in the *cœur* (centre). I made some Prayers for him, and I returned to my place, turning over a thousand thoughts, which served but to fix more advantageously my dream in my remembrance.” “Behold, in truth, this is altogether particular,” said I to him, “and you augment more and more my astonishment. But apparently you will not rest there; for I feel an appetite for these Stories, and you have promised to satisfy me with them. Let us pass then, I pray you, to those Génies who discover the future, whether these discoveries are useful or profitless to us.”

“The tragic History that I am about to report to you,” repeated he, “perhaps may have even reached you; I had it from Madame de Amilthon, and the Royal Palace was the sad theatre where it took its beginning. This illustrious Lady was, as you know, extremely attached to the late Madame: she lodged, it seems to me, in the apartment which has since been occupied by the Chevalier de Lorraine. As she never neglected going to the couch of Madam, she ordered one of her Pages to go and see if that Princess would soon leave play, because it was already two hours after midnight. The Page set out upon the ground: he had traversed the Garden, or at least was near it. When he was at the height of the great Basin, he perceived near, a numerous and magnificent funeral procession. This appeared to him extraordinary for the time and place. He imagined, nevertheless, that these people might have reasons to take this route and that Monsieur had given permission. With

this thought he kept on his road without stopping, and without thinking that there was anything unnatural. When he had arrived where Madam was, he asked to be informed if play would last a long time: they told him that it was finished. He set out diligently from the apartment to inform his Mistress; but when he was again *vis à vis* of the great Basin, he remarked that the *Convoi* was still at the same place where he had seen it, and that they had neither advanced nor receded. This immobility rendered him curious, he approached it, and having opened his eyes on this Assembly he saw only faces that were irregular and frightful, these people bore a coffin covered and standing, wherein was a corpse enveloped in a very fine winding sheet, the flambeaux and the torches were superb; in short, all the funeral attire with which we accompany the great, even to their place of sepulture. This vision strangely frightened him. He ran, altogether distracted, to the Apartment of Mme. Amilthon, and having encountered one of his comrades, he said: 'My friend, I am a dead man; I am going to bed, take the trouble of saying to Madame Amilthon, that Madam is on the point of withdrawing herself; follow this, speak nothing of me, and on your return come to my chamber.' All this was executed, the Comrade rejoined him; he found him in a great fever, the Page told him the cause, and all the circumstances of his vision; but he exacted from him silence and secrecy, out of fear that he might be taken for a visionary. The Comrade promised him all that he desired; but seeing on the morrow that the fever continued, and two days after that it had proceeded to the brain, which deliriously declared its reveries, he thought that he might risk the life of his friend, if he did not promptly discover the true reason of his malady. He then hesitated no longer to explain to Madame Amilthon, who might kindly hinder the death of this young boy. He recounted to her his (comrade's) mortal fright, and

the precaution that he had prudently taken to engage him to secrecy, but that the desire of saving him had made him violate this promise. She praised the spirit of both the Pages, and set herself to obtain, above all, a recital when the Page came to himself; to know when this began, she placed some people as sentinels, to see when the malady had some good intervals, when he could render a reason upon that which she wished to demand of him. The tranquil moment arrived; Madame Amilthon was advertised of it. She repaired immediately to the chamber of the infirm Page, and with her sweetness and her ordinary address; she made him tell her his frightful vision. Mme. Amilthon gave to Madame a part of the recital and her moral reflections thereon. That Princess added her own, and both were in fear of some evil for Monsieur, because he was then indisposed, and he apprehended himself that his illness might become greater. Madame was disabused of these charges fifteen days after: she was so hurriedly carried off that the three quarters of Paris knew of her death as soon as her sickness. You were, without doubt, a witness that this terrible loss put all the Court in mourning, and the soul as much as the body. We may despair, when we think of this great and amiable Princess, leaving us in the midst of her most beautiful days, like a young flower blown down by a violent and sudden wind, to be trod under foot at the moment when the Sun liberally spreads its rays upon it to make its brilliancy still brighter. Mme. Amilthon appeared inconsolable, her eyes shed torrents of tears, she would suffer no one near her, and in her retreat abandoned herself freely to her grief; she reflected upon the Adventure of her Page, and doubted not that the funeral scene which had been the subject of his vision, had been managed by the Génie of Madame; with the object of presenting to her Favourite, that this charming Princess would soon be the dénouement of the piece which was represented near the Basin."

I desired to tell my thoughts upon this terrible prevision; but Macnamara, that is the name of the Irish Philosopher, prayed me not to interrupt him, and he continued his discourse in this sort, "I was one day at the Hotel de la Ferté, where I had the honour of mingling in the conversation of some people of the Court who had come to pay a visit to Mme. the Maréchale. The *Convoi* of the garden of the Royal Palace came also upon the carpet. Mme. the Maréchale told the Company to this effect: that three days before the defeat of Valenciennes, she saw in dream all the disorder which reached the Army of France, the Sluices opened, the Soldiers drowned, her Husband made prisoner, his Esquire wounded, the most beautiful horse of his stable killed; she spoke of this horse because the Maréchal loved to mount him, and he had given it an eccentric name, which she pronounced, but I have forgotten it. She added to this recital a thousand other particulars of her dream, which were found altogether conformable to the relation that a Courier brought after the fatal event." "That which you tell me is very true," cried I, "for Mme. de la Ferté has told me several times that the plan of our works was represented so exactly to her imagination during sleep, that she explained this plan after the raising of the Siege to those who had conducted it; they admitted to her that it was not possible to make it more clear and exact." "I remember," repeated he, "that this circumstance entered into the Narration of the Maréchale, and that she finished by saying, that in proof that her dream was real, and that she had not given it for a fable, she could find a witness of the truth of her recital; for she knew a man to whom she wrote all the details of the Camp, and who received her Letter at the moment that he had prepared to send the news of the misfortune of her Spouse. I do not doubt that the Story of her dream was given as a jest in her Letter, and

that she had then attributed it to the agitation of her blood, and to the impressions that were made on her brain by the news which she received during the Siege; but the events caused her to draw back from this error. In effect, she agreed, and wished all the illustrious persons to whom she spoke to agree, that this anticipated gazette had not entered into her head but by means of some spirit that instructed her of the future. They demanded of her if this was the Devil. She answered that she could not understand that kind of animal, but that it might be her guardian Angel."

"But how know you, my father," answered I, "that it is the Génie of such persons who has given these advertisements in dreams. For it seems to me that a sublime Author, whom I have read for many days without understanding him, advocates that we ought to attribute all such things to another cause; for example, to the exaltation of the soul, which, during suppression of the senses, is left to act beyond the body, to become so loosened in its resorts, as to profit by these moments of tranquility, to raise itself even to the summit of its superior state where resides the truth eternal, in which it sees future things as if they were present; and that after descending into the lower stages of itself, it communicates the reflected rays which it has obtained in this infinite source of light, and that it is in this manner that it discovers the future, and not by the mediation of the Génies, as you pretend."

"I recognise in this nonsense," repeated he, "the Author from whom you have taken this chimerical reasoning: you can push the raillery further, and still say with him that this comes of what the soul contemplates by a circular refraction of the divine rays which illuminates its nature, and gives to its eyes the strength to carry its looks even so far as to pierce into the darkest night of the future. As for me, who am less stiff than this Contemplative, I distinguish,

with the ancients, dream from reverie. It is necessary to consider these two principles as altogether different: for as reverie is an effect of the irregular movement of the animal spirits, it tends to twist and traverse the concavities of the brain and jostle the tracings, driving away both the one and the other, thus exciting in us ideas which have no link, and which in their assemblage represent to us things altogether extravagant; dream, on the contrary, is a sensible inspiration of the Génie which we receive for some good, or which tends to preserve us from some evil. It is upon this foundation that I wish to advance with some colour, that such persons owe to the *prevoyance* and to the counsels of their Génies, all the wise resolutions that they have formed, and all the just measures that they have taken to draw themselves from embarrassment, as well as the happiness that they have had. But without dwelling upon resemblances I pass, my Son, to certainties; and I desire to tell you confidently, that it is easy for me to procure a secret Discourse with such Génie as seems good to me."

"What! you have the power," said I, "of Discoursing with the Génies of others when it pleases you?" "Without doubt," replied he, "it is a privilege that the Philosophers have preserved with much care, and which they regard, to speak thus, as the most beautiful flower of their garden. They rejoice in it in tranquility and secrecy. It would be dangerous to have this made known; for the People, who are without reason, and who put the Devil into everything when he can enter nothing, look upon these glorious communications as the operations of Magic; and the Men of the Court, who come no nearer the sense than the people, treat them as folly and delusion; witness that which happened to a Marquis who had command in Bretagne.

"It is some time since people saw in that Country two great Armies, which ranged themselves in battle on a plain

between three villages, at the hour when the Peasants cease from labour to give themselves up to repose. As they (the Armies) were upon the point of charging, there advanced a third which took the two others in flank, and with a frightful noise of musketry and cannon put them to flight, then dispersed and disappeared with them. An infinite number of Peasants went there, and even some of them went so near these Troops that they distinguished their figures and their dress. The noise of this apparition soon spread in all the Province; they spoke of nothing else at Nantes and at Rennes, which are neighbouring places to where this scene was represented. The Marquis Commanding (I conceal his name because of the injustice they did him) was informed of this, as well as the others; he caused to be prepared a species of *procès-verbal*, and in this well drawn article he made a relation which he sent to the Ministers. How was it received? As a fable concocted in a weak brain, in a head badly constructed. They mocked him, they treated him as a dotard and a visionary, and this caused him a very perilous illness. Notwithstanding, the *R. P. du Pré*, a Jesuit Breton, a man of spirit, and of consideration in the Society, has sworn to me that he had been upon the field of battle with some Gentlemen of his Friends, that they had questioned the Peasants cited in the *Procès-Verbal*, and visited with them the places where the Armies were camped, and that after these cares and these enquiries so exact, they had been convinced that the relation of the Marquis contained nothing but truth. One of our Philosophers has said to me since, that having entered into conversation on this subject with his Génie, he had learned from him that this great vision had been the work of the Génie of France, who gave to the people by this means an augury and a presentiment of the war that the Confederates had prepared to make in that Realm, in consequence of the League of Augsburg."

"Ah, my Father," cried I, "since you have carried so far the marks of your goodness towards me, make me a partaker in this Privilege of the Philosophers, if you find me worthy of it. I am dying of envy to see my Génie, and to learn from him if my disgrace will yet continue a long time." "That is not without difficulty," answered he, "but there is nothing that we will not do to oblige you." He then demanded of me my name, and having examined the value of all the Letters of which it was composed, he said happily that they gave the perfect numbers.* He then felicitated me in these terms: "rejoice, my son, your destiny is a favourable one, it appears that you are cherished by the Most High, and that there is no secret in Philosophy which we cannot reveal to you in all safety." He then arose, took me by the hand, and led me into an obscure little cell, upon the floor of which he drew, by the light of a lamp, a large Circle, and a square in the Circle, and at each side of the square he put one of the adorable names of the Lord, and the great AGLA in the centre. Having stripped and covered myself with a funereal *Dalmatique* and a tall hat without lace, he caused me to stand up in the centre of the Circle, in such sort that the Agla was enclosed between my two feet; he punctured also some characters on my forehead, and designed in my right hand two little Circles, in which he arranged the following words:—ESTAL SIGESTAL, SUCTAL SETAL; and lastly, after some prayers made upon the knees, with the face turned towards the rising Sun, he demanded of me under what figure I wished that my Génie should appear to me. This question embarrassed me. I hesitated to answer it; but having surmounted my little apprehension, I answered him: "I see well, my Father, that you treat me as a Novice, and that you dispense with all those ceremonies used for a long

* See page 98, ed. of 1886, of the first part, on the Geomancy of the Comte de Gabalis.—*Translator*.

time by Initiates in your mysteries; I submit myself none the less to your will without fear of being strangled by the Devil, as was that poor German, to whom some one had promised to place his Mistress in his arms, and who unfortunately perished in the Circle where he was placed by the advise of the Philosopher." "I know," answered he, "this Story. That young man had his throat cut by an impostor, who aimed at profiting by his money, and who having stolen it, foolishly threw his assassination upon the Demon. The Judges enquired into the truth, and he was punished according to his deserts. But God does not please that you come to any evil in my presence. The Génies are beneficent, and you should anticipate favours only." I resigned myself at his word, and requested only that he would cause my Génie to appear under the form of a man. He promised me this, and my Génie presented himself to me in the form that I had desired. He said to me at once, with a familiar air, that my misfortunes had touched him, that they were about to come to an end, that the Minister who had caused them was at the last extremity, that after his death the King would be entirely disabused on my account, that he would recall me from exile, and that it would be requisite that I returned immediately to Berlin, where they still believed me to be, there to receive the order to return to France. He then went back even to my cradle, and informed me of all the particulars of my life. His reception of me had invited me to make him my very humble thanks, and to supplicate him constantly to watch over my conduct and my fortune; but my fright and the anxiety of possible rejection occupied me so much, and so entirely closed my mouth, that I allowed him to retire without having said a single word. When he had departed, Macnamara let me out of my circular prison, and caused me to assume my dress, he said to me smiling: "you see, my Son, that the Génies are not so diabolic as you

had imagined Yours has very sweet air, and I am persuaded that the sight of him has given you some pleasure," "It is true, my Father," replied I, "and I hope that this first happiness will have other advantages for me." "I will answer for it," repeated he, "the approaching re-establishment in your honours, and in the Employ which you have lost, will be to you a certain gage of the prosperity which will accompany you even to the last days of your life. It is so rare for men of these times to remember the benefits which they have received from the Génies, that it causes no astonishment if they are repulsed with ingratitude, and this leads them to relax in some sort their attentions and their vigilance. I do not say that they abandon them altogether, their destiny and their Ministry does not permit of that, and that which ought to convince you that this relaxation is not entire, is this, that there is no man who is not obliged to confess, if he is sincere and attentive to that which passes in him, that he has had some secret movements, some unexpected presentiments, some dreams, instructive and prophetic, and a thousand other things of which the cause is unknown to him, and which certainly have no other cause than the inspiration of the Génies. For that which is so constant amongst Philosophers, is their acknowledgment toward the Génies, they are very sure that these drew to them a crowd of good things, that the rest of the world knows not. We ought to make good profit, added he, of the Adventure of a man of your Country, for it is from there, I again repeat to you, whence comes originally all the Histories that I have recounted. This man, who has finished his life in misery and adversity, had been full of benefits and of riches if he had managed the bounties of his Génie. His fortune was desperate and his conduct and affairs extremely disordered. His Génie undertook to rectify them at the solicitation of another Génie of his own Class, found amongst the best of the man's

Friends. He turned the affair so happily, that in the course of a year he gained three considerable processes, and succeeded generally in all that he undertook. His Friend, instructed by his own Génie, from the author of this prosperity, of the inclination which he (the latter) had to communicate with this person in his new good fortune, proposed to him an interview with his Génie, under the name of a distinguished person who wished to have a secret discourse with him, and asked for his friendship. He accepted the proposition, and they chose the *Chateau de Madrid* for the place of the Conference. These two friends repaired thither with some other people with whom they had debated the hour of the *Rendezvous*. They cantoned themselves in a retired Chamber. The Génie presented himself in a convenient figure; he spoke to him on whom he had conferred so many benefits, and promised his protection for the future; but wished to cement his promise by a gracious embrace, he found a man altogether of ice, who knit his brows, who paled, and took refuge in making the sign of the Cross, as he was afraid that the Devil wished to carry him off. The Génie retired full of surprise and indignation, and he abandoned this ingrate to his evil mind. The medical Doctor Thevart, who detailed to me all these circumstances, and who knew perfectly the heroes of this History, has assured me, that from that day all sorts of disgraces were heaped upon him, and that he died at the Hospital. Guard yourself then, my son, against rendering yourself unworthy of the benevolence of your Génie," continued he, "it is only necessary to preserve such great good, that you shew a little friendship, some docility to his instructions, a little deference for his councils, and some sentiments of gratitude for the graces and the favours that you receive from him. It will not be permitted you to see him so soon with your bodily eyes; but you will have sensible proof of his assistance, and

in your dreams, and in those which your Friends will have for you.

"The Emperor Claudius, declared he not in full Senate that Narcissus, his freed slave, desired his preservation, and that he was informed in dream of all the conspiracies that were plotted against him? Pliny, avowed he not also that he had a Domestic, whose Génie discovered to him during sleep all that which would happen to his Master? I need not tell you in how many fashions they render themselves useful to the men who do not despise their inspirations. It is but necessary to follow some method of listening to our instincts and our presentiments to prove this utility. I say it again, they will serve you in a thousand ways. How often have they taken the place of absent Officers of the Army in the Battles, of the Magistrates in Council, of the great Workers in their labours; all Histories have spoken of it, and justify that which I advance of these obliging apparitions.

"I perhaps do not deceive myself in saying that it was the Génie of Saul which spoke to him in the name of Samuel, and announced to him his approaching misfortunes. That idea will save the Expositors and Interpreters of that place in Scripture, all the absurdities which they fall into by the contrarities of their sentiments, will have saved to Samuel, and to the Demon even whom they wish to have represented, the pain of boring the Diameter of the earth, and of leaving the centre whence they gratuitously cause him to come."

"I avow to you, my Father," answered I, "that I am no more satisfied with these Expositors than with our Casuists, when they make the Devil to play some *roles* to which they do not invite him. If the Devil could find himself any time where he wished and where he is called; the wicked rich man, when he could not obtain from Abraham that Lazarus should

be sent upon the earth to preach to his brothers, would not have lacked upon this refusal to address himself to the Devil, who was burning with him in Hell, and to supplicate him to go make the sermon of which he had need to convert them; for the Devil would have had no more trouble to take the figure of the wicked rich man, and to speak for him, than he had to represent Samuel, and render himself his Interpreter, as someone of these Expositors have pretended that he did, to obey the voice of the Pythoness. Your idea is more just than that of theirs, and I will always hold with the Génies when it is in agreement to the interpretation of the great Saints, such as was Samuel, being strong to propose that this Commission is not given but to the spirits who love and praise the Lord, and who never shew themselves but to give us pleasure always.

"But, my Father," continued I, "dare I demand of you what bounds they give to the life of these Génies."

"The ancients," answered he, "had attached their destiny to ours; and Arnobius hesitated not to say that they were born and died with us. Let us remark, that he spoke at a time when they were not so scrupulous and so clearly enlightened upon the duration of spirits; but to-day, when our reasoning is pushed even to the infinite, and by the aid of Christian Philosophy we should not conceive, neither in them, nor outside of them, any cause for their destruction, it is a dogma of the faith to believe that they are immortal."

"If it is true that these Génies do not perish," interrupted I, "let us agree, my Father, that when war, pestilence and famine, and all the other scourges of the human race opens an abundant harvest to destiny, there are many of these Génies disbanded, and find themselves obliged to withdraw from us, to live in idleness, at least, that they are employed half-yearly, instead of quarterly."

"Do you think them very unhappy," said he, "to be

discharged from a fatiguing employment, which the sole order of Heaven, and certain weights which incline them to us, are able to render these cares agreeable. But they do not remain without some occupation; for beyond this that they associate themselves willingly to watch over the steps of one and the same person, their activity is all turned towards God, who is their unique centre and the essential object of their contemplation

"Reverence, my Son, these immortal and happy spirits without regarding the basis of their functions; these are vile and humiliating if we compare them with those of our Angel guardians; but meditate upon this, that all the glory and all the grandeur of the Ministers of the Most High is to obey him, and to be faithful to him. He is the author of nature, as well as of grace, and of the societies which he has formed upon the earth, as well as of those which he has assembled in Heaven. The advantages being different, the Angels and the Génies also labour differently for us to acquire them. The People enter not into these mysteries; they like better to attribute the temporal and extraordinary successes which arrive to them, to the Devil and to luck, rather than to the vigilance of the Génies."

"May you be happy," said I to him, "in being free of these popular illusions; I abjure them from the depth of my heart; your principles are sensible, and I am persuaded that if Sponde had known them he would have been more gracious to the Predictions of Nostradamus, which he treats as trifles and follies, as in place of passing him off as a famous Charlatan, he would have considered him, without doubt, as an excellent man who has left to posterity the truths which he had learned from his Génie, and which he has covered expressly with enigmas and veils, to render them more respectable, and also to give more surprise and joy when they should be developed by the events. But Sponde was bound

up in the common error. If he was still in the world I would undertake to draw him out of it; for I am perfectly converted, and your reasoning has made so great an impression upon my mind, and recalls so many things which strengthen them, that I am about, with your permission, to join to the proofs you have made, a relation that I received before my departure to come here.

"My sister had written to me from France of the defeat of Mr. de Valdec by the Maréchal de Luxembourg; she assured me in her Letter that the Marquis de had apprised her of the details of that Battle two days before it was delivered; and that as she demanded of him how he obtained that agreeable news, he told her that it was his good Angel that had informed him of it during sleep. I do not believe this Marquis to be sufficiently devout to have the familiarity of Angels. He is not sufficiently corrupt to seek that of Demons. The middle course which we can take, and which seems to me to bear upon your discourse, is that he had received a visit from his Génie, which forestalled the Couriers and even the glorious action of which he was instructed, in order to procure him a moment of anticipated joy, and all the more just, as the victorious General is his Kinsman."

"You take the good part," said Macnamara, "hold you to it, and never separate yourself from the principles which I have revealed to you, and which are so solid." "I would engage myself by oath to follow them," said I to him, "if you had the indulgence to dispense me of the rigour of a Noviciate, which would deprive me for too long a time of the communication of my Génie." "Be not impatient," answered he, "you shall have that consolation, and with it that of communicating also with the elementary creatures; I will not let this promise fall to the ground;" and I cried out at the moment: "I have already heard speak, my Father, of this species of creatures; you will do me a sensible pleasure to

tell me if there are really such in the world." "They make its principal ornament," answered he, and it is to them that we owe all the heroic Races which have made the Empires illustrious during the course of so many Centuries." "How are they able to do that?" said I to him. "It is not permitted to discover the true reason of it," replied he, "but you will discover it sufficiently in that which I am about to adduce to you upon the faith of a Cabalistic tradition, which is not that new, but the reveries of its Authors have gained much discredit with the Savants.*

"Adam and Eve having comprehended by the parricide of Cain," said he, "that a posterity so detestable could not be the fruit of a legitimate union, they mutually proposed an eternal divorce; I do not say to you precisely if this project of separation might regard the habitation as well as the body; but I know well that they each took their part, and that whilst Adam exercised the fecundity of the elementary Nymphs, their brothers had accommodation with the wife. The empty earth was very soon peopled with an infinite number of inhabitants, as admirable by their height and by their excellent beauty, as by the innocence and purity of their morals. For before the day of these Creatures who were composed of the most pure parts of their element, they were not subject to the disorders and the corruption of the first Child of Adam. The world had been very happy if this first man had held to his divorce, and had continued it in perpetuity. But he gave heed to the snares of the serpent; this cunning animal gave him the fear of death, and easily persuaded him, that as it had been from his own side that Eve had found the principle of her life, it was in the bosom of Eve that he ought to seek the duration of his own (life). He returned to her embraces after the interval of an hundred years, and this fatal return produced only monsters and

* See also page 76-82 of the first part, ed. 1886.—*Translator.*

villains, which irritated Heaven caused to perish in the waters of a universal deluge.*

"The incontinence of these first Spouses and the perversity of their descendants, shocked the elementary Peoples to such an extent that they were entirely disgusted with the human species. The wife of Noah spared herself nothing to bring them back;† but their reconciliation was not so entire; that they did not comport themselves without much reserve. They became altogether singular, not more practicable since, except to certain people whose conduct was wise and regular, and who, by the character and the engagements of their profession, consecrated all their cares to the search for truth. That if sometimes by the desire of immortalising themselves, they have given some nocturnal surprises to other persons, they have always been so enveloped, that they have felt but imperfectly the happiness and the pleasure of their visits." "I understand from you, My Father," said I to him, "that the commerce with the Nymphs is still a privilege of the Philosophers. Blessed be the God of abundance. Your profound retreat does not surprise me, and I see well that one can say of you, that which was once said of a great Saint,—that 'he was never less alone, than when he was alone.' Remember at least that you have flattered me, that I shall one day be admitted to this beautiful Privilege. It would be very sweet to me to enjoy this at present. But since it is necessary to have patience, accord me now one grace, which I desire with all my heart, and of which the demand is but founded upon the authority which you have over the elementary Peoples. I believe, and it is true, since you are incapable of imposition, and deceit, that they can render their presence where you please at the least signal that you

* According to the first part God did not intend Adam and Eve for each other, but each for the Elemental beings.—*Translator.*

† First part, page 82, ed. 1886.—*Translator.*

give them. I have felt a long time the desire of converting these Gnomes, and of vanquishing, if one can do so, the obstinate repugnance that they have to-day for a commerce which pleased them at other times. A moment of discourse with some one of them, if you aid me, will suffice to make them comprehend the injustice of a rupture that on their side is one of immortality, and of the sovereign good which they may be able to acquire by our intermission. It belongs to them to renew with us, and to refresh an alliance which would procure them infinite good, which cannot be balanced by that lethargic repose, into which their ill-humour has drawn them." "You will have much trouble to succeed in your design," said he to me, "I have uselessly tried to remove this fatal estrangement;* and before me the Comte de Gabalis had enterprised it with little success, by a Discourse which has been admired by all the Sages, and which has perished by the fault of his friends, who have refused to join it, after his death, to the dialogues by which an indiscreet Abbé has diverted and amused an infinity of idiots, who have believed, that he has written them but to amuse themselves and to divert himself. The vicinity of the Demons has seduced entirely the Gnomes, they have to-day strange opinions of the human race, in which they are confirmed by the reading of those Books which give horrible portraits of our misery, and of our irregularities.† Those of Averroes achieved the indulging of them, and above all that, they are all resolved with one voice not to enter into any speech with men, and when they are not able to forbid it, their Prince takes speech for all the Nation. This Prince, to define him for you, is an arrogant person who believes that he Knows everything. He always speaks in the tone of a Master. He abandons his senses, and hardly listens to the reasons of those who speak to him. In a word,

* See page 111, part first, ed. 1886.—*Translator.*

† See page 111, *ibid.*—*Translator.*

he is altogether stuffed with errors and false prejudices, and you will be scandalised in listening to him." "It matters not," replied I, "aid me to content my phantasy, which has held me since the time that I read the Works of your pious Comte de Gabalis. I will undergo tranquilly the brusqueness of this superb Gnome, and you will be witness that phlegm and discretion will not abandon me." "Since you absolutely wish it," repeated he, "I will cause him to make his appearance; come, put yourself in decent habit to receive him."

THE IRRECONCILABLE GNÔME.

The facility with which Macnamara had procured me the Discourse of my Génie was a very sure indication that the Prince Gnome, who recognised the authority of the Philosophers over the elementary Peoples, would not refuse me his. I was dying with envy to learn this conversation, and to satisfy myself I would have accepted any conditions that they might have wished to impose upon me. When therefore he requested me to put myself in decent habit to receive him, I went without repugnance to the Ceremonial. I took the Tunic and mysterious Hat, the Characters, the Fumigations and the Lustrations were not forgotten. I recited upon my knees and face turned to the East, the *Enchiridion* of Pope Leo; they applied to my eyes an eye-salve made from certain herbs which Psellus made use of to enable him to see the Spirits; and lastly, after they had caused me to take some drops of an Elixir extracted from an earth exalted and purified, Macnamara seated himself upon a Philosophical chair, and commanded the Prince of the subterranean People, on the part of the great God of the Universe, and in virtue of His Name, very holy, very august and very adorable, to render himself in the same hour in his Chamber. He obeyed the voice of the Philosopher, and presented himself. Macnamara then lifted the eye-

salve, and I saw before me distinctly the Prince of the Gnomes. His height was somewhat little, but all was so well proportioned in his person that I found him very agreeable. I do not know whether or not he had some presentiment of the motive which I had in calling him, but there appeared in his face a somewhat sombre air, which might indicate some recent chagrin. I doubted not that this was him; and having calmed within myself a little emotion of which one is not altogether the master during unusual appearances, although they are not unexpected, I harangued him to this effect.

"I ask your pardon, great Prince, for having caused you to set out from your own place, to come to ours. I would guard myself well from giving you this trouble, if I had not seen with a vivid feeling that you have embroiled yourselves with us. I willingly charge myself with the care of cultivating a reconciliation. Do not resist a return which will be to your glory and your brightening: your estrangement, I avow it, causes us grievous losses. But consider also, that if we lose the occasion of being useful to you, that you lose on your side in refusing us, the happiness of being raised even to the Throne of the most High, even to a union with the first and the principal of all Beings, even to the possession of the Sovereign Good, where you would not dare to aspire without the assistance of men. Let us not be abused by our common enemies, by the diabolic spirits, whose vicinage is so pernicious, and who seem to desire to cover their ruin in your *debris*. These are the true and the fatal authors of our embroilment and of our misunderstandings. They have drawn our first Father from the arms of your Gnomides to stifle him, so to speak, in the illicit embracements of his Spouse, and each day they still inspire some part of his descendants, in the derangements of which they are the source. But that which is more deplorable, they make you

regard the things that followed upon your seducement (misleading) as the effects of our malice, and our weaknesses as its attendants. We bear the pains of the wrong which you have received. The animals revolt, the elements unchain themselves, all nature rises up, the passions, the maladies; in short, our species even produce but abortions and monsters, conspiring together to punish us for an iniquity in which we have had so small a part, that it has been committed six thousand years before we came into the world. But why should all men be enveloped in this chastisement if they are not in the crime? The Philosophers have always desired to do you justice, and there is an infinite number of Sages of both sexes, who have renounced by solemn vows a commerce with the human race, to have the advantage of re-entering into that with yours. If the probity and the ardent desires of these virtuous *Solitaires* who tender you their arms, cannot recall our ancient intelligence, your sole interests ought to re-establish it. The nothingness devours you, you die without resource, and you cease to be, in the cessation of life. Why have you renounced so opinionatively the Privilege of becoming immortal by our means? Why lose the gaiety of heart which is the fruit of your Creation? Why deprive yourselves by pure extravagance of the conversation of the Angels? in which your Master Averroes established the Sovereign goodness, and which the wisest have placed so reasonably in the possession and in the love of the great Jehovah. Are you destined but to guard the useless treasures in your profound caverns? Are you not besides to spread upon the earth, and leave there an illustrious and generous posterity? Abandon your sullenness and your illusions and confine not your warmth within the narrow bounds of your species. Set out then from this perishable state; love will immortalise you by a tender commerce with the children of men. Augment the number of the children of God, and

sacrifice not the hope of an eternal felicity, to the fear of a misfortune which hardly ever arrives, and which moreover ought to be less redoubtable, than the nothingness to which you reduce yourselves willingly.

"Nothing is so excellent as Man, nothing more glorious for you than to attach your affections to them. His body is excellent, since the industrious and all-powerful hands of the Most High has formed it at the beginning of time; and since it has been fed upon all that there is most pure, most subtle, and, so to say, of the Quintessence of all the elements. It is only necessary to consider the structure, the proportion of its parts, the delicacy of the springs which serve for its movements, to fall into admiration. His soul is yet more excellent. It is an expression and a living image of the Divinity, who has imprinted upon it his august characters, with the power of communicating by them. It is a torch which sends light into the bosom of Truth, and this eternal Truth is always united with it, never ceasing to enlighten it, to speak to it and to please it. It is a gage that the Lord has given of his goodness to the most perfect of his creatures, and which is to him a sure bail of God's perseverance to fill him with benefits. It is a Medal, a Money, where he has graven his Portrait, and which ought to be brought back to him in tribute in the name of all nature, in such sort that they cannot neglect this duty, without it be that all the infinite beings, of which man is the joint and the centre, becomes culpable by ingratitude, and participates in his punishment. This soul and this body united together are the most lovable composition under Heaven, and it is needful to be strangely held back to refuse the honour of an alliance so beautiful, and so illustrious."

Although the Prince Gnome had listened to my harangue with sufficient calmness: I remarked nevertheless, that he did himself some violence out of the respect which

he had for Macnamara, who was present at our discourse. In spite of their division from us, these subterranean People have preserved much esteem and consideration for the Philosophers. They obey their orders, and very often it is from the light which they receive from them that they owe their more beautiful knowledge. I do not know who had instructed the Prince Gnome. He did not lack erudition, and though his errors were great and numerous, we had sufficient pleasure in listening as he spread his merchandise. When I had ceased to speak, he set himself to contradict, with much fire, all that I had advanced of the excellency of our nature.

“You believe us misled,” said he, turning to my side, and speaking to me; “you believe us hindered, but it is only your preconceptions which engages you to express these unjust sentiments. I conceive that at the birth of the world man was full of good, and that he had the power of making us partakers of it, but his failure has deprived him of all these great advantages, and he has lost them by losing how to communicate with us. In place of being still the Lieutenant and the Favourite of the Most High, the King of animals, and the most noble of all created beings, he is but a vile and mean creature, but a disgraced subject, the repulsed plaything of revolted nature; in short, but the theatre of an intestine and strange war, since he is also in as little accord with himself as with the rest of the Universe. Take him in detail; his body is a sack of dirt and filth, the seat of maladies, the source of the passions, an inexhaustible source of desires and of wants, the prize of worms and rottenness. He was composed of all that there was which was most pure, most subtle and most fine in the four elements; there remains of it to-day but the excrements and the dregs; and those parts so fine and so spiritual, which would establish his vigour and his duration, have vanished like those

essences which evaporate when they are exposed to the air; so that he has been precipitated by their absence and deprivation into an abyss of weakness and of infirmity, which has augmented itself by the contrarities of the qualities which are attached to him. The heat consumes him, cold benumbs him, dryness exhausts him, humidity overwhelms him, and all collectively destroy him. He finds death in the air which he breathes, in the food which nourishes him. He is a delicate machine, constructed artificially, which costs much care to build, much labour to place on its feet, much expense to instruct, and which, nevertheless, a grain of sand, a subtle vapour, a drop of humour, and the least inflammation evinced, disconcerts, and renders entirely useless.

"But all this is nothing to the price of those miseries of the soul which inhabits this ruined house. It knows neither whence it comes, nor whither it goes, nor what it is, nor where it resides. It knows neither its author, nor its end, still less its own nature. I see that at the time of its production, in that happy moment when it was united to Adam, and before his crime had spread abroad and multiplied in his posterity, it had God's reason for its guide, his Spirit for companion, his Image for ornament, and Immortality for its appanage. But since his disobedience all that is changed; these gifts and these honours have escaped him, the dignity of his nature has been suppressed by the immutable Arrest of Heaven; he has been degraded from his nobility, his immortal character has been effaced, the impression of the Divine Seal which he had received has disappeared, he finds himself dispoiled of all these excellent prerogatives, and plunged in a profound night which robs him of all his brightness, and renders him like unto the beasts, and perishable as they."*

* For a view of primeval Man, before and after the (?) "Fall," see Sibby's "Astrology," plate 51. R. H. F.

The Prince Gnome, in pronouncing these words, looked behind him. I took the opportunity of saying in a low voice to Macnamara, that if this Discourser was of a combustible nature, and judgeable by our Magistrates, they might very readily make him to pass an evil hour. "Be silent," said he to me, "we have had sufficient trouble to embark this conversation, do not let it end by your fault." I obeyed; the Gnome proceeded in his strain. "Let us consider this soul," said he, "by the essential connections which it has with God, with the body, and with itself. Nothing is so blind and so extravagant upon these three important points, which embody its functions and its duties; it is the only Work of the Most High which has ignored the Artisan, which has not remarked the traits imprinted in the depths of its nature, and has transferred the glory and honour to indecent Subjects. It has taken God for all things, and all things for him. Beings which have no life have had its incense and its adorations, as well as those which are animate, and fantastically making always its own God, has attributed to him its own passions and vices, and has subjected him to its own disgraces and to its alterations.

"But if it is so blind upon the nature of its Author, it is incomparably more so upon its own proper nature; that which it is; and one of your Masters assures us, that men have reasoned more justly upon the nature of the soul, in such measure as they have better understood that of God. Be not astonished then if it ignores itself to the extent that it does. It knows not if it is flesh or fish. You have but to overrun the centuries and all the Schools, and you will find there an infinite number of Sects and Souls armed one against the other, and ready to butcher each other, to sustain their extravagances upon the nature and the quality of their matter. I term the Sects of Philosophers the Sects of Souls, and I do them no wrong: for besides that they

spiritualise themselves altogether differently to the others, it is certain, following their principles, and yours, that their bodies have no part in their reasoning. In truth, Monsieur, it is fine to see these beautiful souls growing warm, and employing all the force of their eloquence and of their reason, to support each his different opinion upon that which they are. This research which they make with so much labour is only a proof of their degradation and of their abasement, and nothing causes them more shame.

“What would they say of you in the world, if you went into public places to demand seriously whether you are Orontes, or Lycidas, Tirsis, or Phylandre, Frenchman or Spaniard; would they hesitate to condemn you to the full rights of the Mad-houses. It is thus, however, that all these Philosophical souls play the role at which they labour upon the benches, and employ therein a number of years in seeking for news of their nature and of their existence. Moreover, it is true, that amongst all the Sects of Souls so opposite in their sentiments upon themselves, some have sustained that they are nothing but a subtle air; others, but a mass of delicate particles from the blood; others, but a delicate vapour; others, but the harmony of the humours; others, but a ray of the Sun; others, but a lustre; or if you wish, a portion of Divinity. Few of them are advised in thinking that they are spiritual; and if they have sometimes believed it, it has nearly always been upon the faith of others, or because that they desired the immortality which they believe to be inseparable from spirit, and not at all by their own conviction.”

I then shook my head, and was about to interrupt him, if Macnamara had not arrested this movement in telling me, that the clause upon the faith of others, saved the sentiments that religion gives us, and which are ineffacably grounded upon the faith that we ought to have in Divine Authority.

I left him then to continue, he passed from the basis of the soul to its faculties, and he pretended that it was no less ignorant of them than his cloak. "It knows not," said he, "whence it takes its ideas, nor by what means it is preserved; after having stripped the body of its sensations, and itself of attributes, it scrupulously abjures them as a usurped good which comes from on high. It comprehends neither its elevation, nor the baseness of its desires; it forms designs which are always without effect; and desires that it knows not how to fulfil. All its reasonings are empty, and supported only upon a shaky foundation, and upon false prejudices. It is always undecided, always irresolute, and is that, whether it is elated or depressed; it is always disquieted and discontented.

"Until this age passed, it did honour to three illustrious powers, which gave a relief to its being; it has since pleased itself to bind up its enlargement and functions so well, that they are reduced to nothing. The understanding is nothing more than a miserable recipient, filled up with ideas foreign to it, because it cannot draw any from its own depths. The will is a weathercock, which the least breath of passion causes to turn to its liking, for it is that nearly always which makes the determinations in which consists the act of liberty, and, in consequence, all its glory. But as it is the impressions of the outside, and the warmth, or the coldness of the blood, that gives this birth, the soul has, without doubt, less part than the body in its will. For that which refers to memory, the soul has to make a change of its quarters in our days, and it is degraded to such a point, that there does not remain to it a shade of its first Nobleness. Yes, this vast warehouse, where the soul should shut up an infinity of images that it ought to distil and spiritualise, in order to render them worthy of being received into its reservoirs, has been transferred altogether; and in place of its

recollections of past things, the soul at other times had but to turn in upon itself to contemplate those images in reserve; it is obliged to-day to set out, and follow the prints of certain little inconstant bodies which overrun impetuously ambiguous routes, to refresh the traces which their Predecessors had left. In such sort, that when the substance where these traces are printed, dissolves itself, and the soul separates from it, it is incumbent, at least, if God does not supply it, that it necessarily forgets all things, that is to say, works, thoughts, words, arts, talents, knowledge, kinsmen, friends, even its body, and that it returns to its principle as denuded as when it set out.

“Perhaps you think that its residence in a material habitation renders it but proper to understand the body which it governs, and those by which it is surrounded. Error, imagination. The body is still more enigmatical, for of its own Nature it does not know whether it is the soul’s prison or its kingdom, if it existed before the body was, or if it was before that could be. If it is sent there immediately from on high, or if it dwelt united to matter, as the flower and the plant develop themselves from the seed. If it aids to build, or to arrange, or if it comes but after the edifice is achieved. But when it shall be proved that it labours in the body’s formation and in its arrangement, and that it will be the governess and the Queen of it; I do not see that these ostentatious titles can enable it to acquire much glory. Sovereign was never less obeyed. Empire never was more badly governed. It does not know whether it is a fixture or a wanderer. It has never been able to mark precisely the place of its residence; and I am persuaded that it is yet ignorant, and that it will be always ignorant. In times past, it was entirely enfolded in all the habitudes of the body, wishing to be equally all in all, and all in each part; in such sort, nevertheless, that it exercised particularly its more

noble functions, sometimes in the heart, sometimes in the brain, according to the caprice of its opinions. To-day it is so far gathered up and reduced into a small compass, that it occupies but little space, and, so to say, but a point in the head of man; it is there that it gives its orders; that is to say, as a Post Office, it sends even to the extremities of its Provinces an infinite number of Couriers, of which some are intercepted, and others stray, others come back as badly instructed. It is there in fine, where, as a sentinel posted in a belfry, or in a steeple, it occupies itself without relaxation in observing the derangements of the cords of the clock, or the movements of the wheels of the timepiece, in order to adjust indispensibly its sentiments and its thoughts to the ring of the bells. This has not always been; for according to the saying of one of the most enlightened Souls of our Century, it had before the fall of the first man the power of stopping the balance-wheel and the weights of the timepiece, of detaching the cords of the clock, of proceeding from thence itself, of carrying itself, so to speak, outside the Belfry, from fear that the harmony of the *carillon* might cause it to feel those tastes and those pleasures, which it could not have without sullyng its innocence and its liberty. Poor Sovereign! imbecile Governess! there is no Sailor so sorry, that he does not know the number of the cords of his Vessel, and the uses for which they are intended; the soul is not so able, it is ignorant of the structure of the internal parts of its body; its operations are insensible to it, and it will never perceive them. And when it is instructed, it is always by the affinity which it has with other things.

"It has been six thousand years without understanding the canal of the chiles, the salivatory conduits, the work of sanguinification, and a thousand other essential things. During this long time, it warmed the blood in the veins, at least, they believed so; it swam, and it prominaded in these

veinal canals, and it could draw thence the Ministers of its orders and of its will. They sustained, nevertheless, and they swore it a thousand times, that this ruddy liquor was immovable and stagnant. To disabuse and to disperse this gross and general error, it has fallen to a foreign soul raised up in Great Britain, who has convinced all the others by a thousand experiments that the blood is in continual movement, and that it only ceases to circulate when we cease to live.

"It flatters itself that it has an infinite strength. The least cloud that rises to the mesentery eclipses it on its Throne. The buzzing of a gnat dismounts it, and the noise of a bolt puts it on its guard in its most serious applications. Its sensations are the source of its pleasures and its griefs; is there anything less known than their economy? It knows not whether it goes to sensible objects, or they come to it, or possibly, if it does not perceive in that which has caused them. It deprives itself of its sentiments, in order to clothe with them beings to which they do not belong. It regards colours, tastes, smells, sounds, light, and a thousand other things as foreign, although they set out from the basis of nature, and are in its own manner. It is by the senses that it communicates with all bodies that environ it. What causes that it breaks this communication? A thin skin obscures its sight, a delicate clot deprives it of taste and of hearing, a drop of humour troubles the nerves, an atom of dust which creeps into the urethra stops the passage in its course, and robs it of the knowledge of that which passes in the body. In a word, the least thing places all his faculties in disorder and in inaction.

"If it is so excellent, and if it has the powers and the strength that its Panegyrists give it; why can it not pierce this skin? why not force this dike to open again the closed roads, and give freedom to its operations. It animates all

the machine, it is over all, and, nevertheless, if it raises in itself some storm, some tempest in its States, in place of seeking calm in itself, it has always resource to some other distant soul, which, being less united to its body, is also less instructed of its needs, and ought to know less of its parts. What would the King of Siam think, if the Emperor were to address him in respect to disorders passing in Vienna? Would he not take such a Prince to be a man who has lost his senses? and if his courtesy obliged him to answer his demands, what could he say but these words. How would you that I can know that which is done where I am not, if you are ignorant of what passes where you are? your soul is yet more foolish and more worthy of pity, than would be that German Majesty.

“In the least alterations in its Empire, the head is turned, and as I have said to you already, it always consults foreign souls. The furthest removed, and the more bold, is very certainly that in which it puts most confidence, and if one wishes to possess it entirely, it is but necessary to speak to it in a mysterious jargon, and tell it things obscure and novel. I take to witness your Doctors of Medicine, of which the faculty is no less a Sect of Souls than were the Portico, and the Lyceum. These Souls were called from afar to instruct yours of the dangers which menaced its State, and the means to avoid them, or to prevent them. Oh! but they acquitted themselves badly; their ignorance deceived you, and augmented the peril; in what inconveniences did they not throw them by their vain conjectures. They often carried wars by their remedies into a Province which was at Peace; and supposed it calm in that which was in trouble and alteration. They apply themselves to heal imaginary evils, and neglect those which are real and effective. They enfold the body in heat, and cool it in frost; they medicate the internal heat when the lungs are attacked; they empty

the veins when it is necessary to fill them with the juice of the aliments, that they retrench *mal a propos*. The soul gives blindly, in mortal error, that which often costs the loss of what is most dear, and which it desires to preserve. Behold, is it not an able government? a Queen most judicious. She is charged to move a machine which is lent to her, and she knows not the parts which it is necessary to touch. She finds, above all, no remedy. She believes everything is light, and she cannot see to enjoy it.

"Can we, after this, extol it and praise it with any justice? And does it not shew that it is ignorant of itself, to believe that it places man above all the animals, and that he is the King and Master? Let us not count upon this Royalty which is so entirely chimerical. Man has preserved no superiority over the animals. We do him too much grace when we place him above them. If he subjects them it is by artifice, or by the right of the strong, as men do daily. But we have scarcely seen that Lions, Tigers, Bears, and a thousand other species of animals, have respected in man the character and dignity of their Sovereign. You avow without pain that you fear them as much as they fear you.

"Man is, in their aspect, a King despoiled, a painted King, who does himself the honour of a title without authority. That which persuades me, and ought to convince you, that we deprive him of nothing when we rank the beasts upon a par with him; is that the All-powerful who is the absolute Master of ranks and fortunes, counsels you to take in the conduct of beasts the model of your own. He refers to the cunning of the Serpent, the sweetness of the Dove, the industry of the Ant, and that which itself challenges Providence in the Birds of Heaven, who, without putting themselves to the care of sowing, or of reaping, fail not to subsist all the long year.

"It is then true, that man, in bulk and in detail, is a

small subject of temptation, and that there is so little of either honour or profit in his alliance, that we do ourselves no great injustice in renouncing it. Look after your females, we will look after ours, and with them the treasures that are put into our keeping, and of which the possession, without doubt, holds a higher place in your heart than that which you offer us, of an immortality, which to us might be as fatal as it is uncertain."

The Prince Gnome desired to withdraw after having achieved this Satire. I besought Macnamara to detain him, and obtain his consent to give me yet a quarter-of-an-hour's audience. He arrested his departure, and obliged him to listen to me.

"Although the sentiments which you hold as to Man are so disadvantageous," said I to him, "I am persuaded, my Prince, that your Highness will abandon them, if you will look sometimes at the good side, without regarding the bad. Man is a species of Medal, in which the eyes of friends and enemies find equally their account. If you will consider him in a certain point of view, he will appear to you in the Majestic air of a Sovereign; but if you change place, and turn him to the other side, you will find but a beast. Let us take the good side. Carry your looks to the more agreeable side of the Medal; you will be soon convinced of the excellency of his nature, and that all which you perceive to be disordered in the reverse is a trait and artifice of the Optics, which hardly ever allows objects to be seen as they are.

"You have given a very lively description of his weaknesses and his infirmities. They are too sensible for us to disagree upon them. I subscribe to your Satire; to those conditions which you applaud in the praises that I give him, and which he merits.

"He has been degraded from his Nobility, he is deprived of his Glory, say you; but although he has sunk, all

his perfections have not fallen with him, his sin has effaced some brilliant traits of an image which God had graven upon his Soul; but the basis of that image remains there, and has preserved to him the immortality from which it is inseparable. That pretended incorporation, which you have attributed to him, is a chimera which the Philosophers who instructed you have abjured. It is a used-up and old opinion, of which they have divested him, and with which you have re-clothed him, an habit which is no longer *à la mode*. Follow me, I pray you, and you will feel the ridiculousness of that opinion, and the impossibility of the Metamorphosis which it authorises.

"By what overturning of the order established in nature, by what operation of chemistry can a Spirit become a body? I see nothing in the Soul of man which marks this prodigious change. It is above the body, it is its sovereign judge. It mingles itself with it, and it separates and carries its sight and desires to the objects which it is able to reach. Behold the incontestible titles of its spirituality, and in which the inscription of false has no place. I wish, however, to verify these things, and to convince you of their Authority." At these words, I bent down by the side of Macnamara, and said gently in his ear, I am about to shew our Gnome in his nakedness.

"I embark the verification in this manner. I say to you firstly, that the soul is above the body, because God has submitted to its Empire that which is the most perfect of all; and which enfolds and unites in itself all that there is most pure and most excellent. It is true, that this domination has been a little enfeebled by the crime of the first of all the Souls; but somewhat debilitated though it be, it yet subsists in entirety, and we do not see that any of man's inferiors have attempted to shake off his yoke, and to subject him to theirs; on the contrary, we experiment daily that they fear his menaces, and are obedient to his will.

"I say secondly, that the soul judges sovereignly the body, because it distinguishes perfectly a body from that which is not such; that it refuses authoritively and absolutely certain things which have the shadow, rather than the reality; such as the point and the line, and that it accords of itself with all others, which by a triple dimension occupy more or less space, according to the largeness or smallness of their parts.

"I say in the third place, that the soul mingles with and separates itself from the body, because it unites itself by thought to a thousand things which are outside matter. It understands an infinite number of perfect figures that we never find in the body; which the senses cannot perceive, and which it is even impossible to imagine. Does it not see clearly, that a perfect Sphere cannot touch a perfect plane but in a single point. That a circle, however little it be, is without defect, when between the lines drawn from the centre to the circumference we can still draw an infinite number of others. In short, that an angle is truly a right angle when a right line, which falls upon a line of the same nature, leans not more towards one angle than the other. In these there is nothing which relates to the Jurisdiction of the senses. But it contemplates with yet more freedom the immaterial numbers which they have termed *Exemplaires* in our Schools of the Mathematics, and which are so independent of time and place, that one can say that they are of all Countries, and that they are found the same in all Centuries, and amongst all the people of the earth. Go from the East, to the West, to the South or the North, you will there discover that four are four, and ten are ten; because all men in the world see equally and in the same manner these numbers in the depth of their souls with the eyes of their intelligence, and this though there is not one that has felt interiorly how they

participate in the unity from which they have set out.*

"What idea would you not form of the excellence and the elevation of our Soul, and of its separateness from the body, if I spoke to you of rules, of numbers, of measures, of light, of natural rights, of sciences, of virtues, and of all the other immutable and eternal notions which are born with us, and which escape no spirit, and which preserve themselves in us without the aid of the senses and without our participation. I pass all this with silence, in order not to tire you, and because there is nothing anywhere so evident. I wish, however, to draw from it a consequence which destroys your error, and you ought to comprehend that the knowledge of God is not hidden from our soul, yet less that of itself, and the things which occasion its sensations; for since this soul, as is true, conceives of things immutable and eternal, as it cannot conceive but in a subject that is immutable and eternal, which is God; it is certain that it knows him, the knowledge of the subject being inseparable from that of the things which dwell there; in the same way that when one sees the flowers, with which a Prairie is spread, we necessarily see the herb and the ground which sustains it. Our soul is then spiritual; Eh! how should it not be? seeing objects that it sees but by spirit, which is all eye and all light. It is not then ignorant of itself, for as we see the light as much as is present to us, and when we have the eyes open and healthy; thus we can say, that if light had eyes it would always see, because it would be always present to its brightness. These reasons may appear abstract to you, and you are not accustomed to them; it is necessary that you say something more plausible, and, without doubt, more conformable to the principles we have drawn for you.

* The argument of this passage is considered by modern Theosophists, a proof of the existence of the higher *Manas*, the first ascending quality above the animal soul.—*Translator*.

“Let us consider that our Soul is a thinking being, which thinks always, and that its desires and that its other properties have not any tint, and takes nothing of that of matter or of the body; that it has neither colour, nor figure, nor parts; that it occupies no space, that it has no movement; that God is its natural centre, to which it is more or less attached, according as it has more or less of wisdom and justice; and that it will have no place there, if this wisdom and this justice abandons it entirely. The soul is only present in the body by His operation, it acts there in a spiritual manner in imitation of its author, but is, nevertheless, limited in its virtue. It is altogether where it goes, were it in a thousand different places, because its action makes its presence, and its nature is very simple and very singular. It is never slothful, and is always acting, either by affinity to God, from whom it subsists, or in regard of the body that it rules. But although its action may be weaker at one time, or more strong in one body than another; the soul is always equal, because it is not susceptible of greatness and of littleness. I add to this, that the spirituality of our soul becomes incontestible by the quality of its life. Such is the being of which it is the life, and such is the life of which it is the nourishment. We know that the soul is not nourished by bread, but by the word of God. The soul never appears less vigorous than when the body is fattest. The greater part of our first Masters have thought as we; for if they could have believed otherwise, they might have said, that those who had most of matter had also the most intelligence; but they were persuaded that the spirit has always more of penetration and vivacity when it holds least to the body, and when it is near breaking the bonds which attach it there. Luxurious people who are fond of good cheer are nearly always the most stupid, and most shut up. Delicious meats makethem neither better nor more intelligent.

"I finish this Discourse in assuring you that a life so noble, and which subsists by a nourishment as excellent as it is true, is a sure bond to you of the immortality which we offer you, and which you despise. It is in vain that you figure to yourself that the soul perishes to-day with the body; it has nothing in common with this life; it has nothing in common with death; and when the body descends into the corruption of the tomb, it recovers its lost liberty, and flies to its enjoyment in the bosom of its Creator. It will willingly forget the outrage that you have made upon its dignity, to have the pleasure of conducting you into that sacred asylum of most happy souls; it is, without doubt, more desirable than the nothingness in which you have entrenched yourself. Let us return, and conspire together to re-people the Universe with an infinite number of amiable creatures. The example of the Salamanders, the Sylphes, &c., invite you to this re-union. I have already digested the articles of the Treaty, there remains but to sign it, and I will bless the fortunate day which procured me the glory of having consummated a work which should make the happiness of your Subjects, and that of all the human race."

The Prince Gnome appeared still more tranquil during this Discourse than he had been in the first. He made neither mimic nor grimace. And from his look and his composed mien, I had begun to flatter myself with having gained my point. I soon remarked that he had only calmed himself to give more attention, and to answer my reasoning with all the greater force, that I had expressly overdrawn it, in order to mortify his arrogance. "I see," said he to me, "that you are content with your Sermon. Without being extravagant in my tastes, I am not equally satisfied, and far from finding it as convincing as you think, it seems to me quite proper to confirm me in my sentiments. These are all great words, great hyperboles, great sophisms, and great

subtilities, which are capable of stunning and surprising vulgar souls; but which make no impression upon persons of my character, and of my cool sense. I yet believe that the soul of man is a foolish thing, which knows neither what it is, nor that which it becomes. It is not necessary to go very far to find from his equals, that which will sustain him in face, that like to the animals, he only feeds himself with spectres and phantoms which represent nothing, not even the God who has made him, but under the form of a body; that all these general notions which include the Laws, the manners, and the sciences, the Rules of numbers, of measures, to which they give gratuitously the name of immutable and eternal truths, are but the creations of reason, hollow ideas, the chimeras and fictions of spirit; in fine, that the soul follows the destiny of the body that it inhabits, that it is soft and feeble as it in its tender infancy, even to be unable to preserve any impressions or any trace of its operations, that it learns and strengthens itself with man in middle age, and that at the end of life it re-falls, after his example, into its first feebleness and its first obscurity." "Softly, Monseigneur," cried I, "you go a little beyond the matter; but what do you say of thought, of which we have an idea so distinct and so different from that of the body, and what connection do you find between them?" "That," said he, "of the stream with its source." "What!" answered I, "you believe that the body is the source of thought?" "Why not," responded he, "is it more difficult for God to cause thought to spring from the body, and matter, than to draw soul and spirit from nothing? I see clearly what it is," continued he, "you are ignorant of the nature of thought, and I will shew it to you. Thought is an interior word by which one discourses with himself, as we use it for sensible speech by which to communicate with others. But, as in order to form those articulate sounds which we call exterior

speech, and which express our sentiments outside of ourselves, it is only necessary that some small delicate bodies insinuate themselves in the nerves and in the muscles destined for speech; it suffices also to form this interior speech which we call thought, that little bodies still more subtle, and more delicate, dash to parts more fine and more sensitive, and creep into channels narrower, and less perceptible."

"But tell me, I pray you," interrupted I, "how does it come about that these springs and these channels have escaped the eyes and the observations of the anatomists of our time, who are so exact in their researches, and so happy in their discoveries?" "It is," replied he, "because they are so prepossessed to the contrary. Their prejudices and their preconceptions have caused their errors, and their perseverance in them, in the same way that they have been thousands of years in discovering the canal of the chile, and the circulation of the blood. That which ought to persuade you that the thing is as I have explained it to you, that is to say, that both the one and the other speech have the same principle, and are produced by similar means, the proportions being guarded, is, as I may remark, that the disorders which the excess of wine and immoderate passions cause you appear equally in your discourse and in your thoughts. They do not that which they say, nor that which they think, they speak and reason badly, and the trouble is spread over all, because the mass of the blood is heated and rarified by the fire which follows, all of that which makes a part becomes susceptible of these movements and these extraordinary agitations."

"Ah! for this shot, my Prince," said I to him; "behold what is termed pure subtlety; your system is ingenious, but it is not equally solid, and it will be as easy to persuade me that thought and reasoning can form themselves in an organ pipe, delicately manufactured, as to convince me

that they may be born as you have advanced, in these fine and slender conduits which you suppose to be in the human body. Matter is none the less matter, if it be more subtle than is another, and that which is matter will never know how to think."

"You deceive yourself again," went on the Prince Gnome, "and you again fall, if you put under you all prejudice. I have been persuaded, as well as you, of the spirituality of your soul, and when I considered its fears, its desires, and its other perceptions, I imagined that all that which could elevate man above matter had nothing in common with the body. A little application joined to circumstances of our rupture has disabused me, and will you the same, if you will examine as closely this same matter from which you believe that your spirit is distinct. Let us follow step by step the virtues which are attached to it, and the marvellous effects which they produce when it is filtered and subtilized in a certain manner. You will see that it is no dishonour to your soul to confound it with matter, and that it is only more or less of it that distinguishes it. Let us consider the strength and the fineness of those particles of the blood which serve to touch and to move the parts of your machine. Let us look at the virtue of those little atoms escaped by chance, which put in violent movement, animals of an enormous size. Pass onwards, and centre all your attention upon the littleness of your eyes, and those of an Eagle, of an Ant, of a flesh worm; that which is in a sense imperceptible, which gather without confusion an infinite number of images of all sizes, and of all colours, which represent many objects. Let us go forward to the head of this Worm, and you will see a part still more delicate, where this infinity of images so different fix themselves to represent its fantasy, when it pleases it to call them up, or when they are borne there by conjectures. Certainly, if you reflect

seriously upon the greatness and the extension of this virtue, which resides in the least point of matter, in a single point; you will be convinced that there is nothing of which it is not capable, and where it cannot carry itself; when it is between the hands of an Artist, of whom the power and the wisdom are equally infinite."

"I comprehend," answered I brusquely, "that God can do all; but as his Wisdom has established certain Laws, and has prescribed to himself certain manners of acting which he does not change, and which determines the action of his power, it will never be that matter thinks, nor that spirit occupies a (limited) space." "The term spirit unsettles your mind: my Cavalier," answered he, "your Chemists will put you right in this. They separate every day the liquors and the salts, the spirit and the body, without seeking to attribute a different nature to them. The things extremely delicate, or which escape the sight, have usurped the name of spirit, and they have always given it to the essences and to the subtle parts of the blood, although these are the effectives of the body. You may tell me, that if we cannot see the air and the wind, we fail not to feel them, and that they make impressions upon our body, and for myself I tell you, that thought does so more strongly; if it is lively, it warms you, if cold, it freezes you, if angry, it dries you up, and if gay, it gladdens you and augments your *embonpoint*. The body takes the character of the thoughts, and the soul, as I have said to you already, and which I again repeat, follows the increase and the decay of the body which it animates; it is weak in infancy; inconstant in adolescence; impetuous in youth; settled in the inclinations of the aged, and it finishes where it began; that is to say, that in the decrepitude of our years it falls into its first weakness, and has no more reason than an infant.

"Tell me not that it departs often from the body, and

that we see it sometimes healthy, strong, and luminous, when the body appears sunken by maladies, and in entire exhaustion; and that in short, it never reasons better than in the moments which precedes this pretended separation. I am not surprised at this vigour, and this extraordinary lucidity; I regard it as a spirt, the efforts and the access caused by the movement and the fermentation of the blood and the humours; the same as the body of a sick person, which, beaten down by the violence and the duration of a fever, re-takes all its strength, and makes it appear surprising in its increase in delirium. It is not astonishing, that parts so different by their figure and their arrangement produce effects so little alike. The blood bubbling in the body, when the other humours more thick dwell there in calm; the spirits agitating the brain, and leaving the feet without movement. Certain parts commence to play when the others unbind and relax themselves. The soul even is divided into two parts by your spiritual persons; the one inspires, the other consults; the one rules, the other should obey. These are two sisters, of which the relations and the different functions mark their diversity; they are, if you wish, the husband and the wife, Adam and Eve, as explained by one of your Doctors, who was not surprised to see the superior part of the soul was occupied from God in extacy, and that the inferior part dwelt in inaction, in respect of the body even, and that it forgot, in some sort, the obligation that it had to rule it and make it move. This diversity of operation and of object in a being that you believe indivisible, does it not authorise the variations of the actions of the soul and the body? that I believe derives from this same matter, with this difference, that the arrangement and the volume of parts which compose them are not the same.

“I add to this two remarks that you can observe daily, and which ought to strike you, even to convince you of the

truth of that which I have said to you up to the present. The first is, that during sleep the soul is infinitely more asleep than the body. For besides some exterior parts of the body that the heaviness of the soul and the lassitude holds immoveable, because that they ordinarily move but by its orders, without knowing how they are executed; all the others follow their duties, and fulfil them exactly and without interruption. The heart knows how to compress itself; the lungs inspire and expire; the chile courses and takes its colour; the blood circulates; the arteries beat; digestion is carried on; the flesh fattens, and all the members take their increase. It is not the same with the soul, it is as if it was annihilated, all the faculties are interdicted, all its modifications suspended. It knows nothing; it sees nothing; it feels nothing. If it reaches thought when the shock of some atom of vapour obliges it to awake, then all its thoughts are of follies, of extravagances, or of the phantoms by which it affrights itself, and which causes a laugh to those who hear its dreams. If it were spiritual, as you pretend, ought not all its thoughts to be just, and all its judgements exact in its tranquil hours. The silence of the passions, the suite of objects, freedom from cares, and from the direction of the machine, restored to itself, putting it in full liberty, and leaving it in no distraction, can it not hear this eternal and interior truth which you wish it to speak always, and to which this long interval of repose gives the leisure to listen to? Notwithstanding it is deaf and blind; it remains idle, and in entire inaction. Draw the consequence and conviction with me, that it needs but a little grain of *Opium* to cause to succumb all the strength of the finest and the greatest soul in the Universe.

"The second remark is, that we see (in the sot) the sottishness in which the spirit often appears more drunk than the body. Their conception is entirely of the mouth, their

reason wrecked, they do and say nothing but that which is extravagant: but when it is needful to quit the place of their debauch when night is come, they regain their abode without staggering and without deceiving themselves, and having couched themselves as usual, and slept profoundly, they remember nothing in the morning of their revel, or of any of their words and their actions of the day before. Whence comes this disordered spirit? Whence comes this overthrow of the reason? Whence comes it that the vapours of the wine overturns entirely the throne of intelligence, the magazine of the spirits, which serves to move the machine? You hesitate to answer me: I will do it for you, and I say that it is because that part of the soul which we call animal is composed of little bodies sufficiently thick, which resist by their solidity the impression of the vapours, and hold firm to their post, not to trouble the regularity of their functions; in the next place, that these other little bodies which form the most noble part of the soul, and upon which fall the rays of the sovereign reason, being more fine and delicate, are also less capable of sustaining the shock of these vapours, and, in consequence, more susceptible of derangement. It is in these principles that is found the dénouement of the case of the young Page, who, being born stupid and material, totally changed the character of his spirit in the heat of an ague fever, when all his words became so many sentences and oracles. The King his Master was informed of this astonishing Metamorphosis, he entered the chamber of the sick man, and having heard the most beautiful things in the world, and the greatest maxims of Policy, he believed that it was all important to preserve so rare a genius; he ordered his Doctors to employ all the secrets of their art to cure him. They cured him in effect; but this poor youth, in recovering his health, fell back into his natural stupidity, and into the contempt of his Prince, the which made him

regret his malady and curse those who had delivered him.

"If this example still leaves you in some doubt, that which I am about to say to you will dissipate it entirely. Let us consider that the fire of the blood effects upon the soul that which fire does upon the eyes, and that their impressions are altogether similar. With too little light we only see objects confusedly; with sufficient light we see very distinctly; and with too much light one is dazzled, and sees not with taste. With too little of fire in the blood we have sight and understanding confused and bounded; with a regulated fire one sees justly, finely, and clearly. With excessive fire one has a sight strange and lost. And why? because the activity of this fire was too feeble in the first to put in a just movement those subtle parts of which the soul is formed, it cannot give but to the spirits in common. This same activity being assisted in point of proportion and of perfection, to which nothing is lacking, its notions is full of justness, and it necessarily produces good spirits. In fine, this activity being beyond due measure in the last, it agitates and dissipates entirely those little subtle bodies which the superior illuminations always strike falsely, and cannot introduce any reason there; and in this fashion there remains only follies and extravagances. Let us examine, I pray you, these three degrees of fire, follow their action, and you will find there not only the veritable cause of the differences of the spirits and of their change in character; but further, that all the effects which are born of them are produced by the same laws of nature, and by the same mechanism as those of light. They desire to attribute another principle, and I flatter myself that I know it, this is to make an idea of fantasy, and imitate Phercides, who is believed to have only invented the opinion of the immortality of the soul to satisfy his own ambition."

"All this reasoning, my Prince," said I to him, "only

resembles whipped cream, and gives not the least attaint to the ideas which I have given of the excellency and the dignity of my soul. I distinguish very clearly between its nature and that of my body, and I know perfectly well the being which thinks, and excludes the idea of the material being. I can also mark to you clearly and distinctly the operations which belong to them, it is but necessary to corporate and mix that which you separate and confound. But without so much philosophy upon this same chapter, since that you have directed me to the Chemists; do me the kindness to shew me by what singular art, and by what chemical virtue the soul which was spiritual and immortal in Adam, as you hold, has become corporeal and perishable in himself and in all his Descendants."

"It is easy to shew you that," answered he, "the primitive crime has effected this prodigy; it has incorporated spirit, and caused it to become flesh. In the same manner as virtue spiritualises the body, and lends it its quality; the soul has God for principle, and nothing originates it; it approaches the one in measure as it separates itself from the other; it has more or less of being and of perfection, according as it approaches more or less the source of all beings. Its life is a species of ladder which touches the Heaven with one end, and the earth with the other. At one extremity it finds God and immortality, at the other death and nothingness. If it elevates itself, it spiritualises and divinises itself in some sort; if it debases itself, it becomes similar to the beasts, and finishes as they. The first man was left to carry the fatal weight of his cupidity, of his irregular tastes, and fell by his misfortune. His soul has become carnal and dissoluble. The Lord has remained four thousand years without the desire of withdrawing him from this unfortunate state. If you examine all the motives by which he has been urged to good, and all the menaces which

have been employed to turn him from evil; you will avow with me that he has not regarded him during all this time but as a man perishable in all ways. His duration was, without doubt, proportionate to that of his recompenses and his punishments. They were transient; it was necessary then that he passed and finished with them."

"You astonish me," said I to him, "and I know not where you have drawn these strange opinions." "In the reason of God," replied he, "it is his *eclat* which had spiritualised the soul of this first Father; it is his image that had rendered him immortal; he has closed his eyes to this divine brightness; he has broken and trampled under foot this sacred image; he has lost his excellent prerogatives; he has been dispoiled of these brilliant ornaments, and he is fallen lower than the natural.* Disabuse yourself, there is only God which is truly immortal, because there is but He alone that is veritably indivisible, and who can subsist of himself. He is the sovereign Unity which suffices for Himself. All that which sets out and separates itself is divisible, and, in consequence, comes to an end. This holy Unity desired to make man a partaker of his felicity and of his glory, filling him with his Spirit, and this Spirit, which is the Seal of his Love, engraved the traits of its resemblance in the depths of his soul, so that death and annihilation had eternally respected him, if he had preserved them. Inasmuch as this Spirit was with man, he was altogether spiritual, and had not formed a thought that would render him unworthy of immortality and the communication of the Sovereign Being; but he lost all in losing himself, and it is only by the re-union of that Spirit with him that he can recover such glorious advantages. Let us contemplate man re-united to this Holy Spirit; you will find an entirely new man, that has a heart and soul entirely new, that aspires

* See the first part, page 38, ed. 1886.—*Translator*.

only to the eternal good; who has life and motion entirely by that Spirit. If he speaks, it is that spirit which speaks by his mouth; if he desires, it is this which forms his desires; if he makes some prayers, and throws out some groans, it is this which prays and mourns for him. In short, it is his soul, his heart, his spirit, and his all; and he is not content to retrace in himself the characters of his effaced image; he joins himself again to his Original for an eternity."

"Permit me," said I to him, "to interrupt you at so beautiful a place, I will attend you there. You agree that to-day the soul is rehabilitated, and though it had become carnal and perishable it has been restored to the Spirit and to Immortality; why then do you take for pretext of your estrangement from men, the defect of immortality, from which the Spirit of the most High has delivered us?"

"Because," answered he, "this Divine Spirit, encounters so few such persons, and that those who are honoured with his presence, in recovering the Privilege of immortalising themselves, do not obtain that of communicating it to the others."

"Adam," answered I, "had then this advantage whilst he was faithful, and did not violate this Law of communication, which you pretend that he had given to him with his life?"

"Yes," answered he, "he enjoyed it, and some other privileges also, in which God had conserved his Spirit. But their race was attainted, and the Spirit of God was withdrawn from all men, we took our part, and we abstain from pairing ourselves with you, because that, from the manner in which you are made to-day, and when we had commerce with you, according to your proper principles, there was the parallel chance of losing or of gaining, that which came least was our state, for the nothingness saves us from eternal unhappiness, and we lose at the same time the sentiment of all those losses which you have so much exaggerated. Live then in peace and leave us to die the same; we envy not your happiness;

profit by your past disgraces, and follow even to the end of the road which opens to immortality, without uneasiness as to the advantage to those to whom your corruption has closed it for ever."

"I answer you," said I, "upon your tranquility for the future; it is advantageous to have no relations with you in the future. Your errors would become contagious, report them in your profound caverns, whence you have brought them. It amply appears that you are delivered to the spirit of wickedness, and that it expresses itself by your organs; but truth will triumph over these artifices, and will not permit that the mirror in which it regards itself constantly be tarnished by your calumnies. This mirror where his image is formed by his presence and his regards; this soul which is the most noble and the most excellent of His Works, subsists eternally, and will be always enlightened with the rays of this Sun of Justice. I know it, I attest it, Religion has taught it to me, reason has insinuated it, and sentiment convinces me of it. Anathema to the Démons, anathema to the Gnômes, anathema to the Libertins, anathema to all those who believe that the end of their life, is that of their pains and of their pleasures."

The Prince Gnome listened to me whilst I fulminated all these anathemas, made an inclination of his head to Macnamara, to bid him adieu, and quickly removed himself, he disappeared from our eyes in an instant, and without doubt, received from his Subjects, the praises which his resistance merited.

As for me, in my emotion, I continued my invectives against the Enemies of the glory of our soul, and there was not a subject of that subterranean Republic which did not receive some scratch. "This Gnome," said I to Macnamara, "has the Spirit to mar, I know not who has perverted him to the extent that he appears to be; but assuredly we can be

of no advantage to him." Macnamara answered me, that this unhappy Guardian of treasures owed his perversity and his errors in part to the suggestions of the Demons his neighbours, in part to the Conferences of some bastard Cabalists,* and to the Sect of Sadducees, and a part, in short, to the reading of the works of Aristotle and Averroes.† "What," said I, "are Mrs. the Gnomes also mounted upon those banks?" "Without doubt," replied he, "they have urged me several times, to explain to them obscure places in these two Philosophies. And their Prince, who has given himself up to study all these books, and who prides himself upon his learning, has not yielded to my entreaty to resolve for him doubts upon the Old and New Testament." "I am not then astonished at their extreme embroilment," cried I, "since they have tasted of the darkness of Aristotle. I have dared to say a thousand times to my Preceptor, who passes for a very able man, and who spared neither trouble nor care to instruct me, that of all Authors, there is none who gives worse reasons than Aristotle upon the nature of God and that of the Soul." "I have found none so foolish as his," replied Macnamara, "nor that are more proper to give a bad opinion of those of others. He knows himself in no fashion. He had even the temerity of wishing to enlighten all the souls of his own time. It is necessary that I recount to you with this purpose, that which this man, so vain and so obscure, undertook one day to give himself importance. Behold all the Universe was parted into different opinions upon the nature of the soul, and the most part, so to say, swam between two waters, and were floating about in very unquiet irresolution; he put it in his head to draw them from this uncertainty, by a decision clear and precise. He had credit, and the reputation of his knowledge went scarcely less far

* See page 32, of the first part, ed. 1886.—*Translator.*

† See page 122, of the first part, ed. 1886.—*Translator.*

than that of the Glory and the Conquests of Alexander the Great, his Disciple. All the Savants made court to him; he issued nothing from his pen that was not applauded, and his least words were prized as oracles. Upon this footing you can well judge that he had no trouble in expediting an order to convoke the *Ban* and the *Arrière-ban* of all the Greek Philosophers. The place of Assembly was fixed at Athens; they repaired thither, and were assembled together in the great Hall of the Palace of the ancient Kings of that superb City. Aristotle made his appearance upon a magnificent Throne, and under a Dais brilliant with gold and Stones. After having prepared this illustrious Troop to receive the last spring of the Decree which he went to pronounce; he spoke in this sort. You are embarrassed, *Monsieurs Barbons* (greybeards), upon the nature of man's soul, you do not know whether it is flesh or fish; several meddle with its definition, and no one gives the finish. Thanks to my profound meditations, I have unravelled the knot of the difficulty. I am persuaded that you will hold to this; and that your disquiet will come to an end for ever; listen well to that which I am about to say to you.

“The soul, yes, the soul, that noble part of ourselves; that Queen of the world; that asylum of Truth; the treasure of the Sciences; that mysterious lantern where burns the greatest light; that Lieutenant of the Gods is of the form of the body; formed to inform; and which eminently contains the perfections of subaltern forms; is necessarily the act of a being in power, as it is in power.”*

“This famous Decree, pronounced in the tone of a Master, and with the tone of a Sovereign, was differently received by this venerable company. The Courtier Philosophers were in countenance to mark their admiration. The

* i.e.—As the soul of man is in power over the body, it necessarily emanates from a still higher power.—*Translator*.

Railers made allusion to the terms of the Decree; saying that the soul was very happy in having fallen into the hands of Aristotle, and that, if he had not given much light, in recompense he accorded it much power and authority. The Satirists, *whose fantastic power did not enlarge their fortune*, treated him as a Charlatan, and murmured low, that he had called them there to sell them his balm. The independants, who made the greater number, looked on in mournful silence, and, putting their hats on their heads, retired briskly, with hearts full of anger, at being exposed to the fatigues of a long journey in coming to hear such nonsense. Notwithstanding, there were some who were prejudiced in favour of Aristotle, that respected his darkness, and wished to understand the mystery in the obscurity of his words which perhaps he did not understand himself. It is upon this foundation that they imposed upon their Sectaries the law of penetrating the sense of the Enigma that he had thrown out at a venture, which engaged them in watches, and in such painful researches, that it almost cost them reason and health."

"It is an injury," said I to Macnamara, "that the Act of this Assembly has not come down to us. The Malcontents should have prepared some collated copy." "It remained for a long time in the Archives of the Areopagus," continued he; "but since then it has been enveloped in the revolutions and ruins of that flourishing Republic.

"The fruit which we should take from this weak remembrance that tradition has left to us, is some knowledge which the Books give us of the nature of our soul, and of that of its Author, we cannot know it perfectly but by the light which one can draw from Religion. It is in this that we ought to rest, without which we shall find ourselves in mortal perplexity and unlucky wandering. It is necessary

that we know that God has created our soul, and that it is made for himself; but it matters little for us to know whether it is a stranger in the body, or its originator; if it arrives after the body is formed, or if it aids its formation. We cavil upon this, and we have no good reason upon which to base a certain judgement; for although we may assign some probabilities, that it does not unite itself to the body until after a number of days; there is more likelihood that it finds itself there at the moment of conception, and that it labours in the miraculous arrangement of all parts of the body, and in the regulations of their economy and their functions. The Doctors of Paris, at a post-mortem on the body of a Player upon the Lute, maintained that an embryo, only three days old, had been found animate; and founded their attestation and their conjecture upon this that the three ventricles were already formed."

"This is well," said I to him, "I know too little of Anatomy to contest that. But I have a great envy to know if there are some souls that are greater and more noble than others." "I believe them to be all equal," answered he, "since they have all the same extraction; that they all set out immediately from the hand of the Most High; that they all bear equally the traits of his resemblance and his Image, wherein is the character of their grandeur and their nobility; and that, in short, they have all the same principle, the same end, and the same duties. That which causes that one raises itself, or lowers itself, stretches itself, or contracts itself more than others, is that they apply themselves more or less to virtue; it is that they open themselves more or less to the light of eternal truth. Souls are then of noble race and origin, but their nobleness and their grandeur does not burst forth but in the worship which they render to God, and and in the utility which they develope to the world; as it is true, that they fall into a species of villanage, when they

employ themselves too much in commerce with sensible things, and that they have forgotten the honour which they have of being in the image of the Most High, and despise the duties which he has imposed upon them. It is in this that they have appeared degraded from their just title, and that we have accused them of becoming like unto the beasts, because they no longer have the quality of the Image of God, and the advantages and the destinations which are inseparable from that which distinguishes the soul of man from that of the other animals.

"I dissimulate not to you, that the sentiments of your modern Philosophers upon the nature of the souls of beasts does not please me in any fashion: I take a middle course between them, and withdraw myself equally from those who make them pure machines, and from the others who suppose them to have a material soul, with its knowledge and passions. I believe that their soul is spiritual and endowed with reason like our own; in some closer aspects, however, the places and the duties become different; for being neither in the Image of God, nor made for him, that is to say, not destined to possess him, they are found deprived of all that which conducts to this most happy possession, and, in consequence, they ought to finish with the end which he has proposed for them, and to which tends all designs and movements; death respecting certainly but God and his Image."

"It seems to me," said I to Macnamara, "that the Prince Gnome places himself sufficiently with us upon the question of the immortality of our souls." "It is not in this conformity which makes his error," answered he, "he errs but in this, that he assures himself that the Image of God has been entirely obscured by the crime of the first man, and that we have lost by this obscuration the privilege of our immortality, and the others by our interposition; that is not so. This Image has been only obscured, and in some

measure, effaced, but the basis, as you have wisely said, to this opinionated Gnome, dwells with us, with all the prerogatives which are attached to it. It is the sentiment of the greatest and most profound Doctor of the Church. He contends in a thousand places of his Books, that this Image is in such manner proper and essential to our soul, that if it were separated for a single moment, it would re-fall into the nothingness from which it set out. And to enable us to comprehend the mystery of this sacred Image, and the manner in which it is formed and imprinted in us, he compares our soul to a mirror. 'The divine Word,' says he, 'regards itself in this mystic Glass, and produces therein its Image, and from this continual regard, which becomes reciprocal with us, depends all the being, and all the duration of that Image, and of the base upon which it is imprinted; in such sort, that this image will vanish entirely, and will cease to be, if it ceases a moment to be regarded, in the same way that we see the image disappear of a man who looks upon himself in a mirror, as soon as he removes himself, and is no longer present there.'

"Be not astonished then, if the souls of beasts, all spiritual as I make them, perishes with their body. All that which has a beginning ought to finish according to the natural order; the nothingness that which it has given. Our soul follows this fatality, if it was not privileged, in virtue of the august characters which the reason of the Most High has graven in the depth of its Being: it participates in the Rights of the sovereign Truth, which is always present to it, and we render him in it honours such as we make to the portraits of Sovereigns. You will tell me, perhaps, that the goodness of the Lord will be wounded, if his Wisdom leaves to perish without pity the spirits that he has enlightened with his light; and I answer you, that it will not receive any attain, should all creatures be annihilated; because that

which appears or disappears, creates or ceases to create, are equally just in God, and therein will have no more reason to complain of the precipitate end of the world, than of the hinderment of his production."

"Is it permitted me, my Father," said I to him, "to demand of you the reasons for which the Most High, whose designs and will are always most equitable, abstains for so long a time to make himself adorers?" "I am about to teach it to you," said he. He began to speak upon this subject, but all at once the words were extinguished in his mouth; he became dreamy. His eyes appeared attached to the earth, or to say better, to the pavement of his cell, and he had the figure and the mien of a man extraordinarily applied. I believed that he was thinking seriously of that which he ought to answer me, but not that in the least. In waking from a profound sleep, he said to me: "I ask your pardon, my Son, if I am obliged to quit you. Behold my Génie has advertised me, that an Envoy from the Sages of China has arrived in my Study, to propose to me on their part some important difficulties that the Book of Enoch, and the Collection of the Precepts left to the Children of Noah, have given birth to in that Country. They await my resolutions. This Express is a Sylph, whom they have sent from Tonquin this morning, where he ought to return every minute. It becomes me to leave; calm and solitude are necessary for this."

I testified to him civilly, that I would be in despair, if I caused him the least distraction, and after some embraces, and many thanks, I made him a very humble reverence, and separated from him, with promises to see him again on the first opportunity, and to come back with haste to draw up new instructions from the source of his enlightenment. I was very pleased to have this pretext to withdraw from a house where doors were useless: for in fine, this Express,

which I suspected of being the Courier of Merlin, could only have entered by the chimney; I dissimulated my thoughts, and I departed to go to communicate to Mr. Schits, with whom I diverted myself extremely in the *Role* which I went to play. I repeated to him so exactly, that nothing was lacking in it. He laughed with all his heart at my learning to become a Philosopher and Theologian, me, whereof all science seemed to be reduced to the due formation of a Battalion, and to give to it all its faces.

This play continued during a few days, after which a letter from Comte de Schomberg caused me to return to Berlin, to await the Predictions of my veritable Génie.

END.

The Editorial Note to "Supernatural Generation," (a Monograph from the Works of the late Thomas Inman, M.D., that should be read by all Students of "The Comte de Gabalis") drew such attention and curiosity, that the Chapter there alluded to, *i.e.*, Doctrine and Rationale. The embodied "Children of the Elements," both of Heathen and of Christian periods, unabridged, will appropriately form the Appendix, to the Rosicrucian FIRST PART of the present Work, and with the Glossary of *euphemisms*, will be separately issued to the Subscribers to the complete series, only by and from the PUBLISHER direct.

ADDENDA.

PAGE 6.

SAN GREAL.—See "An Inquiry into the Origin and Signification of the Romances of the San Greal. By Dr. F. G. Bergmann, Dean of the Faculty of Letters at Strasburg, and Member of the Royal Society of Antiquaries, Copenhagen; Edinburgh; Edmonston and Douglas, 1870."

PAGE 6.

KENEALY.—It is difficult to give any adequate description of this deceased Author's Works, they teem with learning of the most extraordinary kind, and alike to the student of the Occult Sciences, Comparative Mythology, and Archæology, are indispensable. In years to come, they will probably be esteemed and valued, as O'Brien's "Round Towers," and the "Anacalypsis," of Godfrey Higgins.

PAGE 24. (Footnote.)

GENIE.—The Arab singular (whence the French "génie"); fem. Jinniyah; the Div and Rakshah of old Guebre-land and the "Rakshasa," or "Yaksha" of Hinduism. It would be interesting to trace the evident connection, by no means "accidental," of "Jinn" with the "Genius" who came to the Romans through the Asiatic Etruscans, and whose name I cannot derive from "gignomai" or "genitus." He was unknown to the Greeks, who had the Daimon, a family which separated like the Jinn and the Genius, into two categories, the good (Agatho-dæmons) and the bad (Kako-dæmons). We know nothing concerning the status of the

Jinn amongst the pre-Moslemite or pagan Arabs; the Moslems made him a supernatural authropoid being, created of subtile fire (Koran, chaps. xv. 27; lv. 14), not of earth like man, propagating his kind, ruled by mighty kings, the last being Ján bin Ján, missionarised by Prophets and subject to death and judgment. From the same root are "Junún" = madness, (*i.e.*, possession or obsession by the Jinn) and "Majnún" = a madman. According to R. Jeremiah bin Eliazar in Psalm xii. 5, Adam was excommunicated for one hundred and thirty years, during which he begat children in his own image (Gen. v. 3)* and these were Mazikcen or Shedeem-Jinns.—"Arabian Nights," Cap. Sir R. F. Burton's version, Vol. i.

PAGE 52.

Tobit, see Apocrypha.

PAGE 112. (Footnote.)

Euphemisms.—This Supplementary Glossary* partly based on the 1680 Edition, already mentioned by Mr. Yarker enables the Student to correctly interpret and compare most of the Original renderings (as translated by P.A., Gent) &c., with the Text of this revised version.

PUBLISHER.

* Compiled by Invictus.

ERRATA.

Page 29, line 8,—Read "sully our imagination."

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