

THE
SANCTUARY OF SPIRITUALISM;

A
STUDY OF THE HUMAN SOUL,

AND OF
ITS RELATIONS WITH THE UNIVERSE,
THROUGH SOMNAMBULISM AND ECSTASY.

BY
L. A. CAHAGNET,
AUTHOR OF "THE CELESTIAL TELEGRAPH; OR, SECRETS OF THE LIFE TO COME
REVEALED THROUGH MAGNETISM."

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY M. FLINDERS PEARSON.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED BY GEO. PEIRCE, 310, STRAND.

1851.

265 C. A.
Digitized by Google

LONDON:
GEORGE PEIRCE, PRINTER, 310, STRAND.



TO THE READER.

I TAKE the liberty, dear reader, of addressing myself to you, to tell you that your benevolence, and the encouragement which many of you have afforded me, have launched me in a career into which I seek in my turn to draw you. But, perhaps, like the geographer doubtful of the accuracy of his lines, I have presented to your meditations only propositions unworthy of them, or too obscure to be comprehended. Attribute this solely to the urgent desire I feel to see you share convictions from which I have derived the sweetest happiness I have known on earth.

Shall I be deemed culpable for having endeavoured to show you the road (which I believe to be the shortest) that leads to the knowledge of the most sublime spiritual truths? I do not think so. The only error I acknowledge is, that I, a simple workman, have dared to speak a language which belongs only to science, with no other instruction than inspiration. If I did not know all your indulgence in favour of him whom you have encouraged to extend his researches, I would instantly throw this manuscript into the fire—yes, this

manuscript which has cost me so much meditation, so many nights of study, which constitutes all my spiritual fortune, and which I have looked at so fondly with a dying gaze during six months of the cruel disease I have just endured. Ah ! if you knew, my friends, what happiness I tasted, when suffering permitted me two hours of tranquillity, in taking my pen, and seeing the thousand and one thoughts that boiled in my heart and brain flow from its slow-moving point; when I read them, re-read, corrected, and read them again and again, while saying to myself, Will others read them ? will God permit them to be printed ?—and then on this latter point consulting my dear and devoted interpreter between the spiritual world and myself. When his lips answered “ Yes,” I was penetrated with a holy anticipation which for a few minutes calmed even the crises of my malady. Oh ! I exclaimed to myself, if my brethren are able to comprehend what I comprehend, yet cannot explain to them more clearly, how happy they will be to take part in that great universal progression in which all the mysteries of the Creator are displayed in profusion to our gaze ! And there, bathing to their fullest wishes in that ocean of the world of causes, they will know the vast riches they possess, and the not less immense bounties of their Celestial Father—of that Father whose name they will bless with love and respect, because they will then know that his bosom is open to all, and that everything which causes our sufferings in our material state is useful as a means of comparison,

and forms that duality which is necessary even in the least of his manifestations. Yes, this comparison will constitute our supreme felicity in the spiritual state ; it is through that all the children of the LORD will be enabled to sing his praises in the ETERNITY of ETERNITIES. . . . And I, a poor, obscure man, shall perhaps have done a good deed. May, God, then, assist me, and grant my frail mortal covering may still wait a few short days before its final separation. Yes, my brethren, I feel a secret joy in making these reflections, and I experience it still more strongly in delivering this manuscript to be printed. May I have succeeded to my wishes, which are to share my happiness with you, and to love you to my latest sigh.

If, contrary to my anticipation, I offer to your researches only new obscurities, do not curse my work ; it is rather that of a sick man than of a man of bad faith. It is the result of the state in which I have conceived it.

ETERNAL THANKS to you, generous men, who have rendered me pecuniary aid in the publication of this work, and who desire to remain unknown !

And you, good brothers, who have lavished on me such tender cares during my sufferings, accept ALL MY GRATITUDE !

THE
SANCTUARY OF SPIRITUALISM;
OR,
THE STUDY OF THE HUMAN MIND.

OF all the systems presented by the human mind, there is none so truthful or more positive than that which relates to our affections, which has been nourished by our meditations, by our dearest thoughts, and which consequently appears to us most worthy of being received, because it accords with our reason and satisfies our judgment. Such a system is our cherished offspring; it grows up under our benevolent guardianship; it is enlightened and just, and rewards us by restoring to the mind the good with which it is endowed; it is the hope, the consolation of our riper years, and the prop of old age.

Error! cruel error! to believe only in that which flatters us, without judging with severity whether this adulation of thought does not lead to the portals of the grossest ignorance. Such is the weakness of all men that they cannot restrict their ideas to themselves alone; they like to share their reflections with their brethren, as one loves to share a loving thought with a beloved companion.

Like all others who have discussed these subjects, I feel the necessity of recording what I have observed during a long study of the ecstatic state, and of present-

B

ing to mankind the fruit of my meditations. Have I decided justly? I believe so, or I would endeavour to think more correctly, and to do this it would be needful I should possess the power.

Have I defined the properties of the human soul more clearly than the philosophers who have preceded me? I do not think so, for their light has been mine, and without them I should have known but little. I have followed their example; I have read, meditated, experimented, and drawn conclusions after my own manner, as they have done after theirs. I have had the aid of magnetism and somnambulism, which have been known only to a few. Am I thereby more enlightened?

I believe what I write, because I am authorised to do so by the numerous revelations which have been made to me; without them I should have remained what I was, an atheistic materialist, and have been unable to understand the propositions I offer to the public. I must, then, counsel all studious and conscientious men to study them, and obtain from them irrefragable proofs, as I have obtained them, by the methods which I am about to teach—proofs which they may have, like me, if they wish for them. The favour with which the magnetic world has received "The Secrets of the Future Life Unveiled," renders it a duty on my part to reveal nothing that I cannot prove by experiments within the comprehension of every one. To say to my brethren such a thing exists, and not give them every facility of being assured of it, is the act of men little influenced by conscientious motives. I have, therefore, resolved not to deliver this work to be printed before reiterating the experiments I have put forward, and being able to impart the mode of repeating them in order to be convinced of their value, and by this means the reader will be in a position to judge whether I am in the true path or have wandered from it. In the latter case I have done so unintentionally, and am

guilty only of an error of judgment. To the following metaphysical propositions I beg the attention of reflecting men : eccentric as they appear, they are the key to this work :—

METAPHYSICAL PROPOSITIONS.

1. God is all that *is*, without everything that *is* being individually God.

2. Matter, in the ponderability which we ascribe to it, is only a mode of perception of our senses. One sole and unique substance exists, which is the Divine light, individualised in its manifestation, and *one* in its *whole* !

3. There is no time but the present : the past and the future are only an effect produced by our observation of the individuality of the things which surround us ; a *condition* of our being called *material*, in which the forms appear to be annihilated, and in reality to succeed each other. Spiritually speaking, no annihilation is possible, nor succession of forms ; such things *we understand materially* ; our eye alone perceives differently both state and form.

4. Space is merely a nonentity, since it represents void and nothing. The disjunction of two molecules, however weak they may be, can only be caused by a third molecule, which represents something, and this something is an *individuality of some kind*. Houses are separated by the street, the earth from heaven by the air, &c., &c. ; space, on the contrary, in our actual reasoning, represents a conventional generality of nothing. There is, then, no space, but different forms.

5. Actual science not admitting a void, then all things must touch one another. To touch is to be but one by *contiguity*, or between one thing and another there would be something which might be termed space, or *nothing*. As we have demonstrated in the preceding proposition, nothing cannot exist : then, one thing

touching the other, all must therefore be in *all*, and through *all*, by the sensitive combination of all the molecules of the universe—as is demonstrated by electricity, galvanism, the loadstone, &c.

6. Each germ of a species represents the *whole* of its species.

7. The human soul is a *whole* of these species, and God is the sum of these wholes!

8. *Birth* and *death* are only the entrance of man into two different states.

9. Life is only one thought which *observes* another thought.

10. Motion proceeds from the collision of thoughts.

11. That which exists *in general* is only a manifestation of the Divine thoughts.

12. God alone *thinks*; man *sees*.

13. Man is wherever he sees; the universe *is* where man *is*.

15. The spiritual world is a *state* of thought.

16. The material world is a *state* of thought.

17. The *finite* is a *word*.

18. The infinite is a word. There can be neither finite nor infinite in that which *is*, seeing that what *is* is one or the other, according to our mode of *observing*. Where observation terminates, the *finite* presents itself; where it extends, the infinite is presented.

19. The *finite* supposes a thing without *progression*, without *division*, or *change of state*. We have proof of the contrary in the succession of modes of *being* of surrounding objects, and their infinite *divisibility*.

20. The *infinite* supposes a constant, permanent, and eternal creation: beyond that which *is*, nothing can exist without implying that what *is* is not all, and has not always been. He who admits a commencement admits an end; before that, what existed?—what will be after? The *whole* itself is only a word, since a *whole* must have a form. Every form supposes limits: besides form and limits, what can there be?

21. *Good and evil* are *states* produced by an observing thought.

22. Every thought places man in some kind of *state*, and makes of him as many different individualities. Each thought being a living being, as many beings may emanate from it, which are in all respects similar, without, on that account, ceasing to be what it is.

23. The *states* which are induced in men by thoughts produce contrary sensations—*joys, pains, troubles, calmness, &c.*

24. The contrary *states* are only *such* by the influence of other thoughts grouped around the first, according to the designs of Him who *can do all things*.

25. From the mode of observing these thoughts flows what we term *good and evil*—that which induces a belief in the *utility* of war, and in the *blessings* of the Inquisition. The mode of observing is itself only a compound of thoughts with different attributes.

26. Love is the *fusion* of homogeneous thoughts.

27. Hatred is the *disjunction* of heterogeneous thoughts.

28. Light is the substance of thought; it is in *all* and through *all*.

29. Darkness is only a defect of observation—an *inertia* of the mind.

30. Suffering is the result of the *contact* of *heterogeneous* molecules with some kind of organised *whole*.

31. Health is the result of the assemblage of *homogeneous* molecules in the same whole.

32. Speech is the product of thoughts in motion; sound is only their collision.

33. The *ensemble* of all life comprehends three things: thoughts, colours, and sounds.

34. These three things are included in one, which is thought.

35. Thought is a being which has form, which sees, and feels.

36. Form requires a colour, which marks individuality,

and individuality a ponderability, which engenders sensation.

37. The assemblage of two thoughts produces sensation and sound.

38. In the sensation produced by the assemblage of thoughts consists life.

39. To live is to feel.

40. To feel is to discern.

41. To discern is to observe.

42. To observe is to collect.

43. To collect is to judge.

44. To judge is to render justice.

45. To render justice is to admire—to admire whom? God, who is that which is.

Such is a definition as laconic as possible of what exists. If any one wished to dwell on each of these propositions, to study it, aided by the phenomena of magnetism, of somnambulism, and ecstasy, his conclusions would embody themselves merely in these words:—All that *is* is only a manifestation of the Divine thoughts; the sensations which they procure us, or the conditions in which they place us, constitute what we call *matter* and *spirit*, good and evil. The perception we have of these thoughts is a perpetual source of manifestations for the eye of man, and an eternal source of observations for the soul—which continues what we are compelled to call the infinite. Each manifestation proceeds from a point, and returns to a point: the whole itself may be only a point.

Like all babblers we are about to try and gain our diploma as philosopher or fool, by definitions worthy of the latter title; for the more man reasons, the less reasonable he is. The mysteries of nature are not explicable by words, they are felt: we are assured, therefore, that we shall rather perplex the question than resolve it.

May God come to our aid, and let men excuse us.

If we are unable to convince them by reasoning, we

will convince them by facts, in unveiling to them the light by which they may see and judge all things; in facilitating to all the means of entering into an ecstatic state which will no longer leave to any one the right to doubt. We comprehend the material state because we are in that state: we can, then, comprehend the spiritual state only by experience equally of its sensations. The reason this last state is denied, is the impossibility of our being able to understand it; in future it will not be permitted us to doubt it, for every one will be able to study it at pleasure.

FIRST CONFERENCE.

GOD.

ALFRED. I no longer understand you, my friend; for some time you have appeared absorbed and thoughtful. I can scarcely obtain an answer to the questions I put to you. Have you any griefs the cause of which you desire to conceal from me; or can I do nothing to calm your sorrows, if you are suffering? I cannot see you thus without being deeply affected at it. Satisfy, I beg, the curiosity of friendship, and tell me what it is that disturbs you.

GUSTAVE. I thank you for your benevolent solicitude on my behalf; but be comforted; I do not suffer; I have become meditative from your example—that is all.

ALF. What has wrought this change in your gay and satirical spirit?

GUS. As in your case, the necessity of understanding the mysteries of nature. For some time I have been haunted by dreams, by thoughts wholly new to my heart; and I freely confess to you that, knowing the positive

character of your studies, I feel the need of a closer intimacy, and propose that we should study together, if you are willing to do so.

ALF. Is it not a mystification you propose to me ?

GUS. I have sometimes laughed at the eccentricity of your opinions ; but I shall not now carry my foolish gaiety to this extent. Even while opposing you, I have very frequently discovered, in your arguments, propositions which seemed to me worthy of being studied. I have endeavoured for some time to understand them, without informing you of it, and I propose, if you will so far extend your generous friendship towards me, to open conferences together, in which we will discuss whatsoever of the marvellous is comprised in universal creation.

ALF. I can only accept with the greatest pleasure what I have long desired ; we will lend each other the help of our mutual intelligence in the study of these sublime secrets.

GUS. With your permission let us commence to-day with a question which will make you laugh, in pity, in your turn ; but I owe you this revenge.

ALF. I shall take good care not to accept it ; I feel, on the contrary, too much pleasure in witnessing your desire to share my dearest affections, and, in so doing, to render yourself more than ever indispensable to my heart, which, without this communion, was not the less devoted to you for life. I thank you for this new mark of your esteem, and am ready to answer you.

GUS. What idea have you formed of God, the being who must have preceded all that we see ?

ALF. In a few words, it is this. You believe in the existence of God : it is needless to prove it to you ; but you wish, doubtless, to know of what substance he is composed, and of what form he is ? To explain reasonably these two fundamental points of all theological question, it would be necessary to be more than a man ; under this relation I am only your equal. I can only

answer that God exists, since all things prove it. As to the nature of his substance, I affirm that it is the quintessence of light; as to his form, it is incomprehensible, because it would compel the supposition of limits. No human eye has seen God under any other form than that of a dazzling sun of splendour. The majority of mankind render homage to this representative. I put aside a heap of systems which describe him as trine, androgynous, panthea, the centre of the universe, or filling all space, uncreated or created, infinite or finite, immutable or mutable, having passions, good, just, clement or captious, proud or revengeful. Men, in wishing to define God, have so lowered him to their own standard, that if I stopped a moment to explain this inexplicable being, I should fear to be, like them, only a babbler and nothing more. God is that which is! He is the MOTHER-THOUGHT.

GUS. What do you think of the Catholic mystery of the Trinity?

ALF. A mystery, my friend, is frequently a mystery only in name. There is a multitude of this kind in the religious arcana of all doctrines. That of the Trinity, like many others, is merely a proposition, the meaning of which is not past finding out; it might have been more rational to speak to men in a language which they could comprehend. Religions, instead of succeeding each other, would be eternal, because they would be understood, and based on reason. He who was assured of the soundness of his creed would never abandon it. To be thus assured, there should be no mysteries, no symbols: each would comprehend what he ought to comprehend, and believe more firmly. This is the way I understand the mystery of the Trinity. There are three verities which have existed throughout all time—the spirit, the soul, and the body of all things. The spirit is God, the source of life; the soul is the thought of God manifested according to his purposes; the body is the form of the Divine thought. These three things

make only one. Why? Because they are one, and exist at the same time—because they have had no commencement. To ascribe one to them is to suppose an end. They are, therefore, equal in permanence, in force, and in virtue.

For God to exist it is necessary he should manifest himself; to manifest himself is to act. This manifestation is equal to him in age and in virtue, since it has been clearly proved that, without that, his life would be only a word. Here, my dear friend, in a few words is the reasonable explanation of the mystery of the Trinity, three things in one, to which the Catholics have given the names of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. The Spirit, as I have just explained to you, is the source of life, since it is the originative principle. Being the originative principle it is Father, since it produces or manifests a part of itself. This part is its thought, which is called Son, word or speech, the true and only name which accords with this emanation, since it is a bringing forth. They are right, then, in saying that the Father, Son, and Spirit make only one, and are one and the same thing; and that the one cannot have preceded the other, because the one without the other would represent a nonentity, which is impossible in life. Unhappily for us these three figures of Father, Son, and Spirit represent to our reasoning three distinct personages; and to tell us that a son is as old as his father appears in our eyes a delusion, because in our material state it is necessary that our father should exist before us. It is this which has provoked so many controversies, and which must move the compassionate laughter of the learned theologians, who knew the foundation of the mystery to which they had given this allegorical figure in their teachings, in order to appear superior to other men. There can be nothing ridiculous in saying to the father, I am as ancient as you; since, spiritually, we are all of the same age, and in the present, a Divine thought manifested at the same time, which cannot

have preceded the other by a second, if it be true that it is, and has not been. It is, then, only in the material state that our father appears to precede us. Rest assured that the infant who dies in the cradle, is as old as yourself, little as he appears to you: if he is simple in his manners, it is that he cannot exercise his functions freely in the state in which he finds himself confined.

GUS. All that you have just stated would appear admissible enough, if I could comprehend a creation without commencement:

ALF. If you admit a creation appreciable by the material laws, you are forced to make it successive, or to admit that it sprang into being at once; in both cases you will continually ask, what is the object which preceded this one, or what existed before an instantaneous creation? The first proposition would lead you to admit nothing before and nothing after. Of nothing we cannot make something, and something cannot become nothing. Here lies the rock of all the philosophers. The second proposition will force you to admit the existence of God before the instantaneous manifestation; but you will demand, as in the first proposition, whence has God drawn this creation? to which you will be answered—from himself. But that which is from him partakes of his nature; it is that substance which we cannot suppose to have preceded him; for it would itself owe its being to some one, or to some thing. We are forced, then, to stop and admit a being who is that which is; being that which is, he has, then, not been, and will not be; he exists in the present. The manifestation of his thought individualised, according to the state in which it is found, alone causes us to believe that this thing is not that, that this will be, and that that has been. Our material state being dependent on time, forces us to reason thus; but if we look beyond the laws of this state, we soon perceive that *all is in all*, and that what we call germ has no need to be developed under such or such a form in order to

be. It is, even at the moment we observe it, in one of its manifestations. They alone succeed each other, and induce a belief that they were not yesterday what they are to-day. The cause of this error is our defect of observation, and the state in which we are, which itself exacts this appearance of creation. Nothing was nor will be—*everything is.*

Gus. We will pass on, in our next interview, to questions of another kind; for these seem to me too abstract to be admitted without further demonstration.

ALF. What I intend is *to make you see these things with your own eyes; to enable you to understand them, in all that they comprise that is most inadmissible.* But the aid of words would be insufficient for me; these marvels are not to be explained—they are to be *seen* and *felt*. Do not lose patience; I engage to make you what I am, a man who believes, because he has seen, studied, and is willing to demonstrate what he asserts by rendering it visible to others.

SECOND CONFERENCE.

THE HUMAN SOUL.

Gus. If you please, my dear Alfred, we will speak to-day of the human soul. What conception have you of the soul?

ALF. As a privileged thought of God.

Gus. What do you mean by a privileged thought?

ALF. A thought individualised, called upon to rule over other thoughts.

Gus. What form has the human soul?

ALF. That of the material body.

Gus. Can it have other forms?

ALF. Yes. When disengaged from the material state, it may assume any other it desires.

GUS. Does it possess exactly all the organs of the material body?

ALF. Yes.

GUS. What are these organs composed of?

ALF. Of thoughts.

GUS. What is a thought?

ALF. An active being, because there is nothing dead in its nature.

GUS. What form has thought?

ALF. That which represents the action which it is intended to manifest.

GUS. Can these thoughts, then, manifest anything?

ALF. They manifest themselves as well separately as in groups—unite or disjoin at pleasure.

GUS. Of what substance are they formed?

ALF. Of the Divine substance; there can be no other.

GUS. You believe, then, that material substance is the same as spiritual substance?

ALF. I believe so, apart from the position in which we are placed for judging of its ponderability. In the spiritual world, the substance of this world is for spirits as ponderable as ours is for us; ours is not at all so for them, since it presents no obstacle to them. The condition in which we find ourselves alone constitutes the ponderability of the objects which surround us, even if we had no other evidence than the state of somnambulism and the dreams which emanate from it; but magnetic somnambulism affords us irresistible proof of it.

GUS. What is our material body, and likewise matter, composed of?

ALF. Of thoughts, like all that exists.

GUS. How! you assert that all that exists is only composed of thoughts?

ALF. Yes, all that is revealed in the universe is only a compound of divers thoughts. Man has been placed in the centre of this multitude of thoughts: he has the

power of discriminating and observing them all, according to the destiny imposed on him by the Divinity. All these thoughts spring from the same source as himself, are of the same substance, and have the same properties as he has, according to their kinds; but all are spiritually submissive to him. We cannot glance at the smallest object which surrounds us, either emanating from God, or fashioned by the hands of men, without seeing in it a Divine thought, around which is grouped an infinite mass of thoughts, which all concur in designing the form of this object, each according to the part assigned to it.

Gus. Why this agglomeration of thoughts to infinity?

ALF. It is only in the material state that the manifestation of thoughts undergoes this agglomeration or disjunction, which are only appearances; but, spiritually, every thought represents the type of the same object. If it were so on earth, the annihilation of forms would not exist; which is to our sense continually a source of error, an absolute want of stability, which falsifies our judgment in making us believe in that which exists not, and reject that which exists. It is to this succession of forms and manifestations that man owes his belief in the infinite, which constitutes the mystery and sublimity of the Divine wisdom. God has not willed that one of these thoughts should be inert; they are all as complicated and full of life in their kind as man is in his: they are provided with as many atomic germs as the human body; which renders the Divine manifestation *eternal*—to employ a word which represents to us that which has no end.

Gus. I imagined, however, that there was a very great difference between a human thought manifested by speech, and a manifestation of his spirit by some kind of material construction.

ALF. You deceive yourself. God is the sole originator of all that exists. It may be presumed that to produce and to delight in the immensity of his power,

he *thinks*—the only means of individualising each of his desires. These desires can only be individualised by other thoughts. For any being whatsoever to exist, it is absolutely necessary he should think, and think of something; this something, although it may exist in God, must be individualised by him, without which this something would be him. He could not give succession to this something in his thought if it were not individualised; otherwise, it would be wholly one, without movement and without action. What constitutes movement and action is the succession of thoughts, which, grouped together, and appearing to be only one, as to us they seem to be in the human form, are nevertheless individualised, since they are divided, and succeed each other to infinity. It is this division which causes a man to say, I exist, I act, I think. What man is obliged to observe in order to say I exist, God must also say; and in order to say this, he must emanate each of his thoughts in individualising it; it is this which constitutes the existence of numbers, of which we shall speak by-and-by. These thoughts, thus put in motion in their individualisation by the Author of all that exists, have all need of a form; and this is what is given to them by the same power of this Divine spirit; this form is what we call soul. The Divine spirit has placed this soul in the midst of thoughts necessary to its existence, as he has placed the fish in the water, and the bird in the air; the human soul being, like all its sisters, placed in the centre of a multitude of thoughts, which are indispensable to it, as you must have seen in the revelation made to me by Swedenborg, in the first volume of the “Secrets.” It finds itself among these thoughts as a learned man before a library; according to the author he consults, he receives impressions, in agreement or not with his feelings; or, like a botanist in a garden containing all the productions of the vegetable kingdom. According to the studies he wishes to pur-

sue, he obtains solutions analogous to his tastes ; if the results do not harmonise with the nature of the subject, he is embarrassed in his choice. Let him know how to observe, discriminate, and analyse, and he will obtain more agreeable results. The thoughts which form the sphere of the soul represent its vast domain. This is why man is called the king of creation, and why the Divine spirit, in individualising this part of himself, has, in some sort, made his society, and the results he expects from it, a necessity unto himself, in order to delight himself in the work of his own emanation. What I tell you, my friend, can only be received with the help of sustained meditation.

GUS. According to you, there is only one unique substance ?

ALF. Yes.

GUS. This substance is the Divine spirit, or pure light ?

ALF. Yes.

GUS. This light is God, who fills everything with his thoughts ?

ALF. Yes.

GUS. God has disjoined and grouped together these multitudes of thoughts in different bodies called atmospheres, fluids, matters, animal, vegetable, and mineral forms ?

ALF. Yes ; all these various forms are only assemblages of thoughts, having the power, like man, of coalescing to infinity, because this Divine light, this spirit of life which is its sole substance, is infinite. It may disunite through an eternity without exhausting itself, or the forms which it represents, filling the space that we admit to be itself is only an appearance and a consequence of our observation. I will give you some notions on this subject that will conquer the repugnance you feel at admitting this proposition. Let us proceed with regularity in our conferences. Each proposition will prove itself in its own time.

THIRD CONFERENCE.

NATURE OF MATTER.

GUS. In our last conference, you described matter as animated even to the smallest of its molecules, which, according to you, are so many thinking beings. If it be thus, there is no longer any matter. How will you define this proposition ?

ALF. I think I shall leave no doubt in your mind on this point, especially if I invoke the aid of homœopathy. One single fact, well proved, and fully verified, in favour of this science, is more than sufficient, and there are thousands of such facts admitted by men of science. We are going to have recourse to a little experiment, which, simple as it may appear, is conclusive enough to decide your judgment on this proposition. Here is a sheet of paper, which is nothing in your eyes but inert and lifeless matter, devoid of action and individuality. In order to prove to you that it possesses these even in the least of its molecules, I will ask you whether you believe it will remain in this apparent state of leaf to all eternity. You will answer me that the air which surrounds it, and the insects its neighbours, will gnaw it to pieces by degrees, and that it will disappear from our sight, without our observing how ! a fact which will not have proved the least in the world that it was living and acting in the smallest of its molecules. I am about to prove to you the contrary without having recourse to a microscope. I have already told you that every thing existed, sprang from, and returned to one single principle, one sole substance, which is light. Light manifests itself in two modes to our eyes—spiritual light in its own state the purest of all, which enlightens and burns not ; which is

C

the quintessence of things, and does not destroy them ; uniform as to essence, but changeable as to form ; from this light proceeds ours, which we call material or ponderable fire (which is to me only a modified perception of our sight). This fire serves to disunite the aggregates of which matter is composed, and restore them to their state of spiritual individualisation, as they were before their aggregation, junction, and union, which constitutes their ponderability, and renders them apparent to our senses. I take, then, this sheet of paper, and set fire to it. I pray you to notice what takes place, and tell me what you think of it.

Gus. I perceive smoke.

ALF. What effect has this smoke on your organs ?

Gus. It irritates my eyes and throat.

ALF. Why does it irritate your eyes and throat ?

Gus. Because it attaches itself to these parts, which are very sensitive, and is hurtful to them.

ALF. The bread you eat, the water you drink, or make use of—do they produce the same effect on you ?

Gus. No.

ALF. These substances are, nevertheless, more material, and present surfaces more ponderable than this smoke ?

Gus. That is true ; but these substances are appropriate to the organs to which they are applied, and cannot irritate them.

ALF. Only by indigestion, or remaining a long time on these parts. Tell me what you think of the contact of this invisible molecule of smoke, which has merely touched a molecule, similar in size, of your throat or your eyes, and has produced in them such a sensation that it paralyses at the moment all the other parts of your body—what has taken place in the junction of these two molecules ?

Gus. An effect of disagreeable antipathy, which prevents these two molecules touching without irritating and injuring one another.

ALF. Without irritating and injuring one another! hat proves to us a sensitive life in these molecules. In order to irritate and injure each other, they must feel; to feel they must live; to live and separate from one another, it follows that they must think and foresee; where are we marching with this proposition? How does a molecule arising from a sheet of burnt paper, which you imagined to be without life and individuality, because it appeared inert under your fingers, transform itself into smoke, from which a water, an oil, even a salt, can be extracted, which shall each have a different property, and a power of action more or less extended—what do we say to that? This simple experiment proves that life is in all things *individualised* to infinity, either in the ponderable or imponderable state; it is not less a part of the whole, and cannot be annihilated without perilling the whole of the being in its turn; it cannot lose its individuality without threatening that which touches it with the same lot, and from this last to the whole, which by this simple admission would be susceptible of losing its own likewise: see where the most trivial observation leads us! We are bound, then, to conclude that all that we see and touch is, like ourselves, in a state relative to its manifestation, but individualised, living, and indestructible. The changes of forms which we undergo, and see them undergo, are only changes of state of souls in general, aggregations and disjunctions which take the names of matter and spirit.

Gus. I know that the fault of mankind is to study only the aggregate, and to forget, or despise the parts.

ALF. Matter, under all the forms which it presents, is only groups of aggregates of sympathetic molecules, of a substance unalterable in its individualities, a thinking, acting substance. In all and through all—do you now admit the truth of this proposition?

Gus. Certainly; when sensible proof is joined to oral demonstration, it is not to be denied; and we can-

not help feeling a continual admiration for the works of the Author of all things.

ALF. I would ask of those who, ready to laugh at everything, would wish to do so at our expense—do you not take diet-drink; do you not apply poultices? And do you not invent a thousand and one remedies of this kind, to cure your diseases, or alleviate your sufferings? Do you find that you are cured or relieved by the influence of these remedies; or is it only from imagination? They will answer me—We find ourselves really relieved by the remedies we employ. If, on the contrary, we were relieved only by imagination, nothing would prove that the malady itself is not imaginary; the inference from the one is that of the other. I might also address another question to them, which is not less conclusive, and may resolve the proposition of the action of the part on the whole.

All the world take some kind of nourishment; to cease doing so would be to cease, materially, to live; to make a proper use of it is to be well—to benefit and maintain both the force and volume of our bodies—if a truth exists it is this. How can we comprehend and explain it without admitting the individuality of the molecules, and not grant them an intelligent existence? In fact, either what I absorb passes mechanically into the canals of my body, without leaving there any more trace of its passage than a glass of water leaves in a glass funnel, or the molecules of this nourishment, in disuniting, intermingle by a thousand and one channels, in order to join, and replace or calm a molecule which awaits their aid. I must either affirm that in this sublime labour, it is I who divide these molecules, and place them where I think necessary, or that it is they who find a place of themselves; I cannot believe that it is I who act thus, since I have no knowledge of it, and because during this time I am doing something else which demands all my attention and judgment; it is, therefore, these molecules which find a place of their

own accord; but, in admitting this proposition, I accord to them life and intelligence. What! can diet-drink, as well as soup or any other aliment, taken from the fire (which, according to my foolish judgment, destroys everything) be full of life and intelligence? Let us see—I reason badly; the thing is impossible; it is my nerves which appropriate the juice of these substances to maintain their harmony and energy of action; but what do I say? If I admit that it is my nerves which thus possess this intelligent life, I detect myself withdrawing it from molecules in order to concede it to nerves, to which I cannot grant it without falling into the same error. It is more natural to believe that it is the viscera, as the stomach, for example, which perform this labour, and are able to elaborate the juices necessary for their own support and that of my individuality, than to lose myself in a proposition inadmissible in our reasoning. But I perceive that I only change the thesis: if I concede such an intelligence to any intestine whatever, I recognise two existences in myself, who hardly admit my own; moreover, I do not see how the stomach can extract anything beneficial from substances of which all the properties must have been destroyed by fire, according to the physical laws. Truly, I know not what solution to admit, or how to explain this sublime phenomenon of life. If I am willing to believe that I live only materially the simple life of the body, in trying to think I am prevented doing so, and am forced to admit that I am double, soul and body, and while feeling my necessities, that I am triple, since it is essential I should assimilate to myself some kind of substantial and vivifying food, which, by the infinite division of its molecules, nourishes, strengthens, and replaces the molecules of my body, themselves about to co-operate in some similar work, the cause of which escapes me; while to crown the whole of my absurd reasoning, I learnedly affirm that the fire through which these same molecules passed

destroyed everything. If these molecules were in the smallest degree altered, or dead, as I believe them, in what way could they be useful to me? Shall I dare to assert that death gives life

Some sort of property cannot be denied to the homœopathic molecule, however small it may be, since I concede one to my *tisane* and to my food. The question of size is to the last degree ridiculous; it is as much as to say that the bee does not think because the volume of its brain is less than ours. Let us not deny, then, what we are unable to explain. My diet-drink cures me, or I am not ill; my food nourishes me, or I can dispense with it; I either direct, or do not direct, this work. Reflect on these propositions, and tell me who directs with so much intelligence the medicinal molecule which I absorb by the mouth, in order to cure an ulcer in my leg, or a gathering I have in my head? If they reply it is God, they will, at least, be deists, which is not to be disdained in this age, in which every thing is laughed at. If they say, it is the soul, they will be spiritualists, which is a precious weapon against materialism. If they assert that it is the molecules, they will be pantheists. If they say it is the universal fluid, the ambient fluid, the electric fluid, the galvanic fluid, the nervous fluid, the magnetic fluid, it will only be substituting one name for another; it is still some part or other of the organisation which discerns and joins to itself a portion of one of the fluids referred to, or these fluids which discern and mingle with the material molecules; it is still the life of the part, the life of the molecule, life individualised in all and through all; which is what we cannot admit without being spiritualists.

GUS. That is enough as regards life, but with respect to forms, how do you explain them?

ALF. I have already pointed out to you that the necessary consequence of the existence of God is that he thinks; for his thoughts to succeed each other, they

must be individualised, or he would be a whole without form, life, and movement. Thus God, in order to enjoy the harmony of his thoughts, is compelled to give them a form, and what form can be given to the idea of a forest, for example, unless it be that of a collection of trees, shrubs, &c., &c. In order that this forest idea may exist individualised among its companions, and that the Eternal may rejoice in the sight of it, it is absolutely essential it should bear the form of the thing it is to represent, and the same in like manner for every thought in particular. We derive the proof of this proposition every time we name anything before our clairvoyants. The name is hardly pronounced than they see the thing itself in all its details; every thought has, then, the form of a microscopic picture of the thing towards which it serves to direct our attention. This picture, according to the state of the individual who perceives it, is more or less extended, more or less ponderable; speech is only the collision, the sound, the exterior emanation of thought, a mode of communication in the world, or in the ponderable state; but for the imponderable or spiritual state, it is sufficient to see; we are in what we see, we know what we see; we are the thing itself that we see by the identification of thoughts with one another. I will develop this other proposition by the experiments of which I have spoken to you; let us return to the emanation of the Divine thoughts. If thought has emanated from God, it makes part of him, and to make part of a being, is to be the complement of that being; it is to be useful to, and exist through that being; and for that being to need it is to render him incomplete. We have a right to be assured that being useful to that being, he will no more be wanting to us than we shall be wanting to him. All that exists cannot, then, perish without inducing the supposition that God, or a part of God, is susceptible of annihilation. By the same proposition it cannot be doubted that all that exists is as ancient as God, since the whole is him,

is from him, and in him. You see where this reasoning leads us, and how very little the ideas conceived by men of the duration of things answer to this proposition. Be, then, perfectly convinced that there exist only thoughts which are living, acting beings : that we live in them, and they live in us ; that they follow us after our change of state (or our departure from the earth), especially those we have delighted in the most. They are again found eternally with us, like a family from which not a single member can be separated. It is that which constitutes the future happiness that awaits us on leaving this world, and which explains why our dearest affections do not abandon us.

FOURTH CONFERENCE.

ON THE NATURE OF MATTER AND THOUGHTS

(continued).

ALF. What I told you in our last conference ought to be in no respect repugnant to your studies ; the ancient philosophers have admitted these propositions. Under the different names of macrocosm, microcosm, corpuscles, emanations, attraction, repulsion, sympathy, and antipathy—all names which are only one—their propositions were merely the product of the state of inductions, or of deductions in which they were placed by their mode of observing ; but now we have methods of experiment which are sufficiently demonstrative not to allow of a doubt in this respect. Independently of homœopathy, a positive science, of magnetism, an exact science, we have phrenology, a science still in its cradle, which promises the most undeniable deductions. These three sciences admit that there

exists not a molecule of the universe, however minute it is represented, that is not animated by a life of constant, individualised, and immortal activity. Our *savans*, the most opposed to spiritualism, admit likewise an individualised life in each molecule of the three orders. If it be allowed that the infinite molecules that constitute this vegetable, this stone, or this piece of steel, are so many little beings full of life, activity, and uses; thinking, loving each other, mingling together, producing, and again finding each other invisibly under the form of air, of fluids, electricity, and a thousand and one names, which all signify only one and the same thing, God, life, and love, in and through all things; thoughts cannot be otherwise, and their forms are only the perception, as regards our material sight externally, of those which are in us.

Gus. I endeavour, with my utmost attention, to follow and understand you; but I do not perceive how thought can be in this manner the soul of the material thing manifested to our sight.

ALF. Either you have not comprehended me, or I have imperfectly explained my idea. You see repose nowhere: all that surrounds you is full of life, activity, or of movement. For a thing to shoot forth, or increase in volume and in weight, it must borrow this progression from some other thing: if these two things had not themselves the consciousness of their existence and the utility of this aggregation, they would not unite; to unite they must approach one another; this approaching supposes a movement; movement supposes life; life supposes thought; thought supposes a purpose; purpose a joyfulness; joyfulness some sort of pleasure that is found in the union of these two molecules which embrace each other more and more strictly, are confounded together, and appear delighted to make only a single group, only one body, although thus reunited by thousands of atoms, and which all possess separately as much of life and thought as the form they have designed

by their aggregation appears to contain by itself alone. In dividing all these atoms, we shall still discover myriads of forms, which are analogous to the form they have concurred to produce by their union. To admit these forms which approximate to the spiritual on the one side, and on the other to the material, and refuse them to thought, which itself alone is the life of all these beings, would be to admit a formless contriver causing a formed machine to perform its functions; it would be to deny to the kernel the form of the tree contained in it, and which it manifests when it enters into vibration, while fondly summoning to it, under the guise of juices and fluids, all the minute beings that are to concur by their union with it in forming a society under the visible form of a tree, which in its turn will produce *ad infinitum* kernel-germs in which each of these atoms will have deposited their form, and which will await only the Divine will to enter into visible manifestation, like the tree that has borne them. This image is that of the whole in the whole, and is not the only one I shall place before you. Man likewise is only a compound of thoughts, which, in order to reveal themselves to our material senses, are forced to assume a tangible form, which represents a creation, an engendering, but which at bottom is only a succession of forms existing from all time, without apparent manifestation to our material senses. In support of this proposition I cannot on this occasion do better than cite the opinion of the greatest philosopher known up to the present day, Emanuel Swedenborg, of whom I have spoken so much in "The Secrets." He says on this subject, paragraph 229 of the *Sagesse Angelique sur l'Amour Divin et la Sagesse Divine*, translated by Pernety, "Some maintain that there exists a substance so simple that it cannot derive its form from minute forms, and that from the assemblage of many of these very simple substances result compounds, and from these last substances that are called material or matter. This

is an erroneous opinion, for what is a substance without form? It would be a being without attributes; a being devoid of attributes is nothing, and from many nonentities united, nothing can result. We speak of the minuteness and innumerable quantity of parts of beings which enter into the composition of all creatures."

I must not omit to give you two examples in order to determine your judgment in this matter. I have told you that every thought was a living being, which, matured by this spirit of Divine life, was able to contain an infinite number of other thoughts, and divide them *ad infinitum*. Let us suppose for a moment that we owe this spirit of life that we possess to a first man whom we call Adam. We will put this question to ourselves: How can I possess the same quantity of this spirit that Adam possessed, since that which animates me has been divided into infinity in a multitude of beings who have succeeded each other, and have preceded me to the present day? Each must needs have retained a portion suitable to it, and yet have given a part not less vigorous to the being he imagines he has created with the help of a germ. There is in this proposition an incomprehensible subtraction. How can I possess and give as much as I have received? We do not comprehend that we bestow nothing under these circumstances; we are the container of the thing that is manifested externally, without subtracting anything from our individuality. The question of size alone does not harmonise with this emanation, but it is capable of explanation. It borrows its development from the molecules amidst which it finds itself placed, of which it is a centre of attraction, and the mass of which it groups after the typical form it contains in itself. This germ might be compared to a flambeau at which a thousand flambeaux might be kindled without diminishing its volume, for the simple reason that it is merely the central point of contact of activity, and that the simple touch which the unlighted flambeau has

undergone by contact with the first has produced in it a movement sufficient for it to be in its turn a point of attraction, and to group around it the molecules homogeneous to it with which the universe is filled, and which represent what we call flame or light.

My second illustration is this: it is commonly believed that thought is a sensation produced without the aid of any form, although it is acknowledged, contrary to this proposition, that no sensation can be experienced without contact. Contact supposes the junction of two bodies. It is not less easy to perceive the justness of this truth than to explain it. No philosopher, no enlightened writer has said the contrary: they all admit this proposition, but they do not seriously develop it. A body that touches another, and produces in it some kind of sensation, must have a form, or they would not be two; they would not possess individuality, and consequently there would be neither junction nor disjunction. Since we acknowledge the sensation produced by thought, and that a sensation supposes two bodies that touch each other, what is there ridiculous in asserting that these bodies (to which a form is essential to their being bodies) should have the type-form of the object? If it were not so, how could clairvoyants communicate by thoughts with their magnetisers, and reply to their questions? They declare to everybody that they have two modes of perceiving thoughts, first by sight, and secondly by sensation.

Those who communicate by sight are much more explicit and lucid than the others. These are true seers, being able to be put *en rapport* with strangers, and answer their questions—why? Because a stranger who pronounces a word not understood by the *lucide* thinks on the thing this word expresses; and his thought immediately becomes the type-form of the subject—that universal language, and living representative panorama of all that exists; the sole and true internal form of speech, which is itself only an envelope that renders it

apparent to our senses. Thus we read in the Bible that when God had created Adam, he caused every living animal to pass before his eyes, that he might give them a name which would render it easier for him to distinguish their individuality, and compel each of these individualities to answer the summons of him for whom (according to that book) all things that surrounded him were created. The terrestrial paradise is nothing more than the man-universe, the microcosm, the internal man; and this nomenclature is likewise nothing but the type itself included in the word, in the name, in this sound, *substantialised* for our organs, and which we still call substantive to this day. The intuitive somnambulist, who feels, is on the contrary in an opposite condition. He understands not how he knows and feels: that is to say, he is a kind of echo which develops in him the idea of the thing it is desired he should understand. His soul is still in a state of torpor, which does not permit him to discern and to see. Everything to him is clouded: he is affected by the contact of thought, but he cannot see it, which does not at all prove that this last may not have a form. The clairvoyant, on the contrary, irresistibly confirms this proposition. It is sufficient for his magnetiser to think of a place or an object, for his patient to be in the place or see the object thus thought of. Everything then is real for it, in the state it is in, and it would be an error to imagine it only an hallucination. There are no hallucinations in the acceptation of this word; the states alone constitute the life of the being who undergoes them. This existence is as true for him as ours is for us. We cannot conceive a thing which does not exist; for to think it, is at once to prove that it exists, since thought is the sole and true existence. All thoughts not being able to receive the same degree of materialisation, of ponderability, which is the only existence we allow of, we must not thence conclude that another existence is impossible; that such an one is mad, and the

other in a state of hallucination, because we do not see their life—because we do not comprehend and see not, what they comprehend and see. As reasonable would it be to deny all that is not palpable, and how many things might be objected to. If we were more correct observers we should know that we are all, more or less, a dozen hours a day in the state we term hallucination. What are our dreams, if they are not realities? What are a great part of our conceptions, a quarter of which, if put into execution, would expose all the folly of our self-styled knowledge? What we need is a little humility and observation.

Gus. Into what a labyrinth, my dear friend, do you place me. You turn the world upside down.

ALF. On the contrary, I put it again in its place. I merely prove to you that the studies of the learned of our day, who only observe the exterior of things, are not comparable to the study of them inwardly. I have many more great mysteries to cite to you, but I will not fatigue your attention to-day.

FIFTH CONFERENCE.

VOLUME OF THOUGHTS—THEIR VALUE IN RELATION TO GOOD AND EVIL.

Gus. I will not seek to combat your proposition of seeing in all things, and every where, only thoughts; but I ask you whether you believe man, as a thought, superior to the other thoughts, akin to him?

ALF. No; man, from an impulse of vanity, boasts that he was created in the image of God, taking care by this insulting assertion to abase God to his own level. For this assertion to be true, it would be neces-

sary to admit that in creating man superior to other beings, God has made something inferior in the rest of the creation, which would compel us to admit some kind of progress as regards the Creator. A perfect being can make only perfect things. Progression is the heritage of imperfection. To suppose one thing superior to another is to ascribe perfection to the one at the expense of the other; to annihilate the perfection of that of which no doubt can be entertained.

GUS. You have yourself acknowledged that the human soul was a being privileged of God.

ALF. Let us not confound the word privilege, which I made use of from necessity, with that of perfection. Without committing the least injustice, God has deemed fit to group around a thought a number, more or less considerable, of species over which this thought seems to have an appearance of superiority. The fault we have of always taking quantity for force, and force for superiority, causes us to err continually; but in high Divine justice, where things are not weighed in our balance, and where every thing is the type of equality and of the whole of its kind, there can be neither preference nor superiority, as we understand those definitions, and which would be injustice and imperfection. God alone is superior to all things, without all things being inferior among themselves, since they are divine. The superiority of God consists in the fact that he contains them all—that they are only the parts, and he the whole. According to their state and their activity they influence our observation. It is owing to this same state that I have uttered an absurdity in this simple paragraph, which I leave to stand as it is in order to prove to mankind the weakness of our definitions.

GUS. Thoughts of evil are, then, not inferior to those of good?

ALF. There we are venturing near a volcanic region, from which sound reason ought at all times to separate us; but since we find ourselves there, without pretend-

ing to play the part of a jurisconsult-theologian, let us try to define both, and see if the one can exist without the other. Permit me merely to be very brief on this point, that I may not appear to attack in a spirit of system what our pretended civilisation and our morality affirm. What, to speak rationally, is evil? It is that which restrains and causes suffering. What is good? It is that which puts us at ease and procures enjoyment. Do we suffer only from the effect of thoughts or human passions? The storm, the hurricane, plagues, epidemics, earthquakes, diseases, accidents, wars; the sun that warms and burns, the rains that fertilise and inundate, the winds that purify and also disturb the air, &c., prove the contrary. Does good only exist in the administration of the justice and enjoyment of the knowledge of man? Let us ask that of the oppressed being whose imprisonment causes his fortune to pass into the hands of his enemies. Let us ask of that friend of the people whose sole aim is the good of all, and who is rewarded by the blackest ingratitude; of that pastor who carries every where the words of peace, and gathers only the hootings of those whom he wishes to elevate to the love of fraternity; of that miser whose crowns produce mischief; of that banker whose success makes him desire the downfall of his brethren; of that proprietor whose revenues make him an insupportable egotist. We will not extend our examples further, for the honour of humanity. Let us conclude that from evil comes good; that from good flows evil; that the evil of one causes the good of another; that they are both useful, in order to determine our observation; we cannot understand the one without the other. Who would procure safety if it were not for trouble; repose, but for fatigue; friendship, but for hatred; devotion, but for selfishness; health, but for disease; abundance, but for privation, &c., &c.?

Now, read the first volume of "The Secrets," and you will see that everything on this earth is for the best.

It is a state of trials. Each person has his own, no matter in what class of society he may be placed. It is a necessary study: the more painful and laborious it has been, the more satisfactory will be the results in the state which succeeds this. It needs only a moment's reflection to admit this revelation. Think not, at least, that I hold on this point the language of the fortunate of this globe, of the well satisfied of the present day, of bankers gorged with wealth and enjoyment; it is the language of a workman who has suffered, and still suffers much: who is content under it, because he knows that the interest of his sorrows will be paid to him a hundred-fold. The very name of a just God gives him a presentiment of it; study confirms it, and hope causes him to enjoy it in advance.

Good and evil are only states determined in man by one sole and identical thought, which, coupled with some other, produces different sensations; the whole is to render an account of what is around it. Virtue revolts some; crime rejoices others: the blood of a victim constitutes the beatitude of the assassin; it confounds and disgusts the tender-hearted man. Why? Because the assassin finds in it the motive of a vengeance, a robbery, or a satisfaction, of which he feels the influences without defining them; and the humane man sees therein only injustice, trouble, torture, and suffering. Where is the question of utility in these two opposing cases? Let it be asked of those who live by their results—judges, gaolers, executioners, &c.

Gus. What I have read in "The Secrets" on this subject appears to me, if not admissible, at least very probable. Our existence or material state being a state of comparison of different sensations and of appreciation, it is natural that contraries should approximate closely in order to be the better observed; and from this observation, I feel, must flow a state *perfectionné* (permit me this word), or harmonised, according to you, which existence appears to consist in the present affec-

D

tion of the spirit that enjoys it. I should wish, first of all, to be able to satisfy myself as to this spirit, and the bulk its form presents, which form I cannot represent to myself without an assemblage of organs that must fill a certain space. When I witness the apparitions solicited by you of the spirits detached from, or still embodied in matter, I imagine that the space filled by these spirits in no degree corresponds to that which our material body seems to fill. Give me some details on this subject.

ALF. The laws of material optics lead us into the same errors as the laws of gravity; what proves this is, that some see from lesser distances, others from greater; each appreciates distances and proportions according to the judgment pronounced by his own sensations. There is nothing in common: each appreciates the same object differently at the same distance. Without any defect in the visual organs, the images are painted on the retina (to speak scientifically), with more or less facility, elasticity, or compression—which gives rise to errors as to material forms. It is the same as regards the laws of gravity. You will never make a man, who has lifted a weight of a hundred pounds, for example, believe that he has not raised one as heavy as that of his neighbour, which appears three times as great, if we had not irresistible proofs which must convince this man; but each has put forth as much strength as he possessed. The individual and uncomparated result has been the same for one as for the other. We will speak at another time of the laws of gravity; to-day we are investigating only the question of the space or volume of apparitions—a space which corresponds in no respect with the volume of our material body. Man, in his false judgment, accords everything to bulk, as I have already told you; he likewise believes that the infinitely small cannot exercise the functions nor possess the properties of the infinitely great. If he descended the scale of beings, and observed the life and functions

of each, he would be quickly undeceived, and assign to the part what belongs to it. In the simple comparison between two men of different bulk and stature, to which will he accord strength and genius? Is it to the man six feet tall, big, and of an ardent spirit; or to the man of four feet, lean, and endowed with a slow conception? Certes, he will ascribe both to the first, until experience comes to prove the contrary; it will be the same with respect to the elephant and the worm. Are there more thoughts in the capacity of the cranium (the spot where science places them) of the latter, than in that of the former? He will still pronounce in favour of the most voluminous, without reflecting that each of these animals possesses as much as the other, according to its species, its wants, and its destiny in the universe. One can no more define the size of thought than the weight of light. All this is only a vast precipice wherein our reason is swallowed up. It is the same with regard to force; it is in proportion to the attractive molecules which it opposes to the repulsive molecules swayed by it.

Gus. You adduce facts which may be very just, but which do not at all agree with an article I have read in the "Treatise on Heaven and Hell" by the same Swedenborg to whom you have already referred me; which article states positively that he, Swedenborg, either had or saw in his breast and in all parts of his body, companies of spirits of men detached from matter. That appears to me inadmissible.

ALF. Certainly, that must appear to you so, if you make use of your material instruments to judge of the spiritual world; from which you will be forced to conclude that if thoughts are a ponderable substance, those that are elaborated by your brain and heart in the course of your life, might all remain together in these two organs. I have, however, presented you with a comparison between the elephant and the handworm, of which the thoughts are as numerous in the one as in the other, although they do not fill the same apparent

space. This comparison must needs have convinced you ; and as thoughts in general are all of the same substance, apart from their respective forms, as all the beings of every order, named souls or spirits, which constitute these orders, are equally of the same nature, they must, then, have the power to be where some are admitted to be, and to include each in itself, according to their kind, all its kind. You must recollect, on this subject, the undeniable proposition I laid down touching the kernel, or the acorn, which contains in it all the germs accessory to the manifestation of all the molecules that compose, not the tree springing from it, but all the trees which shall spring from it. This proposition has naturally led all the philosophers to affirm that we were all in germ in the first man, and, while all forming, consequently, but one man, without on that account losing our individuality. If one of these propositions be admissible, that of Swedenborg is not less so. Spirits, after being detached from matter, are not different (in relation to volume) from what they were before this manifestation. *I may all the more readily re-enter my germ, and my germ into a man, that I sprang from one.* Let us not allow ourselves to be perplexed by these captious questions which our material laws present to us. If they exact comparisons in order to arrive at results, spiritual laws must have the same privilege, and those I have just presented you are not more exceptionable than the others ; they have the advantage of having preceded them ; which would establish in their favour the principle of existence that might be denied to the latter. Let us not run into mazes from which we should only with difficulty emerge, and let us conclude that there, where the germs are, are the spirits of those germs ; that wherever the germs have been, their spirits may return. I shall leave my friends to develop this truth to you in the experiments I shall submit, which they have made to assure themselves of it, as I shall myself show you the possibility of obtaining this solution.

Gus. But, my friend, with your solutions, where do you propose to arrive at?

ALF. To prove to you that if every species has in it its species, man must likewise contain in himself his own, and moreover, he has all the others, which constitutes him a universe in little. To comprehend such a mystery it is only necessary to open our spiritual and close our material eyes. I will open yours: have patience.

SIXTH CONFERENCE.

A FEW WORDS ON ASTROLOGY, AND THE OCCULT SCIENCES.

Gus. In order to rest a little from the arduous metaphysics we have discussed in our preceding conferences, let us speak to-day of astrology. What do you think of this pretended science?

ALF. I know not whether you are exactly right in proposing a study which you deem less abstract than that with which we have been previously occupied. These studies are allied to one another, and to be explained very nearly in the same manner. There are many secrets in astrology that appear ridiculous at the first glance, and others that are more admissible; the main thing is to reject nothing, because all that it is not given us to comprehend may very well exist, despite our incredulity.

I believe all the atoms of the universe to be in contact, although appearing at a distance from one another through other atoms, which represent to our eyes spaces more or less extended. To suppose a void in a particle of the universe is to believe in nothingness,

since void is the image of it. The ponderability and fluidity of the one sole substance have given rise to this error; but it is rejected by good sense. If we cannot define this substance, we should not deny its presence in all the molecules of the universe. Its relations with our senses matter little to us. It exists in and through all things. If void does not exist, everything is full; if all is full, everything is in contact; if everything touches one another, the whole influences and is influenced, because all is life, and life is movement; because movement is a continual disunion and union of all the molecules which compose this whole. For example, if the moon can influence the weather, the sea, and our organisation (according to the observation of the learned), either by its absorbing or repulsive power, I do not see why it alone should have this power. If, moreover, man (as somnambulism demonstrates) can know all parts of our globe, he can only do so by a power of radiation, each thread of which touches the part with which he is in connection; he may equally do so, with regard to the other globes scattered through space, just as he touches them with his glance in gazing at them—for, in physics, one can only see that which he touches—one cannot hear without being touched. If man touches by his look, or any other part of his body, the moon, to simplify the demonstration, he is then in relation with it: he may, in like manner, therefore, enter into relation with all the globes of creation which environ him, receive their portion of influence, and impose on them his own; a relation which he cannot explain by the ponderability of his outward frame, but answering to the necessities of contact between them, by the more or less sensation they mutually procure each other. You ought, then, to admit this proposition without difficulty, seeing that it is allowed by all our natural philosophers. Observe where it leads us.

GUS. It does not tell me why a particular event should be announced by the position or apparition of a star, a comet, or some kind of meteor, and why I shall be rather under the influence of Mars, or of Venus, than of any other planet, because I was born on such a day, at such an hour; or, because I wish to commence a commercial or scientific operation. Why such and such portions of my body shall be influenced in such a manner, according to their relation with such a planet, and a multitude of other similar persuasions, which, although advanced by educated men, are only the more ridiculous.

ALF. On commencing our conferences you appeared desirous of being instructed. It is not in treating as ridiculous the most elevated human ideas that it will be possible for you to study them. Let us never judge: it belongs to God alone to do so, for he is omniscience. Let us meditate on what we observe, while imploring his Divine light, and perhaps we shall be less ready to ridicule what we do not understand. We know not in what manner God wishes to make us acquainted with certain actions which it has pleased him we should manifest at the period in which we are living. All that surrounds us is that universal book, of which each being or object is a leaf or a letter: he who knows how to put them together understands the Divine purposes. The somnambulist state seems to prove to us that man has a power of emitting rays which permits him to communicate with all parts of the universe; he may, by the same proposition, communicate with the stars, and receive from them some sort of influence. If, moreover, man is in miniature an entire universe, as many ancient schools have pretended (a notion to which we shall return), each molecule of his body, or of the sphere which surrounds him, must represent to him, in miniature, what exists beyond him in other individualities. After the views at a distance of our clairvoyants, we can

admit only two propositions—that in which man, by an invisible power of radiance, is in contact with all parts of the universe, or in which he is himself a representative of the universe. Both these propositions seem incompatible with the laws of matter; but it is necessary to admit one of them; there is no middle course possible. By one or the other, then, we find ourselves in communication with the planets, and able to understand their nature as well as their influence.

Gus. Your explanation has satisfied me, with regard to the possibility of the somnambulist being able to communicate with distant places, which would lead us to suppose that for him, in that state, there are no longer distances; but that does not inform me what connection the astral influences can have with human destinies and actions.

ALF. I believe, on the contrary, seeing the alliance and harmony among each other of all the molecules of creation, that the appearance of a planet, a star, a comet, or a meteor of some kind, or their position in the heavens, may be an *avant-courier*, or the manifestation of a correspondence of the Creator with his creatures, in order to warn them of the advent in the material world, of a being who is destined to govern it, to restore its harmony, to introduce certain philosophic or religious creeds; or to warn them that a pestilence, a famine, a war, an earthquake, will smite them in such a year or such a day, that they may adopt measures for their preservation, if able to do so. I do not for that reason believe that God wishes to derange in any respect the regular march of the worlds he has created; it is merely a revelation, more or less observed, of what has always existed in the world of causes, drawing with it the same manifestation in the material world, which manifestation attracts the observation of mankind, and makes them regard as a supernatural fact the constant and allied march of globes and beings, of beings and

their actions—a march and alliance little known, because they are not studied. To enter into the marrow of this question, it would be necessary to take an immense range of observations; but if we only touch upon it slightly, what shall we find inadmissible in the general influence of the stars over human actions? Do we understand the attraction and repulsion of each body? From the influence alone of the moon on our organisation, do we not acknowledge it to be immense? Are our thoughts unaffected by this influence? Which of us would dare to answer in the negative? We ought not, then, to deny what we cannot comprehend.

The division of these manifestations by the Creator has not been made without intention; it is that which constitutes the time in which we live; we owe to it our years, our months, our days, our hours, &c. These different phases of time are indicated in the sky by the position of the stars which are its ornament and admiration. If the movement of these stars corresponds to that of our globe, that of our globe to our human machine, why should our actions be exempt from this correspondence? Are they not the result of the universal movement? Do they not concur, each in the weakness of its execution, to impress a movement in acquittance of that which they have received? Are not these actions the fruit, the result of the combinations of our thoughts? These same thoughts, are they not scattered through immensity, of which they are at once the recipients and the contents? This connection between each of our thoughts, each of our actions, and each of the hours in which they are manifested, does it not induce the supposition of a more extended connection, the limits of which we can neither compass nor understand? So many striking and good discoveries have been made by astrologers that it would not be very logical to award to this science credit on the most important points, and refuse it on inferior matters. One single fact of prediction well verified gives reason

to suppose others, and where shall we stop when one is in a path that is without limits ?

Gus. I repeat with you, let us not deny what we cannot comprehend.

ALF. The reason that deters from a belief in astrological doctrines is, that some admit too much without examination, and others deny with passion. The order of heaven would not appear to me to have been disturbed, because at the birth of Confucius a meteor representing a dragon may have been seen over the dwelling of his parents ; and because, at the birth of Christ, three magi might have been guided to his cradle by a star. There have been a multitude of similar signs, which, it is said, have been witnessed at the birth of illustrious men. People would expect in our day to see a star arise at every man's birth, in order to admit that astrology is not wholly an error. What has injured this science is a mass of mischievous secrets which every one pries into, wherein he imagines he sees that according to the hour, the month, the season, and the sign under which he was born, he must do such a thing, and the results of which are rejected by good sense. It is the same with physiological divinations, the conclusions from which are contradicted in every feature we study. We should not class astrology among this rubbish, which presents to us only errors. When one wishes to devote oneself to a science, it should be done with a spirit of moderation apart from enthusiasm and incredulity. Astrology deserves to be studied in its relations with our terrestrial organisation.

Gus. After what you have just told me, you do not believe in chiromancy, physiognomy, &c., &c. ?

ALF. Chiromancy is not more exact in its arcana than physiognomy. God may permit certain future actions to be announced by certain apparent signs on the body of man ; but as there is nothing general in these manifestations, and as they very frequently offer results in accordance with the habits and occupations of

men, we cannot rationally conclude that such a line or such a feature indicates such a thing, if this line or this feature derive their origin from manual labour, or from a prior cause which may have influenced such features of the visage. These mysteries, like those of the *cabale* and psychology, are dependent on conditions that we cannot always observe or appreciate; which is the reason why they will never make an occult science of mathematics. What we perceive that is true in their results serves to prove to us how completely we are in a state of infancy in our knowledge of Divine truth.

GUS. Of all these sciences, that which appears to have survived the rest, and has the most adepts, is cartomancy, or divination by cards.

ALF. Cartomancy, left to its own devices, would have had little success, if it had not had disciples susceptible of ecstasy or somnambulism, which gave them facility, and still facilitates them, in their responses. The magnetic currents that continually escape from our bodies enable them to maintain a connection with our thoughts. Mdlle. Leonormand had this property, which constituted her great reputation as prophetess. The learned Lavater felt more than he saw. Cagliostro was in the same condition. I have been acquainted with learned cartomancers who have confessed to me that their science consisted in the sensations, in the intuitions they received from contact with those who consulted them. They observed complete abstraction from every thought, expanded themselves to receive by intuition the influence of the consultant, and the first thought that came into their minds was that of the stranger, joined to some questions more or less captious; they acquitted themselves of the business wonderfully. Others love to preserve their packs of cards; the more ancient the more powerful they are, say they, and cause the eyes of the spirit oftentimes to be opened. In this fact we can only see a magnetic action. I have a friend who possesses such

a pack, the figures of which one can hardly perceive, so dirty, are they from having been long used; he is very successful when he makes use of this pack. There is, then, in these sciences a great exercise, a sustained study, and different states of the spirit to elicit. There are a kind of men very apt to obtain successful results in cartomancy; those who possess second sight, which becomes for them a normal state; they make use of cards as auxiliaries, and to elude the attention of the consulting party, for it is not by their assistance that they see. We have also beings who hear voices, and say they are *en rapport* with familiar guides who instruct them according to their wishes, as Socrates was said to be. In our days these men are very numerous: I have known many, and have obtained from them predictions in reference to myself of a very complicated kind, and wholly beyond any possible deduction, and which have been accomplished point for point. In such conditions man may hope everything, and ought not to combat facts which remain such in spite of all the sarcasms in the world. The occult sciences are composed of an incredible number of modes of acquiring knowledge, under the divers names of aëromancy, astragalomancy, cecinomancy, belomancy, bibliomancy, cleidomancy, rabdomancy; sciences which present only one chance against the answer you desire to obtain, like even and odd numbers. There are, therefore, great odds that the fewer are the chances the more certain the results. It is not thus with regard to the following sciences;* which might be multiplied to infinity; the number adds nothing to the reality of the virtue of each, and proves solely that in all times men have felt the need of knowing what they were, what they are, and must be. Happy is it for humanity that God has not been pleased to *mathematise* these kinds of revelations, which would have rendered the life of man insupportable. By the

* See first note at the end of the volume.

little he has thought fit to reveal to us, he proves that we are the patients and he the agent—the part and he the whole—we nothing and he the life; our liberty an illusion; our knowledge foolishness; our domination slavery—nothing more. If a portion of these secrets has come down to us, it is that there is in them a fund of truth which God puts in evidence when he pleases. We ought not, then, to judge decisively what has been written on this subject up to the present time. Let us register the facts when they present themselves, and not deny those which have not come under our observation. We shall return to the influence of the stars upon our organisation when we define that organisation.

SEVENTH CONFERENCE.

NUMBERS, TIME, SPACE.

Gus. What do you understand by the science of numbers, and the words time and space?

ALF. I am going to try to give you a sketch of them. Do not blame me if I repeat some of the propositions contained in our fourth conversation. The questions we treat of are linked one to the other, are proved by one another, and, if it must be said, the one in the others. First. In the face of the views at distance of our *lucides*, which destroy every idea of space, it becomes wholly impossible to define what universal creation may comprise. Secondly, from the promptitude displayed by the said *lucides* in perceiving places the most distant from each other, one cannot conceive an idea of time. Time and space are only two modes of being and perceiving of the soul, two conditions of observation; when we observe, we are in the conditions of time and

space. We obtain proof of this every day in our material state. To have a notion of what exists externally, it is necessary we should cause our glance to radiate under the guidance of observation; beyond that it represents to us every instant nothingness! If the soul ceases to observe the objects around it, these objects cease to exist for her; if she ceases to observe the distance she traverses beyond her material body, she reaches the desired goal, imagining that there has been no change of place. It is the same when she meditates on the subjects she delights in; she sees only them without occupying herself with the distance that separates her materially from those objects. One feels and is assured that she herself creates this distance, or at least that she takes cognizance of it in following out her desire; this distance makes her appear more or less detached from the objects around her; nevertheless, before directing her regards beyond her material body, she saw, internally, those objects; which has caused some learned men to say that matter did not exist, and was only a condition of the state of the soul—only an illusion which makes of it two beings at once; the one which in a necessary condition may be all, in all, and throughout all, a point undefinable by the laws of matter; and the other the material body which appears contained in what surrounds it. According to the first proposition the soul would appear to be unique in creation; projecting beyond her central point the whole incidental picture she sees with the eyes of her material body; by the second proposition the body, on the contrary, far from being the container, would be contained in that which surrounds it. The science of numbers forces the soul to confess that she cannot exist without them; for in order to have self-cognizance, she is obliged to admit herself as representing number one, and number one cannot exist without number two, and this last without number three. Without the aid of numbers the soul would be unable to count—could not say I and he; she

would only be that point described by Pythagoras, the source and absorption of all things ; that point is represented by a circle under the figure of a zero. For the soul to be able to say I exist (but for that she would be a zero), it has been needful she should enlarge her point of existence by extending her circle as much as possible—that she should convert it into a sphere of emanation. From the emanation springing from this zero also arises the science of numbers ; for, from being one as she finds herself, she becomes two by her first observation, her first reflection and extension, without ceasing to be one. She extends herself indefinitely, divides and separates her thoughts, although still united ; by her mode of disposing them, she forms to herself a sphere wherein everything is comprised, and which for her is all that is ; this whole, passing through different states necessary to produce the infinity of sensations, compels her, in order to be able to say to herself, I am, I exist, to observe that she is no longer alone. I am, says she, because I exist with what I see : I and that which surrounds me make two ; what I observe farther off makes three, and still farther makes four. If I find not the means of classifying, of separating from myself what I see, I shall be the whole ; I shall not be able to say—myself and this thing : it is absolutely essential I should say, one as respects me, and two for what is around me ; without that I should have no sensation ; I should not be myself. The science of numbers is, then, indispensable to creation, without which it would be only an unformed mass, a chaos ; the parts of this whole prove that this whole exists ; the whole could not be proved if it were without divisions ; numbers are, therefore, the mathematical proof of the existence of the universe and the soul. In order to represent numbers by material figures, mankind have admitted this point, this round, this zero, of which we have just spoken as the central point of creation, emanating and extending itself to infinity ; they have converted it into a sphere, a ring, a circle,

from which it is made to emerge, in order to place it before the round figure that has just been created, that we call zero, seeing that it existed before it. Thus this *one*, this central point, placed before the sphere it has created, represents these two figures 10, which we call ten; these two figures not sufficing to mark, to particularise the infinite, men have divided them into ten equal parts; giving to each part a name and a figure proper to it in order to recognise it when needful, and couple it with another, to indicate a desired quantity. All numbers, as we see, arise from this point extended and separated into fractions; by their help the universe is divided *ad infinitum*.

If you do not accept these fractions, all that exists reduces itself to zero. This is why the number 10 is held in great veneration among the cabalists, as representing the creation. It is this system that has produced that of expansion and absorption of the Indians, and which would explain sufficiently the solution given me by spirits when I have urged them a little too far towards metaphysics—ALL is in ALL and THROUGHOUT ALL. This fiction which I have just stated to you, accords as fully with the universe as with man. It remains to us to know if there is only one man in the universe representing this point we have just described: I do not think so. It is more consonant with our mode of being, meditating, comparing, and judging, to admit in man the representation of the universe in miniature; if we are not more correct, we shall appear more consistent and satisfied with this definition, be less combatted and better understood. To explain such a mystery it is necessary to find suitable figures, admissible reasons, brains prepared for such a comprehension. Ignorance prevails over instruction, because ignorance occasions no fatigue; instruction claims the meditation of each fibre of our being; a general disorganisation may oftentimes be the price of these painful researches. Knowing that we can neither

comprehend nor explain all things, let us await the development of intelligence which the soul will acquire in the future state reserved for it.

GUS. You have just uttered a phrase, the meaning of which I have not understood; you say it has been revealed to you that all is throughout all and in all. If it be as divided portions I comprehend it, since each molecule of all that exists belongs to the whole, having emanated from it: the whole finds itself in this manner in all and through all things. Is it thus you intend it?

ALF. No, not positively; I am going to develop my idea on this point. One could not say in this manner, all is throughout all; we should be only authorised in saying, all is in all, which, at the first glance, seems to be the same thing, but which on reflection represents another solution. Listen; I suppose myself to have ascended the Peak of Teneriffe, my eyes fixed on the heavens, plunged in profound meditation; I feel that I exist—that is to say, I feel that I feel! If I have recourse to observation, my eyes, as I have said, looking towards heaven, while measuring immensity, if I have not yet observed that this immensity is not myself, and have recourse to a second observation, I see or believe myself detached from this immensity. I ask myself, for the first time, what is it I see? This word *I* causes me to make a third observation, which assures me that I and the immensity I discover make two—myself a point, and the immensity that contains me a round sphere. In order to utter this word round, it is needful that a fourth observation should attract my gaze towards the horizon, where a fifth observation awaits me. I lose sight of this sphere which covers me, in order to measure with my eye in a straight line the distance which separates this extremity from my feet. I observe, in the sixth place, that I am mounted on something, and a seventh observation proves to me that this something is not myself. I move at plea-

E

sure all parts of my body, and am unable to move the object on which I am placed. I perceive that all that moves is a portion of me, and that the rest is foreign to me, although I feel at the same time that I could not be where I am, in the position where I see myself, if what supports me refused its aid. You perceive that, during the time I made no observation, I have not existed; I exist only through it: I find, then, that I am in all things which surround me; that cannot admit a doubt, but another observation proves to me the contrary. If I remain in the same spot, and preserve the recollection of my form, and of what the eyes of my material body have seen; if, far from admiring what is around me, I turn my glance and observation inwardly, I see there a phenomenon not less great; all that I have seen externally, and in which I arrived at the conviction my body was comprised, is, on the contrary, comprised in me, and I find myself to be that whole in which I was contained.

Gus. That was because all you saw of material things left the image of its form imprinted on your retina, producing on it a daguerreotyped impression.

ALF. No, my friend, an image of this kind would represent absolute repose, and all that I see is full of movement.

Gus. It is very natural that it should be so; it is the movement of the life that is in you, which is not a moment in repose.

ALF. An excellent explanation; but it is not receivable, for all that moves within me is impelled not by an automatic movement, but one that is peculiar to it, and independent of my will.

Gus. That is rather too much! How! these images are animated with a life peculiar to them?

ALF. Yes, and what is more, it is not merely that which the eyes of my material body have seen that moves within me, but all that is possible for my mind to conceive as existing exists in me.

GUS. That would prove that you are in all, and all things in you: this is a problem I cannot comprehend.

ALF. Antecedently to my first observations on the Peak of Teneriffe, on which I placed myself to make you better comprehend the position of material man in the material universe, it is certain that the universe existed—it is certain that it owed its existence to some one. This some one we call God, the Infinite Being, who cannot be denied without committing a high crime against reason. This God, this Father and Creator of the universe, has not created me only, since my first observation has caused me to see that an immense sphere was over my head, and that my feet were placed on something immense likewise. By one single observation, then, I have been enabled to perceive three things at once—heaven, earth, and myself. I might ask to eternity of my reason who has created these three things; it would answer me: It is an infinitely perfect being who comprehends thee, and whom thou wilt never comprehend. Thou art only a particle of what he has created, and the particle cannot contain the whole, although thou hast been told that all was in all. I have continued my observations; I have perceived that the earth on which I was placed contained a multitude of beings bearing different forms, more or less rude, from the fragile gnat to the colossal elephant, from the delicate flower to the gigantic boab, from the grain of dust to the golden mineral, from the tender gudgeon to the monstrous whale, from the dew, variegated with a thousand colours, at the foot of this mountain, to the ether—shall I dare to call it?—I breathe on its summit. Lastly, all this exists with an individualised existence, uniting itself to my being as to one member more of that universal family which comprises all that is. You see with your own eyes that all this exists apart from me materially. There are millions of beings of my own species who exist, feel, see, and judge like these beings and myself, in order to be indi-

vidualised and separated the one from the other. We must possess in little in ourselves all that we see of great externally, and the whole is thus found in all things only in miniature. Such has been the opinion of some ancient schools, and such the magnetic state proves by the annihilation of time and distances. See, therefore, where this undeniable proposition leads us. The clairvoyants say they overleap distances, which are only distances in relation to the soul's mode of being, which, in this state, can be everywhere and in everything when it wishes to view its domain; since, according to its will, the object it desires is near it without any confusion, and, according to this same will, it can visit that object, enter into it, and describe it, internally as well as externally.

Gus. Who tells you that the soul does not communicate externally with the desired object by a swiftness of transport that we cannot explain, comparable to electricity, for example?

ALF. Who tells me so? Who but the clairvoyant himself, since he gives me assurance that he sees in me the most concealed of my thoughts, of my past, present, and future actions, all the scenes of my life—what I have seen, done, said, read, or known during my existence. As you have read in "The Secrets," all these things are full of life; he can take up an action that occurred at a particular epoch, follow its evolutions, and relate to me the result and commencement in a few minutes, although this action and its evolutions have lasted years. He sees all the persons figure therein who have taken part in it, hears all the words that may have been uttered by these personages, sees them act, passes through all the places in which these scenes have taken place—all of which have been annihilated, materially, for many years past. Where does he see these things? In me, he says! But I—I must be in him, as he must be in me, since all is in all. What proves it is, that if I send this clairvoyant in search of a place or a person that

are unknown to me, he sees this place and this person close to him, and can describe to me all that has passed in this place, and been done and thought by this person, the person and place being no longer in existence, having of myself no knowledge of what he relates to me. Forced as I am to refer back to the sources of the history or the chronicles of these places, to be assured of the veracity of his allegations, it is, then, proved to me that this place disappeared as well as this person, and these words, vibrating for ages past, are in all places; since he sees them so near him, they must exist either in him or in his sphere. If, as regards the first fact, my memory is rich in all I have done or known, and each being who may have helped to encompass my existence and my actions is living in me, this same being must also have in him what has surrounded his existence; he is in me and I in him, others in us, and thus to infinity. See you where we come to?

Gus. To folly!

ALF. No, to admire God, and the infinity of his creation. It is thus that all the blades of grass, all the trees, proceeded from, and were contained in, a single grain or a single kernel. We thus, as I have already told you, see the oak in an acorn, other acorns in this oak, and other oaks in these acorns. Thus each grain, each germ, must possess in them all the order to which they belong, just as a thousand millions spring from a zero, without there being any confusion on that account; every leaf of a book includes various actions without occasioning any perplexity, or the covering of this book being able to tell what it contains. If you wish to be assured of the truth of this proposition by facts, and not by inductive reasoning, listen to what I am going to tell you, and do what I have done.

Gus. Before commencing your explanation, permit me an observation. These interior images might perhaps reflect each other as in a mirror, as the darkened chamber reflects the external images we have succeeded in daguerreotyping and fixing there.

ALF. To act thus there must be models ; I cannot interrogate my mirror on my good or bad looks, unless I put them in relation with it. I comprehend that all that exists materially on our globe might be reflected in the atmosphere that surrounds it, and thence in the spheres by which we are encompassed ; but, as I have told you, the object must exist to be thus reproduced. Where are the past and the future, in order to produce this mirage ?

GUS. The past might have operated this before its disappearance—that is to say, imprinted this image, which would be ineffaceable in the atmosphere.

ALF. Your reason is just ; but I have already shown you that it is not an ordinary image that I re-discover there : it is neither dead nor without movement.

GUS. It might have been preserved by the universal Spirit which animates and sustains all things.

ALF. At that rate, what would you do in order to again perceive in a theatre all that may have been represented, spoken, done, and contained during a hundred years of its existence—which building is now replaced by another edifice, a field, tilled or uncultivated, &c. ? Please to observe, it is not only the past that is thus read, but likewise the future, which seems to be nowhere.

GUS. It is the inexplicable we are discussing.

ALF. It is always the inexplicable that man wishes to explain. We ought not to go farther, and explain obscure things by figures still more obscure. It is what man incessantly dreams of : if all this were as you have just said, it would be needful the clairvoyant should go positively to the places in order to find these images again ; and that he does not do ; hardly has he demanded the object, than that object is found at his fingers' ends. It would be more rational, if not more true, as I have previously told you, to admit that man is a universe in little, possessing in the sphere that surrounds him all that exists, and being himself contained in the grand

universal whole; having the power, like a magician, with one stroke of his wand, to cause the being or object he wishes to consult to advance towards him, and to dismiss from his presence what he has heard or seen. Listen to this observation, which deserves to be studied. There is a word on which the human mind has not sufficiently pronounced, and that needs to be better defined—although, in our discourses, I may myself have made a false application of it—it is that of *thought*. We speak of thought as if it were a multitude of divers sensations; and the definition of it given by the greatest philosophers of our time, and by clairvoyants in general, appears to me very false. I think they have confounded observation with forms. I venture freely on this question; my judgment is clearly this: **GOD ALONE HAS THE POWER TO THINK IN ORDER TO CREATE FORMS**, and has combined them for an end which is known to himself alone. These forms, which constitute the creation to which I belong and by which I am surrounded, are moved by a thought altogether Divine, that we call motion—in short, life. It is self-evident that I do not move myself; I am moved, like everything around me.

I am obedient to attraction and repulsion, like all the molecules of creation. According to my mode of observing, these molecules—Divine *thoughts*—appear to exist within and without me. Those that are beyond me, are called material creation, and those within me are called (by the metaphysicians themselves) *images*.

In admitting both these propositions, if I place myself a moment in the centre of this creation of forms, or different *thoughts*—if I examine well the part I play, what is it? That of observer simply. I observe that such an object is near me, and such an one farther off, and that this form is not that, &c. In these conclusions is there any emanation of thoughts on my part? No; since I have only observed, only seen. In these

perceptions I have not abandoned my part of observer ; I have looked around, I have experienced sensations more or less agreeable according to my condition ; I have been moved ; I ought myself to have moved something, but I have done nothing besides. All I have been enabled to see or feel has been produced by the will, the Divine *thought* thus individualised, a thought of which I am solely a recipient ; I ought to have been able to assemble and group these thoughts, but to *think* them myself, which is synonymous with creating them, NO !

All that passes within me is, then, summed up in observing. When the clairvoyants say they know what we think, they ought to say—I see the thoughts that are in you, for to speak otherwise is to confound thought with simple perception. GOD ALONE THINKS, MAN SEES.

When we say, I think, we mean to say—What I do, or what I say, is my work, my property, my creation. We cruelly deceive ourselves ; if it were so, we should be equal to God. The harmony that might result from such a multitude of adverse directions would depend wholly upon chance, which is impossible.

It is sufficient that we fall back a moment upon ourselves, that we interrogate our *being*, asking it what it will *think* an hour hence ? It will answer us it knows nothing about it. What it will do, it knows still less. What it is thinking of at this moment ? It only knows it when this thought is apparent to the eyes of its spirit under its form-type ; or when it falls upon the ear, by means of the words which embody it. Astonished at what it has just seen or heard, it demands of itself, whence comes this thought to me ? Who has made me pronounce these words, which I have only a knowledge of, and the meaning of which I only understand, after having heard them myself ? This simple observation proves to it that thought is not its own work—that it has been communicated to it by him who has created it, and who alone *thinks*.

If I have succeeded in rendering myself clear, you will comprehend that when man says *I think*, if he imagines he brings forth anything, he is in error, seeing that he is himself only a *thought*, round which an entire UNIVERSE of thoughts is grouped, and that according to the movement impressed on them by the great whole, they become to his sight more or less objective, from which he is led to believe that they are his own creation.

I know all the ridicule that will be heaped upon this PLATONIC proposition; but little does it matter if I believe it true—if I prove it by observation and somnambulic experiments. We are at this day no longer in the time of Plato; psychological mysteries are no longer in the sanctuary of so-called wisdom; they have become the property of the humblest of men, who snatch them one by one from a brain in slumber. They are destined to cover with confusion our great modern philosophers, our lords of science, who for me are only BEE-HIVES in which a number of arrogant thoughts, more or less noisy, have taken up their quarters. Yes, most respectable GRANDDEES, you are only a simple Divine thought, like the rest of mankind; the more you deem yourselves superior to them, the more are you their inferiors. Simplicity is the soul of true greatness; the simple-minded man cannot be deceived in learning his nullity, while you, in perceiving one day what you are, will be cruelly disabused.

Gus. My reason is perplexed by all this; commence your recital; perhaps it may throw some fresh light on the matter; for I know perfectly well that the clairvoyant discovers in the domain of my memory, which must be in me, all you have just described, since I recognise it myself. Hardly have I thought of an action, a place, or a person, than I see internally the object of my thought. I feel that I need only a little more contemplation in order to perceive it more clearly. It is, therefore, useless for me to confuse myself in

explanations less clear than what every man is in a condition to judge of by a moment's reflection.

ALF. I see you are getting on—light is breaking upon you. We shall soon be of the same opinion. Yes, if every man meditated upon the strange phenomenon of memory, on the facility with which he is where he desires to be—sees what he wishes, without any change of place, he would have no need of somnambulic demonstrations in order to believe that he is, or that he has in himself all that it is possible for him to desire. Here is a proof of it; I begin my narrative.

I had scarcely become acquainted with somnambulism than I comprehended all the importance of such an attribute, and desired myself to enter into that happy state. I caused myself to be magnetised by several persons; I experienced no effect from it that could give me the least hope of attaining this aim. I had a notion of constructing a mesmeric, narcotic trough. With this view I magnetised little phials of water. I plastered others with flower of sulphur, iron filings, and sand. I inserted a conductor in these phials which was connected with a principal conductor placed in the centre of this box. The spaces between the bottles thus arranged were filled with flowers, leaves, and grains of thyme, belladonna, opium, poppies, wild-poppy, hemp, flax, mallow, marsh-mallow, camomile, melilot, Russian balm, lettuce, millet, black currant, pine-apples, and chickweed. After many fruitless experiments during the day, I deposited at night this magic box under my bed, and rolled round my arm a cord attached to it. In this position I awaited some manifestation—I merely obtained a slumber more or less heavy, more or less agitated. I had no remembrance when I awoke of any sort of somnambulic state. I was in despair at my little success; I am satisfied that on many other organisations positive results would have been obtained.

I then consulted the works published from 1784 to 1800 that treated of magnetism, and of the means em-

ployed at that period to augment its action. I loaded myself with substances believed to have this power. I placed rolls of sulphur under my arms, a small bag of flower of sulphur and iron filings in each pocket of my trousers, and another of larger dimensions over the pit of the stomach. I even steeped some finger-coverings in sulphur, which I put on my fingers, and in this state tried to magnetise different persons and animals. I gave them astonishing electric shocks in connection with my fluid, which is very heavy and narcotic: I was a being capable of performing wonders. I turned this power on myself, and obtained nothing. I compounded the following packet, which, according to certain clairvoyants, possessed a great narcotic power:—Half an ounce of the dried leaves and flowers of belladonna, one ounce of the sulphate of lime (or Jesus-stone), one ounce of manganese; the whole reduced to a fine powder, and enclosed in a cotton bag re-covered with a piece of woollen stuff: this packet to be held between the palms of both hands until perfect sleep takes place, and allowed to drop in order to the patient waking; the packet must be made very narrow, and of greater length than bigness. I did not perceive any somnambulic effect from it. I had recourse to compression of the carotid arteries without more success. I imitated an ecstatic mentioned, I think, by Doctor Despine, who had the faculty of entering into this state by placing his two middle fingers for some time over the hollow of the neck beneath the cerebellum, with a gentle pressure on that spot. I wearied myself greatly in this position, and felt nothing at all from it. I bent my whole will to moderate or stop, if I could do so, the course of the blood, knowing that it is the sole means employed by the Indians to induce a cataleptic ecstasy, which thus keeps them in a contemplative meditation for hours and entire days. I was not more fortunate. I give you all these details to show you how much value I attached to entering into this state,

and to teach you, at the same time, the means which might act on you with more facility than on me, if some day you wished to try them. I imagined that I was too much charged with electricity, and, consequently, that I ought to displace it by substituting something at once more active and more narcotic. In order to succeed, then, in this displacement, I constructed a little box, the details and virtues of which I had gathered from a work. It was made thus:—Forty steel pins of the size of slender knitting needles, about four centimetres ($1\frac{1}{2}$ inch) in length, are fixed in a round or square piece of wood, according to the form designed to be given to the box: this piece of wood is covered with a thin iron plate, to facilitate the fixing of these steel pins, and at the same time to promote the currents of electricity by the continuity of the metal. This apparatus is placed in a box round or square towards the middle, so that the pins, which must be very sharp, may approach the opening without being above it, by which they would prick the part upon which it is applied, which must be bare. An iron wire, crossed, is attached to the piece in which these pins are inserted, the end of which, which should be about two metres long, passes through a little hole made in the bottom of the box; this wire, which serves as conductor, is destined to convey the surplus of electricity to a nail driven in the wall, to which it is hung without further ceremony. The interior of the box must be lined with some isolating matter, either pitch, tallow, wax, varnish, or the like; there must be two small cords fastened round the edges of this box, for the purpose of keeping the apparatus in the spot where it is placed. The beneficial effects of this machine are then awaited for a longer or shorter period; and it is not to be despised in pains caused by rheumatism or congestion of the fluids, &c. I may therefore counsel its application, which, though provocative of laughter, is not without some virtues. I applied this machine to my feet, and the conductor of my narcotic

box to my arms. I thus magnetised myself while lying down for a sufficiently long time, thinking to establish currents that would operate what I desired. I observed very marked results; but no sleep. I turned my hopes towards galvanism. I constructed a pile of forty pairs, one inch in diameter, and experienced disagreeable effects from it. I do not advise such experiments. I saw that I should have to come to the ingestion of narcotics. I had a friend a great opium-eater, who had cured himself of gastritis and a general nervous affection by this powerful narcotic. I begged him to give me a suitable dose, which he did with pleasure, while indulging in a rich description of the pictures I should see and the sensations I should experience. The dose was very weak in comparison with that taken daily by himself. He recommended me to keep near me a glass of water acidulated with vinegar, for fear of any accident, believing, however, I should have no need of it. I took this drug hopefully, and for some time waited its effects. What was my surprise, feeling a violent headache and pain at the heart, to perceive from these symptoms that I was poisoned! I had hardly the strength to stretch out my arm to my night-table on which my glass of water was deposited, and which I swallowed at a draught. My extremities were so icy cold that I could not move them. They gave me strong water saturated with vinegar, which had a powerful diuretic effect. Another disappointment awaited me, I had a retention of urine, which lasted six hours, during which I heartily blessed oriental and Chinese enjoyments. I recovered from this unfortunate step; but the thirst for knowledge was not extinguished in me. A few days afterwards, when the remembrance of that dismal night was effaced, I thought I had taken too much; that, acting with more prudence, I should obtain other results. I smoked opium, and had a terrible head-ache. Being subject to head-aches at that time, I thought the opium had nothing to do with it. A second time I took some

internally in a less quantity. The effects were in proportion, but of the same kind, followed by a retention as before. I have known a person who, after a lavenment containing a few drops of laudanum, was taken on two different occasions with a similar retention, which confirmed my opinion that this drug acted with great activity on the bladder, and justifies me in recommending great caution in its use.

I read in a work that the leaves of hemp were a powerful narcotic; I sowed some in a little garden I had at that time; and gathered from them two stalks, male and female, five feet in height. I squeezed these leaves, in order to breathe their scent; I ate them in the form of a salad, without seasoning be it understood; I felt nothing from it. I thence concluded that French hemp was not so good as Egyptian hemp. I had recourse to perfumes. I burnt incense, hemp-seed, coriander, belladonna, aniseed, gum arabic, and gum lac. I respired these diaphoretics and perfumes with open lungs. I reaped therefrom some violent headaches. I know not how I was able to endure all these experiments. Seeing that I could not attain my object, I decided on having recourse to evocations; I conjured, like Agrippa, a spirit to appear to me while I was asleep; I signed this conjuration, and placed it under my pillow. I was more successful on this head. A few days passed over, and then I had visions, not such as I wished; but surprising enough to calm my ardour to understand and know what ought to be my conclusions concerning our relations with spirits. I was beset for three years; my nerves had been affected by all these experiments, joined to other circumstances connected with a kind of sorcery of which my *lucide* Bruno has assured me I had been the victim, the recital of which you have read in "The Secrets." Whether that was true or not, I saw more than I desired, and I was only rid of this persecution through prayer. These visions had not fulfilled my aim. It was a contem-

plative ecstasy that I desired, in order to resolve one single question :—What is man? It was essential I should find the means of obtaining this blessed ecstasy, and to arrive at it I would have given the remainder of my terrestrial existence. I valued life so lightly at that time that I feared no poison, no trial, in order to see with my own eyes what I wished to see. I quitted the country I resided in and returned to Paris, to try to discover in that seat of enlightenment the ray that was to illumine me—my vows were heard. Somnambulism—ecstasy are more easy to produce there than in the country. One is more free from the apprehensions that beset you in the provinces; nothing appears diabolical or marvellous; confidence is more readily given to this kind of experiments. I formed there some excellent clairvoyants, under whose dictation I composed “The Secrets of the Life to Come.”

The statements, nevertheless, of a third party, are never so positive as one's own; the questions that are submitted to spirits by the intervention of clairvoyants may be badly reproduced, and their responses altered, for a want of comprehending the meaning, or lacking the necessary taste for these kinds of solutions. Clairvoyants are still subjected to the material dross, and also to certain persuasions, to the furtherance of which they, more or less, direct their teachings. I wished to see with my own eyes, and to be able to say to mankind, I have seen that; you may see it as well as I; such a thing has been revealed to me; ascertain if the reply is the same to you. Experience is the soul of faith, as I have said in “The Secrets.” Since I have been unable to believe on verbal authority you will be unable to believe me, who can offer no authority; but if I tell you—do that, and you will obtain the same results, and you refuse to make these experiments, you will have only yourselves to blame for your ignorance. He who denies a fact without investigation is of bad faith, and merits the obscurity in

which he stagnates. I therefore recommenced my experiments at Paris, and was directed to get myself magnetised behind the ears; my *lucides* did so, while sleeping, for a month or more; they did not succeed. I made a new extract of hemp; I smoked its dry leaves, and the leaves of belladonna; I inhaled sulphuric ether for twenty-five minutes; I obtained nothing. With perseverance, as they say, one conquers everything. One day a friend of mine announced to me that in passing the Rue de l'Ancienne Comedie, he had seen at an apothecary's, on a card, these words, "Haschich d'Orient" (preparation of hemp in the East). Ah, then I felt myself at the summit of my wishes; I ran forthwith to procure myself some of this precious drug at 50 centimes the gramme (about 23 grains), although it might be rather dear to give 250 francs per pound for a few leaves of hemp, and some pistaches as marmalade! The apothecary gave me the requisite information as to the method of taking this potion; I had read many descriptions of the effects of this plant, and deemed myself sufficiently instructed. I returned home, and apprised two friends of my precious discovery, and the day I intended taking this narcotic. I had got three grammes of it; we were in the midst of winter, and the chamber I lived in was very damp and cold. I give you these details, they being essential to what I shall explain to you by-and-by. I took these three grammes in a cup of strong coffee, as directed; it was two hours after dinner; at half-past seven in the evening I had not felt anything. My two friends, despairing of the success of the experiment, had gone away, leaving me plunged in the conviction that I should obtain no results. Hardly had they gone away than I drew near the hearth, and gazed at it mechanically. I then experienced a nervous sensation which seemed to me to drive my eyes out of their sockets; I saw the hearth vanish from my

sight to a great distance; it appeared to descend into the street, which I quickly perceived to be full of public vehicles, and the passengers who traversed it. I apprised Adèle of this to me strange sight, exclaiming, "How droll it is!" I raised my legs as I walked; at each movement I felt my feet mount up to the interior of my limbs, which made me imagine that it was my inward or spiritual leg which got rid of its material envelope, as of a sheath, and mounted up indefinitely in order to quit it entirely. When this spiritual foot was in my material calf, it seemed to me that it rested upon the prolongation of this limb as upon something soft, a sponge for example. Adèle was in front of me, and laughed at my singular movements. So great a sympathy was then established between us two, that I was obliged to execute all the movements that she executed; my chin appeared to me to make only one with her's—I laughed with her laugh, I spoke with her speech. What surprised me greatly was to see myself in a vast garden, and to hear myself spoken to outside its walls. Adèle addressed some questions to me, and in order to reply to them, I found myself obliged to open the door. The sympathetic effect had given place to this other spiritual combination, which made me fancy myself what I looked at, and forced me naturally to hear myself spoken to as though outside that object. My voice had the effect of a distant voice that did not belong to me. The strangest thing to me was that in this garden I looked at a glass cover placed over a vegetable, and felt a conviction that I was that cover. It was the same with respect to the vegetable it covered. What amused me extremely, and subsequently attracted my attention and reflection, was that I thus found myself all that I looked at; and what seemed not less extraordinary, when I viewed a faggot of wood, I felt myself transformed into all the pieces that composed it: I saw outwardly the bark, and internally their veins and juices. I thus visited everything

F

minutely, and not with a glance of observation merely ; I walked at large in these same objects, which were not materially in my chamber. I had the consciousness of my entire individuality in their very narrowest pores. If my observation of details ceased, I found myself the entire object I gazed at. This peculiarity could exist only from the unity subsisting between myself and that object ; it was for me what my material body is to me : I was it, and it was me. These phenomena demonstrated to me that these hallucinations, so called by all those who have taken this beverage, and on whom similar effects have been produced, were intended to establish sacred truths, especially by directing towards them the serious observation of all studious men, and might be deemed fully sufficient to prove that we can be *all and in all*.

But to continue. A still more powerful effect was to give me the solution I sought. Detached from my material body as I felt that I was, I re-entered and descended within it as into a house. The most sublime spectacle there awaited me ; one would have said that a fairy hand had made preparations for it during my absence. I found myself in the midst of a most complicated universe, which was nothing less than that same material body, in which I then felt a shock which commenced in the small of the back, and stopped at the crown of the head. It was so excessively violent, and produced so painful an effect upon me, that it is impossible to describe it to you. Imagine for a moment that my nerves, blood-vessels, tendons, and most delicate fibres had their extremities under the epidermis, and that, having a point of junction in the veins, they then traversed the heart, lungs, and all the viscera ; that an invisible hand shook violently this multitude of filaments ;—think of what they must feel at all their extremities ; suppose afterwards that each of these threads was shaken separately and successively—how painful the sensation that must result from it. I saw—I knew—but I pur-

chased this spectacle at a very high price in physical agonies. If there is no pleasure without pain, there is doubtless no pain without pleasure. So it happened to me. The most beautiful spectacle man has ever seen was the reward of my sufferings—a vast panorama of all that I had seen, thought, or known in the course of my life was represented in the most brilliant colours, in the form of transparent pictures, illuminated from behind by an incomparable light. This panorama unfolded itself around me, revolving with so much rapidity, and representing so immense a variety of these images, that I should be obliged to write a volume to describe to you in detail what I saw in a few hours. This state is so different from the material state, that it is wholly impossible, while subjected to its influence, to appreciate the time that slips away, and the space that exists between the succession and continuance of these images. I felt a conviction that I hovered over the centre and above this microscopic universe, which nevertheless presented to me the semblances of forms and space, producing the same effect and impression as material forms and spaces. Being swayed by the idea of observation and comparison between this state and the material state, I could not but pronounce in favour of the former. The material state appeared in all respects inferior—that is to say, the towns, monuments, public places, gardens, sky and earth, were of incomparable beauty. I found myself in the spots I desired to visit, without ceasing to observe that I perceived them in myself,—that they were my domain. I had got the solution I had been in search of; I understood what man was—I was a universe in miniature; and I appreciated how it was a clairvoyant could be in Egypt or China without journeying thither; how he could offer his hand to an African without change of place. I conclude, first, that this state is the spiritual state we shall enter on quitting our material state. Secondly, that to estimate it at its full value, we ought to make it tend to

elucidate some kind of problem. Thirdly, that all the sensations experienced, and all that is seen in that state, is in the domain of our body or the sphere which surrounds it. Fourthly, that we are the rulers of creation, and have the power to dispose of it as its sovereign masters after God. Fifthly, that it presents itself to our observation in the particular point we wish to study. Sixthly, that it is sufficient for us to wish to see an object for the desired object to be present to our view, and receive a solution suitable to what we require to know. Seventhly, that it is equally sufficient to wish to pass through or assume the forms offered to our sight for it to be so. Eighthly, that everything that exists, universally, is a compound of the same substance more or less ponderable—that appearances and observation alone indicate their ponderability. Ninthly, that this substance is merely light in its purest manifestation. Tenthly, that all these beings, places, and objects are only thoughts, having an individualised form, and existing in full activity, seeing that there is nothing lifeless in creation. Eleventhly, that it suffices to the soul, in this state, that a thought should present itself to its observation, for it to see this thought in its type form and active existence; that the soul finds itself in this thought, whereas in the material state it merely feels without seeing it, its material body in that respect interposing an obstacle. Twelfthly, that we may establish by the propagation of this state the most sublime doctrine that ever existed, subjecting the individual under its influence to the received usages in the somnambulic condition—that is, to lead and direct him according to his desires, if he cannot do it himself. I teach you thereby the means of instructing yourself, and of verifying the truths I have revealed to you to the present time; learn how to profit by them.

Gus. I thank you very sincerely for this revelation, but I think you generalise a little too much. It is true, that hitherto the persons who have been subjected to

this process have experienced more or less the effects you have described ; but they have agreed to see in them merely hallucinations of no value for science. I doubt much whether anything else will result from them.

ALF. Error—an error, my friend : there are no hallucinations ; there are only disordered observations ; it is the influence of one state upon the other that makes them difficult to define. Thus, in the material state one can only accept what is seen with the bodily eyes, or what is touched by the hands. As the two existences are invisible to one another, we only admit that, the influence of which we endure. If the soul is enabled to perceive by her spiritual eyes, at the same time as by her material eyes, her material body may touch and ratify the judgment of matter, while from her spiritual eyes not having the power to command her spiritual touch, which is shut up in her material body, she may, therefore, less obviously prove the reality of the spiritual perception which she has, than that of matter.

Gus. But there exist pictures in these perceptions which are most ridiculous. I have read in an authentic statement that an individual, while under the influence of this narcotic, saw the drollest caricatures, beings with deformed and unnatural limbs, having a physiognomy ridiculous to the last degree ; outrageous noses or ears—

ALF. The eccentricities called caricatures are only the types, more or less pervaded by a ludicrous idea, of certain artists, who lengthen or disfigure the features, transfer the organs of one species to other species, and present to us those pictures which make the good people of Paris laugh so much—caricatures which all the world has seen at Philippon's or Aubert's. All that it is possible for man to think he paints exteriorly. Being unable to find it elsewhere than in his imagination, the ridiculousness of these sketches does not cause these artists to pass for madmen : nevertheless, it has been necessary that they should conceive these eccentrici-

ties, and see them internally, in order thus to reproduce them. What is there more strange in hearing a man say, "I see these grotesque images pass before me," than in reproducing them on these sheets of paper? Well, have I not proved to you that all it was possible for you to have seen, thought, or heard was daguerreo-typed within you in living images? and then, in this state, we recognise their life and movement.

GUS. These images, these caricatures, that I see, as you say, at the picture-dealers', are dead images, and, consequently, cannot infuse life into what I see in those hallucinations: it follows, I may very fairly infer, that I have never seen materially what is presented to the eyes of my spirit in that condition.

ALF. I am about to answer both these objections. I repeat, that those images on that paper are not dead images. The word dead ought never to be pronounced in our conversations, because there is no such thing as death possible, in the ordinary meaning of that word. In the universe there are only states and modes of being. What difference can you point out between these images drawn on this paper and those of the places and actions which your material eyes have perceived in the course of your life, and the living image of which they have deposited in the domain of your memory? This landscape, this house, this table, are they more living than this picture? The persons who dwelt on this spot, and whose image is full of life and activity within you, as I have before demonstrated, are they superior in any respect to these other images? No, since their activity has not ceased to be personal as regards them, and yet is found generalised with you. These gardens you have seen in your material life, and which the clairvoyant perceives at all times in you, adorned with flowers, trees, and verdure, if it pleases him to gather a flower or taste the fruit, he can do so, without the garden being less rich, and fresh, and beautiful. If, then, the sight alone of such a garden has

been capable of being thus imprinted and vivified in you eternally, why will you not allow that this engraving is vivified in the same manner ?

To reply to your second objection : you say that it may be that you have never seen materially what you see spiritually. That proves that you must be a universe in miniature, as I have told you, and that it is not necessary you should enter materially into relations with an object to know and possess it, since it constitutes part of your sphere. I conclude by telling you that, to speak of and demonstrate the infinity of creation, it must have no limits, and we must not be able to say, "That is not," since it exists from the moment it is what is *called thought*, and that in thinking, according to you, and observing, according to me, lies the whole of existence ; that thought is the type of the thing itself. If this thing does not and cannot exist materially, we ought not to say that it is not in existence, since it exists in thought, which is the sole and true existence. Thus you see that the word hallucination (which is equivalent to "that does not exist") is a word inadmissible in the world of causes, where everything exists ; and that those who treat clairvoyants as fools are blind folks, who see only the end of their noses. Again, you refer me to an account published of ridiculous perceptions while under the influence of this narcotic. Does everybody dream the same thing ? Have all drunkards the same sensations ? No ; each experiences effects in accordance with his tastes : a melancholy spirit will see only dismal things ; a lively spirit will perceive only things to laugh at ; a meditative spirit will seek for solutions. It is my conviction that hashish develops in us the spiritual state in which each may find disclosures answering to his inclinations. I know that many students at Paris take moderate doses of it, in order to assist them in solutions necessary to their studies, and that they always derive something instructive from the state into which it throws them.

GUS. But this state has something dangerous in it, since you have suffered so much; and in Egypt the hospitals contain many unhappy beings who have become insane through its use.

ALF. We will return by-and-by to that question. I wish first to prove to you that what I have advanced on this subject is a truth very useful to be known, and which, I hope, will overthrow many received systems and beliefs, even as "The Secrets of the Life to Come" have opened up a new study to psychology. If I had relied solely upon the observations I have been enabled to make on myself, I should be less justified in speaking thus; but I have repeated these experiments on a sufficient number of my friends, whose "ecstasies" I am about to submit to you, as written by themselves some days after having experienced this state, which is not without a certain charm for him who undergoes it, and the remembrance of which is ever present to his memory.

EIGHTH CONFERENCE.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ECSTASIES PRODUCED BY HASHISH.

FIRST ECSTASY.

ON the 4th of June, 1848, at two o'clock, at the residence of my friend, M. Alphonse Cahagnet, I took three grammes of hashish in a cup of coffee. At four o'clock I was seized with a fit of absurd laughter without any motive. I laughed without knowing why I laughed, because I was compelled to laugh. I felt a kind of shame at laughing thus; I thought I should be taken for an imbecile. The laughter subsided, and

I threw myself on a hammock suspended from the walls of my friend's chamber. At the foot of this hammock was a small glass; I looked at it, desiring at the same time to see something. I did not wait a long time: at the end of a few minutes the vision commenced. I first saw a large and beautiful house, which quickly disappeared; then a female, whom I gazed at for some time. I perfectly distinguished her bonnet, and her yellow barege dress; she was leaning against a half-open door, and seemed to look into the interior of a chamber that I did not perceive; her features, moreover, were totally unknown to me. Another female, who was also unknown to me, succeeded to her. This one was elderly, and was walking in the street fronting me. What I particularly noticed was her blue bonnet, adorned with a large white muslin veil, which the wind caused to flutter behind her, a circumstance which again aroused my gaiety. Nevertheless, I succeeded in restraining myself, and I saw a tall gentleman and lady taking each other's arm, and walking this time before me; the gentleman was dressed in black, and the lady, whose toilet was light, raised her robe with her left hand, and allowed me the glimpse of a charming calf. Despite of all my efforts, I could not see the countenance of either. Encouraged by these visions I wished no longer to let them present themselves according to their caprice; I wanted to direct them at my pleasure, and made violent efforts to see my mother, then my wife, and next my daughter. I could not obtain a sight of one of these persons so dear to me, and the disappointment I experienced acted on my nerves so strongly as to produce violent shocks. I closed my eyes a moment, and then I gazed. I saw a reverberatory suspended by cords, and then on the other side of the street the façade of the house I had already perceived. This excited my foolish laughter afresh, and I exclaimed—"What the devil does this house with an oil lamp?" And I laughed with all my

might, saying—"But it is all folly, like the rest; isn't it droll—my God—isn't it droll?" And I danced, and skipped, and slapped my thighs violently, exclaiming—" 'Tis droll! Oh, how I should like to remember that!" In short, I laughed so much that I was obliged to throw off my cravat and collar, for I was nearly stifled. I then heard Alphonse open his door, and tell his wife to bring me a glass of water. "Stop," said I to him, "I hear you at a distance." He approached my hammock, saying to me, "Come, Blouet, you dog, you have made me laugh so much that I have a pain in my side." "If that annoys you," answered I, "I shall leave your house directly;" and, as he was about expostulating, I added, "It is to mortify you I say this; I wish to vex you—it amuses me to vex you. Ah! ah!" said I to Alphonse, "I like you much—I like you so much that I feel I must call you Adolphe, or Adolphine; yes, that is it—I shall call you Adolphine." More laughter. "But 'tis all folly like the rest—I have never been so foolish as I am now; my God, it is droll. Again, I tell you, 'tis droll. Ha! ha! ha! how comical, how funny, how droll it is. Once more, isn't it droll? But I, then, am droll myself—yes, I am droll." The fact is, that by dint of repeating this word, I fancied myself to be the word itself, and, at the same time, striking my thighs, and gesticulating like a puppet, "I could dance capitally; yes, I am going to dance in the chamber—no, it is too small." I then drank a glass of water, for I was choking with laughter. I again cast my eyes on the glass, and perceived something like a statue lying on a tomb, the hands crossed over the chest. On examining further I distinguished a dead body in this position, which, from the white coat and head-dress, I believed to be that of an Austrian soldier. As I strove to drive away this vision, my nerves, already agitated, were strongly affected, and I experienced powerful shocks in all my limbs. "Hold," I exclaimed, "I am going to have a nervous

attack." Alphonse approached with a view to calm me. "No, no, let me alone," said I to him; "I am very well: it is good to have a nervous attack. If it is thus that women have them, we are very wrong to pity them, and believe they suffer. It is very amusing; I feel all my nerves grow stiff; I seem to be in a bath of pleasure;" then, shutting my eyes, and placing both my hands on my forehead, I uttered a mental prayer, and begged God to cause some beautiful vision to appear. My conception thereupon developed itself to a degree I cannot express, and it was given to me to comprehend everything. As my ideas were first directed to the corpse, I could perceive what it was to die, and in this manner: I saw myself die; my body was stretched out on the bed, and my soul escaped from all parts of it like a thick black smoke, but instead of being dissipated in the atmosphere, this smoke was condensed two feet above my body, and formed a body in every respect like that which it had just quitted. "Oh, how beautiful it is!" I cried. "Alphonse, my friend, I have just died. I comprehend death. I comprehend how we die, and why we die. Oh, how sublime that is!" I then passed into a state of which I have preserved no recollection. I think I did not speak, and know not how long a time I continued in it. When I returned to myself I wept so abundantly that I felt the collar of my shirt quite wet. At the noise of my weeping and exclamations, Madame Cahagnet and Madame Adèle ran forward, with the conviction that I was ill. I understood their arrival, and why they came. "Don't be afraid," said I to them; "I am well, very well—I am not suffering; I weep because it is to me a supreme happiness to weep. Alphonse, on earth one cannot comprehend happiness. Know, then, that the greatest happiness may be the greatest suffering; the greatest felicity may consist in having the heart pierced with a sword. Alphonse, you do not weep, but I should wish to see you burst out sobbing; it seems as though

you would be like me, perfectly happy. I comprehend virtue—I comprehend crime—for nothing is permitted except by the infinite goodness of God! You will never comprehend this infinite goodness. God is so good that he has been pleased to grant that I who know nothing should comprehend the wonders of creation—and do you know why? Because I have prayed to him. God is happy that we should pray to him, if I dare thus to express myself, and in order to *thank me* for my prayer, he has sent me this ecstasy. The word thank says too much; but the word recompense would not sufficiently convey my thought. I would give five hundred thousand francs, if I had them, that you could see what I see. When I say *I see*, I deceive myself; I ought to say *I feel*, for I see nothing—I have a kind of mist before my eyes. It is singular—my ideas succeed each other with so much rapidity that I have not time to express them, and whilst I pronounce a word representing an idea, an entire world of ideas appears to me, and makes me lose the idea I was going to communicate to you—and I see these ideas; they follow each other in succession, as the teeth of one wheel catch in a series. When I am in my ordinary state, all this is incomprehensible; it is because I am confined in a miserable material envelope—in a pitcher—that is the word—and in fact, why should I not dash this pitcher to pieces?" And I commence striking my head with my fists. I felt no pain, but on my revival I clearly perceived that I had hurt myself. Alphonse threw himself upon me, and I felt him breathe strongly on my forehead, in order to free me from the bad fluid; after a few longitudinal passes I became calm. On this head I may inform those persons who wish to enter into this state, that it would be perhaps dangerous to have near them a knife. Not that in beating myself with my fist I had any intention of committing suicide. I wished solely to show Alphonse the contempt one must feel for one's material envelope; but it is possible

that the better to prove this contempt a person might take a knife and plunge it in his heart. For a moment I embraced all creation. Thus I said—"I am myself, I am you, I am us, I am madame, I am the house, the sky, I am God, I am everything. Swedenborg is right in saying that we have in us a universe, since I can clasp the universe in one embrace. Creation is everything, and creation is nothing; it is everything, since it is composed of all that has been created; it is nothing for me, since I can be it. What I feel—what I experience at this moment it is impossible you should comprehend. Stay, listen, my friend, I am going to try to explain it to you. But in reality it would be useless, for you would not comprehend it. What was I going to say—I no longer know. My speech, although it may appear to you very quick, is so slow that while I am expressing my thought, my ideas vanish with inconceivable rapidity. Wait, it is about to come back to me, I will that it should return." I rest my head a moment on the hammock. "Ah, here it is: I told you that you could not understand me—well, judge; I comprehend that you do not comprehend me, and I comprehend how it happens that I myself comprehend. See to what loftiness of conception I have attained; you are only able to conceive material acts. Thus—to touch: hold, I touch your arm; being a material act you can conceive it, but to comprehend it is an intellectual act, and you cannot conceive it, because you are enveloped in matter; myself, I conceive it because I am disengaged from matter. I make use, indeed, of my material mouth to speak. That is true; without that you would not understand me; but it is not my body that speaks, it is my spirit; it ascends to my mouth and issues from it, as by a door or a window, under the form of a small flame, to communicate with you. At this moment I seem as though I were at my window, and that I am speaking to some one in the street; it is no longer my material enve-

lope that thinks and acts, it is myself. In our psychological conversations we call our bodies pitchers. Oh, they are in truth really pitchers, or rather not so, they are not even pitchers, for pitchers still imply stone, and these are not even sand-stone—they are miserable matter. Stay, they are less than nothing, and I am ashamed of them—pah! Ah! what beautiful things I see at this moment. How unhappy I should be if I recollected that in my material state. I wish not to recall it; 'tis done, I will not recall it. Imagine to yourself that I can do everything I wish. I wish not to conceive, and I press my head with both hands. Well, I do not conceive. I let go my head. Now I wish to conceive, and I conceive. In saying that I could embrace creation, you must understand that for spirits there is no space; neither is there any time for them: thus one second may be ten thousand years, and ten thousand years may be one second. Oh! but you cannot understand me. Oh, my God! I would give forty years of my life to be able to make you comprehend that. Do you see, there is a second? I say, do you see? but you do not see it; but I see it. Well, this second, I will that it shall last ten thousand years; well, it has lasted ten thousand years; at this moment ten thousand years are only a second; I comprehend all that, and also that it can be so. Good God! I comprehend eternity. I say eternity very quickly. Well, then, I have not been any time at all in pronouncing it—not even the millionth part of a second. On the contrary I now say eter-ni-ty slowly. Well, I have been three thousand years in pronouncing this word, because it has pleased me to pronounce it during three thousand years. Swedenborg, whom we so much venerate, was not in a different state from mine. I see what he has seen, and comprehend what he comprehended. Oh, I am as great as Swedenborg myself! I am his equal: I understand now equality and fraternity. Oh, how right we were in following that Divine precept; yes, all men are

equal. How should one man be superior to another man, when I myself am equal to Swedenborg. Stay—bring me a great general, a king, an emperor, with a robe embroidered with gold and silver, and daubed all over with ribbons and decorations, and his crown on his head—what is all that for me? Nothing, less than nothing. Stay—I scorn it, I despise it—I spit upon it. Ah, what miserable dust! Oh, yes, we are brothers. Oh, if you knew how much I love you! if you could comprehend how good it is to love one another. Hold! I am about fully to comprehend Divine love. Wait! I perceive as in a distant picture two material beings, completely naked, approaching each other; they enter into amorous union, and lavish on each other material caresses. I see a little farther off two spirits meeting; they are much more beautiful: the woman has long hair hanging down; she resembles Eve as she is generally represented. Well, they accost each other smiling, and merely grasp each other's hand; they then turn from me, and walk down a long avenue of poplars. There is as much difference in pleasure between our terrestrial love and this simple touching of hands, as there is between an ant and an elephant. Judge, then, by this what Divine love is—a simple grasp of the hand. See, I touch your hand, and you feel merely a contact. It is because on earth we know not how, we are not able, to feel; yet we say that we have five senses, and are very proud of being able to explain our sensations; but since we do not experience any, and our material garb prevents us doing so, what the devil do you talk to me about sensations? Poor human race! Truly that is pitiable!” Seeing the extreme agitation I was in, Madame Cahagnet and Madame Adèle were far from being reassured, and prepared to go out: I understood it all. “Stay, ladies,” said I to them; “you see that I am quite well.” “We are not afraid,” they said. “I beg your pardon, you seem disturbed; I beg you will be quite easy concerning me—I am very

happy." "These ladies," said Alphonse, "are going to get you a glass of *eau sucrée*, for you seem very thirsty." The ecstasy ceased, and as I was in reality very dry, I drank off the water at a draught. My first care was to thank God for having been pleased to make me comprehend what I had comprehended.

I chatted tranquilly enough with Alphonse for about five minutes, and had just seated myself on a chair when Madame Adèle came in; she had hardly entered than I was seized with a fit of mad laughter, and the ecstasy recommenced. "Come—that's good—here he is again," said Alphonse. "Yes," replied I, "and it is by the will of God that I have obtained this last ecstasy. Listen to me, and you shall understand how great is the goodness of God; my words will serve likewise to corroborate what I told you about prayer. Attend to me carefully. I just now returned thanks to God; well, he has rewarded me for it instantly. Madame, there, was uneasy concerning my state; no longer hearing me speak, and thinking me to be ill, she has come hastily to see how I am." Madame Adèle endeavoured to deny this. "Oh, do not defend yourself—it is useless," said I to her. "I see perfectly well all that you feel; well, then, God who has also perceived your disquietude, has willed that you should come here, and has permitted me to have a fresh ecstasy in order that you may be completely reassured; and that you may be fully convinced I am not suffering in any respect, my ecstasy has commenced with foolish laughter. Be therefore perfectly tranquil; God wills that I should reassure you; be fully persuaded of what I tell you." Madame Adèle confessed afterwards that in reality she had been afraid, and that when she heard these words all her apprehensions were dissipated. Alphonse asked me whether, in order to see all I had seen, and comprehend what I had comprehended, my spirit had not quitted my body? "No," replied I, "my spirit and my body have not quitted each other a single

instant; that could not be, and I will tell you why presently; but God has willed, however, that I should comprehend all things. Thus at this moment, my soul and body are perfectly united, and yet I see the one very distinct from the other. If I may make use of a trivial comparison, the effect it has on me is precisely that of a loaf of sugar covered with thick blue paper. My body appears to me just as you knew it; as to my soul, it is of the same form exactly, but it resembles a phosphorescent flame, an *ignis fatuus* enveloped in that matter you are acquainted with, and that we have termed a pitcher. If my spirit could for an instant have quitted my body, I might have embraced my brother Ernest, who, as you know, is dead, for I much wished to do so; I have thought of it a long time, and strongly desired it, but that could not be; not because God willed it not, but because it was impossible to him, in spite of his omnipotence. I know not, or I do not see the motive; or rather I cannot tell it you, but I understand it well. Listen well to this:—God is all-powerful, it is true, but, despite of that, there are things he cannot do. On this point, listen. He wills that I should recall some words that struck me in my state of wakefulness. Lacordaire one day pronounced these words—‘God has made the world in virtue of a mathematical law from which he cannot deviate, in spite of his omnipotence. Thus, he cannot cause the radii of a circle to be unequal; and if he can permit that tomorrow should not take place, he cannot will that yesterday should not have existed.’ I have comprehended these words in my wakeful state, and they have served as the basis of some of my reasonings; but now that I recall them, I comprehend them much better still, and I perceive how sublime they are, because I understand them spiritually, and comprehend the sense of the literal phrase. It is the same with regard to our earthly conception as with our sensations; we think we understand, as we think we feel; but we no more understand

than we feel. These words have been given to Lacordaire by inspiration—by whom? By whom! I know that they have been inspired by God, or his good angel, or a spirit, and that under the form of a fluid. Stay; I can make you understand that better. See here is my hand; I open it; I wish to discharge the fluid. Well, I perceive it disengaging itself from my fingers like a radiation; this fluid goes straight to Lacordaire, who is in the pulpit, introduces itself into him, and re-issues from his mouth under the form of these words—‘God has created the world in virtue of a mathematical law from which he cannot depart, in spite of his omnipotence.’” Here the ecstasy ceased entirely; it was half-past five o’clock. It lasted, therefore, about one hour and a half. I had a good appetite; I dined—after which I went to bed with some oppression of the head, which vanished with the night.

BLOUET,
Journalist.

ALF. I shall add no reflection to the termination of this sitting. Like all those I am about to bring before you, I present them in all their simplicity and incoherence, in order that you may draw the conclusions you deem in accordance with the metaphysical propositions I have advanced.

SECOND ECSTASY.

Sunday, July 16th, 1848.—At half-past ten o’clock, at M. Cahagnet’s house, I took three grammes of hashish in half a cup of coffee. In an hour the effect was apparent: I felt prickings in the legs and feet; I looked steadfastly at a glass, and at the end of a quarter of an hour I could not detach my gaze from it; I walked about a moment afterwards, and then I lay down again. Then it was that a foolish gaiety took

possession of me: in the midst of this unconnected chatter, during which I talked constantly to myself, I was astonished at knowing that I should remember all these follies. It would seem that this state is produced to make us understand, by direct evidence, that there are really in us two distinct beings, the one acting in this moment of intoxication, the other a cold spectator of that machine performing its functions, and which says to it, "Since you laugh and say absurd things, whatever you do, whatever you say, I shall recall to you all that you are now doing, and you shall understand that I am perfectly independent of your material body, which gesticulates at this moment." This appears to me evident, as respects every individual who has passed through this state.

I became calm after that. It is then that images present themselves to you; hardly is a question suggested than you have the solution, oftentimes instantaneous, or you do not obtain it. This does not happen by means of phrases, but by the very images themselves of the thoughts they represent. The activity of the mind is stimulated to such a degree, that nothing seems impossible for it to resolve; you receive the answer to a problem by the image itself, and since you cannot reproduce it, it follows that you comprehend it, without being able either to transmit it to others, or to make it comprehensible by speech.

I cannot write all that I said, and especially all I saw, during three hours: words would fail to interpret the sensations which the soul experiences. I am simply about to try to transcribe a portion of them, and although I cannot reproduce these tableaux, they are not the less faithfully impressed on my mind; it is sufficient for me to think of them to see them again.

I commenced by having evidence as to the soul. I felt the goodness of the Creator; I saw with sadness that mortals did not comprehend Him; and so deeply was I pained at it, that tears of regret fell from my

eyes. But what joy I experienced at comprehending and feeling this truth ! I was no longer on earth ; I could have wished never more to return there ; but I thought of my family, and perceived the necessity of again descending to it.

A great question occupied me : I wished to know what conclusion I ought to come to touching free will. I cannot state what I fully comprehended and saw. To me it was rendered evident that man has a knowledge of good and evil, and has the power of choice. I had the conviction of this, although, when I endeavoured to prove it, I was stopped, and could not continue ; yet, though I knew that free will exists, it is, perhaps, necessary that this question should never be entirely resolved. I also perceived that M. Cahagnet, who was present, would be convinced of it in the end, despite the contrary opinion he holds, and which will continue some time longer.

It was demonstrated to me that God is present throughout all things—even within that, said I, striking the table. I understood likewise the nature of space and creation. I saw a ball two inches in diameter, upon which all creation seemed to be represented. This ball appeared to be detached in the midst of a vast space, in order to make me better comprehend that, little voluminous as this point might be, all things were reunited in it (I refer only to things terrestrial). At the end of this vision, St. Petersburg presented itself before me, and I saw it very distinctly.

M. Cahagnet invited me to seek to comprehend heaven. At this suggestion an infinity of groups and persons, very distinct from one another, presented themselves. I understood by these groups, that heaven is a state in which we are to be re-assembled together in societies. At this moment I seemed as if I saw the Creator under the appearance of a human form. But in what ecstasy I was plunged ; what happiness I tasted ; how meanly I estimated our learned men ; how

clearly I perceived that they knew nothing, and therefore it was I disdained them. I pronounced their names with the same contempt, the same sense of pettiness, that I suddenly felt in comparing a cloud to the rest of creation and the universe; this sentiment found expression in these words, which I can recollect—"A cloud, what is that?" Well, the learned appeared to me as small (in comparison with what I saw and of which they were ignorant) as this cloud opposed to entire creation, which creation I comprehended with its space, centred in a point, in no matter what spot of the globe; that is to say, in these three words I comprehend that in which all things are included, which are, that *all* is in all and *throughout all*.

Among the visions of the future, I perceived Paris. It was gloomy; I saw the houses falling. It seems to me as if I saw fire, but I very clearly saw blood in the streets at the same time that I viewed the fallen houses. I saw on a dome the number 9 very distinctly; it appeared to me to be preceded by other figures, but I could not distinguish them. I saw, not in Paris itself, but in the neighbourhood of Paris, men in green coats; they fired off muskets, and seemed to me very numerous. While this devastation was going on, I saw M. Cahagnet in a small town; some one told me that he was forewarned of what he should do when these disasters happened; that he had a mission to fulfil; that he was not to occupy himself with events that must take place, but to continue his work. I also saw the assassination of an eminent personage, M. D. L.

Two days after this state, the remembrance of all these images was still so distinct, that a certain ennui reigned in my soul. Everything seemed to me dull in comparison with what I had seen. The sensations of the soul are so vivid, and one derives from them so great a happiness, that all terrestrial emotions and enjoyments seem but nothing. But all is now vanished, and though still retaining the recollection of these

images, one again enters the terrestrial state without so much regret.

Such is the summary of what I have seen and experienced during and at the close of this state.

L. LECOCQ,
Horloger de la Marine.

THIRD ECSTASY.

July 28, 1848.—Doctor W—— having heard me relate the marvellous properties of hashish, wished to take some, and came to my house for that purpose, as I had assured him that if administered under the direction of a person who understood its effects, more satisfactory results would be obtained than when taken alone, or in the company of persons who might be excited to laughter by it.

It was half-past nine in the morning when the Doctor took three grammes; at noon the foolish laughter commenced. Much astonished at this fit of gaiety without any reason for it, he asked me whether he should be again affected by it. On my word of honour, a few minutes had hardly elapsed than another attack seized him. I made him place himself in a suitable position, and the ecstasy took place. I wrote down what follows under his dictation:—"How beautiful is all that I see and feel! every thing changes its place. I quit this globe, O my God! I am in a bath of pleasure; my matter evaporates; my voice is no more my own; I am no longer myself—what happiness (and deep sighs followed)! How extraordinary all this is—what a picture! I weep, but it is from extreme pleasure. Oh, my God, how good thou art! Is it because I have never sought to harm any one that thou puttest me in this state? Deign still to protect me. What ecstasy! I see an immense horizon, with a thousand colours; every object detaches itself. I perceive streets, houses,

and mountains. If I were but more detached from matter ! Separate thyself, my soul, and soar above this sublime creation. Look ! that is droll ; my limbs lengthen out indefinitely. But how grand and sublime is all this. I see an immensity of people in the valleys, as well as pictures without meaning ; for it is matter in vapour, which is the same thing. Everything disengages itself ; it is immense, and it is nothing. What a nature is this ! It is virgin nature—how beautiful, how admirable it is ! It is a vapour as white as milk ; it is a light whiter still. Ah ! how this colour suits the soul, for that is as white and pure as itself ; but to see and judge of these things, one must be freed from matter. There is something else besides matter—it is paradise ; but is sweet, it is the fusion of the whole. Oh, how pure, how soft, how beautiful is the heavenly light ! How it is blended and harmonised ! The earth ! but the earth is only a chaos ! If men knew they would despise this terrestrial life ; they understand nothing ; they have not the power to be happy. I see whatever I wish to see ; I know whatever I wish to know. Write down this. It is the spirit which supports matter ; it is that which is the central point. The attraction, the magic of creation, the soul, is God in the perfectibility of matter, which I see absorbed in a point which is the whole. Although a point, God is the pivot, the central point ; all is combined there. It is a force, a law. God is the union of all things ; he is the harmony of the whole. There are no bad actions. These are aberrations from general laws—a wheel which revolves and catches. Man can do nothing ; all is the work of God. Free-will—it is a fiction ; every one contributes his part by his actions to the harmony of the whole. The bad actions are ordained ; they are angular points, detached forces which gravitate and rejoin unity, which is itself movement. Everything is useful and concurs to the conservation of the whole in its entirety and in its parts. Thanks, my God, for having demonstrated

to me, and made me comprehend these things. God, from whom all has emanated, is a white, pure, and simple light; the rays which come down to us are divided only in relation to the distance of our globe from this Divine point. It is our matter, or the media which this light traverses in order to reach us, that causes us to perceive it in rays; without the help of these we should be unable to see it in our material state. All springs from this point, God; all returns to it. What admirable harmony!"

The effects here cease, and leave the Doctor possessed of clear and precise ideas on what he has seen; which, he said, will enable him to write a work which, handled by a man so well informed, will project one ray more on psychological science, and enlighten the world of spiritualism on the harmony of the two worlds, and the different states of creation.

The doctor is by no means a spiritualist as we understand it. He is a believer in free will, and would be very mortified, like all the learned world, if he allowed himself to stop at the idea that we are only machines destined to compare and wonder on this globe, sweating with pride at every pore. The definition he gives us, contrary to his mode of thinking in this respect, merits some attention on the part of persons who may read this work. It is as rich in expression, as demonstrative in a few lines. That which he likewise gives us on the primary substance of creation, which is Divine light, has much analogy with the nature of our sun described by Swedenborg, to Adèle, which was itself only a ray of the Divine sun. One of my friends, M. Renard de Rambouillet, had urged on this point a very logical objection, in saying that if this ray were not materialised by the strata it passed through in order to reach us, we should be unable to see it with our material eyes. The doctor demonstrates to us, that these Divine rays are rays only by the division which matter operates on them, materialising them—must we say?—at their

extremities in terrestrial globes such as ours. This definition of the doctor has reference to the observation of my friend, and proves that what Adèle has said with respect to our sun* is not an error, although astronomical science will long combat this truth, which springs from too humble a source to be elevated to her level.

FOURTH ECSTASY.

SECOND SITTING OF M. BLOUET.

On the 27th of July, 1848, I take for the second time some hashish at my friend Alphonse Cahagnet's. I had taken care to write beforehand the questions he was to put to me. The hashish produces its effect this time in an hour and a half after I had taken it. A silly laughter which I can with difficulty master takes possession of me ; I gambol about, &c. At last Alphonse makes me sensible that I ought to give my attention to serious matters, of which I had begged him to remind me. In an instant I feel my whole body grow stiff ; I was lying on a hammock, and I felt it prolong itself to infinity, without its quitting the chamber, nevertheless, so that the objects situated at my feet seemed to me at a prodigious distance. I ought to state that at each apparition of pictures I have had, the same phenomenon was renewed. I had my eyes fixed upon a small glass at the foot of the bed ; some images present themselves which I cannot clearly distinguish. At length I have a distinct but horrible vision. It is a picture the ground of which is entirely black ; in the distance are tombs with crowns of immortelles, weeping willows, cypresses, &c. ; in the foreground at the left the pillars at the entrance of a mansion are adorned with crowns of white immortelles, and seem to grin ; at the right is

* See first volume of "The Secrets of the Life to Come," to be obtained of G. Peirce, Publisher, 310, Strand.

a tall monk enveloped in a robe of black woollen cloth; his hood is turned back as far as the forehead, permitting me to see, not the countenance of a man, but the head of an owl; the eyes, mouth, and nose vomit flames: one would say the head was empty, and that a candle was burning in the interior; the beads of the chaplet attached to his ceinture, and which falls down over his left leg, are also luminous. This picture is frightful: I imagine that it forebodes some misfortune to me, and wish to get rid of it; but that is impossible. Eight or ten times I close my eyes, and still on opening them I discover the same image. I cannot tell the meaning of it. "Well, leave that," said Alphonse to me, "and pay attention to your first question; that of resolving free will." "Wait, you go too fast; it is impossible that this apparition, which constantly returns, should be without some signification for me. Stay—that is it precisely; it proves to me that I am not free." "Why?" "Do you not see?—I ask to know whether man is not endowed with free will. A frightful image presents itself to my sight; I cannot send it away. I say, nevertheless, I am free: it answers me, as though sneeringly, 'Fool, since thou art free, then drive away this image which pursues and besets thee, and frightens thee with its horrible aspect.' Come, disappear, vision, I will it—I command you to do so." It remains. "In the name of God," said Alphonse to me. "Oh, yes, that is it; in the name of God, horrible image, I command thee to go away. It remains—do you see? there it is—it does not quit me. If I am free, I drive thee away in the name of God; understandest thou—it is my will—go away. It is still there; it seems to deride and defy me; well, it is settled, man is not free." I cause the glass to be removed, for I cease not to see the same thing. "Now," said Alphonse, "you have demanded to see whether the philosopher's stone exists." I then perceive a beautiful garden adorned with trees and garlands of the finest flowers; in the

midst of the garden is a basin, with a *jet d'eau*, the upper portion of which, formed of a slab of marble, is rather elevated. It is not a jet of water that escapes, but a red stone two fingers in length; it is the philosopher's stone. It seems to be in an inaccessible spot, and that no one can reach it, it being surrounded with innumerable obstacles. Twice the same vision appears to me; twice the same obstacles present themselves. I am permitted to see the stone because I have asked to do so, but I am made also to understand that it is prohibited to me to comprehend it; I can see, but I cannot understand either the matter of which it is composed, or how to fabricate it. "I am no farther advanced than before," said I; "let us quit that." [I here purposely suppress a vision of a wholly personal nature that my friend had, in which are included several predictions, as well in relation to himself as concerning Paris. If its accomplishment takes place, there will still be time to consult the *procès-verbal*, signed by several persons, to establish its authenticity.] I continue—"Here is the sea; in the distance a luminous beacon, and on its shores tombs with corpses on them; what does that signify? The meaning is, that the shore is the earth; that our terrestrial state is death, and that we have a sea of miseries and storms to pass over before we arrive at heaven, which is the light-house of life I perceive afar off; there only shall we really exist. I see my affianced bride; she is fair and very handsome; she is an angel: that ought not to surprise you, for it is not her material form I see, but really her soul. She is on her knees receiving the communion. I am there standing before her; my heart, under the form of a brilliant sun, approaches her's, which is in every respect like it; they unite; ah, what sweet pleasure! what divine ecstasy! I am in her, and she in me; our two souls are blended together; they form only one. That is the true communion. She wishes to be a nun; she wishes to de-

vote herself to God, and it is to me that her vows are made." "Are you, then, God?" asked Alphonse. "No, but when a woman takes the veil, she says she takes God for her spouse; now, it is I who am her spouse—the god to whom she gives her soul, since her soul belongs to me as mine is hers. This is the true vow of souls; there are no others: we think we give ourselves to God, and we give ourselves to the being whom God has created for our infinite felicity, and who, after all, is nothing but an emanation from God. My God! how I thank thee!—how beautiful she is!

. The work I am writing will be printed, but not until after the next insurrection—which does not, however, give me the least idea when it will take place. I see Raphael, who is watching over me; he is all in gold; stay—he is just like the Genius of Liberty on La Place de la Bastille; I am at the foot of the column, and am writing. He waves a torch in his left hand; he shakes it and causes flames to fall upon me which enlighten and inspire me. This luminous torch serves also to drive away the wicked spirits who desire to encompass me; they are all black; I see them flee away in terror, before the gesture of Raphael.

* * * * *

"I have told you that my wife would go to the ball; I know already what dress she will put on to-day; I will wager that she will wear a dress of striped silk. You will reply to me that there is nothing astonishing in that, seeing that I have only to tell her to do so; but you would be in error; she must put on that dress this very day. It is decreed, whether I, her brother, or any one else tell her so. That will take place, and if it be myself, it is written that she shall follow my counsel. That is all. In order to prove to me how far everything is decreed before-hand—I see a river over which impend some blocks of stone; here is a small one betwixt wind and water; well, it is ordained that this stone shall be

there until such a day ; that the river shall flow over it, leave it dry, or dash against it sometimes to the height of five or six inches, sometimes to a height greater or less. The things which seem to us the most trivial are all decreed in advance ; it is precisely that which constitutes the harmony of nature. I have told you that my wife's going to the ball proved to me two things at once. Yes, an image can, without varying, show many things, a million if it pleases ; thus the same image returns to me—doubtless to make me comprehend this, and prove to me a third thing ? No, not at all ; it proves nothing. Precisely because it proves nothing to me, although I see it perfectly, and it has already proved something, it may, with greater reason, prove a million of things, since in remaining before my eyes it proves nothing. It may prove everything, since I see it. I know not if it is possible for you to comprehend this reasoning."

* * * * *

I see C—— go up to heaven ; he is reclining ; two spirits carry the feet, two others support the head, which reposes on a cushion. He appears to be very happy ; he has been assassinated. Yes, I perceive two men. Oh, how black and gloomy are their minds ; the one breathes something in the ear of the other. This last takes a poniard, and strikes C—— in the breast, and over the left side. It is over ; I see only confused images. My ecstasy lasted two hours !

BLOUET.

FIFTH ECSTASY.

THIRD SITTING OF M. BLOUET.

On the 6th August, 1848, my friend wished to obtain some solutions of a personal nature by means of a third experiment of the hashish. The effects are not per-

ceptible until three hours after ingestion. They are less pronounced. They are not preceded by absurd laughter; visions slower and less clearly marked than before present themselves. The full ecstatic state at length arrives, and my friend profits by it to resolve some questions which he has prepared. He is very well satisfied with the responses, which are made to him through allegorical pictures. I arrest his attention on this question. If we are not free, in what respect can our prayers be agreeable to God? He answers me that he is shown a road of extraordinary length, leading to a kind of throne, on which he perceives a brilliant sun. He is told—the problem is there, but it is not easy to get there. After a momentary mental struggle, he thus replies—"God is content that we should pray to him, because he has commanded it; he grants us with pleasure what we ask of him by his order, as a father is happy in receiving the caress of a child whom he has taught to do so. I see a child on the knees of a man; the latter appears very happy to receive the caresses which the child would have been unable to give if they had not been taught him. I see also another picture, representing a young woman who accords with pleasure favours which she does all in her power to withhold. She appears happy in granting them, even while appearing to refuse them. I do not know whether you will be able to understand these propositions, but language fails to explain them otherwise. These are things which are to be felt, and not to be demonstrated in the state I am in. I feel that God must be happy in being prayed to, although he has himself taught us to pray."

My friend terminates this ecstasy with a vision of an immense horizon, which causes him to exclaim—"What pretty colours! what harmony! what splendour! what immensity! How grand and worthy of admiration is all this!" After violent efforts to see his brother who is dead, he cannot attain his object, according to his wish. Not being able to see his face, he

is fully assured, however, that his brother is present before him! But one would say that God wishes to place limits to the desires of man, in order that he may not believe that what he sees while in this state is the effect of his imagination. It is what happens to all the persons I have seen in this state; they obtain, in many instances, by a hundred-fold, more than their desires, and in others they can obtain nothing, despite the strongest efforts of their will.

SIXTH ECSTASY.

On the 1st August, 1848, M. l'Abbé A—— takes three grammes of hashish at noon. We then open a metaphysical discussion, at the end of which we touch upon various theological questions. Knowing this gentleman to possess deep erudition on this subject, I press him rather hard in order to stimulate his ideas, with a view to obtain clearer solutions when the state of ecstasy should arrive. At three o'clock some visions, beautiful, but of no significance, present themselves to his sight; these are fine gardens, houses, spires, all of which pass rapidly away. His nervous system is very tranquil; he feels no spasm, nor any need of gesticulating, like all those who have preceded him. His calmness is so soothing that an ordinary slumber comes over him. I breathe on his forehead, which dissipates it entirely. The visions begin to pass before his eyes with the previous rapidity. They are of different countries in which he has sojourned or passed through. I then address to him the question respecting free will. He tells me—"They answer me by pictures, doubtless, in order to mock me; I see soldiers in red uniforms, trees, and houses." I conclude from thence that if these tableaux are veritably the response to this question, nothing can be found more of a slave than a soldier, and especially those who are clothed in red, which is the English uniform. What can be found less free

than a tree and a house? This answer would, then, be in favour of non-free will. To set down here the multitude of places and pictures seen by the Abbé would be impossible. Among them were superb galleries, houses in ruins, lofty mountains, precipices, transparent mansions, colossal fortresses, bristling with cannon, gardens, and an immense horizon. All these pictures seem to be the answer given to this question—What is good and evil?

In this multitude of beautiful and terrifying pictures, an allegorical response may be found; but it does not answer to the sense that he attached to this question—whence springs good and evil? Are they both useful? Doubtless, in admitting that all these visions proceed from the world of causes, viewing them in that light, we should have the key to the manifestation of good and evil in the material world, or world of effects. They prove likewise that good and evil are inseparable by the assemblage of beautiful and hateful monuments, of mountains and valleys, gardens and precipices, fairy-like mansions, and fortifications mounted with cannon; for how could it be seen that this is a mountain if there were not a valley by which it is marked out; that this transparent mansion can represent happiness, tranquillity, and peace, if there were no objects of destruction, such as forts, artillery, &c.? How should we understand beauty and harmony, if we could not compare them with ugliness and disorder?

At length, M. l'Abbé desires to know if man is responsible for the good and evil that he does? What he is sent to do on earth? If animals have a soul, and whether they go to heaven after death? In order to obtain these solutions, he prays earnestly, saying—"Lord, I seek only for truth, the entire truth, in order to teach it to my fellow men; if thou findest me worthy of it, deign to reveal it to me. Is the soul mortal or not? Moses speaks not of it. Whither goes it after the death of the body—tell me? Oh,

Lord, show it to me! Oh, my God, it is not pride which causes me to elevate myself to thee, it is the need of being instructed. Pardon me if I am culpable; thy judgments are profound and just; I am only a miserable being, but I seek the truth in order to amend myself, and adore thee eternally. We are so small a thing, O my God! that thou shouldst take pity on us!"

"Ah! what a charming habitation—what a brilliant light I see. Bring me to thyself, O Lord, have pity on me. I will love thee with my whole heart—thou art so good. But it is heaven I see: permit me—send me, O God, among men to announce and explain to them thy law. I shall fear no one out of love for thee. Grant me this grace, my God! The ignorance of men is so great. I have been ignorant like them, but if they knew what I now know! Thou wilt permit me to go to heaven after death—to return hither; but I have not deserved it. Thanks, thanks, my God. How miserable is this earth; but it is needful we should suffer—yes, it is useful—it is useful. How superb is all that I see! I perceive at the base of these immense rocks, small luminous globes which elevate themselves to these infinite heights; it is told me that these are souls that ascend to heaven. These rocks form collectively a tower of magnificent architecture."

He encounters a learned theologian, with whom he holds discussion during a good half-hour; he appears disposed to pass the whole Bible in review. His arguments are strong and logical; he is the vanquisher in every article; the other cannot, or knows not what to reply. It is impossible for me to render an account of this admirable discussion, which would have been endless, if I had not breathed on his forehead, in order to change the nature of his ideas. . . . He perceives souls that are blacker than the rest: he asks why they are of that colour; he is informed that they are purifying themselves. "Who has created them?" "God."

H

"Why has he made them black?" "Who has permitted you to put that question?" "Pardon, my God; it is because I am in search of the truth." "If you seek the truth, and you find it, you shall endure its consequences. Seek it, and take care lest you find it." He continues his discussion, puts questions, and receives responses, and at length exclaims, "If all I see be thoughts under their genuine forms, and I have all these in myself, since it is said that this state and these visions are only an effect of imagination, I ought to possess these thoughts by millions and thousands of millions to infinity; and truly the state in which I now am is a hundred times preferable to the ordinary state." He returns to his questions, and exclaims, "Where is thy centre, O my God? It is a sphere: I see thee only by thy effects. All these globes prove to me thy majesty; but where is thy principal seat? It is on this elevation!!! I will adore thee and will sing thy praises for ever; it is now that I see the beauty of thy creation. What a divine creation! Let us praise the Lord! All that we suffer is nothing compared with the happiness reserved for us. God is a pinnacle to which all the world does not mount: it is by degrees that we arrive there. Vivat! vivat! how charming it is!—what colours! what harmony! what soft music! how grand and sublime is all this!"

The ecstasy is complete. When M. l'Abbé descends from heaven, he says that it is at an infinite height, and that one does not reach it except by gradations, &c., &c. This gentleman, who had read the "Treatise on Heaven and Hell," by Swedenborg, which I had lent him, returned it to me without attaching any value to it; but when his ecstasy was over, he continued to converse with spirits, using very powerful arguments; they replied to him in the sense of Swedenborg's revelations. These may be judged of by the following question and answer:—"You have gardens, fruits, and herbs; have you rural guards to watch over these

things?"—"We have no need of it, since we possess in a moment all that it is possible for us to desire; it is that which constitutes our heaven." They continued their discussion; but when I believed him to be sufficiently instructed, I drew him out of this state, which lasted three hours, and would not have then ceased. I ought to observe that M. A—— is a stranger, who spoke Latin, Spanish, and Italian, and that it is with some difficulty I have collected in French what has just been read.

SEVENTH ECSTASY.

On the 15th of August, 1848, M. Duteil, member of the Magnetological Society of Paris, takes three grammes of hashish. Two hours afterwards, its effects are manifested by a feeling of intoxication, and a desire to laugh, followed by a sensation of happiness which so completely paralyzes all his limbs, that my friend, in spite of violent efforts, cannot move his legs. . He looks at a small mirror, with a view to facilitate the passing into a state of vision, as is my custom to direct under similar circumstances. He sees a punchinello which makes him laugh heartily; his sensations appear to overpower the visions; tears of happiness without ceasing bathe his visage; he cannot depict the state of beatitude in which he finds himself. A gentle, sweet, lukewarm atmosphere surrounds him—overpowers and penetrates him with pleasure. He desires to obtain a solution relative to the philosopher's stone, having certain notions concerning hermetical science. He receives an answer by means of tableaux, wholly in favour of my way of thinking on this point, and in no respect conformable to his own. Thus he perceives a globe representing the earth, which seems to be covered with a matter of which we have already spoken, and in which he does not believe. He sees springing from it a light at which he cannot gaze steadily, so dazzling are its

brilliancy and whiteness. He is very much astonished at this definition, which can be of no value except to the devotees of this science. He afterwards sees all terrestrial creation represented by pictures full of significance. Desiring likewise to see the consort whom God destines for him in a future state, he then enters into the full state of ecstasy, and perceives an immense horizon adorned with the brightest colours. He cannot doubt but that it is the spiritual atmosphere in which he is bathing, and experiencing the most agreeable sensations. His spouse then appears to him like a lightning-flash, regarding him with a seducing smile; he begs us to make no noise. He tranquilly enjoys a most delicious ecstasy, which is, however, interrupted by the sound of the bells of the neighbouring church; this has a pleasing effect on his nerves, indicating a perfect harmony existing in his body, which, he says, appears as if transformed into a stringed instrument. Each of his nerves and fibres seems to him an harmonious chord which corresponds with these strings, and gives forth a tone which, blended with a vast multitude of others of which that of the bells is the motive power, leaves upon his senses a musical impression as complicated as it is agreeable. He finds himself at once the musician, the music, and the listener. The following morning my friend finds his nerves slightly affected, a sensation which he attributes to the incomprehensible music by which he was acted upon. After three hours passed in this happy state, he resumes the use of his external senses, regretting only that the earth does not yield sensations as sweet.

EIGHTH ECSTASY.

July 2nd, 1848.—M. Blesson, a spiritualist-magnetiser, dealer in paintings, took, like the before-mentioned persons, three grammes of hashish. The effects are not apparent until after two hours and a half, and are in no

wise answerable to his anticipation. The intoxication is perfect, and is manifested by certain tendencies of attraction, which prevent his being able to stand upright, without being in danger of falling down either to the right or the left, in front or behind, which astonishes him very much. He experiences nervous contractions of a very marked description; he defies the most superior forces to match with his, and makes unheard of efforts to prove to us that he could break every bone in his body if he wished; he describes with perfect accuracy the play of the nerves and muscles in great feats of strength. He easily perceives the fluids course through the vessels of his body—gives himself up to bursts of gaiety, sings, gesticulates, declaims, laughs, and is, in short, unable to obtain any spiritual vision. He merely feels a sensation which causes him to appreciate all the happiness experienced by the soul in doing good to our fellow-men. He cannot express this sensation, which is above that which is felt by the senses, and beyond the power of language to translate. This state endures at least three hours, after which he finds himself entirely free from its influence.

Five days after this sitting, my friend, thinking that the dose he had taken was not strong enough to develop that spiritual state into which he desired to enter, took this time four grammes, and felt at the end of three hours only a slight intoxication; even the feeling of gaiety was of brief duration. This sitting was a failure.

Five days later, M. Blesson again took four grammes, imagining there might have been physical or moral dispositions tending to paralyse the last sitting. We waited this time six hours in vain; my friend experienced not the least sensation. We were unable satisfactorily to account for this phenomenon. It is sufficient for us to mention it, in order to its receiving due attention.

NINTH ECSTASY.

M. ROUSTAN, WATCHMAKER.

This gentleman takes the ordinary dose of hashish at half-past eleven o'clock; the first effects are not felt until four o'clock; they would have amounted to nothing if I had not given him a dose of my somnambulic liqueur. This gentleman had prepared a number of questions, the solution of which he wished to obtain while in this state; but he could not thus succeed in his purpose. Tableaux, more or less harmonised, presented themselves to his view, and did not always afford an answer to his questions, which may be divided into three classes—psychological, religious, and political; the psychological questions were to learn whether we were born materially several times on earth. M. Roustan believed in the affirmative, on the faith of his somnambulists, who had assured him that he had already lived materially several times; he believes he has been the child of Noah, the good thief, &c. He desires to know whether this is true: the reply was in the form of an allegorical picture representing three globes, one of which was brighter than the others; then there appeared before him an immense crowd of souls, of the usual height, form, and colour, passing into a state of obscurity, darkness, and death, and next, repassing into their first condition, and seeming to make the circuit of an isle, and losing themselves in its windings. This response will be categorical to those who give credence to the revelation on this head contained in the first volume of "The Secrets;" but it failed to destroy the belief that M. Roustan entertains of having appeared several times on earth.

The religious question was embodied in various pictures representing Christ and the Virgin, as well on the cross as on a high mountain, and different allegories of Scripture; the whole intermingled with animals of all

kinds, by whose importunate presence the perceptions of M. Roustan were incessantly fettered.

With regard to the question of politics, the answer was given in a view of a terrible hurricane, carrying away heaps of straw, followed by an innumerable host of warriors, traversing with the rapidity of lightning a mountain, which barred their passage, and halting in a vast space strewn with blocks of freestone.

A thousand visions, each more varied than the rest, appeared to him with incredible rapidity, presenting to him the strangest objects; water, seas, and animals especially predominated. With a view to establish a little harmony in his ideas, I tried to play a few airs on my flute. On hearing that of the "Marseillaise," he had one of the finest picturesque views. He saw a vast square, on each side of which was an immense multitude of persons. A man on horseback was at its extremity, gesticulating in measured, warlike, and graceful poses, as if he himself was singing this patriotic hymn. This tableau made a sensible impression on M. Roustan. Thus terminated the ecstasy of this gentleman: either the dose was too weak, or, as I imagine, he felt constrained by the persons present. He proposed taking some a second time, in order fully to define this state, and obtain clearer responses to his questions.

to *August 24th, 1848.*

TENTH ECSTASY.

August 31st, 1848.—Mdlle. Picard, a somnambulist, whose lucidity is obstructed by the presence of a worm which she says she has in her body—a worm that absorbs the magnetic fluid, and prevents the development of her lucidity, having heard the ecstasies produced by hashish talked of, begged me to direct her in this state towards the discovery of a remedy calculated to rid her of this most incommodious guest. Two hours after swallowing it, she is seized with a foolish gaiety, pre-

lude of the first effects of this drug. To this succeeds a dizziness, which compels her to sit down, in order not to fall backwards, at which she is much surprised. I cause her to take a suitable position, as in the preceding cases, with her eyes fixed on a glass, in order to fascinate the sight, and facilitate her entrance into the state of spiritual vision. Representations more or less singular follow, with the effect only of making her laugh the more. I give her a spoonful of somnambulic liquor, composed by me with a view to facilitate these perceptions, which induces in her a tendency to sleep, or a necessity of shutting her eyes. She then sees a serpent, that winds itself round her body, and makes her afraid; but she knows that it is no reality, which re-assures her. Twelve o'clock strikes at a neighbouring church: each stroke resounds in her body, producing therein a light shock at equal distances from the heart to the end of the feet. I play an air on my flute. She exclaims, "Music is only one and the same note." This phenomenon is remarkable from the fact that to her one sound alone was produced, causing her to observe, "It is not difficult to compose music, if that is all."

Some tableaux more or less interesting continue to present themselves to her sight, and are followed by allegorical perceptions which are not without a certain attraction. She sees the sun, the moon, the earth, and all the animals it contains, of which a serpent closes the procession. This is followed by a man of dusky complexion, who becomes white and passes into the angelic state. To this vision succeed many dying persons, a chevalier in antique armour, his helmet down; then a superb eagle, hovering in the air, and holding in his beak a rich crown; it soars into space and disappears. Then comes the turn of the Virgin and the twelve Apostles, whom she calls all by their names, and is astonished at being able thus to recognise them.

I direct her thoughts to her worm, and she then

says to me—"I dream frequently of adders and serpents, and I see now how and why I have these dreams. I perceive a herb which would destroy it; it is in a field, and has leaves with small luminous points, which induces me to imagine it to be of an *extraordinary nature*." Memory and speech abandon her. She enters into a new ecstasy, of which she gives me the following summary when she returns to herself:—"I saw a collection of shrubs of all kinds, and afterwards the trunk of a tree that was dying; at its foot was a young plant springing from it, and visibly shooting upwards, which invited my admiration of the two opposite conditions and beauties of creation. I next saw a ball, which represented the world; it was surrounded with three circles like those wheels which revolve, as that did, in different ways, in order to give me an idea of motion. Between each circle I saw the appearance of a sea which separated them. I call it sea, though it might be termed beautiful blue clouds. On each circle there were millions of men, and something said to me—Behold the image of creation; these circles are so many worlds to which we shall go at our departure from the present one. I hovered above all this scene, and where I was there was no day; I speak of day as here below, alternative with night. It was one continual day, and it is for that reason I say there was no day. An immense sun enveloped this ball and its circles, by which our earth was represented to me. I no longer perceived it; it was the same as regards the heavens, there was no longer any above me. I was in the immensity! I could survey the whole. Ah! what a sublime spectacle! I quitted this region of space to descend upon the earth; it was from thence I could contemplate the distance which separated me from this immensity. I desired once more to mount thither, and found no longer the means of doing so. I could perceive only a very flexible reed; I, nevertheless, did not hesitate to make use of it to ascend, without its

giving way. I was astonished at thus finding myself on the top of a tree having seven roots, which formed a bouquet, enclosing a rock which assumed colossal proportions, and became an earth surrounded with water. I asked of God the means of attaining greater elevation, and found myself at the foot of a superb winding staircase. I climbed it, and found myself on a second earth, separated from the first by a luminous atmosphere. I had great difficulty in quitting it, which proved to my mind that one cannot arrive at eternity without great trouble. I perceived all the evil with which the earth was filled. The second earth on which I then was seemed to be happy enough; nothing gave me reason to presume that there was any suffering; but the third, which I afterwards reached, presented to me the most perfect felicity. I saw there hundreds of millions of souls. What appeared to me most singular was that I knew them to be souls, though they had not the human form; one would have said they were small spheres or balls, hardly as big as the end of the little finger; they were of dazzling whiteness. Small luminous sparks of the purest light appeared to issue from them. They were all ranged in the most perfect order, no one surpassed the rest: it was equality in all it has that is most true; fraternity in all it possesses that is most sweet. I was urged by a wish to look at the earth beneath. How obscure it seemed to me! and in a frightful abyss! I again found I had descended there, and was able to contemplate how light was projected upon it. This last came from that immensity from which I had emerged as from a little aperture, enlarging into a kind of funnel, and divided into rayons like waves of gold."

In a third ecstasy she returned with facility to this immensity, and told me—"There is there neither beginning nor end: it is all that is. We no longer distinguish the sun or the heavens: we are in all these; we cannot see God, because God is the immensity, and

we exist in the immensity. It is only on the third earth that he is perceived under the form of a dazzling sun, a radiant light; but there, we are in the midst of this light—a silvery, white, and pure light—the light of lights. It is God in all his splendour and purity. Oh, men, why can you not see and understand these things! With what disgust did I again view this earth. How much of sadness does it contain! how many weeping souls—dead bodies in all their hideousness. I have seen ferocious beasts changed into human bodies—tigers, serpents, and I know not what; all of which proved to me that man possesses all their passions and vices!”

Somnambulism succeeded to ecstasy; she then recognises her worm, of which she gives the following description:—“It has the genuine head of an eel; the nose a little flatter, with large round brilliant eyes; it has a kind of loose soft skin on its neck, which it uses to bring over its mouth when aliment is presented which it does not like. Its mouth appears to me of a pale yellow; there is a small brown streak on its neck, and two on the body forming stains; it is hidden beneath the stomach in a kind of reservoir, but is perfectly free to stretch out its neck, and protrude its head into the stomach, to devour there what pleases it. Before seeing it I was obliged to pass in review all the heads of existing reptiles, which makes me think it is the last of all these. I cannot, at present, discover any remedy; I must drink continually of wormwood, and take, for some days successively, the remedy you have taught me; by-and-by, in a more advanced state of somnambulism, I shall find a cure, and free myself of this monstrous animal. I have seen at least ten kinds, and no one resembled mine.” She finds that hashish enables her to enter more quickly into perfect lucidity. I cease to question her. After four hours passed in this state she was able to go to her own residence. Apart from some visions, more

or less agreeable, that she continued to have on closing her eyes, she was quite well, and felt no ill effect from this long sitting.

I owe some explanation respecting this terrible animal, the stumbling-block of medicine, of magnetism, and somnambulism. Ten clairvoyants, at least, after celebrated physicians have been consulted, have prescribed remedies more or less severe, and have only succeeded in causing the dislodgment of vast quantities of this hideous worm, which is of the *tœnia* species (said to be solitary), but of a wholly peculiar character. Here for fifteen years this unfortunate creature had taken remedies; she has ended by habituating her stomach to digest arsenic, and calomel in doses of four grammes, without any effect. Such as she depicts it, it must be at least a hundred metres in length; no clairvoyant is able to describe it, so terrified are they at it. Adèle has been afraid of being thrown into convulsions by it, and all agree in predicting that she alone, when in a lucid state, will discover a suitable remedy. Thus this worm, being once reduced to powder, she will have the power of destroying masses of them, being itself the king of these monsters.

I return to her perceptions in the state of ecstasy. What can be found more logical and more admirable than these perceptions, which are regarded as flights of the imagination? She begins by seeing the whole of creation, as described in the Bible; but she sees men become angels, and not angels become men. That agrees with what is affirmed by Swedenborg, that all the spirits now in heaven have lived on earth. She sees afterwards (doubtless from a religious reflex), the Virgin and the Apostles; but she is able to give each his proper name, which is not without interest. She sees a herb of an *extraordinary nature*, fitted to destroy her worm. This phrase, "*extraordinary nature*," refers to the world of causes, the spiritual world, and proves that for all beings in this state, there are in truth two

lives and two distinct creations. That tableau of the old trunk of the dying tree, with the shoot springing from it, is one of the finest philosophical allegories of the mind. The ball and its circles, its inhabitants, its atmosphere, are a confirmation of the three worlds, so well described by Adèle, in "The Secrets of the Life to Come." That immensity in which she finds herself *without day* (says she), because there is no night—without this last, is it possible to know what day is? Her definition, then, is good. A perpetual day is no longer day—it is light. Our magnetic ecstasies have never depicted the heavens differently. She at last sees neither light nor heaven above her. I leave to each person to judge of the meaning of this state; she is in the third heaven; there can be no other above her head; she is in the centre of light, and can no more see it than the flame can see the flame. To follow her, and point out all that is beautiful comprised in this sitting, would be to suppose that the reader is incompetent to discern it himself.

I ought to state that I have experienced great joy at hearing such beautiful descriptions from the mouth of a woman as simple in her education as in her social position. There is not a spiritualist at all enlightened who would not have envied the power of seeing and describing mysteries so great and incomprehensible. Draw from these revelations what conclusions you please; for myself I derive from them thoughts as full of happiness as of hope. The next day but one after this sitting Mdlle. Picard came to my house: I acquainted her with the formal account I had drawn up, to which she begged me to add the following observations:—She had continually beside her a voice which explained all the tableaux she saw. Thus, when she was in the third heaven, she begged to see God: a picture, or to speak more correctly, a view of a noble-looking man, wholly encircled with luminous rays, and his body glittering with the most beautiful jewels, presented itself before

her. Then she was told—"Behold how God is represented; but it is not him; God is all that which is." And the tableau disappeared, to give place to that beautiful light amidst which she found herself, and the source of which she could not perceive. When she again descended on the earth, and saw men under the form of animals, she perceived on one side the rich, having the likeness of porters, bowed down under the burthen of their wealth, which they carried on their backs, and seemed to her to suffer as much as the workmen on the other side, represented as blind men holding a staff in their hands, not knowing to whom to address themselves, to lead them and ameliorate their lot. In the back-ground of the picture she saw that host of ardent, fiery, and arrogant youth called fashionables, who were elegantly dressed, and instead of the heads of men, bore those of serpents, tigers, lions, &c., which rendered them hideous to behold. The voice of Mdlle. Picard said to her—"Which do you think the most happy, among these rich men, these workmen, and this race of intriguers? Believe me, this terrestrial life is a life of trials, in which every one has his burthen. He who envies the lot of his neighbour, if he had it with all its consequences, would afterwards still wish to exchange it for another. All this is for the best."

ELEVENTH ECSTASY.

MY DEAR CAHAGNET,

I am about to try to interpret to you the various sensations I have experienced in the somnambulic state induced by the hashish you caused me to take, and render an accurate account of the active and prodigious labour which the mind in this condition continually goes through, without effort, and as it were unknown to itself. Ah! why have I not preserved that powerful lucidity with which I was endowed during this singular

sleep, a lucidity which enabled me to seize and comprehend all the phenomena I beheld, and which unfolded themselves before my eyes with an admirable clearness and a rapidity yet more astonishing. How many times did I say to myself—"Ah! how happy I should be if, on my awaking, I could recall to mind all I see and all that I now comprehend so well, in order to render a just account thereof to my friends." Let it not be objected to me that I was then under a species of hallucination which rendered me incapable of judging sanely; for never, I declare, was my mind more calm,—never have I enjoyed a greater plenitude of my reason. And at that very moment I remarked it with happiness; I remember it perfectly. I appreciated every thing at its just value; I then experienced a sentiment, either of joy at the sight of things which inspire us poor ignorant beings only with aversion or terror, or of disdain and disgust for that which constitutes the object of our attachments and longings. Oh! it was no delusion I felt: I very well remember all the reflections I made, all the sensations I experienced; they are still present to me as at that very moment, and ever will be. No reason in the world will be able to weaken, or cause me to doubt them; for then it was I lived a real life, disengaged from the matter which conceals the light, and it was impossible I should err; instead of which the state I am now in is a state of darkness, or what may be justly called the vestibule (but the vestibule badly lighted up) of life. I conclude, then, that this life is to the future life what sleep is to our waking state—that is to say, a state of incoherence and confusion of ideas. I rejoiced infinitely in this state of light, and as I was perfectly aware that it was not a definitive state for me, I was penetrated with regret at the thought that I should have to abandon it in a few moments in order to live again this material life—a regret that was softened only by the certitude of returning one day to it.

I am going to relate to you some facts, to give you

an idea of the operations of the spirit, and those of the soul.

Thus, when, as soon as I began to experience pretty strongly the effects of the narcotic, you said to me, while making me recline on your couch, "Lie down there; you are going to be happier than a king," these last words were for me only the echo of those I had just heard coming from the lips of a fisherman, with his rod, on the right bank of the Seine, some twenty paces from the Pont Royal. I had observed this fisherman, whom I heard singing. Another person was walking in deep thought not far from the spot, and came beside him. When he had come up to the fisherman he said to him, "You are gay, my brave fellow; you appear very happy." "Ah," replied the latter, "*I am happier than a king!*"

It is evident that the whole of this scene was induced by your last words. I had witnessed it, and, moreover, I had had time to see the chateau of the Tuileries, and the gardens close by, and the thousand and one incidents that the river offers at this spot, especially to the spectator whose back is turned to the bridge, and who sees stretching out before him the vast panorama of Chaillot and Passy. Well, then, I had time to see all these things in slow and orderly succession; and yet, a thing most admirable!—I was convinced that all these tableaux had preceded your words, "*happier than a king*," and that you only made use of this expression because you had just heard it from the mouth of the fisherman. I shall make here a reflection: Who knows whether this expression, which is vulgar and proverbial at the present time, was not used for the first time by the fisherman in question, and that our soul, which sees and knows all things when it re-enters the infinite, may not have intended to demonstrate to us its power of cognition, when it again becomes free? The neighbourhood of the abode of our sovereigns might well have suggested to the fisherman his answer,

while comparing his lot with those of the inmates of the chateau near which he found himself. This supposition is not without probability.

The same phenomenon was reproduced a few moments afterwards, when you named the town of Bordeaux. Thus, I said to you, "Stay, you are speaking of Bordeaux just at the moment I am arrived there." In reality, I was in the air above that town, which I saw in its whole extent, not omitting its vast port at the right hand, and the numerous vessels it contains.

Subsequently, when Adèle complained that the whalebone of her corset hurt her, I said to her not less promptly, "You speak of whalebone, and I have just been witness of a whale fishing." In fact, I had just been suspended above the waves, and had perceived a vessel manned by a few sailors, who directed their course towards a whale which I saw at some distance off, part of its body out of the water.

Truly, all this is very marvellous, and so much the more marvellous for me, since I regard it as a reality, and not as a dream. Dreaming belongs solely to this world; truth and light to the other. These appear to you as soon as we penetrate thither momentarily, and even by artificial means.

IDEAS.

I will endeavour to tell you how they have appeared to me. Ideas have a body: that to me has become palpable; I saw them too perfectly not to be certain of it. Each idea is represented by the re-union and concurrence of a certain number of objects which form an allegory. But the choice of these objects is so happy, their arrangement so harmonised, that the spirit, which observes and judges them as they pass by, cannot mistake their meaning. A picture composed more or less of emblematic objects forms one idea. From this idea flows another, represented by a fresh picture.

The first picture, which is the first idea, gives birth, therefore, to a long series of ideas, that is, of tableaux. It is the collection of these ideas that forms reasoning, the argument, until the arrival of the last idea, which is the conclusion, the judgment. One cannot express the rapidity with which this multitude of ideas passes before the eyes of the spirit, for frequently the conclusion touches closely upon the premises, yet is separated therefrom by hundreds of pictures. In the natural state we do not remark the train of ideas we pass through and which we put in motion, to arrive at the consequences of a syllogism; we sometimes reach it at a single bound, and yet it occasions considerable labour in our brain—a labour figuratively represented by a great number of pictures, none of which escape our spiritual eyes. They are as dazzling as the sun, and although passing with the rapidity of an arrow, our spirit (which might, perhaps, be justly called the understanding) has time to see them all, both as a whole and in their details; to analyse them, then to classify and make a summary of them, which it transmits by speech, without any suspicion of the operations in which it has been employed, and which are wholly corporeal.

Here, then, in a few words, is the theory of ideas, as I have been enabled to study it, in the supernatural state in which I found myself.

The questions respecting time and the soul that you submitted to me, have been resolved in the following manner:—

First, the rapidity of succession of the pictures that I saw proved to me that I could see in a second what it would require years in my material state to observe: there is, then, no time in this state; all is in the present.

So far as concerns the question of soul, one cannot doubt of its existence and its form, while under the influence of this state. I have seen my soul as well as yours in the human form—but diaphanous and phosphorescent shall I say?—with as much ease as I see

this sheet of paper. I could not tell you with what facility the soul can separate itself from matter, in order to enter into communication with the world of causes, as well as with all the persons which surround it; penetrate the thoughts of each one, identify itself with him, be him, and believe him to be in itself. This phenomenon is admirable, and has given me a satisfaction closely allied to that passage from our terrestrial to the spiritual state that we call death. I have experienced all the pains of the last moments of our material existence. I have passed through this agony, and through death. This last moment of our life, which costs so many tears to those who are dear to us, and which each dreads as being the most painful, is, on the contrary, that in which the soul enters the vast field of liberty; in which she breathes with freedom, and enjoys the sweetest sensations it is possible to imagine; it is a moment of supreme happiness.

I comprehended, in short, that space does not exist for spirits disengaged from matter, from the facility I had in being in all places that I desired to visit, however distant they might be, without in any wise perceiving that it took me any time whatever to perform this journey. I was wherever I wished to be without any perceptible disturbance. Oh, mystery impenetrable as regards the present, but which, let us hope, it will be given us to comprehend and explain when we have become definitive inhabitants of the ethereal regions.

GASPART,

Hatter.

TWELFTH ECSTASY.

TO MY FRIEND, A. CAHAGNET.

Paris, Jan. 1st, 1850.—I this day fulfil, though rather tardily, a promise I have made to you—more than that, an obligation of strict justice, in giving you

an account of the impressions produced on me by hashish, which I took by your counsel, and under your benevolent and fraternal direction. I shall be sober, in my reflections, precisely because volumes of considerations would be required to be penned on the psychological phenomena that are elicited in this state. I shall limit myself to an exact statement of the facts, as well, at least, as an interval of five months, fully taken up by occupations of all sorts, will permit me again to seize them in the labyrinth of my memory, in other respects sufficiently capricious. I may, however, even at present, make an observation which has its value in demonstrating, if not the objective reality, at least the subjective intensity of the phenomena of hashish; it is this, that it would be impossible for me to recollect a single fact of my life throughout the month of August, 1849, the month in which I took the hashish, whilst I am enabled to deduce with sufficient accuracy the history of some hours during which I was under the influence of this powerful psychological agent. Does not that seem to indicate that, during these few hours, I lived really *more* than I live in my daily existence? Is not what we call life in reality sleep, and when Shakspeare put in the mouth of Hamlet these profound words—

“ — To die—to sleep,
Perchance to dream,”

had he not the prescience of a verity which death alone can irrefragably demonstrate, but of which the state induced by hashish may give us some idea?

I have promised to be sparing of reflections; I come, then, to facts.

It was in the course of the month of August, 1849, I cannot state precisely the date, not having at the time made any kind of notes, which I much regret—towards eleven o'clock in the morning, I swallowed three grammes of the extract of hashish, dissolved in a cup of coffee. At the end of an hour to an hour and a

quarter, I experienced the first effects of this *medicament of the soul*. I was thinking of the laughter that the hashish always occasions as its first symptom, and this thought of laughter provoked me to laugh wholly against my will. I made efforts not to laugh, but very soon my endeavours were in vain; I burst outright. You, and all those present, Adèle, Annette, and my wife, imitated me from sympathy. I sat down in an arm-chair, and asked my wife if she was sure that every thing would go on right at the house during our absence, and if our child, *Saul*, would not be tired of being alone. I said *Saul* instead of *Paul*. This involuntary substitution occasioned a new fit of laughter. I endeavoured to explain my mistake by trying to make you comprehend that *Saul* and *Paul* were the same name; that the persecutor of the Christians called himself *Saul* before taking the name of *Paul*; but as you appeared to me not to enter into this interpretation, my hilarity was thereby increased, and I remarked to my wife, whilst convulsed with laughter, that there was nothing astonishing in your not understanding me, seeing that you were ignorant of Latin.

A moment of calmness succeeded this first attack, but it was not of long duration. I felt myself at once seized with a sort of universal intoxication, and I said to you—"Let us go to the other side—it is full time." You led me to a bed, and installed me very comfortably there. I then entered completely into the ecstatic state, my eyes being open, and having perfectly the consciousness of my existence and my condition. I then really commenced two perfectly distinct lives, the acts and tableaux of which succeeded each other without confusion, with order and regularity. It resembled the changes of scene in an opera; only these pictures changed five or six times in a minute, but were perfectly distinct, and illumined by a light compared to which our light is only a shadow. Then, these pictures having disappeared, I again saw the objects in the

chamber, yourself, and the persons who surrounded me, in their prosaic reality. My material sight regained the ascendancy, and the spiritual sight remained for a moment veiled.

The first sentiment that arose in my mind, at the end of this uninterrupted series at which I was present, and of which nothing until then could give me an idea, was one of profound gratitude with regard to yourself. I appreciated your friendship, and I expressed my feelings by grasping your hand and saying to you, "Ah, my friend, what a service you have rendered me!" You replied that it would have been a pity that a man like me should not have passed through this state. This flattery addressed to my intelligence did not have the effect which, in the ordinary state, it could not have failed to produce; I was in a condition in which there is no longer room for pride and vanity. What is science, though it were that of a Newton; what is genius, though it might be that of a Bossuet, compared with the grandeurs of that other life which I had a glimpse of?

The second sensation I experienced was that of a humble confidence and ardent faith in God. These pictures of every kind succeeding each other with extraordinary rapidity and splendour, gave birth within me to a sort of terror. I said to myself—where am I? what am I? what am I about to become? And then I attached myself with a despairing energy, if I may use this expression, to the idea of God. God exists, said I to myself; he protects me; I am with him, in him; what should I fear? I *felt* God at that moment; soon after I *comprehended* him, at least in my manner.

Meanwhile the visions, which at first succeeded one another with tremendous rapidity, were depicted more slowly, and became more persistent. I could discriminate them better. In one of these tableaux I saw you in a sort of fairy celestial landscape. You were seated on a balcony; a writing-table was beside you; you

wore a pale green coat. The light, the air, and vegetation were all indescribably beautiful.

I passed frequently from the spiritual to the natural state, and I then said to you and all who were around me, "Have we not travelled far? Have we not seen many things?" Then to my wife—"You are still here?" "Does that annoy you?" said she. "Oh, no!" answered I. This requires some little explanation.

I said to my wife, "You are still here," because I saw her at once in the two states, spiritual and material. She formed part of all the scenes that presented themselves to my sight; she accompanied me, in a manner, everywhere in my infinite peregrinations; I felt that I was enveloped in her sphere. I perceived that we have a false notion of liberty. I was not free as we understand it, to disembarass myself from this sphere by which I was environed. I was encompassed, and yet perfectly happy. One of these pictures in which my wife played the principal part, will remain for ever graven on my memory. She was seated near my bed; I regarded her with complacency; but as I looked upon her she grew *transfigured* by insensible though incessant gradations, and became my little daughter, my Stephanie, who died at the age of nine years. The figure of this dear child, which my imagination had not for a long time pictured to me—for my recollection of images is still worse than of words and facts—was represented in the place of that of my wife, in the clearest, the most striking, and minutely exact manner. Moreover, I saw her with the forefinger of her right hand in her nose—a habit she had acquired towards the close of her sufferings, and which I had wholly forgotten. After a time, inappreciable but yet sufficient for me not to doubt the reality of the vision, her figure gradually vanished as it was formed, and I again saw the features of my wife. I had returned to real life. My wife, who had probably understood from the expression of my countenance that something was pass-

ing within me, said to me—"Well! have you seen her?" "Certainly." "How have you seen her?" I here collected my whole energy of thought, and sought for all the resources of human language, to make her understand what I had just seen; and I uttered these words, which for me had then, and have now, an extraordinary signification, but which for her could have no particular meaning—"I have seen her! she was you; do you understand? it was you, and it was her; she was all of us?" But how, when one has not passed through this state, can this sort of fusion of one in others be comprehended?—this *all in all* which Jacotot probably did not himself understand, although he invented the phrase.

It remains for me to tell you how I *believed* I comprehended God. I saw as though it were an immense vortex of an immeasurable depth, having the form of an ellipse. One of the centres of this ellipse was white and wonderfully luminous; everything revolved round this centre, the splendour of which communicated itself alternately, so that what was nearest was most bright, and what was more distant less so. All was in motion round this focus, but it appeared to me that each portion of the vortex had its peculiar movement, in virtue of which it approached or separated itself more or less from the centre, and participated more or less in the light. Yet nothing was beyond the attractive action of the centre, although this influence seemed to act with more intensity on the portions nearest to it. It seemed to me that this focus of light, this centre of universal attraction, was *God*; that he was the link of all beings and the reason of their existence. God appeared to me, in relation to the universality of creation, that which sovereignty and law are in a republic—a sovereignty not individualised but collective; a law not the result of personal will, but a necessity and cause of life. Is this notion a just one? *I do not believe so*; for it would seem to lead to pantheism, and reduce the

God-Being to a simple metaphysical and mathematical entity. I simply render you an account of an impression, and explain it as well as I am able; I ought to add, in strict adherence to truth, that I have never read the writings of the pantheists, having no sort of predilection for that doctrine; and it was not for some months after my ecstasy through the agency of hashish that Proudhon expounded in his "*Voix du Peuple*" the ideas relative to God which approximate with tolerable closeness to those I have just stated. But these ideas do not suit me.

Here ends the interesting and instructive portion of my experiment. From this moment, it appears, I entered into a state sufficiently eccentric. Grotesque visions, such as cascades of teeth, afterwards forming men's heads, and other pantagruelic fantasies, successively presented themselves to me, and provoked incessant bursts of laughter, which changed by degrees into cries and howls having nothing agreeable in them for the listener. A few cold breathings, and a mouthful or two of vinegar and water, which you made me swallow, together with lotions of the same water on my forehead and temples, induced a cessation of this state, and I re-entered into ordinary life, not, however, without frequent returns towards the *hashish* life I had just quitted. I dined with you, with a good appetite. I reasoned, as I think, very rationally; then, when I least expected it, a sort of electric commotion took place within me—not of a painful kind, however; I forgot what I had just said; I waked as from a dream, and asked you in amazement, "What did I say just now?"

I returned home, went to bed, and fell asleep. But my slumber was very agreeably disturbed by the return of my visions of the day. For two or three nights my sleep partook of the lingering effects of the narcotic: I dreamt much and very lucidly,—I who habitually seldom dream, and in a manner altogether odd and absurd.

Here, my dear Alphonse, you have a perfectly vera-

cious, but at the same time, greatly abridged narrative of my impressions of hashish. Since you have attached some importance to obtaining it, receive it as my new year's gift, and with it the assurance of the esteem, gratitude, and friendship that will not cease even with life, but which, on the contrary, will spring up still more vividly at the death of your friend,

E. MONTETT,
Journalist.

THIRTEENTH ECSTASY.

SECOND ECSTASY OF M. LECOCQ.

Having on a former occasion desired to know the effects of hashish, what I had already experienced ought to have satisfied my curiosity; but man is so constituted that the more he sees, the more he wishes to see. I wanted to make a second experiment, with a view to obtain some solutions which the former one had left in doubt.

Firmly convinced of the existence of the soul, and of its immortality, after the magnetic researches to which I have devoted myself, it was another solution that I sought to obtain.

I took three grammes of hashish, and very speedily felt its effects in that boundless gaiety which has the effect of dilating all the muscles, all the molecules of the body, thus leaving the soul more detached from its mortal covering. I threw myself on a bed in perfect tranquillity, and full reliance on prayer. I addressed one to God, begging him to be pleased to enlighten me, if he judged fit to do so. I very soon found myself gradually elevated, through various luminous colours, to that heaven which I at last reached. How can I describe that splendour—that pure light—that happiness and ravishment—beyond all terrestrial

imagining! I understood myself—I comprehended God! Why? I know not; but I had this conviction, which I still perfectly retain, that we may arrive at a knowledge of God. This ecstacy, which was several times renewed in the course of this sitting, left me remembrances that will never be effaced from my soul, so strong was the sensation they produced. I then understood the happiness reserved for humanity after its spiritual purification—a happiness wholly of a moral nature, and for that reason more profound. I next perceived, at what appeared to be an illimitable distance, a luminous circle, similar in colour and brilliancy to that which I had previously observed; and from the centre of this creative focus sparkling jets, composed of luminous points of all colours, were continually escaping, which accumulated to an inappreciable quantity, and assumed the form of an ever-moving sphere, all intermingling with each other, without the least confusion. The colour, black, appeared to me to emerge from this beautiful focus resplendent with light. On witnessing this continual creation of luminous points, which spread themselves over a magnificent space, I seemed to shrink within myself, even while elevating my soul to an admiration of all that I saw; for all this was not mute for me, but impressed me with the conviction that God alone had created all possible existing thoughts; that we could have them within us and manifest them; but that we create absolutely nothing. I still felt this conviction subsequently, from the tableaux that were presented to me, and of which the following is the detail: I saw pass before me very distinctly all the colours which concur in depicting every existing form, or those which can exist, for the greater part were unknown by me; they seemed to me always luminous. Then I recollect myself in an instant to have tasted all imaginable savours, and smelt all kinds of odours: I was thereupon satisfied that the human soul contained all this in itself. I immediately perceived how it was

that clairvoyants could experience a sensation of all kinds of flavours, scents, heat, and cold, at the will of their magnetisers, and how the spirits of these clairvoyants are able to communicate them to their material bodies.

I afterwards saw myself in every part of the globe, while yet hearing myself speak in the room I was in. This seemed to me excessively curious, and therefore excited my serious attention. "What!" exclaimed I, "everywhere at once." This word *everywhere*, which I continually repeated in every tone, produced in me a singular sensation; for even while repeating it, I remarked that I was in reality no longer in my body, as in the ordinary state. In pronouncing this word *everywhere*, I felt a silence, an isolation, I will even say, a void that terrified me! I pronounced this word in all directions where I was, and heard myself speaking in that spot where I seemed to be the least; that is to say, I was at the same time divided *ad infinitum* as well as only ONE in a single point. I reflected for some time on all I had just seen in so brief a time, for I here describe merely the principal tableau; I should require a volume to tell all. After this moment of contemplation I thanked God for the happiness I had just experienced. I then fell into one of those beautiful ecstasies in which the soul seems to quit the earth and climb to the celestial regions, finding itself thus enveloped in a light which so penetrates it as to produce sensations the most agreeable and profound that can possibly exist. Oh, yes, I confess it, I was in a rapture impossible to describe. How magnificent creation appeared to me! Yes, I was overwhelmed before this infinite grandeur of God, not painfully so, but rather from a sentiment of joy and admiration. I was happy in seeing myself so lowly in comparison with the rest of this creation, which absorbed me in its immensity, yet fully recognising the sublimity of the human soul, which seemed to me to contain all this in itself, and which has

at the same time the property of feeling so much happiness.

Such are the principal visions I saw during this experiment of hashish, and which served to confirm my previous impressions in leaving on my mind the conviction, that all these images are not the effect of hallucination, if by that word is meant illusion or mistake. Not knowing yourself what is about to present itself to you, how can it be affirmed that you create what you see? If this were the case, there would be no ground for astonishment; all these sensations of the soul would amount to nothing; you would have the power of modifying them, which power does not exist, since on the contrary the desire of seeing certain persons, or certain things, does not always result in the realisation of those desires. You can, it is true, confine your wishes within a certain circle, and to a certain class, which is in my opinion the way to obtain the best results; in this state we discover the world-type, that world of causes which until then had remained unknown to us. Lamartine has well foreseen and pointed out that world in these beautiful lines which I find in *La Chute d'un Ange*:—

“ Du grand monde impalpable à ce monde des corps,
Nul ne sait, ô mon fils, les merveilleux rapports.”

And by these:—

“ De ce qu'on ne voit pas, ce qu'on voit est l'image ;
Un ciel réfléchit l'autre.”

Under the influence of hashish one is perfectly convinced of this profound truth, and although disengaged from this influence it remains present to you for life.

August 19th, 1849. (Signed) LECOCQ.

FOURTEENTH ECSTASY.

My friend, Monsieur Mouttet, whose former sitting has been given, desired to enter a second time into this

state, in order to ascertain with accuracy the enchainment of ideas during this CELESTIAL INTOXICATION, and at the same time to resolve some metaphysical questions, the solution of which I communicate to the reader. Let me be pardoned for the incoherence of this recital; it is written under the dictation of the ecstatic, amidst a torrent of thoughts, observations, and exclamations, more or less accordant. It is the virginity of these thoughts which renders them valuable. M. Mouttet is not an ordinary journalist, writing politics at so much a line; he is a man profoundly instructed, conscientious, free, and devoid of every preconceived opinion. We ought, therefore, to perceive in his language a perfect independence of every system and all the philosophical theories of the day. I copy under his dictation:—

“Have a great soul, it will enlarge your ideas; have great ideas, they will enlarge your soul.

“You are to your ideas what God is to you: you are the thoughts of God, and the God of your thoughts. The ideas are in a kind of dependence as regards the soul from which they seem to have emanated, although at bottom they are dependent only on the Divine law which presides at their aggregation.

“The spiritual world *is in the material world*; it is another mode of the soul's seeing—a STATE. There are only STATES. To each state belongs its own perception. Man seems to be the creator of his ideas, in the same way that his ideas appear to create the ideas that flow from them; but, in reality, this is only an emanation of what each possesses in itself, the whole being deposited there by God!

“Death is a state of the soul—another mode which she has of perceiving things. I die fifty times in passing through fifty different states, in which I have been enabled to appreciate the various stages of creation—a creation that was not yesterday, and will not be tomorrow, but which is in *the present*.

"Souls, in their activity and their evolutions, follow the law which Kepler has assigned to the celestial planetary bodies; they move in ellipses of which God, or good, or light, synonymous words, occupies one of the great centres, and the devil, or death, or darkness, which is the non-Deity, the other. The action of one or the other focus cannot entirely cease, for that would be death, and death has no existence!

"God detaches a spark from himself, and it is a soul. This spark by attraction is recalled to its source; in proportion as it approaches it, it becomes enlarged." I played on my flute the four following airs to my friend, which instantaneously represented to him, by allegorical pictures, these solutions, which he called four different kinds of love.

Romance of "*Leoni*." Woman's love.

Romance of "*Joseph sold by his Brethren*." Fraternal love.

The hymn "*Adoremus*." The love of God.

The "*Marseillaise*." The love of country. This last, said he, is the love of a thought common to a whole people.

I leave the reader to judge whether, in our material state, we can elevate ourselves to this height of conception, and whether these solutions savour of hallucination.

NINTH CONFERENCE.

PHILOSOPHIC OBSERVATIONS ON THE PRECEDING ECSTASIES.

MYSTICS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

Gus. What a chaos your reading to me yesterday all these ecstasies has produced in my mind! All night I have had visions more or less confused, which have

plunged me into fresh doubts. I come to you to have them removed.

ALF. The ecstasies I have made known to you must naturally produce this effect on your mind, seeing that I have not made choice of these examples in the interest of any particular system. I have merely presented a dozen subjects taken from all classes of society, placing the fiery journalist by the side of the pious pastor, the incredulous physician with the humble workman; myself, a student in philosophy, coupled with that simple woman who sought only a remedy to free herself from the monster that is devouring her vitals. What results from this array of ecstasies, studies, and beliefs? The *ensemble* of a new philosophy, of a vast study to be entered upon relative to that *imaginary* world, as it is termed—a world appearing, amidst a cloud of tableaux more or less rational or ridiculous, as a real world, an organised and active world, as objective as our material world. There is not one of these ecstasies who, after emerging from this state, has not felt a desire to thank God for such an initiation, for such a favour, and each has found himself penetrated with these truths; first, that what he has just seen and felt was true, and preferable to material sights and sensations; secondly, that all that presented itself before his eyes was so far part of himself that he believed himself the subject-matter of his admiration, having this in common with all those whose ecstasy has been induced by this narcotic, cited in different works, viz., that of *being the thing itself that they see*; which proves that man can be quite as easily *contained in one of his thoughts as these thoughts are contained in him*; a problem which alone determined me to study more seriously this curious state; thirdly, each has concluded that, by following an order of studies conformable to his present inclinations, he could derive from it the most useful solutions; fourthly, they have generally admitted that speech was only the sound of thought,

only a sensation, that the thought was living in us under an individual form which is what it represents occultly to our soul when we pronounce the name of any kind of thing—a thing included spiritually *in that name* and *in that sound*, having the same objectivity as in the material state, having an existence that is proper to it, independent of our will, answering only at its discretion to our wishes, but not obedient to our command; in fine, that these thoughts form what we call the world of causes, the type world, the unalterable world, the world of natural ecstasies and artificial somnambulists, of dreamers, of seers of every kind—that it was heaven, hell, earth, in short, the only admissible whole. They have recognised that all religious and philosophic sects had everything to expect from this state, which should be transformed into a psychical school, and not be applied to purposes of amusement as is done in our days.

As I have already told you, I have judged man in this state to be a *miniatured* universe, represented by a world of objective thoughts; that far from going out of his sphere, he received, or had within it, the objectivity of the great universe; that this universe, new to him, was so much the more incredible that it contained spaces inadmissible by our material senses, accumulations of states and incomprehensible forms; that, far from transporting himself by ecstasy towards very distant places, man fell back upon himself, and saw in one of his hairs that which he believed to be at the end of the material universe; that his material eyes deceived him daily; that he obtained proof of this by the combined laws of optics, and that he could not pronounce where is that spot that he thinks he sees *there*, since in an opposite direction he again sees the *there*, which is not the *there* he admitted in his former observation. The question is to know where lies true objectivity. Man will yet seek it a long time. *There are only states of the soul produced*

by its observation of the thoughts which appear to it objective.

But let us return to notions of a less metaphysical kind, if I wish to preserve in your eyes a little of what you term *human reason*. With a view of making a study not systematic but comparative, of these questions, I felt bound to seek in the ancient philosophers, my *superiors* and *masters* in this matter, how far I had erred or was in the right. I read many works treating of different systems, and I have selected some extracts from them which I am about to communicate to you; for man, however strong his convictions may be, is always gratified to see them shared by his brethren; and since we are studying, let us do so with profit.

Without going as far back as Cham, the magician philosopher, nor to Hermes Trismegiste, the hermetic philosopher, nor to Plato, the philosopher of the macrocosm and microcosm, let us stop at Christ, the religious philosopher, and comprehend the depth of those sublime words put into his mouth by Saint Matthew, which are an allegorical revelation of the man-universe, or of the whole in the whole. The Gospel according to Saint Matthew, ch. 13, v. 31 :—

“Another parable put he forth unto them, saying, The kingdom of heaven is like to a grain of mustard seed, which a man took and sowed in his field :

“Which is indeed the least of all seeds, but when it is grown is the greatest among herbs, and becometh a tree, so that the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches thereof.”

Does not this prove that heaven can be in a thought, as the good Swedenborg has revealed to us ?

The Gospel according to Saint John, ch. 6, v. 63 :—
“It is the spirit that quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing ; the words that I speak unto you *they* are spirit, *they* are life.”

What becomes of matter before the negation which the God of the Catholics himself makes of it ?

The same evangelist, ch. 14, v. 20 :—" At that day ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you."

This affirmation of the divisibility and the unity of beings, of one in the whole, and of the whole in one, cannot be objected to in the mouth of Christ. Why should it be in mine, who have just proved the truth of this assertion by experiment? To deny experience could result only from bad intention, when one admits by faith the thing denied. Does not one of the most fervent and enlightened disciples of Christ, Saint Augustine, chapter 3, *ad Volusium*, say—"The soul, where it sees, feels (or perceives); where it understands, it perceives; it perceives where it lives, and where it lives it *is*." If the soul is where it sees, which somnambulism proves to us, does not that equally prove to us that it is *in all* and *throughout all*—which justifies the belief that it is itself *a whole*? I will not attempt to cite to you century by century, philosopher by philosopher, all those who, from the time of Christ to Jacotot, have demonstrated that ALL was in ALL; but I am going to direct your attention to some propositions on this subject put forth by men whose knowledge and merit give them authority in the philosophic world. I find in the 17th century, the famous Crollius, author of "*La Royal Chimie*," ed. 1624, whose sublime and immortal admonitory preface contains this curious proposition, page 26 :—"The external world is the theoretical anatomy, or the mirror in which the microcosm—that is to say, man—must view himself. Thus, it is impossible to comprehend how necessary are the structure and creation of man to a physician; for man and the world are in accordance, not as to external form, or corporeal substance, but in all their properties, and according as the macrocosm is grand and vast, the same is also the little microcosm, so much so, that there is no difference between one and the other. I do not deny, however, that external form does not distinguish man from the world,

or macrocosm, because our natural understanding shows us clearly that this is nothing more than a Divine analogy from the great to the little world; that is, from the visible macrocosm to the *invisible* microcosm; for all that is *invisible in man* is manifest in the visible anatomy of the great universe, because in the microcosm the microscomic matter is invisible and incomprehensible, nevertheless it must be manifest and visible in its parent. The parents of man are heaven and earth, of which he has been created, and he is truly son of man who, by an assured knowledge, knows the anatomy of, nay anatomises, his parents, having attained the perfection of the attributes of the most perfect creature, inasmuch as the properties of this great universe are, as it were, in miniature in the centre, because his anatomy (according to nature) *is the anatomy of the entire universe*. The external world bears the figure of man, and man is nothing but an *abridgment of the whole world*, inasmuch as in it the things visible are invisible in man."

Page 31. "In like manner, the internal heaven of man, which is the olympic heaven, embraces all the stars, and thus, the *invisible man* is not alone so much all the stars, or the totality of the stars, but the same, inseparable from the spirit of the world, neither more nor less than whiteness from the snow."

If I did not check myself I should be compelled to quote the whole of this author, who explains so clearly what men so imperfectly comprehend. Think not that he has only spoken of man in his form merely; he has not less fully described his attributes with an accuracy that would put to shame our schools, if our schools were still susceptible of shame. Our author speaks of homœopathy as the celebrated Hahnemann has done two hundred years later. He speaks of magnetism as the *immortal* Mesmer has done, by whom this science has been raised from the sepulchre in which it had been buried for centuries by the mystical schools of anti-

quity. He treats likewise of cabalism, of charms not to be comprehended in our days; of theology and spiritualism as Swedenborg has done a century later; of the grand and divine theurgy as it is no longer treated of. I will finish my quotations with a few lines of this great philosopher in which he depicts ecstasy as I conceive it, as I have seen it in my experiment with hashish, which for me had been a new light, by which I could perceive and resolve a thousand and one phenomena of somnambulism which until then had not been explained. From this mode of conceiving ecstasy flow all the propositions I have laid before you at the commencement of our conferences, and which I have doubtless succeeded very imperfectly in explaining, seeing that words are too despotic to speak the language of sentiment. Here is what this writer says, page 149 :—" If the soul returns into itself, and *elevates itself in spirit*, it draws near to God and sees all things ; and like to the angels has no external restriction, because it apprehends, sees, and hears all things, WITHOUT GOING OUT OF ITSELF in any way whatsoever." Oh, psychological science, what progress hast thou made since Crollius !

The ecstasy we induce at the present day by magnetism, and which we regard with so much astonishment and admiration, as you see, my dear Gustavus, was not unknown to the ancient philosophers ; they had defined it as well as can be desired. Let us substitute the names of states for the names of places, employed by all learned men before Swedenborg, and we shall have a more correct explanation of this mysterious phenomenon ; we shall comprehend that these representative places have no need of space in order to exist, and we shall say with Augustine, whom I have just quoted—*Wherever the soul sees, she is ;* and with Crollius—*She is within herself.*

In 1691, a work generally esteemed among hermetic philosophers (the only writers of antiquity and the

middle ages who have successfully studied the laws of the universe, and from whom we can borrow beautiful thoughts), appeared under the title of the *Cosmopolite, ou Nouvelle Lumière Chimique, &c.*, attributed to Sendivogius. We find, page 163, this passage—"The vital and intellectual faculties that are distributed in the first infusion of human life are concentrated in him, and are what we call a reasonable soul, which distinguishes man from the other animals and renders him like unto God. This soul, made of the purest part of the elementary fire, has been divinely infused into the vital spirit, for which man, after the creation of all things, has been created as it were a world in himself, or as an abridgment of this great whole."

Page 167. "If thou canst know thyself, and hast not an understanding too gross, thou wilt easily perceive that thou art made in the similitude of the great world, and even in the image of thy God. Thou hast in thy body the anatomy of all the universe, for thou hast to the crown of thy head the quintessence of the four elements, extracted from the seeds confusedly mingled in the matrix, and as it were locked up in thy frame; instead of fire thou hast a pure blood in which dwells the soul as a sovereign ruler by means of the vital spirit; instead of earth thou hast the heart in which is the central fire, which is unceasing operation, and preserves in its being the machine of this microcosm; the mouth serves as the arctic pole, and the belly as the antarctic pole, and so of the other members which correspond with the other celestial bodies."

Page 170. "And these are the supernatural secrets of God alone, of which we have had an example in the soul, which, being separated from its body, has very profound and lofty conceptions, and is in that respect like unto God, who operates supernaturally beyond his world; although, to speak truly, the acts of the soul, freed from its body, in comparison of those of God independent of the world, are only as a lighted candle

compared with the sun at noon-day, because the soul performs *only in idea the things it imagines*; but God gives a real being to all things at the same moment he conceives them. When the soul of man imagines itself to be at Rome, or elsewhere, it is there in the twinkling of an eye, but only mentally and in spirit, while God, who is essentially all-powerful, executes whatever he conceives."

GUS. But, my friend, your cosmopolite reasons in exact accordance with yourself, or to speak more correctly, you reason like him. Where has the intuition produced by this Egyptian drug carried you, to make you perceive this semblance of truth, since it has forced you to rummage among these old books from which you quote with a kind of pleasure? These parchments, every time I touch one, give me a greater inclination to sneeze than to ransack them. What patience you have had.

ALF. My good Gustavus, I am not one of those prejudiced men who believe that the age in which they live is the only enlightened one; I know only because my ancestors have left me their knowledge. I am like the butterfly, I pillage every flower, and the most beautiful is not always that which emits the sweetest odour. It is the same with books; those with gilt edges are not always the best. Permit me to continue, and you will see that the chain I make use of will lead me down to our own days without one link being broken; we shall reach the heights of our scientific thinkers, and see that we have followed the same route, with this single difference, that we march with open face, and they conceal their's for fear of ridicule.

Think not, at least, that I am only going to cite the hermetic philosophers; that would evince partiality and bad taste. I pass on to a work published in 1665, entitled, "*Système de l'Ame*," by Delachambre, a religious philosopher and Catholic, one of the most clear-headed theologians of the epoch, and a man of very

great merit. This work is worthy of being studied in our days, when the magnetic science has become the pivot and great temple of all the sciences.

“ This truth will be the more readily admitted, if we remember what theology teaches us as to the resemblance which God has willed that all his works should have to him, and the vestiges he has left there of his nature, and his ineffable emanations; for, as he produces in himself his own image, in which are the treasures of his wisdom and his power, he has willed in like manner that all creatures, in order to be like him, should have images that should be the source of all the knowledge and virtue they can possess.”
“ Yes, without doubt, all seeds contain the character of the things they are destined to produce, and the smallest grain has in it the image of the plant that must spring from it. It must not be imagined that its minuteness cannot contain as many different parts as those of which it is composed; for these images take up no room; at least, it is easy to judge from those of the memory, which are so numerous, that they occupy very little; and to be fully persuaded of this, it is only necessary to consider those of coloured objects, which blend together, as in a point, without being confounded, when they pass through a hole in a darkened chamber.”

Page 222. “ Let us conclude, then, that these images are the models upon which nature makes all her productions; that *they are the seminal virtues*, and, as it were, the forms by which all faculties produce their effects; and not only is there no inconvenience, but there is an advantage to philosophy, in admitting them; for being so timid in her definition of things, and employing only vague and general terms and notions to explain their differences, she will possess the means of specifying them more particularly by these images. This philosophy, novel as it may appear, is as ancient as that of Plato, who holds that the ideas which exist in the Divine understanding are the

patterns by which God has produced all things; that the reasons which are in the soul of the world are the images of the ideas and models upon which nature fashions her works; and, in fine, that all that is in the world is only the shadow, that is to say, the image of what is in the Divinity. However this may be, this doctrine had its birth with our theology, as we have stated, and better than any other, causes us to perceive the source of the *virtues* which exist in all *creatures*, and *the marvellous order that God has established among them.*"

Here is another passage from the same author, which confirms, *à priori*, the perception I had of the internal constitution of the body, in the ecstasy I have previously related to you. He continues, page 274:—

"But I say still farther,—these images do not stay merely in the brain; they glide into all the nerves, and thus spread themselves through the whole body; for being of the same substance as the brain, they have the same disposition to receive and retain them as itself; and we may be assured that this substance is to them what anything diaphanous is to light; for as the latter diffuses itself wherever it meets with transparency, they also spread themselves wherever this substance is found." "Be this as it may, the principal part, which is destined to be the seat of memory, is that which is above the spot where the imagination acts; for the images are formed in this spot, and spread themselves all around, as the visible hues emanate from coloured bodies, and are lost in the surrounding atmosphere."

I shall only make a simple observation on this last passage. M. Delachambre says that the images are formed towards the upper portion of our bodies. I think it would be more truthful to say that they are manifested, not formed. This last word verges too closely upon that of *creating*; that of manifesting better describes a thing which is from all time. I

adhere strictly to the meaning of words, for it is from the false application of their meaning that our contradictions flow. The grain of corn put into the earth does not form or create itself there; it is developed—it is *manifested*.

GUS. Let us leave the word, and look only at the thing. Your M. Delachambre is very categorical in his definitions. I should like to read this author; have the kindness to lend him to me.

ALF. I shall do so willingly, for I am in a fair way to quote him entire, or at least three parts of him. I shall close with this last paragraph, page 324:—"As there are eyes that see objects that others cannot perceive, so there are things which the imagination sees of which the senses cannot take cognizance; for it is the order of nature that, among the subordinate kinds of knowledge, the highest should be more delicate and more perfect than the low, and that the objects of this knowledge should be more subtle and spiritualised. The images are, then, from lights more subtle than those which strike the eye, and are only sensible to the imagination; and this is so true that popular opinion, without knowing precisely how it could be so, has been constrained to recognise lights in the imagination and the understanding; for nothing is so common in the schools as to say that the imagination lightens anything, that the understanding throws a light on phantoms, and, in ordinary language, that a man has great mental lights, that he is enlightened," &c.

Not wishing to detain you a quarter of a century with this author, I strongly advise you to read him attentively, and tell me where we have got to, as regards metaphysics, in this age of *extinct* lights.

I come with a certain degree of pleasure to my favourite author, the celebrated Emanuel Swedenborg, whose biography* I have given in the second volume of

* Founded on that of Captain Fraiche.

"The Secrets of the Life to Come." Yes, in this profound thinker, the man of science disputes the palm with the religionist, and as a universal philosopher he marches the equal of Christ himself, that living example of the most elevated ideas which the human race has brought forth since it has existed. Swedenborg, without being a prophet, like those whom the Catholic Church venerates, is very superior to them in the completeness, analogy, and multiplicity of his revelations, if from these last we strip off that veil or religious influence which envelops or sways all that comes within the sphere of our terraqueous or sectarian ideas—ideas which converge always to individuality detached from the whole, instead of leading to the unity of the whole. If Swedenborg had not been indebted for the blood that flowed in his veins to a Protestant bishop, and for his education to the creed of his father, he would have been the veritable type of the man-God—the complete and universal man. Let us, then, strip his divine language of these few material briars which surround them, and we shall find the man has become the angel—an angel speaking the words of God. A simple man like me, possessing no acquirements, having no position that can justify my putting forth my opinion on such a genius, I feel how much I may appear an enthusiast in speaking of this great light of the spiritualists. Besides, what I owe to Swedenborg spiritually and *materially* may place me in a certain dependence with respect to him who commands my admiration; but I cast off every idea that might influence me on this subject, and I say it with all the sincerity of a heart that believes itself free to think—yes, Swedenborg is one of those human stars whom God sends among us only in unhappy days, and out of his inexhaustible goodness, in order to enlighten and console us and revive our faith. Yes, Swedenborg is the greatest genius my mind has ever known. What has been proved to me by Moses, Hermes, Confucius, Apollonius of Thyane, Agrippa,

Albert the Great, and all the thousand and one magicians, mathematicians, natural philosophers, and mechanicians in the world, who have appeared since it began to exist? They have proved to me that man is capable of astonishing manifestations; but has not Swedenborg stolen from St. Peter the key of the heavens, to display them to us and render them palpable to our senses in all they possess that is most infinite and most consoling? Had he even conducted me only to his hell, how greatly I should prefer it to the paradise of the Catholics, because it does not reflect on the Divine goodness; and wherever I shall be able to sing the praises of God, though I were in nothingness, I should be more happy than among certain vicars of Christ, who barter the favours of the Divinity as bankers sell railway shares. A God so like a machine, and men so crafty, are little worthy of being loved.

I return to Swedenborg. No man has written so much as he has on all the known sciences; no man has been more esteemed and venerated by his fellow-citizens, beloved by the great, blessed by the lowly. He has been useful to all; his career in our material state has bequeathed to all intellects, and all dispositions, knowledge and lights which still illumine the learned of our days. But as I wish to present this man to you only under a spiritualist point of view, I shall make some quotations from his works in which I have found the confirmation of what is contained in my propositions. If Swedenborg, in many other passages of his writings, appears not to agree with those I am about to cite, it must be attributed solely to his want of sufficient observation of the two states in which he alternately found himself. The one might easily influence the other; this is what all his disciples have perceived on the first perusal of his works. Thus, when he sometimes says, "I have taken so many hours or days to go to such a heaven or such a society," it must be understood—"I have taken such a time to enter into the state necessary to perceive such a representative of

place or society that was in me." Moreover, you will perfectly understand, on listening to the extracts I shall read to you, that the error of Swedenborg was merely the same as that of all ecstasies as well as somnambulists. I am about to give you a more convincing proof of it, if you are disposed to accept it, although it may be liable to be refuted. I had prepared three-fourths of the leading ideas of our conferences (which I propose to publish) without asking the opinion of Swedenborg, when on the 25th of January, 1850, I sent my clairvoyant, Adèle Maginot, to sleep, and begged her to ask for this spirit, as she had been in the habit of doing for several years. When he was present, I caused these questions to be addressed to him:—"I am at work at this moment on a philosophical work, are you aware of it?" "Yes, your hand is guided." "How is that? I treat of questions which, to say the truth, disquiet me a good deal from their eccentric nature." "I know it, and therefore care is taken to make you erase all that is not suitable." "But between the suitable and the true, there is still an enormous difference." "Yes, but I believe you to be in the truth." "Nevertheless, I advance a proposition which seems but little in agreement with some passages in your writings. I believe, and have thought I have seen with my own eyes, that man was a universe in little, and that he had no need to go out of his own sphere to see all places and all beings that he wishes to see." "You are right." Adèle of her own accord added, M. Swedenborg says to me, "He is like you; you think you go out of your body to go towards heaven, and you do not quit it." "But you," replied Adèle, "do you not come to me?" "I am in you as you are in me; we are all in one another." "Yet, some time ago," observed Adèle, "when I accidentally got some dirt in my eye, during a journey I made in spirit, in a foreign country, you made me observe one thing* which appeared to me

* See the *Magnetiseur Spiritualiste* (journal), 1850.

true." "The thing was not less true than the dirt you received in the eye; but all that was spiritual, with material appearances; without these appearances there would be no existence possible: these appearances are in you; they are the representative of what takes place materially; and it is that which causes your error, and has caused mine very frequently, although I knew well that I did go out of myself in order to see and converse with angels; we all exist in each other." "Then you approve of Alphonse's book." "Yes, I tell you; he will put in it only what he ought." "He recommends himself to your enlightened assistance, for he has much need of it." Adèle then said to me—"What does all this mean? He is in me—I am in him—we are in one another—where, then, are we?" "Still here," replied I to this good creature; "do not disturb yourself about the rest."

I have felt bound, my dear Gustavus, to acquaint you with this revelation, the truth of which I assure you, on my soul, at least substantially, if not very exactly as to details, seeing that I relate it from memory. Swedenborg assured me that our conferences would be published, as "The Secrets" have been; and that this work was a useful one. He told me at the same time that it was not the only one I was destined to produce. But let us leave my individuality, and return to our revelations. I have said that no man had gone so far as he had in the study of metaphysical and religious questions, and this is true, to judge from the authors I have read. Jacob Boehm, Saint Martin the philosopher, and Saint Thérèse are within a little the three leaders among known mystics. Boehm was rather a hermetic than a religious mystic. Saint Martin linked the mysticism of hermetic science to religious and political science. Saint Thérèse imagined herself to be a religious, mystical and revealing type; but like the two preceding, she always comes back to prostrate herself at the feet of her affection, which is Catholicism personified in Christ, and from the foot of this sublime

Calvary she rolls down the precipice dug by religious sensualists. But Swedenborg, although partaking indeed a little of the weakness of Saint Therèse in what concerns the dogmas of his affection, returns incessantly to those ideas of human liberty which worthily place the Divine creature in constant observation before his Creator, as his objective, as his necessity and complement of his being : he renders them both indispensable to each other. And this great revealer remains ever predominating over the credulity, the bad passions, and the arrogance of his age, to which he constantly shows that these affections are the basis of our future, and the origin of our future state called by some heaven, and by others hell ; or to speak more justly heaven for all, seeing that it is a state answering to our affections, and which consequently must procure us, on the whole, more of happiness than of misery. He is careful to prove to all that it depends only on ourselves to change our affection, and consequently our state, to draw near to, or separate ourselves from God, without the assistance of a fee given to an Abbé, who, for such consideration, puts his signature to our spiritual passport, and orders God, at the pleasure of this arrogant creature, to open or shut the gates of his heaven. Swedenborg proves to us a God such as all men dream and have the presentiment of, wish for, and love—a God who is good, generous, inviting unceasingly all his children to come to him, foreseeing all their wants, and satisfying them ; in short a God worthy of that name, and not a God whose favours are sold by public auction. If we refrain from pronouncing upon all that we do not comprehend, or do not admit, in the works of Swedenborg, there still remains to us enough to prove that this man is a religious regenerator ; and magnetism is called upon to demonstrate the verity of a great part of his revelations, by the aid of clairvoyants, as they have been proved to me.*

* See "The Secrets of the Life to Come Unveiled."

GUS. I have no doubt whatever of the high estimation in which Swedenborg is held by the learned world, any more than of the veracity of a great portion of his works. For your sake I rejoice to know that you have been aided by this superior spirit. But let us postpone till to-morrow the citations you intend to make from his works; I shall listen to them with greater leisure and attention.

TENTH CONFERENCE.

MYSTICS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY (*concluded*).

ALF. According to my promise, my dear Gustavus, I am now quite ready to make you acquainted with the passages I referred to at our last conference. I find in the "Treatise on the Planetary and Astral Worlds" of Swedenborg, translated by A. J. Pernety, paragraph 2, these remarkable passages:—"Spirits which a voice from heaven informed me belonged to the globe nearest the sun, which on our earth we call the planet Mercury, accosted me, at the same time searching in my memory to satisfy their curiosity as to the information it contained. These spirits evince singular address in this operation; hardly have they given a single glance than they are fully informed of all that is accumulated there, they see therein regular plans of towns, public places, palaces, and houses of all kinds. I soon perceived that they were not curious about these objects, and that they were anxious only as to *what was done in them, the character of the inhabitants, their customs, and government*, and other objects of this kind; for all these things are graven upon the memory, and as it were linked with the image of the places to which they relate;

which is the reason why, the moment the idea of a place presents itself to the mind, the things that *relate to it present themselves likewise*. I was surprised that they gave no attention to the magnificence of the palaces, and asked them the reason. It is, said they, because the sight of these material objects in no way interests us, and the impression they make causes us to experience no pleasure. We do not attach ourselves to the image, but to the reality there is in it."

I have no occasion to repeat to you that Swedenborg was an ecstatic who perceived, in this state, during a period of more than twenty years, all things relating to the future life. In the article from which I have just quoted, Swedenborg states that spirits whom he thought belonged to another globe were enabled to perceive in his memory not the image of the places that are there, but the *manners* and *usages* of the people who inhabit those places, which proves that human actions are *living* things, capable of being represented by these same images. Thus, it is sufficient for a spirit to see the image of any being whatever, to know its manners and habits. Judge, my friend, in this first article I quote from this great ecstatic philosopher, how many subjects of meditation he offers to our study, and whether this extract does not prove my proposition of the man-microcosm. For, to consider the matter carefully, if Swedenborg had in him the image, the *manners* and *usages* of the people he had known, he had not less so those of the people he had not known, and if this were the case, as he goes on to prove himself, the spirits from Mercury who visited him must have had the same property. If, on the contrary, as he seems to hint, these interior images served only to put him in relation with the very objects themselves from which they emanated, the Mercurian spirits had the same faculty as himself of communicating by thought with what they wished to perceive, without having recourse to the memory of Swedenborg, which would make us

L

rather suppose that the image they saw there was a true objective possessing life in itself, than believe that the marble palace is the true existence, as his phrase would appear to indicate. If you tell me that each spirit can only see the globe he has inhabited, and that when he wishes to see another he is obliged to unite himself to a body belonging to that globe in order to perceive this last with the help of the organs that this body lends him—I shall show you, in my turn, that if this be the case, it proves that we exist in one another, as Swedenborg has told me, since, to be able to perceive a sphere that is not its own, the spirit is forced to penetrate it in order to know more of it. It is a labyrinth that I do not pretend to enlighten, but solely to make it known, in order that a genius superior to mine may illumine every part of it.

We will now make some further extracts. I shall not append any observations to each quotation, that I may not break the connection between them. Your mind is judicious enough to seize and discover in each whatever relates to the revelations I have made to you, and to infer that Swedenborg had the knowledge and assurance that he perceived in himself all the globes of the universe. If he loses himself in some allegorical phrases concerning matter, saying—The objective of what I see is more *there* than *there*, it is from a defect in our power of observing all things. It is to be hoped that it will be one day acknowledged that the objective is *wherever* the *soul* is. In the same work, art. 125, he is more explicit—“While we are unacquainted with the secrets of heaven, we shall with difficulty persuade ourselves that a man is able to see globes so distant, and as though from the testimony of his senses relate certain things touching matters that concern them; but be it known, that the spaces, distances, and changes of place which happen on the surface of our world are in their *origin* and *principle* only changes of the *state* of

the soul, and consequently, as regards these changes, one may, like angels and spirits, be transported from one place to another, from one globe to another, though it were to the extremity of the universe, with an *appearance* so striking that it is regarded as *truth*."

"This may happen to a man as regards his spirit, although his body has not changed its place. I have had experience of this myself, since it has pleased the Divine mercy to enable me to converse with spirits as though one among them, and at the same time as a natural man, with the inhabitants of our earth. A man accustomed to judge of every thing only by his senses will imperfectly conceive how that can take place, because he is in *what he calls space and time*, and measures his steps by the knowledge he has of both." Page 127. "Persons who think and judge only by the exterior senses, not conceiving that there may be progression without *sensible space*, will not believe that this can take place, or may even be done by itself, as I have before said; but let them *look inwardly and abstract themselves from their external senses*, or allow them to slumber in order that the spirit may act with full liberty, and they will quickly perceive that in *the ideas or images of the interior thought, there is neither time nor space, but merely something that supplies the place of it*. Let an inhabitant of Paris think he is at Pekin, and conversing with a friend there. Is there in his idea anything whatever that reminds him of the distance that separates these two cities, or the time necessary for his body to have accompanied his spirit in so long a journey? But to know that one is in Paris, and to think that we converse with a friend now in Pekin, are *two states*, or two successive modes of being of the spirit, without change of place, however, as regards the body. Every man who reflects will have no difficulty in persuading himself that what I have said is possible. It is, therefore, to *sensible men* I have hitherto spoken,

and to whom I shall address myself in future, because I believe them desirous of acquiring a knowledge of what the Lord has deigned to reveal to me."

Page 135. "This proves that man has been so created, that, though a living man on the earth, he may at the same time live in heaven with angels, and angels as well as spirits on earth with men whilst they are in the other life, in such a way that heaven and earth might be found *together in man*, and be only one, in order that men might be whatever there is in heaven, and angels whatever there is on earth, and that in dying, man might pass simply from the kingdom of the Lord on earth to the kingdom of God in heaven, *not as into two different kingdoms*, but the former in which man was living being still corporeal; but man in rendering himself terrestrial to the extent he is, shuts heaven against him;" by which, according to Swedenborg, must be understood the *door of his internal self*. The author continues, art. 157, "By means of the changes of state of the soul, I was transported to another world of the firmament; for, as I have said, a spirit transports itself from one place to another only by these changes of state, which *appear to be a real removal from one place to a very different place*, and is what we call a journey. These changes occupied ten hours, in order to render my interior state equal to that of the inhabitants and spirits of that world." It will be easily seen that this phrase, "to render my interior state equal," &c., is badly translated, and that, after what we have just said, it means rather—"in order to perceive the state of my interior, which is equal to his with whom I wish to correspond." This would be the solution of the question still pending among magnetisers, relative to the transportation of clairvoyants to the places they perceive at a distance. It was a long time before my opinion was fixed on this point, and ere I perceived that the soul of the clairvoyant does not quit its body. What I myself, when the ecstasy was complete, took

for a separation of soul and body was, on the contrary, only a cessation of exterior expansion as regards the latter, and rather a completion of its interior expansion. I am going to quote what this great ecstatic has written most clearly on time and space. I find in *La Sagesse Angelique*, by the same author and translator, paragraph 69, these remarkable phrases :—"Two things are proper to nature time and space ; man has formed to himself an idea of them, and this idea is so graven upon his mind, that he reasons almost always in accordance with it. Does he wish to abstract himself from it, he returns to it without perceiving it, and this habit is so strongly implanted within him, that he can hardly rise beyond it. He is ever grovelling among sensible things. While he acts in this manner, he will be able neither to conceive nor comprehend spiritual things, and what belongs to the Divinity, because he will always mingle with them something of time and space." Page 70. "When man dies, he strips off the ideas of time and space at the same time that he *loses the use of his corporeal senses* ; he becomes angel ; he no longer sees except by virtue of spiritual light, which presents to his thought only *true objects*, though similar in appearance to the natural objects of this lower world. The objects of thought have nothing in relation to time and space, in which respect they differ from natural objects, of the situation of which, their quality, figure, and duration, we judge here below only relatively to time and space. To the view of angels, the objects of their abode are *in truth as though in space and time*, but the idea of time and space does not present itself to them, because these two properties which man attributes to terrestrial nature do not exist in the spiritual world."

Page 283. "Every sensible man who will reflect will be soon convinced that of nothing we cannot make something ; consequently, that the universe has not been created from nothing, or as it is termed, drawn from

nothingness ; that would be a contradictory proposition, and what is contradictory is against the light of truth, which is Divine wisdom itself. Since all that is not from Divine wisdom, belongs not to Divine omnipotence, it follows, then—and reason tells us,—that all things must have been created from a substance which is *substance in itself*, for it is the very being from which all others emanate, and which can only maintain their existence from itself. Now, God being a unique substance *in himself*, and by that the only being *in himself*, it is evident that all things can maintain their existence only by him. Many persons have thought so, but they have not dared to assert it for fear they should be charged with thinking, consequently, that the created universe is God himself, since it comes from God. We shall show in the sequel how God having created everything from himself, his creatures have, nevertheless, nothing in themselves that is properly God.”

Gus. Permit me, my friend, one word. In referring me to the manner in which Swedenborg defines time and space, you find that you have entered upon an immense question : the authority you cite recognises only one substance in created things, which is the Divine substance. I willingly grant that he does not affirm that each of the molecules of this substance is individually God ; but being a part, a Divine emanation, it cannot be either good or bad, for in God there can be only harmony.

ALF. Your interruption is that of an opponent who lets nothing pass him without making it pay toll. Swedenborg was a learned observer ; in this revelation he is logically accordant with all the ideas put forth on creation. There are two creators or only one ; this one is good or bad. Though he were both, how should it be given to us, humble molecules of this great whole, to define this indefinable being, since he is infinite ? We ought, then, to be content with observing, the only power which has been allotted to us by our Father to all : he alone concludes and judges.

Gus. You have a very satisfying way of answering everything; let us observe, you say, let us observe.

ALF. It is the only way, my friend. To judge that which we do not comprehend—to judge God and his creation—to say this is good, this is bad, is it not to expose ourselves to meet with a contradiction every day? Is it not to imitate those scholars who, in the absence of their professor, take his cap and ferule; the cap is not the head that it covers, the ferule is not the arm that strikes; our spirit, a molecule of the whole, is not the whole, and still less capable of judging in its material bondage. Let us not decry the chain of which we are only a link, before we have ascertained its length and utility. But to return to Swedenborg. Here is an extract from paragraph 285, which is conclusive on space and time: “Such is the state of spirits and angels; they are men even as to their bodies; *they show themselves in the spot where their thought carries them*, because in the spiritual world space and distances *have nothing real but the appearance*, and are confounded with the thought *that emanates from their affection*.” Thus you see, my friend, that all springs from a point, which is thought, and returns to a point, *the human soul*,—which I shall endeavour to prove to you by-and-by, better than at present, if possible; meanwhile, I wish to confirm what I have cited to you concerning God, THE WHOLE, by a quotation from the same author, paragraph 301. “From angelic ideas, which recognise no space, it results that God-man is the only being who has life in himself, that nothing has any movement except through the life which proceeds from the Lord; that all things exist through the sun, the first emanation from him; that it is true, therefore, that we live in God, that we move, and are in him and by him.” You perceive, my friend, if this be so, before judging it is necessary to observe. Your blunt interruption caused me to forget this passage of the divine interpreter.

Gus. I have no observation to make on this passage, which is as clear as can be desired.

ALF. We have made a gap in our definition of the microcosm ; let us again take up the thread of this subject, still aided by Swedenborg, and the work from which I am now quoting to you. No. 322.—“The proof that every thing in the universe represents man, or is the image of him, is that all we have just spoken of in the preceding article appears to be, and is in effect, around the angel and the angelic societies, as if they were the *authors* and *creators* of it, and these objects exist in their existence as long as the angel or the angelic society continues in the same *interior state*. If the angel or the angelic society changes, these objects disappear, and give place to other objects relative to the actual state of this society. Does another society present itself to occupy the place of the previous one, it finds not around it what the preceding one saw there;* there are other trees, other flowers, other fruits, other animals, because each society has its peculiar objects, which *are produced* conformable and relative to the interior state of each angel as of each society. This is not astonishing, since these objects are only correspondences, the *existence* of which depends upon the affections and thoughts by which they are produced. Now, these correspondences are only one and the same thing with the *thoughts* with which they correspond, and thence they become their emblem or *representation*. This image does not show itself as such, when we consider all objects in the *forms*, but we recognise it when it is considered in the use for which the object has been made, viz., to be a correspondence or image which recalls that of which it is the image or representation. To me it has been permitted to see that when God has opened the eyes of the angels, in order to put them in the state to consider these objects as correspondences in the use they make of them, the angels are themselves *seen* and *recognised* in *these objects*.” I beg you

* See first volume of “The Secrets of the Future Life Unveiled.”

to mark these words, "*seen and recognised* in these objects." We shall return to them.

No. 323. "These objects, deriving their existence from the thoughts and affections of the angels, represent in a manner the *universe*, in so far as these objects are fields, mountains, rivers, trees, fruits, animals, &c. ; and as they are, at the same time, the representation of the angel to whom they correspond, that explains to us why the ancients gave the name of **MICROCOSM**, or little **UNIVERSE**, to man.

No. 325. "For the same reason that every thing in the universe relates to, and represents, man, **ADAM**, as regards wisdom and intelligence, has been described under the name of *Garden of Eden*, commonly called by us *terrestrial paradise*, in which there were trees of every kind and species, flowers, precious stones, gold, and animals, to which he gave names suitable to their nature and the character peculiar to each. By all these things is to be understood what was in **ADAM**—that which constituted what we call *man*. Ezekiel describes Assyria (chapter 31), and, in a comparison made by him between it and the Garden of Eden, says, that the trees of the former would have been envied for their beauty by the trees of the latter."

No. 344. "I have been present at a discussion in the spiritual world between two leaders of the Anglican scientific society, the one named Sloane, the other Fox, on the existence of eggs and seeds as the source of the productions of the earth. The former attributed the whole to nature, and affirmed that at the moment of creation she had received the power and faculty of producing everything by means of the heat of the sun's rays; the latter maintained that the Creator acts continually, and bestows without interruption this power and faculty upon nature, which is only the obedient minister of his purposes. In order to end this discussion a beautiful bird presented itself to Sloane; he was told to seize it, to consider and examine it closely, that

he might see whether he found the slightest difference between it and a similar bird of the natural world. He said that the resemblance was perfect. He knew, however, that this bird was nothing more than the affection of an angel represented, *separate from him*, under the form and figure of a *bird*, and that this *bird* would disappear when the desire ceased, and which in reality took place. This experiment convinced Sloane that nature in no respect contributes by herself to the production of animals and vegetables, and that the *influence* of the *spiritual* world does everything in this respect. If this bird, said he, was composed of corresponding terrestrial matters, even in the smallest portion of it, it would not vanish with the affection of which it is the image; it would be fixed and permanent in its existence as are the birds of the natural world."

I might add to this last observation that Swedenborg himself recognised that these images, types of terrestrial things, are eternal, while, on the contrary, the latter are perishable or changeable. The bird seen by Sloane had, therefore, for him the duration of existence which his observation demonstrated to him at that moment; if he had wished to observe it for an eternity, this bird would have lived through eternity. He might, on the contrary, have desired to see it again a thousand times in eternity, and he would have seen it a thousand times. While on earth the laws of time and the changes of form only permit to our observation the sight of the objects that surround us for a certain time in our existence; if we wished to stretch our observation to the utmost limits of its attributes, we should not see the object of to-day similar to-morrow, nor similar during the same hour, so brief is the succession of forms and sensations in our material state. It is not the same, it cannot be the same, in a state where we perceive the eternal types of objects, in which the laws of time no longer hold us in their deceitful clutches: whatever *is*, is always the same when our observation desires to enter into relation with it.

“When any one is instructed, concerning what I have just said, by the knowledge acquired through the study of anatomy, he will not doubt that the *principles* of life are in the *origin* of the fibres, and that the fibres do not proceed from themselves, but from the glandules we have spoken of (views of the microscope in the brain). These elements of the fibres, which show themselves under the form of glandules, are almost innumerable; their number may be compared to that of the stars, and the quantity of fibres that originate from them to that of the rays of light which proceed from those stars, and carry light and heat to the earth. We may compare the number of glandules to that of the angelic societies in heaven, which cannot be numbered, and which are, as it has been told me, arranged in the same order; and we may also liken the fibres that emanate from these glandules to the truths and good deeds that issue therefrom like rays. It is this which constitutes man a *universe* and a *heaven* in its smallest form. What are we thence to conclude? That what life is in its principles, such it is in its ramifications; or that what life is in its elements existing in the brain, such it is in the parts which originate from it to be distributed through the entire body.”

I should appear ridiculous if I continued these citations, of which your mind stands in no need to decide your judgment on this matter. If Swedenborg admits this proposition, as having observed it for years with his spiritual eyes, and having acquired the certitude of its truth, we may well be able, we non-seers, to fix our observation on it a moment. We are about to pass on to other authors, who will confirm him whom I have just cited, without being either more clear or more decisive. I have not wished to tax your patience, or I might have quoted what he says of human emanations (or magnetism, unknown in his time); what he says, likewise, of phrenology, which was still more so. He has outstepped by his revelations all the great men whom he preceded, by more than a century, and I know

not how many may elapse ere one shall be found who has written more and better.

Before coming to our nineteenth century, I deem it necessary to quote the following extract from a work entitled, "*Histoire Critique des Pratiques Superstitieuses*," by Pierre Lebrun, second edition, 1732, first volume, page 79, in which it is stated :—"Vanderbercte, Gaffarel, Borelli, have put forth these opinions for truths so certain," says the writer, in speaking of ideas, or living thoughts, "that they can only be disputed by the ignorant, and Vanderbercte has composed a system in order to explain these strange marvels.

He asserts that there are in the blood of men and beasts certain seminal ideas, that is to say, corpuscles which contain in little *the whole animal*. There are, for example, in the arm seminal ideas of the arm; in the heart, seminal ideas of the heart; and so of the other parts: all these kinds of ideas are mingled together in the blood, which carries them into the *organs of generation*. The formation of an animal is only the accumulation of certain ideas previously diffused in every part of him who engenders them. Doubtless, some difficulty will be felt in believing Vanderbercte on this point; but he appeals in proof of it to experience. Some persons have distilled human blood, newly taken, and have perceived in it these seminal ideas; they have seen, to the astonishment of the terrified assistants, a human spectre which sent forth groanings. Let not these effects be attributed to demoniac agency, as the multitude of philosophers ordinarily do. Vanderbercte assures us that these effects are wholly natural; to doubt it would be, according to him, to insult God. He thence draws conclusions by which to convince atheists of the resurrection. What he advances, that the blood contains the seminal ideas of animals, is confirmed, as he pretends, by passages of Scripture, in which God forbids the Jews to eat the blood of animals, for fear, he says, the spirits or

ideas contained in it should produce strange effects. He relates several examples of these terrible results. But nothing is more curious than what he informs us subsequently, that by preserving the ashes of our ancestors we could raise up phantoms which would represent their forms to us. What a consolation to be able to pass in review one's father or grandfather, and all those from whom we have descended, and to do so without the aid of the demon, and by a very permissible necromancy! What a satisfaction for the learned to resuscitate in a certain fashion the Romans, the Greeks, and all antiquity. There is nothing impossible in all this—nothing that goes beyond the workings of nature, if we are to believe Vanderbercte; it is sufficient to possess the ashes of those whom we wish to cause to appear. He likewise warns us not to attribute to angels, or to demons, the apparition of certain phantoms seen at night in cemeteries, since these phantoms may arise naturally from the bodies that are interred there.”

Gus. I imagine that this author wishes to ridicule a little the assertions of Vanderbercte.

ALF. I know not what his intention is; it is sufficient that Vanderbercte wished to materialise, *by experiments*, metaphysical propositions, for me to cite the conviction of this author. In our days have we not the celebrated and unfortunate Raspail, who has individualised and discovered an entire world of animalcules in the human body? Between an intestinal worm and an animated molecule I see no difference; from a spermatic animalcule to an animalcule idea, representing a man or any other animal, in miniature, I perceive no greater difficulty; wherever these myriads of animals live, that we harbour in the very least of our fibres, may live existences of species more or less related to ours. If science, by means of optics, has been able to render palpable to our senses this living universe, let us not despair that, by means analogous to those of Vanderbercte, she will succeed in rendering

palpable likewise beings of our own species. Long before I had read the work I have just quoted, I had already closely studied the connection of our dreams with the various species we absorb in our repasts, and thought myself justified in admitting that this connection was well founded as far as concerns the elements in which the animals live that constitute our nourishment, and the kinds of food they consume. Thus, I who am an inveterate dreamer, have frequently been transported to the sea-shore or the banks of rivers, after having supped on fish; wandered over meadows and gardens after eating vegetables; experienced terrible agonies after having partaken of inoffensive animals, such as sheep, rabbits, poultry, &c.; dogs or other animals worried me, as those animals are tormented I have just named. I know not yet within what limit I should restrict this inquiry, which is as good as any other! Is there anything unworthy of our observation in this vast field of propositions?

GUS. No; and therefore I shall go and reflect on all I have just heard. As they say night brings with it counsel, it will, perhaps, enlighten me on this conference.

ELEVENTH CONFERENCE.

PHILOSOPHERS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

ALF. My dear Gustavus, we are about to enter upon this age of enlightenment, civilisation, and religious, philosophical, and social studies, in which each individual thinks himself obliged to propose his stone towards the construction of a universal edifice to *reason*; in which each desires to contribute the most important part, and finds himself crushed under the burden. Shall

we be more fortunate in the gift of our scientific obolus ? I know not. Our duty is to offer it ; may God bless, and men receive it ; such is the wish of my heart. We are going, then, to plunge hastily into the vast library of the present age, in order to support our own propositions by those already presented by men whose merit is greatly superior to ours. One cannot but hope everything from such learned men, who are the glory and admiration of studious inquirers.

In 1802 was published a work, in four volumes, entitled, "*Lettres du Tombeau ; ou, les Posthumes*," attributed to Cazotte, celebrated from his predictions on the French revolution, and by the publication of the "*Diable Amoureux*." This author, understanding his age, and the men whom he was about to address, did what is done by the Lamartines, Balzacs, and Alexander Dumas of our days. He says in a romantic style what he would have said philosophically to a school of learned men. It is one way of making oneself read ; if we do not always succeed in being understood, we have the chance of not being derided. This work is, then, written in a facetious and critical style. Let us accept, under the point of view that suits our inquiries, the first volume, page 211. It is a pretended dead man, who writes to his wife on what he sees in the future life. He says:—"But to you, my excellent friend, I may say, in confidence, that I play the wizard a little for my own gratification. It is, therefore, by magic—not that I invoke the souls of Ifflasie and Clarendon [the names of two friends]—but that, acting on my own, I force it to half quit its material envelope, to leave the body half-way, like a snail, in order to hold converse with souls ; it was a vision that first gave me this taste, which I turn into a reality."

Page 161. He meets with the soul of J. J. Rousseau, who says to him, "It is inconceivable to mortals, how great is the indifference, in the soul state, with which one sees the most disastrous events. Alas ! when death itself

is nothing, the rest is much less still. It is a poor philosophy, that says death is the greatest evil: it is to reason like the condemned criminals, whom they carry to the gibbet. *Death is the last term of misery:* Souls see clearly that the greatest of evils is only an advantageous change. They laugh at all the pains of life, as we laugh at a dream, even while admitting that it is painful."

Does not this revelation strengthen those contained in "The Secrets of the Future Life Unveiled?"

Page 199. Cazotte, after giving some details on the nature of thoughts and desires, continues—"I have forgotten to tell you how souls eat. They absorb an idea, a thought, a desire, by the power of their will; they become identified with these in occupying themselves about them. That is all the mystery."

Yes, in this simple phrase is all the mystery, all the history, the whole existence of the life to come. In the absorption of these desires and these thoughts, do we not find the only solution that magnetisers can admit; in order to explain the phenomenon of absorption of aliments, beverages, &c., which they cause their clairvoyants to take, fictitiously, together with those factitious creations which they make them perceive? Does not the strongly-expressed desire of the magnetiser suffice to *substantialise*—shall I say—the most imponderable things! And is not this solution of our author also that which we have proposed in the first volume of "The Secrets?" Cazotte applies this system to all the usages which prevail in Heaven (or the spiritual world); thus, with some, he makes them tend ideas of flocks, &c. He asserts that our souls find *in themselves*, in desires, thoughts, and ideas, all that the universe can contain; that these thoughts or desires are particles of souls vivified with all the beings or orders they have known on earth. Thus, the sight of a sheep or a flock would have sufficed to leave its *living* image in the domain of the memory, under the name of thought and desire, and

the soul disengaged from the body, in thinking of this flock, would enjoy the sight of it, which would be for her as *true* and full of *life* as the sight she had of it while on earth. It is with this conviction that he continues,—"There are, consequent upon desires, lions, tigers, bears, wolves, leopards, foxes," &c. On this subject, I beg you will again read the description of Bruno, in the first volume of "The Secrets," and mark the analogy it has with this revelation.

Page 204. Cazotte continues:—"And you may conjecture that the intellectual substance is a fluid more rarified than ether, than heat, than the solar light, and that it may be termed the electro-magnético-intellectual-divine fluid."

"All that is in us the earth or globe possesses on a larger scale; the sun, likewise, has it more perfect and refined. All that is contained in suns is almost perfect and infinite; in the SUN OF SUNS, of which the universal centre is God, besides the intellectual fluid by which everything thinks, is the electric fluid of God."

"Be assured, my well beloved, that all I say to you of the state of souls is *true*, and that I tell you of it from a motive of the tenderest attachment. I will not conceal from you that I am occupied earnestly and intensely with these ideas, in a belief of which I have succeeded in persuading myself. They infuse a salutary balm in the soul of him who believes them.

Ifflasie and Clarendon had much trouble in keeping incorporeal goats, which made them at times very impatient by their wandering, climbing, and remaining clinging to ideal rocks, which projected over precipices of ideas, snows, and ice, or hung over a sea of tempestuous ideas, rolling with horrible waves, and all in order to browse on thyme and briar thoughts.

Arts and trades are also found among souls, but trades are more honourable there than arts; for the rule is this—the more useful a profession is, the more it is esteemed, and as useful things are

M

performed by routine, much gratitude is evinced towards the good souls who restrict themselves to things that are not amusing. Among souls there is never any mistake as to their true merit, seeing that they are *transparent to one another.*"

Need I, my dear Gustavus, continue and comment upon these citations? Cannot you do this yourself, and see if they do not agree with what you have read in the "Secrets," and what I have quoted from my ecstasies, through hashish, in our preceding conferences? Are we doing anything but continuing that great philosophic study, commencing with the first man, called Adam, and ending in the great whole, which is God? No. Then let us go on.

In 1820 appeared the third edition of the "*Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire et à l'Etablissement du Magnétisme*," by M. de Puységur, which he thought proper to embellish with an engraving representing a radiant thought, bearing this device: "**THOUGHT MOVES MATTER.**" This learned and discreet author well knew how much value he attached to this emblem, and the meaning of this device; he knew well that in this single phrase there was a new philosophy, the subversion of the so-called material forces; he thought what he could not, or dared not, say. Had he not said enough, as regards himself, in affirming that man, sleeping in this world, was awakened in the other? It was more than sufficient to compromise his reputation as a Marquis, to which, however, he was not much indebted.

In 1822, M. Daloz, another philosophic magnetiser, wrote these lines concerning God, in his work entitled, "*Discours sur les Principes généraux de la Théorie négative et spirituelle de la Nature*," page 176:—"In admitting that nature is in the Divinity, and that the Divinity is in nature, I do not swerve, I repeat it, from the principles consecrated by religion itself. We acknowledge that the Divinity is infinite, and everywhere; the sole difference between this definition and mine is,

that I demonstrate the cause of this infinity and this universality in a manner that is intelligible, and, to a certain extent, palpable; while hitherto it has been made a religious dogma, which enslaves without convincing the reason. Far, then, from alarming the conscience of man, I show him his Divine benefactor in all the parts of the great celestial body, and, secondarily, even in all the perishable productions of nature. Everywhere this Providence, which there is so much reason to implore, offers itself to our senses, and supplies our wants. Nature no longer regulates herself like simple matter, but as being animated by the Divine breath of the great celestial body of which she makes an integral part. Nevertheless, it does not follow that, in rendering thanks to Divine Providence for its benefits, it is to any particular parts of it I address myself; but rather to the Divinity itself, by whom the immensity was formed—just as, with respect to an individual who alleviates my sufferings or relieves my necessities, it is not to that particular member which has ministered to his humanity and his benevolence that I express my gratitude, but rather to the individual himself.” This proposition of M. Daloz too strongly confirms my first, not to be convincing to you, and supplies a very good answer to the objection urged by certain persons on this point, that, if every particle of nature was from God, it would be God praying to himself. We might leave this point to be settled by the Catholic Church, which was the first to say that God is in and throughout all, knows and understands all things, that nothing happens without his ORDER AND PERMISSION. This proposition is devoid of meaning as regards the morality taught by the Church. It would be more just to say, All our thoughts are a portion of God, as a molecule of him; they resemble in the great whole the alphabet of our ordinary writing—they may concur, like the letters of the alphabet, in writing good and evil, without the alphabet being responsible for it. It may

be that our thoughts are collected by spiritual societies as we put together these letters, which is not the kind of assemblage that God has made of them. It is for this reason I have said, God is all that is, without all that is being individually *God*. A hair of my head belongs, indeed, to me, but it is not me: the part constitutes the whole, but is not the whole. If there is heresy or pantheism in admitting that all that exists is a part of God, the Catholic Church is heretical; in the second case, it would be necessary to admit two Creators, which would not tend much to advance the question.

In 1833 was published the third edition of a work entitled "*Rêveries*," by M. de Senancourt, in which the author, who does not appear certainly to be a spiritualist of our school, offers these judicious reflections on time and matter, page 320—"The rarity of noises in space is a warning of the error which enslaves us under the law of time; the past destroys itself; for the future we have only conjectures; the present, which we seek for between what will perhaps take place, and what has disappeared, is only an indiscernible moment, an imaginary separation. Everything may be reduced to the inexplicable sway of a personal thought; matter may be only a *fantastic medium*. In order to isolate the *varied emanations* of the boundless spirit, we calculate relations and compare figures; we transport atoms, but we have no idea of the essence of things; no power is comprehended, and *no visible substance is demonstrated*; amidst the world of accidents we merely discover what would exist still, if nothing perishable was produced. Every known cause is subordinate; every form changes under the operation of inexorable law; all duration glides away without return; from the necessary destruction of the beings who grow old is constituted for ever the necessary youthfulness of the world. The *present dream*, and imperfect order, will vanish for each of us. If we are destined to enjoy

another state, that state will explain successively the desire that agitates us; after the vexation of so many illusions unalterable truth, forgotten behind these veils, will be alone manifest."

In 1836, M. de Balzac published his "Louis Lambert," the fruit of his philosophic studies. This work made some sensation. It contained metaphysical propositions above the ordinary class. M. de Balzac understands Swedenborg, whom he quotes with much fondness in his "Seraphita Seraphitus," in which, as a philosopher in advance of his age, he thought he could insinuate some glimpses of his studies under the romantic form in which he has been so successful to the present day. He was thus enabled to get them read, meditated, and perhaps admitted. But in his "Louis Lambert" he has been much less happy than M. Daloze whom I have just cited. In his appreciation of God as manifested in the smallest particles of the universe, M. de Balzac stirs up more disputations than he proposes solutions. He does not seem able to satisfy, by his ideas, the demands of his reason. It is, therefore, with difficulty I have been able to find in this work the few phrases I am about to quote in support of my propositions, although I am persuaded that this writer is the path we are exploring. In the second volume, page 94, he thus defines matter:—"Everything here below is the product of an ethereal substance, the common basis of various phenomena, known under the inappropriate names of ELECTRICITY, HEAT, LIGHT, GALVANIC AND MAGNETIC FLUID, &c. The universality of its transmutations constitutes what is vulgarly called matter." (Page 98.) "But there is in man a primitive, overruling phenomenon which is susceptible of no analysis: we may decompose man altogether, and shall perhaps discover the elements of THOUGHT and WILL; but we shall always meet with, without being able to resolve, that X, over which I formerly stumbled: this X is the word, the communication of which burns and

devours those who are not prepared to receive it. It engenders SUBSTANCE incessantly in renewing it without end." Will M. de Balzac be viewed as a madman for advancing such a proposition under the name of Louis Lambert? No, certainly. Yet they will give us this name for having copied this *savant*. We have endeavoured to prove it in our first volume of "The Secrets," in reference to the pretended fictitious creations of M. Dupotet, by the aid of thought, in his magnetic experiments. Yes, we assuredly believe this proposition:—"Speech contains the very thing that it depicts to our minds by the help of a sound." The same author continues, page 105—"Thus, one day, perhaps, the inverse meaning of ET VERBUM CARO FACTUM EST will be the embodiment of a new Gospel, which says—*And the flesh shall be made the word: it shall become the WORD OF GOD. The resurrection is effected by the wind of Heaven, which sweeps over the world. The angel borne on the wind does not say, 'Dead, arise;'* he says that the living are raised. The universe, therefore, is variety in unity. Motion has been the instrument; number has been the result; the end is the return of all things to unity, which is GOD."

Can anything be found more consoling and philosophic? Is not this the embodiment of our studies, the aim of which is to follow the molecule in its separation from, and aggregation with, the whole—the molecule in the whole, and the whole in the molecule? May we be able to render these studies less abstract and more satisfactory to the mind by the experiments we propose, and the light we endeavour to throw around them—then metaphysics will be only an agreeable study. Yes, we joyfully admit the particle that returns to unity, which is God, but it never ceases to be an individualised particle. The unity of these united wholes represents harmony, while, on the contrary, these wholes, in the state in which we perceive them, represent discord by their permanent disjunction.

The will of wills, the *whole* of these *wholes*, which is God, alone knows the end and utility of his manifestation. To us belongs observation, to him judgment.

Towards 1840, there appeared a philosophic and religious tract, under the title of "Demonstration Eucharistique," by M. Madrolle, a laborious writer and studious philosopher, author of a great number of works of a class similar to that which I am about to mention. This writer belongs heart and soul to the Catholic Church. His word ought, then, to have a certain weight in the religious and metaphysical questions that we are studying. I find, page 39, these remarkable ideas, by which this author tries to explain how he comprehends God in man, man in God, and the whole in all and throughout all. "I conceive in short, that the God who is everywhere and everlasting, who is in and for all things, is in reality found on the altar of a church, or in the soul of a believer. HE WAS THERE ALREADY."

Page 44. "I conceive, with still stronger reason, that the Creator of the soul of a man may have reserved to himself the faculty with which he has so loftily endowed this soul, made in his own likeness, of being at the same time *one*, and *present throughout the body* to which it is united."

Page 46. "I conceive that God who has made the sun in his image, and who calls himself the sun of justice, &c., may possess the natural property of the sun, whose image alone in a concave mirror, and consequently in a million of concave mirrors, at the same time and in all parts of the world at once, burns all combustible bodies, melts all kinds of metals, and enlightens all the globes which surround it."

Page 54. "I conceive, in fine, the multiplicity of gods living in a consecrated wafer divided to infinity, to the sight and touch of the multitude of living and miraculous beings in the body of man,—more *animated* than ever after death, so true it is that death leads swift and straight to life."

"This author is very prolific in notes, of which this work is full. Here are some that seem marvellously to strengthen his propositions. Page 36. "Newton, on the other hand, sees the atom of the infinite apparent, when he admits all globes to be concentrated in an atom, and the atom concentrated in a spirit."

Page 41. This author makes a very just remark on time, in this quotation: "Time would be nothing at bottom without *suffering*, which *alone* renders it sensible; and in truth it is nothing after a long life of pain, in so far that at their last hour, all the dying acknowledge that their longest life has been only a day." That is what Adèle made me observe, as quoted in "The Secrets." It is always the last pang that is remembered most clearly; thus, the infant that has been one month, or nine, in the bosom of its mother, has suffered as much as a man who has lived fifty years. Every thing is in relation to the force we can command to endure our suffering.

Returning to the whole in all things, the author I cite says, page 42, "We do not sufficiently admire the apparatus and play of the organs destined to incorporate a piece of bread with our substance. What, however, is this spectacle compared with that of the organs destined to incorporate the entire world with the soul?"

Page 45, p. II. . . . "The remembrance we have, and which returns to us *without premeditation*, of a person, or even of a thing, not only in the place where we have seen them, but also in a place, or in circumstances, in which we have thought of them, would alone be sufficient to suggest the idea of the generality of the law of the *real presence* of a *being* to all *beings*."

Page 46, p. IV. "Man is present in all inhabited places." Page 48. "We may say even here, and consequently elsewhere, that each *stone* is *keystone* with respect to all, and that just as all is *one*, all it contains is *all*, and in *all*."

Page 49. "The philosophers of preceding ages have imagined, those of the present age have demonstrated, that the simple movement of a *fly* operates on all globes at once. Its immediate effect is visible to the human sight and ear; the other effects are so only to human genius and to God."

Page 53. "The celebrated *Abbé de Lignac*, who had predicted the phenomena of the polypus to Réaumur, long before their realisation, considers it as a moveable organised hive, peopled with infinitely small animals, and a thousand times more wonderful than a hive of bees, of which the unique soul is present in a thousand, or a hundred thousand different places. It is (God forgive us) *the eucharist of the animal kingdom*."

Page 54. "These marvels elevate us to a still greater marvel, and bring us back to our subject,—we allude to the mystery of the human *germ* and of human generation. This germ and this generation differ in no respect from the generation of animals. In the same way that thousands of *men* are *really present* in a single human body, all the *human* universe pre-existed in Adam (from *ad* and *âme*, applied to the single creating soul, or to all created souls); and a single pair, *one* in God, include in themselves, and might in time and place produce, like the first couple, the *human* infinite."

As I have already told you, the testimony of M. Madrolle is not to be despised, inasmuch as it is a religious, philosophical, and physical testimony. I leave you to appreciate it, and pass on to another work, which appeared in 1844, having for its author M. Chardel, counsellor of the Court of Cassation, and honourably known in the magnetic world. He is one of the first magnetisers of a high rank in the dull society in which we are dying, not *living*, who has dared to venture on psychical questions. In his "Essay on Physiological Psychology," in the third edition of which the following passage on time will be found, page 328, he says,—

"Time is not precisely a succession of days, and months, and years, and these expressions merely serve to designate a passage, more or less prolonged, in an infinite called time. It is the same when we reckon by generations, or by astral revolutions; for by these we only indicate limited portions of time that is illimitable, of which we have the consciousness, but which we cannot conceive. The same must be said of space; we measure it on earth and in the heavens; but beyond these measurable distances, there is a space without limits, as inconceivable as time, but which we are, nevertheless, compelled to admit, for in trying to bound these two immensities, we only succeed, by all the efforts of the imagination, in creating a new time and space. Thus, man is led to acknowledge the infinity of time and space, by the impossibility he feels of limiting that which he only knows through time and space—that is to say, by the impossibility of conceiving any limits to them. God is the infinite of *infinities*; he is the cause without cause. Vainly would we try to comprehend him—he eludes all the efforts of human intelligence. But the nature of our being gives us infinite relations with him, and it is there that the eternal basis of religion is found."

Page 364. "The soul, when disengaged from the fetters of organisation, diffuses the *light of life* over everything in which it is earnestly engaged. Thus, in the spiritual world, distances, *as to persons*, are no longer measured by the space existing between them, but by the conformity or opposition of sentiments and thoughts."

Page 352. "Paradise and hell are opposite states, not different places. I have already said that every man modifies his moral sensibility, while employing it in the sentiments of his choice, and thereby decides his future lot; for, in passing from one world to the other, his sensibility remains such as he has made it."

Gus. But Swedenborg does not say anything different on this point.

ALF. It is for that reason I borrow this opinion from M. Chardel, in corroboration of that of our great ecstatic philosopher. I shall now cite that of M. Detourel, a religious philosopher, who, in 1845, put forth a treatise under the title of "*Religion Fusionnienne*," in which this author develops, with irresistible force, a system that caused some sensation when proposed by him, in a course of lectures, and deserves to be studied. The following propositions will be found in page 4:—

"1st. Something *is*—that is incontestable; we have the manifest proof of it within and without us; there is no truth more certain.

"2ndly. Since something *is*, that which is, whatever its nature may be, has indubitably the faculty of *being*, and ought to be called being, in opposition to *non-being* or *nothingness*; for there is no other mode of expressing absolutely that which exists than by being; therefore, that which is is being."

"5thly. Being having *always existed*, it has not had *commencement*, and cannot have an *end*, for that which is supplied from a source without origin must have of necessity an eternal duration: *being is, then, eternal*.

"6thly. Being eternal, it exists of itself completely independent, without cause, without generator; consequently it must have in it from all eternity all that is necessary to constitute *being* in the best possible condition of existence. . . . It is, therefore, infinite.

"7thly. This eternal *being* being *infinite* comprehends in itself all time, all space, all extension, all degrees of activity and movement; the multiple and diverse, essential life—in a word, all the germs of manifestation, and all possible modes of existence; for as nothing comes from nothing, it must possess in it all that is, all that will be, all that can be, without any limitation whatever. It is, then, *everything*."

In his "*Démonstration de l'Homme par l'Analyse de*

Dieu," this author, in his sixteenth proposition, says, "Possessing a nature perfectly identical with the nature of *omnisubstance*, all the beings in the universe, without distinction, contain in them essentially the attributes of God, as well as all kinds of manifestations, and all possible modes of existence; seeing that these properties belong intimately and inherently to *omnisubstance*, and cannot be separated from the beings which *omnisubstance* produces; therefore, all beings in the universe virtually contain in them the attributes of God, together with every kind of manifestation and all possible modes of existence."

Gus. You quote, on this point, a philosopher who does not lower the dignity of our species. He seeks to cover it with a divine crown.

ALF. That is what he has been reproached with. For my part I coincide with this gentleman, and do not share the judgment passed upon him. M. Detourel has, from a natural ecstasy, gone into one similar to that which I induced in myself. He has comprehended that the universe, however vast it may be, and however divided it may appear, was not less the same as to substance in the minutest of its particles. This substance proceeding of necessity from a God, must represent this whole in the least of its parts, as regards the life of this whole; and, like this life, it is the infinite of all possible sensations; wherever there is life, there is sensation like to the infinity of sensations. If I had not my own experience to confirm these propositions, they might be viewed as a flight of imagination; but by enabling each person to feel through every pore of his being, and to see with the eye of all his thoughts, his observation will be more easy, and his study more successful. My aim, then, is to fix our attention by experiment on propositions which up to the present time have been neglected, for want of power to understand and admit them. M. Detourel has even been considered irreligious—so true it is, that all who live by

the temple seek to preserve what they have, without troubling themselves whether there is not something better to bring forward for the improvement of our moral position. But if we sought to make these propositions prevail over those taught in our days, we should only have to open religious books to find weapons for that purpose; the combat would not be to our disadvantage. Among a thousand other works, I open the life of St. Catherine of Geneva, one vol. 12mo., 1840, by the Abbé P——, Vicar-General of Evreux, and I find, page 83, these words of this saint—“God made himself man to make me God.” Page 172, “When a soul has attained this degree of perfection, I shall henceforth no longer call it a human creature, inasmuch as humanity being, so to speak, destroyed, I shall view it as wholly transformed into God.” Mark well, my friend, that this ecstatic does not thereby assert that human individuality would be annihilated; far from this, but harmony between all beings having reached such a stage of perfection will form only one complete homogeneity, one voice, one life. This will be the *wholes* in the whole, instead of which, in our state, it is the whole that is in the wholes, which seems at first sight to be the same thing, but which represents, in my way of viewing it, two distinct wholes—the one in the emanating, the other in the absorbing state; the one forming the antagonistic state by the multiplicity of purposes aimed at in that projection, the other the sympathetic state by unity in the absorption. But let us return to our citations, which are more amusing, if not more instructive, than this abstruse metaphysics.

In 1841, M. Kératry, a peer of France and councillor of state, published his “*Inductions Morales et Physiologiques*,” third edition, in which I have found this curious passage on time and space, among a heap of others, treating of spiritualism with a facility and richness of style I would fain possess for the sake of the

cause I defend ; but each has his duty, and each his gifts. I find, then, page 280 of this work, these words which agree so well with my propositions—"We may regard life as a loan granted on security to every individual ; by means of this advance he comes in turn to play his part on the theatre of the world. Some have only a glimpse of existence ; others remain on the scene comparatively a longer time ; but all those who have fulfilled the duties of their post have in the end the same duration, inasmuch as time is only to be measured by the incidents that mark its course. The colossal mass of the elephant marching for a whole century through African forests, has not lived longer than the mite for which, from its first coming from its covering, every period of animated existence presses swiftly onward. It may be presumed that the great year of Saturn does not give to those who inhabit it the consciousness of a more prolonged existence than ours. *Time is nothing in itself* ; life is the common measure of all beings, and as respects the latter, the space that separates its sensible impressions *is to be accounted nothing.*"

Further on, page 289, this writer exclaims, "In two words, the moral memory is *the man* ; let God revivify it in one of the hundred thousand ways at his command, and the individual is immortalised." What more do I affirm in this proposition, "Life is only one thought observing another?"

We are about to become acquainted with an author who, more than any other, has been in a position to study the questions we are discussing, and whose reflections may be of great assistance to us. I refer you to Doctor Moreau, of Tours, physician of the hospital at Bicêtre, &c. He published in 1845 a work entitled "*Du Haschish et de l'Aliénation Mentale.*" This author endeavoured with some success to treat mental alienation by the aid of hashish. His work is one of the most curious I have read in these days, from the numerous instances of hallucination it contains, and the reflections which

accompany them. The writer, even while struggling with the necessity of finding new terms in order to classify the different states of the soul in reverie, dreams, hallucinations, or insanity, is too enlightened, and has studied the question too closely, to resolve it in the same way as our materialists. Thus he is sometimes half-spiritualist, half-materialist; it is easy to perceive that he understands the public to whom he addresses himself, and the society in which he lives. His not being against us is enough to show that he is for us. I read as follows in page 37; after describing the most remarkable effects of hashish he continues—"As soon as the psychical fact I have just pointed out is developed under the influence of hashish, a profound modification takes place in every thinking being. Insensibly and unknown to you, and despite of all your efforts not to be taken unawares, a veritable state of *dreaming*, but of dreaming without *sleep*, comes over you; for sleep and waking are then so confounded—let me be excused the word—so amalgamated together, that the most clear-sighted, thoroughly awakened consciousness cannot make any distinction between these two states, any more than between the various operations of the mind belonging exclusively to either. Whatever idea we may form of the nature of dreams, and of the physiological causes which produce them, if we examine the part that the intelligence plays in the state of dreaming, we perceive that it displays itself, so to speak, in its entirety; that there is not one of its faculties that is not actively engaged as in a state of wakefulness, although under different conditions. In dreaming we experience the same sensations as while awake; we perceive, we judge, we have convictions, we feel desires, and are agitated by passions, &c. It is wrong to attribute to imagination alone what passes in dreams; it acts on its own particular account, and that is all; but it is not the imagination that reasons, handles, feels, acts, converses, maintains discussions, becomes impassioned, &c. Its action seems infinitely more restricted than

when awake; for we imagine but little in dreams, and the world of sensations and recollections amidst which the mind is agitated, and which are absolutely foreign to imagination properly so called, almost entirely absorb its activity.*

"It is doubtless a purely ideal existence that constitutes the state of dreaming; but this is only true in a relative sense, since for him that dreams, it contains nothing but what is real. What we see, and hear, and feel in dreaming, we really see it, hear it, and feel it—quite as really as if we were awake. There is no difference except in the origin of the impressions which our understanding perceives and elaborates. We do not on that account feel justified in admitting with one of the most praiseworthy psychologists, that life may be *only an illusion* (I. I. Virey, "De la Physiologie dans ses Rapports avec Philosophie"). Functions, of whatever kind they may be, suppose organs; apart from organisation I no longer conceive what is called life. If sensations occur during sleep, it is because they have previously occurred while we are awake; and it cannot be supposed that a brain that has been shut to every exterior impression could create some of all kinds,—could *dream*, which amounts to the same thing. We cannot go so far as that; but I willingly repeat the phrase of Dr. Virey, because it strikingly depicts the mode of action of the moral faculties in the state of dreaming."

"Most frequently an extreme disorder, a strange confusion which spares neither things nor persons, times or places, presides over the association of ideas during dreams, and gives rise to the wildest productions, the most monstrous combinations." "A dream," says also,

* To imagine necessarily implies mental labour, an effort of the will. How, then, can we attribute to this faculty of imagining the production of those images, those tableaux which present themselves unexpectedly in dreams, pass and disport themselves before our eyes, form and vanish, without the will having anything to do with them? Let any one try while awake to *imagine* a thousandth part of these fantastic productions of dreams, and he will see if he is able to do so.

with his accustomed elegance of style, the author we have just quoted, "may be defined as a defective drama, without unity of time and place, and comparable to those theatrical pieces which Horace describes *velut ægri somnia*."

"But it is not always thus; sometimes the association of ideas is regular: a severe logic enchains our ideas. However false, however impossible may be the starting point, some kind of object has stirred our passions, excited our anger, moved our compassion, has struck us with fear, and we obey the impulse which these different passions communicate to us; we think on the means of satisfying them. More than this—and this fact is highly important in relation to the subject under our notice—the operations of the soul in dreaming sometimes possess a regularity which is not always met with during wakefulness."

"It may seem extraordinary, says Nodier, but it is certain that sleep is not only the most powerful, but also the most lucid effect of thought, if not in the passing illusions with which it is enveloped, at least in the perceptions which arise from it, and which it causes to spring forth as it pleases from the confused web of dreams." The ancients, who had, I think, little to envy us as regards experimental philosophy, represented this mystery spiritually under the emblem of the transparent gate which gives entrance to the dreams of the morning; and the wisdom of the people has expressed it in a still more striking manner in these significant phrases in all languages:—'*I will dream of it; I must sleep upon it; night brings counsel.*' It would seem that the spirit, clouded by the darkness of exterior life, never regains its freedom except under the sweet empire of this intermittent death, in which it is permitted to repose in its essence, sheltered from the influences of that conventional personality which society imposes on us. The first perception which dawns through the inexplicable obscurity of our dreams, is limpid as the first

ray of the sun that dissipates a cloud, and intelligence, for a moment suspended between the two states which divide our life, is illumined as rapidly as the flash which descends, dazzling, from the tempests of heaven to the storms of earth. It is there that Hesiod awakened the lips perfumed with the honey of the muses, Homer the eyes unsealed by the nymphs of Meles, and Milton the heart ravished by the last glance of a beauty never again seen by him. Alas! where should we again find the loves and beauties of our slumbers? Take from genius the visions of the marvellous world, and you rob it of its wings. The chart of the imaginable universe is traced only in dreams; the sensible universe is infinitely small.

"It seems, then, that two modes of moral existence, two lives have been allotted to man. The first of these existences results from our relations with the exterior world, with that great whole we call the universe, and which is common to us with the beings that resemble us. The second is merely a reflection of the first—is nourished only in some sort with the materials furnished by this other, but is perfectly distinct from it.

"Sleep is, as it were, a barrier raised between the two—the physiological point at which exterior life finishes, and where the internal life begins."

I have made this long quotation, my dear Gustavus, without any remark on the passages which relate most nearly to our inquiries. I should have feared, by thus interrupting the argument, to take from it the charm of its logic and its poetry. Yes, my friend, the learned men of the age dare to speak and write what you have just heard; what may not be attempted by us, obscure men?—why should we not lean upon these solid supports?

Gus. As I feel, my friend, that I have some observations to make on what I have just heard, let us postpone to our next conference the end of your citations.

ALF. I am quite at your command.

TWELFTH CONFERENCE.

REFLECTIONS ON THE PRECEDING AUTHORS, AND
OPINIONS OF THOSE WHO SUCCEEDED THEM.

GUS. One thing, among all the citations made by you in our last conference, has strongly impressed me : it is impossible that Dr. Virey has gone so far as to doubt the existence of matter, and if he had done so, it would not have proved much.

ALF. On the contrary, it would prove a great deal ; first, that there are liberal-minded men in all ranks of society ; secondly, that these men, free from party spirit, and uninfluenced by considerations of favouritism and money, study the sciences for the sciences themselves, for the welfare of the masses whom they are called upon to enlighten. These men concern themselves much less about the ridicule that awaits them than with being useful to their brethren.

GUS. I can understand that one is always in the right when we believe what we say ; but that does not prove that what we say is credible. Do you equally affirm the negation of matter ?

ALF. No ; I have told you in my second proposition that the ponderability we ascribe to matter is only a mode of perception of our senses ; but I do not deny the aggregates of the substance that I suppose to exist by itself. It manifests itself to our senses by different degrees of ponderability, a *ponderability due to the molecular aggregate*. These degrees are only delusive appearances, in so far as they make us suppose an extension more or less fixed, and a tenuity more or less impenetrable ; while, on the contrary, the study of the

spiritual faculties of the soul induces the supposition that this *extension* and this *impenetrability* do not exist. The same substance, reduced to its primordial state, is traversed without being *disjoined*; is restricted without ceasing *to be* to the senses what it is *believed* to be by the latter; and these phenomena, which are only the effects of its homogeneous tenuity, take place without *altering in any respect* the individuality of each being, any more than the corpuscles that have emanated from thousands of persons who have passed some days previous over any public place, have destroyed, for the dog, those which he unerringly follows, and which lead him to the master he has lost. All observers who have studied these questions, with the aid of the phenomena of magnetism, have exclaimed—There is no longer, to the spirit, either space or ponderable matter. Curious and little-known phenomena have come to strengthen this proposition. I shall treat of some of these in a work on magic on which I am engaged, and which, I trust, according to circumstances, will see the light at a fitting period. Matter invariably appears capable of being traversed, without the disjunction of any of its particles, and *I mean traversed by matter itself*. More than this is not necessary to well-instructed men to arrive at the negation of matter. This great question has been agitated in Germany, especially by the philosopher Fichte. In 1844, it has led him to the negation of the material universe, and induced the supposition that all creation is in a point, which, indeed, certain states of ecstasy appear to demonstrate. This solution is repugnant to our reason. If there are proofs in its favour, there are others not less powerful against it. If, without admitting that matter has the proportions we give to it, we desire to limit it to that of a state, we should still be obliged to admit that this state is shared by thousands of millions of *beings* in some kind of place; these millions of beings cannot be comprised in nothing. Though

we should reduce them to the simple unity of *one*, this *one* would still be in something. Number *one* cannot be manifested, as I have already told you, unless it is affirmed by number *two*, and so of the others. I say, then, that the faculties possessed by clairvoyants have led to the admission of everything existing in a point, seeing that the places or objects constituting objectiveness to their view disappear at the pleasure of the latter—which has induced the supposition of a negation of the *self* by certain philosophers. I believe, on the other hand, I am more correct in the propositions I place before you. Each individual being a whole in little, having the objectivity of the great whole internally, he might thus exist in union with all *these wholes*, similar to him, not being the negation of any, but, on the contrary, being the affirmation of all. The phenomena of magnetism are thence capable of being easily explained; since there would not be really any space appreciable by the spirit, which, bathing in the centre of a universe-microcosm, would see at a single glance what it desired to see, know what it desired to know, being the echo and mirror of all things; the living consummation of all things, in which everything would manifest itself interiorly as well as exteriorly. Both might, therefore, exist without absorbing each other: there would be only successive states and different manifestations; the material state, depending on material sensations, could not repudiate matter, and the spiritual would be subjected to the same conditions. These two states are evidently comprised the one in the other, and exist on the same plan. The questions of space and volume are only accessory, necessary, and delusive questions,—questions of appearance which cause these two states to contradict, while feeling the need of affirming each other. Their want of objectivity, as regards each other, leads them to a most ridiculous negation. We cannot, then, resolve these questions *à priori*. We

ought to be very discreet in reference to them, and allow them to subsist in their respective media; to destroy one would be to annihilate the other. I repeat my eternal chorus:—"Let us observe, but let us not judge."

GUS. In the articles to which you have referred me by Messrs. Moreau and Nodier, these authors treat of dreams in men who dream well; but for my part I dream very badly. I invariably find myself the most illiterate and absurd being that it is possible to meet with; so much so, that if the spiritual or future life presented only this kind of sweetness and harmony, I should a hundred times prefer the annihilation of my individuality to such an existence.

ALF. My good friend, the spirit is almost always, with regard to dreams, that which a new-born infant is to our world; as regards the latter, if this infant judged of our material state only after the first impressions we give to it with a certain pleasure, it would be the most unhappy of beings. It is, in relation to us, what we are to spirits. We sport with its ignorance and credulity, in presenting to it every instant pictures more or less eccentric and grotesque, which produce in its young conception troubles that constitute all our felicity; I say felicity, for we appear excessively happy when we see this child go and hide himself, weep, and tremble at the mere name of "bogy," chimney-sweep, gendarmes, &c. I have known a father who made sport of the terror felt by his little girl, from his telling her that if she were not good, he was going to put her in a letter he was writing, or let her be eaten by a small fish he had in a bowl. This poor child was instantly covered with a cold sweat that froze her whole frame, consequent upon her false appreciation, and the impossibility she felt of being able to comprehend that she could not be put in a letter, or be eaten by this little fish. We appear to be tolerably like this poor child, when at night our soul ventures into this vast world of

causes in which she is liable to be influenced by the multitude of beings and objects she perceives there, forming to herself in her material state a totally different idea of the spiritual world than that of the one she surveys. Her judgment can only be falsified by those mocking beings with whom she is brought into relation, and whose sole aim is to do with respect to her what we do with regard to children ; they present to her pictures as ridiculous as those just referred to ; they have this, too, in their favour, that what is impossible materially is very possible spiritually. In this state the soul, being capable of living in and throughout all things, may very easily find herself eaten by this fish, and imagine herself to be it ; and be thus completely bewildered on this subject, while she remains ignorant of its properties, and has not attained a knowledge of her new condition. We meet with cases of insanity on earth in which unfortunate individuals imagine themselves to be transformed into a multitude of beings and impossible states. I have heard of a man who had not gone to bed for a number of years, because he believed himself to be forty leagues in length ; he knew that his bed was only six feet long, and could not contain him. He preferred resting in an arm chair, the capacity of which he forgot to estimate, or he would certainly not have liked to have sat in it ; and what would then have become of him ? I know not ; he might have remained standing for years. Behold the effect of a thought on the mind, when it is not assisted by other thoughts which complete and harmonise it. This soul, the masterpiece of God, falls into a perfect state of inaction ; it is no longer itself, elaborating and directing its thoughts ; it is shut up a prisoner in a rival for a shorter or longer period—a kind of punishment imposed by the great whole upon its infinitely small image. When the latter, through the wanderings of judgment, imagines itself the equal of the Being of beings, it is then that he recalls it into the nothing of nothingness, the void of voids, and

renders this soul, this sublime assemblage of life, the slave of another soul—a thought like itself—whose fraternity and alliance she had despised; for, all being in all, the human soul, like the rest of creation, is only an individualised whole, dependent upon and indispensable to all the other wholes. When, in our dreams, we find ourselves thus influenced, we bring back the impressions to our waking state, the effect of which is to make us attach ourselves to matter as to something fixed, durable, and solid, without reflecting that it is only for a dozen hours, seeing that the other dozen belong to this state which we term sleep, and which is merely the spiritual state in its feeblest perception. Yes, dreams are nothing else but the perception more or less harmonised of the spiritual world. Somnambulism and ecstasy are only modifications of this very state. Exaltation and intuition are equally modifications in a more or less inferior degree. A little observation only is sufficient to induce us to admit this proposition; and it is with pleasure, therefore, that we see our modern *savans* devote themselves to the study of dreams more seriously than has hitherto been the case. Let us hope that in a short time the words *madness*, *hallucination*, and *imagination* will be erased from our scientific language, to be replaced by those of *internal life* and *external life*. But let us return to our citations, and bring them to a close.

I open the “Journal of Magnetism,” edited by M. Dupotet, Vol. VI., 1848, page 304. I find the following passage in a review of an American work by M. Poe. This author quotes a long metaphysical conversation with a clairvoyant little disposed to spiritualism in his wakeful state; but, in return, being very much so in his magnetic slumbers. Here is the passage in the form of dialogue:—

“M. P.—You affirm, then, that *unparticulised* matter in motion is thought?

“M. V.—In general this motion is the universal

thought of the universal spirit. This thought creates ; all created things are only the thoughts of God.

"M. P.—You say, in general ?

"M. V.—Yes, the universal spirit is God. . . . Man is a creature ; creatures are the thought of God, and it is the nature of a thought to be irrevocable."

This definition, which is only the affirmation of creation, as laid down in the Bible, naturally led this clairvoyant to express his views concerning good and evil, those two words the source of interminable disputes among mankind. The following is what he says on this point, which confirms exactly what Adèle has revealed to me in "The Secrets of the Life to Come." "All things are good or bad by comparison. A satisfactory analysis will demonstrate that pleasure, in all cases, is only the contrast of pain ; positive pleasure is purely an idea. To be happy to a certain point, it is necessary that we should have suffered to the same point. Never to have suffered is equivalent to never having been happy ; but it is demonstrated that in inorganic life pain cannot exist. Hence follows the necessity of pain in organic life ; the sorrow of the primitive life on earth, is the only basis, the sole guarantee for happiness in the ulterior life in heaven." Was it not under the influence of such a conviction that this clairvoyant quitted this life in order to assure himself of the verity of his assertion ? "For," continues this writer, "as the somnambulist, in a feeble voice, pronounced these last words, I observed in his physiognomy a singular expression that several times alarmed me, and induced me to awaken him. I had no sooner done so than a bright smile lighted up his features, and he fell back on his pillow and expired. I remarked that, in less than a minute afterwards, his body had the unyielding rigidity of a stone ; his forehead was as cold as ice, which only occurs after long pressure of the hand of Azaël. In verity, was the somnambulist, during the

latter portion of his discourse, speaking to me from the region of shadows ?”

In the same year, 1848, Dr. Charpignon published a work entitled, “*Physiologie, Medicine, et Metaphysique de Magnetism*,” in which this writer, though not marching in our direction, offers these sage reflections, page 5 :—“*Genesis says, in effect, ‘In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.*

“*And the earth was without form.*

“*And God said, Let there be light. Fiat lux !*”

“*Matter without form, therefore, preceded the creation of its vital agent, and it is only when the principle of life has been given that the intrinsic properties of atoms were compelled, by the law of affinities, to form individualities, which, from that moment, becoming a centre of action, were enabled to act as modifying causes of the principle of life, and assimilate themselves to it according to the ends of their creation.*”

This reflection, to which the writer, perhaps, did not attach the meaning that we attach to it, has too close an analogy with our propositions to be left in oblivion. If we admit that it is by their affinity that atoms have composed individualised bodies, we not the less admit, at once, that these atoms are Divine thoughts. If these thoughts are grouped together according to their affinity, these affinities must be dependent on an active life, organised in itself in each atom, which by this means knows where it goes and what it does, since it contributes its part to the creation of forms from the assemblage of what belongs to it, which is unknown to us, which we are unable to see, and which we only suppose, without admiring and studying it. Well, then, let us enter into the state necessary for the perception of these innumerable forms. We shall see their relation with all those which surround us, and which we handle with our material touch ; we shall handle them likewise with our spiritual touch, and not content ourselves with saying scientifically, matter is only an accumulation of

atoms, an affinity of molecules, since, in using the words *affinity* and *molecules* we admit an immense creation of beings, thinking, acting, and gathering themselves together, from which we are formed, dependent on us, and on which we ourselves depend. We are only one of these atoms, and who can say that we are the largest? That would be an absurdity. Creation has only one equal volume in the diversity of its molecules. What is necessary for us to arrive at this knowledge? To modify our view, and to *observe*.

I have quoted only from the work of Dr. Moreau on hashish; not that authors are wanting who treat of this substance, for there is a very fine collection of these works; but it is the same with this subject as it is with magnetism; they all repeat each other as regards their meaning, and draw the same conclusions. One would say that they had all pledged themselves to ridicule a state the true philosophic consequences of which they have not sought to appreciate. I do not think I am the first, however, to observe that this state includes in it something both religious and metaphysical. To give you one idea out of a hundred: I read in the "Repertory of Pharmacy" for November, 1849, an account of an ecstasy of one of our witty writers of the day, M. Theophile Gautier, in which will be found the following passage, worthy of our attention:—"I was," says he, "so lost in the realms of space, so absent from, and completely disembarassed from myself, that odious witness that accompanies you everywhere, that I comprehended, for the first time, what might be the existence of elementary spirits, of ANGELS, and SOULS separated from the body. I was, as it were, a sponge in the midst of the sea; every minute the waves of happiness passed through me, entering and issuing from my pores, for I was become permeable, and even to the smallest capillary vessel, my whole being was injected with the colour of the fantastic medium in which I was plunged. Sounds, odours, and light reached

me by a multitude of pipes as delicate as hairs, in which I heard the hissing of magnetic currents. By my calculation this state lasted about three hundred years, for the sensations succeeded each other so numerous and hastily, that a real appreciation of time was impossible. When the trance was over, I perceived it had lasted only a quarter of an hour."

Time, in this state, presents itself to the mind as our remembrance represents to us the duration of an existence, of a night, or of an evening of expectation: all that has passed away appears to have lasted only a few moments. It is only anticipation that really gives some notions of time. Poor human race, thou feelest the breeze that chills thee, or the fire that warms thee. Thou knowest so many things that thou thinkest thou hast no need to learn. It is not so; it is necessary that thou shouldst observe all the thoughts of the universe if thou wouldst be received into its bosom. Thou art the centre of a domain of which thou suspectest not the extent: if thou wouldst merit the name of the *image of God*, learn at least to understand what thou art, and what thou art worth.

Here is a work that appeared in 1849 by M. Joseph Olivier, under the title of "*Traité de Magnétisme, suivi des Paroles d'un Sonnambule*," in which for the first time I have found a clairvoyant who expresses clearly and freely what thought is. It is to be regretted that this clairvoyant should have had his head stuffed with a mass of metaphysical systems in his wakeful condition, which he collects together in his magnetic state, and attempts to mould into one system, in which that of Fourier predominates with too great a partiality. It may be presumed that if this *lucide* had not been dependent in this state on his meditations during his ordinary life, he would have caused psychology to make a great advance; he would have better defined in this sense his *absorptions* of beings by other beings. He would have said—The spiritual world is divided into

progressive states ; each progressive state diminishes the number of beings that share it in appearing to absorb them in favour of a form which becomes thereupon only the more harmonious in a superior state. This form is completed by the absorption of all the others ; it appears to the sight of each individuality only as a simple individuality. When, on the other hand, it is the assemblage of an infinite number of individualities, it is then not an individuality, but, as Swedenborg would say, an angelic society of individualities, the perfect harmony of which permits it to be represented and perceived under one form only, which is the human form.

The clairvoyant of M. Olivier approaches this definition, but he is wanting in suitable terms fully to present it before us ; he is also too dependent on terrestrial and social impressions to be a spiritualist of the order we are investigating. We ought, however, to do him the justice to acknowledge that he has said very good things. May all clairvoyants be able to enter as happily as he has done into the sanctuary of metaphysics ; science would be a gainer by it. He thus defines thought, page 204 : " God has cast a glance upon me. I am going to discuss lofty questions, to enter upon a kind of course of lectures. I ought to tell you that in my state of somnambulism *idea* is not for me the invisible thing it is in the waking state ; it assumes a body, and is formulated in a tableau which passes before my eye ; what I tell you is an exact description of the picture I see."

In the next page, he defines God thus : " When we speak of God, and say, '*God is a spirit,*' we characterise him well. The Gospel says, '*The spirit of light and truth.*' And I say, '*The spirit of all things :*' I think I am most correct."

If the clairvoyant is most correct, I will ask in my turn, What is evil ? But before he answers us let us see how he defines matter. Page 209, he says, " I am about to say a thing that will much astonish you.

In speaking of matter, it is a real *whole*, but in such harmony with *spirit*, and linked in such a manner with *soul*, that it may be said that matter is a continuation of it." I fully believe it. If the spirit of God is the spirit of *all things*, we perceive that the *whole* cannot be otherwise in *all* its parts; that there are only manifestations of forms, due to a single substance, which is the spirit of God, or of *all things*, as is said by the clairvoyant. Let us now see what he thinks of evil. To be consistent with the principle from which everything flows, he must consider it necessary. Thus he says, page 242, "*Evil* is a means which God has given to man in order to arrive at *perfection*. It is a bow on which God has placed man as an arrow, and with which he shoots, or propels him daily, and causes him to advance a step towards *perfection*. When God created *man*, he said, 'Let us organise *evil*, and good will come!' If God had only created *good*, the march towards *perfectibility* would have been slower. Evil was organised."

These clairvoyants, as you perceive, my dear Gustavus, are always very cautious about questions of time; they think that everything in creation is merely sketched out, and that the *whole* will be made perfect. God himself, being this creation, is only an imperfect being; the moral of this is neither religious nor satisfactory.

By this mode of viewing the matter, our perfection would constitute that of God. But when we go further into the meaning of the letter, and inward sense of creation, everything changes its aspect. A perfect harmony *is*, and *will not* be. To wish to retrench something from what is, would be to resemble an artist who should desire to paint a table without shadow; but without shadow, there would be neither light nor forms possible. Everything that is is *perfect*, inasmuch as it represents a part of the general perfection. How can I judge of the wheel in a piece of machinery

unless I see it at work, and am able to appreciate its purpose and utility? What do I know of a candle if I do not light it? What shall I know of its flame if I place it before the light of the sun, instead of carrying it into my cellar? Let us learn to understand the place and design of each thing before disowning its perfection, demanding that it should be destroyed, or passing judgment upon it. Our state, as regards the wonders of the universe, is that of a new-born infant, with respect to mathematics. Patience!—everything is according to its *state*. When we are free from the laws of time, which govern our state, and restored to the *present*, we shall endeavour to appreciate the utility of that *whole*, which, without understanding, we clamour against so loudly.

Gus. What displeases me in the revelations of somnambulism is, the little harmony there is between them.

ALF. That, on the contrary, is what I am pleased at. If all clairvoyants were in accordance, that state might be regarded as a mental disease; our investigations would be too easy; we should fall back into the finite. There is much more merit in selecting these things with a view to discover their connection with each other; the pleasure fully equals the pains we take, if it does not surpass them; and when we find an identity between the revelations of two clairvoyants, our faith is only the more lively. Since we are bent on studying what the latter have said on this subject, it would not be very generous to quote only French somnambulists. I am indebted to my excellent and venerable friend, M. C., for the translation and communication of the following statement, which, in my judgment, is a masterpiece of lucidity, and serves to confirm a great portion of my propositions. Here is the account, taken from "*La Lucide de Prévost*."* It is an explanation of the plates contained in this curious work, which represent

* By Dr. Kerner. 1846, Stuttgart.

the operations of internal and external life, by means of solar figures, &c.

The clairvoyante says, "The solar circle comprises the objective world, as well as the relation of each individual with it. In it all the *experiences* of the objects of the exterior and *interior* world are every moment deposited ; they are, as it were, registered, summed up, and determined in an exact final result, at the end of the year, or of a longer period of life. These results, moreover, balance each other by means of a numeral system which is innate in the soul, and by which she herself, of necessity, determines, internally, her nativity.

"In the ordinary waking state, the soul knows nothing of these annotations of the products which result from its relation with the higher *spiritual* and the exterior world, both physical and moral. The spirit, in the highest stage of vital magnetism, obtains the vision of these combinations, which, in their result, appear, like numbers, to be variable as regards physical and organic relations. In the solar circles, these characters, more elevated and durable in the primitive language of spirits, possess moral and negative value : they are transferred after death from the solar circle to the circle of life everlasting, and are reckoned from periods to periods.

"The solar circle has also four concentric circles within its outermost circumference ; the first indicates the commencement of the soul's return to sensible life, or rather the line of separation between the latter and the ordinary world of the senses. The tendency of the soul, in magnetic sleep, is to live interiorly, in opposition to man in the ordinary waking state, who moves most frequently in objectivity, beyond the line of separation.

"The second circle comprises within it magnetic life in its perfect state. Within its perimeter is placed, by clairvoyants, the intermediary region, or inferior world of spirits.

"The third circle, approaching more closely to the

centre, indicates a higher degree of magnetic life, a more profound sentiment; clairvoyance, the purest sympathies, the most elevated combinations, and divinations then commence. This circle is at the same time a continuation of the intermediary region.

“In the neighbourhood of the centre of the circle are placed three smaller circles, intersecting each other; the circle farthest off from the precinct of the centre is the *world of stars*, in which are found happy spirits of the inferior order.

“The second is the moon, on the right side of which many spirits from the intermediate region continually arrive, who all obtain a higher degree of perfection and beatitude.

“The third has the brightness of the sun, but its centre is clearer than the sun. It is there that the sun of grace is found, the source of all life. Clairvoyants of the superior class gaze into its depths, but are forbidden to enter it.

“Behind and above this sun is the abode of the blest, whose beauty is inexpressible. Clairvoyants are able to perceive it, by looking through the divine sun.

“Beneath the solar circle, and covered by it, there is a second circle, a little smaller and more spiritual. It is the circle of life, the centre of which is the spirit. The soul itself, properly speaking, is its circumference (surrounds it), ruling it with its whole power and activity.

“That which is seen without the periphery of the whole circle is the exterior world.

“This circumference forms, by means of the particular radius assigned to organic and sensual life, the mutual relation of the soul with the world of the senses. Just as the exterior world is *contained* in the *solar circle*, so does the circle of life *contain* a more elevated and more *spiritual world*.

“If the first is modified by, or disappears through the mutations of temporal life, and is replaced by a new one, the second, having a loftier purpose, the dignity of

man being inscribed on it, endures after death. Within its own internal space it also comprises *spheres* or regions *corresponding* with the substantial principles of the personality of the spirit, the soul, and the body.

“Another circle also traverses the seat of the soul; it is that which separates the most elevated region of the soul, which approximates or inclines towards the spirit, from that which approaches the body and the sensual world.

“*The solar circle is the world; every man carries it in him* above the circle of life; it is the result of the first. The balance of good and evil is always carried into the second.

“The spirit, with the soul, views in the solar circle the objective world in its true substance; the inferior springs of the soul take no part in it; hence the remembrance is wanting.

“The perception of the spirit and the soul in this vision of the true objective world, is not a comprehension, but an interior sentiment,—a glance of the spirit which is reflected in the superior energies of the soul, and which, consequently, is also recognised by it. But there is likewise a *superior world* into which the *spirit* alone can look. This world is placed in the circle of life.

“Here the vision of the spirit enlightens the soul with its rays, although they may be broken by its impurity and darkness. Hence it is that it cannot see the superior world, but is only capable of a presentiment of it, while the spirit sees it positively, without having, however, the power to express what it has seen. The soul and body are not fit for it. The two worlds, the exterior objective in its real property, and the superior world, *are thus placed in man*, and are revealed to his interior view under favourable circumstances. In

ion the spirit goes out of the circle of life to *enter the* *tre of the solar circle*, and *there* is the vision which n may yet seize and comprehend, which centre has o me more tarnished and less clear since the fall n formerly, when he was in his perfect state.

“ Here man sees the world in which his substance properly so called is found, without *veil* or *line* of separation between *himself* and *things*.

“ When the spirit continues to gaze into the centre of the solar circle, it throws a glance at the same time, and as it were like lightning, behind it into the centre of the circle of life, which reveals itself to him in this last *sight*.

“ The spirit carries this view with it into its own sphere from the circle of life ; it possesses without being able to express it, without distinct knowledge, but as a presentiment in itself. This *sight* is much more penetrating than the glance thrown into the *world*. The spirit possesses it only when it enters the solar circle, and looks from its own centre backward into its *own circle of life* ; it never retains it in its own centre, in which it *sees nothing but a superior world that we neither grasp nor comprehend, but which man carries into the circle of life within him*, just as he carries the world in which he lives into the *solar circle*. A clairvoyant cannot describe any other *sight* than that into the centre of the solar system, and which relates to our solar system, that is to say, to the sun, the moon, the earth, and the planets, as well as to the intermediate region found within our atmosphere. No clairvoyant has yet divulged the more profound *insight* into the centre of the circle of life. Here, in truth, is the very seat of the spirit, but it is necessary that there should be something besides itself, since its view is directed there from without. This is precisely the superior and *most interior* world.

“ When the spirit looks into the solar circle, the soul in like manner directs its sentiment from its own sphere unto that of the solar circle, which indicates a more elevated, or an inferior stage in the intermediate region, according as it permits itself to be attracted more or less by the spirit.

“ The body has its perception likewise over all things which abide in it.

“The nervous spirit operates from within its circle of life in that of its solar circle.

“The centre of the circle of life is the seat of the spirit, and it is there that it is in its rightful position, in the true, the beautiful, and the good.

“The first radius around the circumference is the sign of the soul when governed by the body.

“The spirit remains, nevertheless, still pure if it continues within the first radius, but if it places itself on the circumference of the first radius, it will then begin to be impure.

“The second radius indicates already the disturbance of the spirit in relation to good, but of such a kind that it still possesses the faculty of returning to it.

“The third radius is the last as far as regards the spirit. That which lies beyond these radii in the circle of life belongs to the domain of the soul; and the latter is connected as closely with the spirit as with the body. Does it permit itself to be influenced by the spirit, a preponderance of good is the result; if it allows itself to be attracted by the body and the world, its higher faculties are then obscured, to give place to a preponderance of the inferior powers—the false and the evil.

“Let the soul remain within the circle of life, both in thought and in action, and the spirit is then likewise in its appropriate sphere. But when it is attracted by the body and the world, and becomes the slave of the latter in quitting its own circle, it draws the spirit also beyond its radii into bondage. It is in this case that it is wholly plunged into the world and sensuality.

“In the former state the spirit (matter) remains still in alliance with what is holy and divine; in the latter it forsakes them, and as it were apostatizes.

“If the spirit continues in its ruling sphere, there is harmony of ideas within it, and the soul and body, remaining in their own sphere, do not render it impure. On the other hand, if the soul abuses the liberty reflected in it by the spirit—in other words, desires to

govern with the body and the world—if it refuses to be influenced by the spirit and its ideas, then the spirit is veiled, and no longer acts so powerfully on the soul; and if ever so little drawn into the domain of the latter, or deprived of its hereditary force, it becomes a slave to a power foreign to it. If it falls into a state of abandonment of holiness, it can no longer gaze into the centre of the solar circle; it has lost the harmony of its ideas, as well as its home in the circle of life, and becoming subject to the false direction of the soul, it enters within the false centre indicated by it, into which only troubled rays arrive from the superior world. The consequence of this displacement is natural and infallible. It no longer recognises the true in its immutability, in its interior laws; it has merely a delusive *sight* through the senses, and the incoherent and insufficient operations of the energy and thought of the soul; it no longer recognises the most beautiful in the *primordial image of types*, but in the world and the desire of the senses. It no longer aspires to good from a principle of liberty, but after evil from the wild, ungovernable impulses of passion. It draws down even holiness to its own gloomy and false position away from the centres; it presents itself to the understanding as an object to be constructed, but disfigured. Once a man sinks to this state his conversion to his pristine condition by his own strength becomes infinitely difficult. Influence from on high, and faith alone, can restore him to his position, and hinder him from perishing.”

Here also is what the clairvoyante says of the third radius of the solar circle:—

“ This third radius has the brightness of the sun, but its centre is clearer. I perceived in it a depth impossible for the eye to penetrate, and which the deeper it was the more brilliant it became. I could never enter it; I was merely permitted to glance at it; I should wish to call it the sun of grace. It seemed to

me that many other spirits as well as myself gazed into this depth, and that all that was possessed of life consisted of sparks emanating from it.

"It was amidst the splendour of the interior of this radius, and not in its centre, that I still saw my conductor, and it was also from thence that prescriptions (remedies) have come to me. In what manner? I cannot tell. The intermediate region lies in the solar circle, which is, as with all men, in the objective world.

"The reason so few men are able to see into the region of spirits is because they are not fitted to gaze into the centre of the solar circle. The latter cannot be seen except by looking into the sun of grace. The spirit, as well as the soul, is able to glance into the intermediate region, without looking into the superior spiritual region.

"Such is the problem of the subjectiveness of the spiritual substance of man."

Gus. Oh dear! what an explanation!—my God, what a many circles! How are we to distinguish them?

ALF. By classing each in its proper place; by re-perusing twice or thrice, if necessary, what we cannot understand at the first reading. The sun never refuses its light to human beings: clouds alone hide it; the light of the spirit is the same—the clouds of our doubts obscure it. Let us disperse them, and we shall see it clearly. Truth is a youthful virgin in a cloister; the lover who is worthy of her may hope to possess her. This definition of the clairvoyante is surrounded by figures, which she makes use of the better to express what she sees and feels. Each has his own rhetoric; hers is sufficiently clear to justify me in saying that it is one of the finest revelations that somnambulism has produced, and so much the more truthful that all who have gone through the state that I propose to you cannot feel any doubt of it. They will, perhaps, define it differently; the basis of the proposition will be not the

less included. Thus, man is a universe in little, and the state of ecstasy is only a *turning back* of the soul inwardly; everything it perceives while in this state is *its domain*, is in her, and *she is in it*. This proposition can meet with very few opponents, since the majority of mankind admit that the soul in its dreams sees only the things that *she imagines*. I add, on my part, while accepting this definition, at least you will not assert that the entire soul cannot live in the subjects of its imagination, since she acts in them at full liberty, walks, runs, and climbs places emanating from this *imagination* which is in her, and in which she is found in her turn.

Neither will you deny her to possess a light which appears to be inherent in her, since the sun is no longer above the horizon to enlighten her in her peregrinations. Yes, my friend, it is not sufficient for the soul to be a universe in little; it is necessary she should possess light; and the clairvoyante of Prévost utters a great truth in declaring that there are in man several solar circles. There is not an atom of the universe that has not in itself its sun, its own proper *light*. I do not profess to rely on the testimony of the learned of our days,* who, from the conclusive experiments made by M. Foucault, admit that light, properly so called, is inherent in space, and seem to deny that it is produced by the *sun*. I am less curious to know whence comes this light, than to prove it to be where I believe it, not imitating in that respect the knights of the extinguisher, who place it under a bushel. We need no other preparation than a little magnetism or hashish to demonstrate that there exists a light inherent in every being and each particle of the universe, a fact which is proved by ecstasy, by dreams, and by those beings which, living in the bosom of the waters and the earth, cannot see our sun; but to conclude from thence that this light, generally individualised in each atom of

* See *La Presse* newspaper, July 2, 1850.

creation, is not produced by the sun, as is endeavoured to be shown in these days, is to announce that tomorrow they will deny God the power to have created it. For such an assertion to be received it would be needful that these experiments should have preceded the creation of the sun; and I think that our learned men, enlightened as they may be, are incapable of pronouncing on this subject.

After what I have just quoted on the imaginative power of the soul, acknowledged and boasted of by the learned, you perceive, my friend, that little as they accord us, I find enough to oblige our liberal antagonists to repent of their excess of generosity.

Gus. But in the last case the soul is itself only in imagination in the places imagined by it.

ALF. Which would make you suppose that it cannot be there, and that these places cannot really exist. You have very quickly forgotten all I have said on this point, and what somnambulism proves. In order conveniently to recall it to you, I am going to take the liberty of quoting myself in the first volume of "The Secrets," page 151. I had ventured, at all risks, to throw these ideas into the shape of notes, at the end of the perception by the clairvoyante Gouget, of a malady, which had been made by my clairvoyante, Adèle Maginot, some time previously; but few readers may have paid attention to it. A proposition that cannot be understood or combated with advantage, is left aside or altogether denied; but as it is no longer allowable to truly studious men to deny palpable facts, nor to leave them in oblivion, these facts, sooner or later, will triumph over the ridicule that is attached to these investigations, and will be the chief articles of faith of a new spiritualist philosophy, which no one will blush to own, that the more he studies, the more need he has to learn. The following is the article referred to, to which I attach a certain value, although it is a repetition of a portion of our conference on numbers, time, and space;

but I purposely return to it, and with a certain degree of pleasure. Our attention cannot be fixed too strongly on this sublime attribute of clairvoyants—an attribute which astonishes our reason, and baffles it to explain this curious phenomenon.

“This communication is no longer a simple vision of existing things and objects, since all these have disappeared many years ago. Madame Gouget hears the words, sees the gestures, as if this scene were full of life. Even though it were admitted that these things were graven in the memory of Adèle, which is true enough, it would nevertheless remain still to be explained how such an impression should be at all times full of activity. Who causes it to act? And what is its proper site? We think by this phrase—‘She sees in the thought,’ to have said everything. I think, on the contrary, we increase the difficulty of answering. If it is possible for the clairvoyant to see in the memory facts such as I have just described—and the history of magnetism furnishes some not less incredible—it is possible, therefore, to discover in it all that man has seen, heard, said, or done, in his whole life. Partial facts may be engraved on this memory, not once but thousands of times, and this impression of the most trivial scenes of our lives affords to the clairvoyant sufficient space to discover in it a heaven, an earth, places in which he moves about at his ease. What, then, is the space that can be filled by a soul, in comparison with that which these images must fill in our memory? Answer, princes of science. It is a spiritualist who addresses this question to you, and condemns you to the ridicule you heap upon him, if you cannot resolve it! I repeat to you, the clairvoyant sees in your thought *what you no longer think, but which you have thought; what you no longer see, but which you have seen; what you no longer hear, but which you have heard.* Thus, the secret oaths you have made to the young girl whom you have deceived, dishonoured, abandoned!—he sees and

will tell you of them ; he sees also the tears you have caused her to shed ; he hears you singing the romance that captivated her heart, and which you have forgotten, together with your victim, whose image has not quitted you. You will possess her again in eternity ; she forms part of you ; you will not be able to detach yourself from her. All is present to, and full of life for the clairvoyant. When the bodies that have committed these actions are gnawed by the worms, he sees them acting, hears them speaking, speaks to them, and walks about in the places which no longer exist. He finds as many of these pictures, and these scenes, in the domain of your memory, as the universe can hold ! Hear you, the universe ! You, then, are a universe ? Answer me. No ; since the universe is a compound of a multitude of unities, and, on the contrary, these unities, these scenes, these places, may exist in you thousands of times. You are, then, thousands of universes ? You are more than this !! Well, if you cannot answer this question, study this soul, the masterpiece of creation. You will surely accord to it a little immortality, since the most infamous actions possess it. Promise that in default of better you will study the revelations which M. Swedenborg has made to me on the subject of the nature of thoughts, which are living beings, engendering and immortalising themselves like us ; systems of corpuscles, emanations, images, foreseen and demonstrated under a multitude of phases, from Pythagoras to St. Martin, from M. Delchambre, in his 'Treatise on the System of the Soul,' to the learned propositions of Dr. Gall, with his protuberances progressing, encroaching upon, and disturbing other localities. This assemblage of atoms cannot act without life ! The word carries with it some kind of form ; the word life comprises likewise a *self*. Thus, what form would you give to the thoughts of Dr. Gall ? What life will you give to this atom, if not the form of the thing itself—unless it be one *self* which unites

with another *self*. This atom, minute as it is, is moved by a purpose which springs from a will. Behold, where we come to—if there is nothing dead in nature. Everything is living, then, with a life divided to infinity, and bearing an infinity of forms. We perceive that thoughts and human actions are not lost to the clairvoyant; that they are indeed acting—in a word, living images! Sounds, song, vibrate in his ear! Only think, a sound! which appears to us to have entered into material vibration twenty years ago and more, strikes with the same force and harmony on the ear of the clairvoyant. It will resound thus to all eternity, and this impression of actions, of images, will never be effaced. It will be ever in action, seeing that there is not a particle of material or spiritual creation in repose. We cannot, therefore, take from these actions, these sounds, these thoughts, these images—in short, a life, not generalised and confounded in the torrent of universal existence, but individualised, having a form which is proper to them, since the clairvoyant finds them again at all times. They are, then, spiritually, as we have been told by the guide of Binet, by MM. Mallet and Swedenborg, indestructible, unalterable, and eternal. However strange this revelation may appear, we have only to reflect in order to admit it. It is the same with regard to explaining it; I shall endeavour to do so in a work that will form a sequel to this.”

This is what I have attempted to do, my dear Gustavus, in the course of our conferences. I know not whether, after facts of so positive a kind, one can argue with success.

Gus. I will no longer try to do so, my excellent friend. I had given too little attention to this statement, but for which I should not have cavilled with you until now, like a blockhead as I am. You are quite right. What do we know compared with what remains to be known? Whence came we? Where do we go to?

ALF. We sprung from God, my friend, and we re-

turn to God. We are travellers lost in this universal labyrinth: the benevolent eye of our good Father watches over us; he refuses his Divine light to no one; learn only to ask it of him with respect and humility. I will now quote from an article taken from a homœopathic work by Dr. Maure, a learned philosopher, whose acquaintance I have made with much pleasure. This work is entitled, "Doctrines de l'Ecole de Rio de Janeiro," 1849. It is as follows:—

"It has appeared to us very needful to acquire for homœopathy a notion already evident to metaphysicians, theologians, and magnetisers. If time and space are *only forms of our spirit*, extension, attraction, and all the other attributes of matter, are in like manner only purely ideal forms. If man is the image of God, he must participate in the creative faculty, at least within the limits of his organisation."

Remark on this school, in the same work, in 48 and following pages. In a magnificent piece of poetry, read on the sixty-ninth anniversary of Hahnemann's taking his doctor's degree, I find these verses, which are remarkable from their analogy with the system now under our notice:—

"There is around us—in the very dust,
 Illumed a moment by a ray of light,
 An Infinite more grand, more wondrous still,
 Than that on high in golden letters writ.
 Each atom has its laws, and in itself
 Contains the order that its system rules.

* * * * *

* * * * *
 Listen within thee, Man, and thou shalt know
 The myst'ry that links matter to thyself.
 Each Being, in its turn, admitted in thee,
 Its word shall speak, and thou shalt know its law.
 'Tis thus thou mayst—a feeble creature, thou!—
 The secrets of old Nature penetrate."

This author quotes, page 24, a thesis of M. Ackermann, in which there is this eloquent thought:—

"The creative faculty, that sublime attribute of God,

is evidently conceded to man, and is what the sacred writers intended when they said, "God has created *man in his own image*." Now this likeness cannot be complete except in so far as we participate in the supernatural power of changing spiritual into corporeal substances, or at least of *materialising* in time our *immortal* soul."

I find also, in the eleventh volume of "Memoires d'Outre-Tombe," by Chateaubriand, this reflection, which may fitly close my citations:—

"Man has no need to travel to grow greater; he bears *immensity* with him. A particular accent that has escaped your bosom does not restrict itself, but finds an echo in thousands of souls; he who has not this melody in himself, will ask it in vain of the universe. Sit down on the trunk of this tree, lying prostrate in the woods; if, in profound forgetfulness of yourself, in your immobility, in your silence, you do not find *the infinite*, it is useless for you to wander on the banks of the Ganges."

I might thus collect an innumerable quantity of thoughts, and form volumes which would prove that our age is prolific in men who are happy in lifting a corner of the veil that conceals from us our relations with the universe; but I have already abused your complaisance too much. If I have been enabled a moment to interest and instruct you, let me not mar these results by weariness.

Gus. I could listen to you thus to eternity; but I do not wish, on my part, to be exacting; permit me merely to ask you who made you believe in homœopathy? My final questions shall be limited to this.

ALF. The antagonists of homœopathy themselves, who laugh at the power of the particle over the whole, although they admit the whole to be the slave of the particle.

Gus. How is that?

ALF. First, have they not acknowledged, written, and

taught, that a grain of vaccine matter has the power to protect man from the scourge of small-pox for an indefinite period? A grain of humour injected into a healthy arm will act against so cruel a disease during a certain number of years! Reflect on this proposition!

2. Do they not prick and saturate with vinegar a letter coming from a country where an epidemic malady prevails? It is, therefore, because this letter may contain contagion strong enough to poison a whole province. How shall this poison act—in what way will it introduce itself into the individual who may touch it? What, then, in it has the property of causing such ravages unless it be something that is living and intelligent?

3. Do they not admit that persons having the itch, or a fever patient, may communicate, by simple contact, the malady that consumes them?

4. Are venereal diseases anything more than a feeble contact, the poison of which cannot be destroyed by all the precautions of cleanliness?

5. Nervous sympathetic maladies, which are capable of revolutionising whole masses at once, depraving their judgment, developing in man unknown powers, and a thousand and one unheard-of phenomena—do they not originate in contact? Less still, merely from seeing an action—what do I say?—in a simple individual idea?

6. Have they not acknowledged the innumerable properties of poison, some of which need only to be breathed for a second to destroy life, or take away the reason?

7. Does not the sting of venomous reptiles instantaneously produce disturbance and death in the most healthy individual? What is the volume of poison introduced, compared with the living mass disorganised in a few minutes?

8. Have they not admitted the influence of longings in pregnant women—longings which, in the being

affected by them, will be more or less apparent, according to the order to which they belong, and the seasons in which their types are developed?

9. Have they not admitted the incontestable power of lightning? What, then, is this electric spark beside the rock that it carries away with it, the bar of iron that it melts, those human beings whose strength it paralyses, and whose pride it confounds?

10. Are not electricity and magnetism powerful motive powers, the simple contact of which causes their action to be felt at enormous distances, in less time than man takes to think of this phenomenon? Does not the simple invisible fluid that emanates from them move machines beyond human force?

Has not magnetism a power of propulsion and attraction equally great? Have we not seen, and do we not see every day, magnetisers neutralising forces adverse to their will. Does not M. Dupotet compel groups of seven or eight persons to walk about in spite of their refusal to move, &c.?

11. This grain of powder, this imperceptible thread of cotton, are they not capable, after the necessary preparations, of displacing matter a hundred times their volume?

12. Does not this drop of acid corrode and burn this metal, which is a thousand times heavier than itself? Does it not change the properties of a hundred different substances with which it is mixed, changing the nature of their aroma as well as their colour?

13. Does not this grain of musk fill with its odour, or does it not change the odour of any kind of space representing millions of times its volume?

14. Are not the juices of this fruit-tree on which is grafted an insignificant particle from another tree, paralysed in their ascent by passing into this simple bud, so much so as to produce other fruit of a different form, colour, taste, and smell, and that for a number of years more or less prolonged?

15. Does not this simple grain of millet, dropped accidentally on this spot of earth, wait a whole year in order to develop all the attractive juices it contains, which concur, each according to its needs, in absorbing a quantity of other juices, forms, flavours, and scents, which they will have need of in order to reproduce similar grains that might cover our globe.

What will you have me not admit, when I see that the glance of a woman may drive a man mad! Oh, my friend, thousands of similar examples offer themselves continually to the reflection of him who will observe, and serve to demonstrate the nothingness of our knowledge and our sarcasms. God has so willed it. He who laughs the most at our studies is he who, without desiring it, gives us the means of increasing our knowledge.

It is discussion that gives birth to light.

He who jests with you opens to you the gates of science.

Homœopathy is destined to blend in one all the systems that have hitherto appeared.

It will become the irrefutable, mathematical, and *material* proof of spiritualism.

It will prove that the whole of a species is in the smallest particle of the species, and that even human reason is *dependent* on the caprices of these particles, which will be a continual source of mortification and humiliation to the pride of man, and a continual source of admiration to the philosopher.

Homœopathy, in philosophy, comprises all that is most conclusive and most positive in the discoveries of modern times. It is the power of life, of which magnetism is the love—the demonstration of molecular individuality, of which magnetism is the bond.

These two sciences ought to regenerate the world, were it possible to change the actual state of anything!

As far as the curative properties of both are concerned, they must be very great, if we are to judge of

them by the power they have on the human organism ; the whole thing is to know how to make a right application of them. The more these sciences are developed, the more they will satisfy our wants ; but let us not abuse them ; let us not sport with their power, which is yet unknown to us. I speak to you with full knowledge of them ; that which is the most useful to man may become highly injurious to him ; and this infinitesimal at which every one is ready to laugh, might very easily make our pride repent of its hilarity. Man may be less than a globule of *nux vomica*, and lose all his arrogance under the simplicity of an ATOM ! What do I say—the simplicity ? the infinite power of this ATOM.

But have we not seen something stronger than the power of homœopathic globules ? In ourselves infusing, solely by the act of our will, the flavours and qualities of all the known remedies and substances, in a simple glass of water, which we have commanded to operate according to the necessities of the patient ? . . .

Does not a medicine exist, which I dare only whisper to you, which is that of *the word*, the living word which says, let that *be*, and that *is*—the medicine of the Christs, of the Saints, of Gasner, Greatrake, Hohenlohe, Saint-Amour, Laforgue, of all the thaumaturgists generally, of our curers by the touch in country places, of our sayers of *neuvaines*, of faith, of the will—a medicine the virtue of which may even be included in the mere name of a plant !!

I forbear, for you would no longer listen to me, except out of pity ! I have offered to your view very precious jewels ; learn to appreciate them, and may the Lord be with you !

CONCLUSION.

THE mass of questions that have just been raised in a single one—that of microcosm—is capable of alarming the most ardent metaphysician, because, though it may be perfectly true, it is not the less surrounded by a mass of other propositions with which it does not agree. I shall not try, therefore, to add fresh pages to those which have been read. Having already too much abused the courtesy of my readers, I prefer leaving them in this new study masters and disciples, interrogating without any prepossession the voice of their conscience, earnestly invoking the Divine light, through which we can do everything, and without which we are able to do nothing.

Detached from every system, from every religious creed, once more placed in the true cradle of nature, under the protection of Him who can neither deceive nor be deceived, every one will then be able more readily to conceive, to read, re-peruse, study, and test by experiment what I have written, and draw the same conclusion as I have done, or reject it. If what I have advanced is true, many of the mysteries of somnambulism would be explained to us; views at distance, of the past, the present, and the future would fall within the cognizance of the senses.

I was conversing one day with M. Hébert de Gernay, conductor of the *Journal du Magnetism*, on the sights at distance, and retrospective views of clairvoyants, and pointing out to him the whole extent of this faculty. This gentleman, whose acquirements and sagacity are unquestionable, made the following reflection, in which he thought he saw the explanation of

this phenomenon. "The clairvoyant," said he, "finds himself, while in this state, amidst the world of causes, like the mathematician, the musician, and the grammarian, amidst the figures they make use of in the composition of their works. Infinite millions of compositions and conceptions are embodied in the twenty-five letters of the alphabet, the ten figures of arithmetic, and the seven notes of music. The only question for the clairvoyant is to understand the value of each figure, in order, starting from thence, to go on to infinity."

This idea of my learned opponent (as regards spiritualism) was too appropriate to the questions with which we have been occupied, not to be submitted to my readers, since it is not without merit, and makes me regret that M. Hébert has not continued to honour me with his studious reflections. When I have advanced this proposition, that "each germ of any species whatever was the whole of its species," I did not deem it right to stop short at the material difficulty such assertion presents, with a view to account for it; I have studied it by means of a thousand comparisons of the same class as those read in this work. With greater reason thought, as we understand it, in our material state, presents fewer difficulties in coming under this definition, from the non-ponderable character it presents to our senses. In reality, accepting the two worlds in the state in which we comprehend them, we ought not the less to admit that the soul is of the nature of thoughts. Being of the same nature, she cannot present more ponderability than the latter; not offering more ponderability, she has no longer need of the ponderable matters that were useful in enabling her material body to exist. Freed from these necessities we cannot refuse to her the power of being where she wishes, in what she wishes, and whatever she wishes, in virtue of being a molecule of a substance of which we have a presentiment without understanding, admit without analysing, and believe in, as we do in the atmosphere and

the wind, without seeing it. If our soul is of the same substance as thoughts, and fills no more space than they do, tell me what space does the thought of eternity take up, which represents to us millions of ages, the ages of years, the years of months, the months of days, the days of hours, the hours of minutes, the minutes of seconds—while these last are still only the commencement of a fresh infinite. We, nevertheless, cannot pronounce the word eternity without granting that this word comprises the nomenclature just cited. Does the word man include fewer varieties, fewer disjunctions, and individualities, from the crown of his head to the sole of his feet? Is there not an infinite nomenclature of visible particles, around which is grouped a vocabulary equally great of definite properties, which yet define nothing? Let us enter the interior of this being; let us penetrate the domain of his reason; by this word *reason* we open the sanctuary of all possible thought to a thousand successive generations. Let us descend towards its organs of reproduction; we find ourselves in the face of an eternal creation, and all this in the word man; we cannot pronounce it without the simple reflections I have just presented being developed to the spirit. What, then, is the magic power of a word, a mere word, thus to represent successively grouped around it the universal torrent of individualities of its species? Thus, therefore, if we fix our attention ever so little on these simple propositions, we shall conclude that it is not more difficult for the ecstatic, when he finds himself in the midst of this microscopic universe, to take cognizance, on each shelf, with which this vast library is furnished, of the thought, the solution of which he desires, than the librarian experiences in taking the French “*Mérope*” of Voltaire, to hold converse with Polyphonte, or that lawyer, in taking up the “*Code des Codes*,” in order to ascertain the law he wishes to consult. God, who is the author of these universal codes,

has not limited their number; all are in one, and one in all, or to speak more explicitly, in seeing one of them we see them all, and in seeing them all, we see only one. We may, therefore, be an infinity of all things individualised in the one great whole, which is God, as this figure that I have just borrowed from matter is a whole in the other wholes. Doubtless we shall not refuse to spirit what we accord to matter.

Thus the ecstatic has only to manifest a desire in order to perceive, in this desire, what he wishes to see in it, seeing that this desire is the container of the thing itself, just as the word "code" is the container of laws, *man* that of men, *eternity* that of ages, *universe* that of creation. These are notes of the universal harmony imprinted in all beings; we have only to place a thought on one of the keys of this sublime instrument for sound to issue from it as the result. It was thus that it was understood by the "Société de l'Harmonie," at Ostend, in a work published by it in 1786, in which will be found this passage, which so well elucidates the question:—

"But how does he (the clairvoyant) know the past and the future? The past and future are kinds of knowledge; the soul possesses the whole. The moment she is set at liberty she develops them."

Magnetic somnambulism had been known only two years previously, yet magnetisers drew from it such conclusions as these. After sixty years we have not yet got so far! So much for progress!

Ecstatics do not, then, go to such and such a place, or dive either into the past or the future; all, in this state, is present to them and in them, as all the laws inscribed in the code are present to the view of the magistrate who wishes to consult them. This magistrate does not say—This law existed yesterday or will exist to-morrow: he says—it is the law of the day, of the circumstance—and always present when there is need to apply it. In the world of types, in which all

things are unalterable, they cannot be subject to the results of the law of time, to which they do not belong; they cannot have been, nor are they to be; they are ever in harmony, in the harmony of harmonies. It is in this sense that it would be rational to say, with Châteaubriand, "Memoirs from Beyond the Tomb," "All that I have known lives around me. According to the Indian doctrine, death does not destroy us; *it only renders us invisible.*"

Truly, this does not involve the doctrine of the metempsychosis, the most widely spread belief in the universe, and which, from its cradle in India, sees its extension even to Europe. Our fairy tales are only one of the phases of this transmigration of souls into such and such a body, or such and such a species. Some clairvoyants entertain this belief in our days. We feel bound to explain ourselves on this point, as we promised in the first volume of "The Secrets."

Many persons have as it were an intuition, a kind of remembrance of an anterior life in another body and another material place. I have known such persons, with whom I have had very long controversies, without obtaining very happy results, for these persons verge very closely in spirit on the somnambulic state, which may, consequently, very easily confirm their belief, by the perceptions or intuitions they have of past facts that seem to be connected with them. They are, in this state, what the magnetic clairvoyant is in his, with respect to the facts which the latter is made at will to perceive, in which he finds all the objectivity of the places and personages with which he is surrounded by simple thought; if he desires a moment to substitute himself for some one else, he will so identify himself with him as to imitate him in his slightest gestures, know what he knew, and do what he has done, &c. The state induced by hashish proves this faculty *à priori*. You are the thing itself to which you direct your attention; you are so at the time you wish; you may, there-

fore, be changed, or see changed into a tree, a rock, an animal, any being whatever on which this false observation is brought to bear; and there is no difficulty in this, since, spiritually, all these things are a particle of your being, one of the millions of thoughts of which it is composed. Substitute one of these thoughts for your own individuality or for that which you may desire, and you will believe yourself to be what is represented by the thought by which you desire to be replaced, swayed, *unindividualised*, shall I call it?—but let healthy observation come to your aid; you will quickly perceive that you and this governing thought make two in one. Supposing the ancients were able to enter into this state naturally or artificially, in which they discerned this mass of sensations and forms, past, present, and future, which man is capable of feeling, assuming, or perceiving, they will have inferred from it that we passed materially through this series of states, and have thence created the system of the metempsychosis. How many persons are there in our days who believe they have already seen such a place, or such a town, before they have arrived there! When they go there for the first time, they are quite surprised at recognising the minutest details, as though they had been born in these places. That does not prove that they have really inhabited them antecedently and materially: it simply gives reason to suppose that they have become acquainted with them in a fit of natural somnambulism, in a dream, or some other state, the recollection of which has escaped them, and thence conclude they have lived there at a former period, without seeking to separate error from truth. The state of ecstasy and somnambulism is a very powerful means of deciding the question, which is, moreover, contrary to the laws of the universe.

There are no material examples to show that germs or souls can thus lose their individuality; certain germs, it is true, are very capable of undergoing modifications in their exterior emanation, from the hand of man or of

nature : but this is very different from seeing a winged creature become a man, an ape a pigeon, or a rose an oyster, as the metempsychosis affirms. It is more natural to believe that each being in creation represents one shade or hue of a painting, in which all the riches of nature are depicted ; or is a flower in the vast universal parterre ! Let us not confound the fusion of material particles with each other (which may thus concur an infinite number of times in the reproduction of material bodies) with the transmigration of souls. The latter would be a complete annihilation of individuality, of *self*, for a shorter or longer period ; while, on the contrary, that of all material molecules is visibly preserved. It is true, the spirit, in the state of lucidity, by the aid of the relation that links it with each particle of any kind of organised body, knows the past history of this particle, and can enter into connection with all the bodies it has concurred in forming, because the whole is in the part, as the part is in the whole ; but to conclude from this that each soul must pass in succession through all the states and forms, all the joys and pains of creation, in order to enjoy eternal felicity, would be a belief to drive us to despair. God only knows when the end of this infinity of transmigrations would arrive. We have, moreover, an undeniable proof to the contrary in the apparitions we every day solicit of persons deceased at epochs more or less remote, who are all far from entertaining this belief.

One day I put Adèle in magnetic connection with one of my friends who firmly believes himself to have been several personages of antiquity, after hearing the revelations made to him by clairvoyants who adopt this view. Seeing that she could not alter the opinions of this gentleman on this point by reasoning, she made the following proposal : Let clairvoyants ignorant of history be asked (said she) whether you have not been some particular illustrious personage of such an epoch, for these clairvoyants always take care to

flatter our vanity by adorning us with the most celebrated names of past ages. Ask again, another day, if you have not been some other personage who lived at the same period as the former. In this way make half-a-dozen experiments, and you will soon learn what conclusion to come to on this subject. You will have been all the personages in question, living at the same epoch, which will convince you that all this is only a mental delusion. This proposition of Adèle is unanswerable; the experiment may be made, and this gentleman therefore refused to try it, so unhappy would he have been to destroy the belief he entertained. How can truth be known with a disposition like this? The Fourierist school is endeavouring to implant this system in Europe; it classes each transmigration in groups which are to concur in forming a universal harmony. This system is merely a creation of words, which are far from satisfying our reason. The following simple objection would have embarrassed Fourier himself:—If it be man who has need to perfect himself individually by passing through all the states, sensations, joys and pains of creation; I allow such man, not eight hundred transformations to undergo, but millions of millions; for to suppose for a moment the necessity of such a state or such a sensation, is to suppose the necessity of some other also. Consider the myriads of successions of states that must be imposed on us before arriving at the knowledge of eternal felicity—a knowledge only to be attained at the end of this infinity.

If, on the other hand, it is society in general that is to be made perfect, it is not necessary that the soul which has co-operated in this work of perfection, should return to labour in it anew. Let this care be left to those who succeed it, seeing that every age improves itself by the aid of the beings of which it is composed. Besides, this theory would imply a fixed number of created souls, which is contradicted by experience and the laws of the infinite, and which is still better refuted

by another proposition, based likewise on experience:—*From each soul may be derived an infinite number of images which represent veritable souls, in all respects similar to those from which they proceed, possessing their personal individuality, and the same properties, although making only one between them and the soul-type—which is like discovering a new infinite in the infinite itself!*

The doctrine of the metempsychosis cannot be accepted, therefore, without a more accurate demonstration. What shall we not say—what shall we not admit, when we have gone through the state induced by hashish, and have studied thoroughly the precious faculties of clairvoyants? How many systems will crumble away—how many will succeed them? Will the true, the good, be found in them? I know not. Let us labour, let us examine, let us hope.

The aim of this work, and of the experiments it proposes, has a more extended spiritual scope than may be imagined. Succeed in convincing man of the existence of a world besides that which he is acquainted with, and you will open his mind to investigation. Little do his conclusions signify to you from the moment he thinks he is no more that thing with a gaping mouth, listening to this person and that, seeking by looks what it is they teach him, and seeing nothing. But if, on the contrary, you succeed in showing him that vast road which leads to the most sublime truths of creation—if this creation in its type-state becomes palpable to his senses, and answers to the desires of his heart, he then perceives something that interests and captivates him. This first glance of the spirit does not satisfy him: he wishes to see and see again, under all its phases, that mysterious mechanism of life which astonishes him, and of which he had no idea. He studies, reasons, and draws his own conclusions, and no longer those of others. Let them exclaim that he is a madman, that he wanders in the labyrinth of his imagination, he will answer—I have heard imagination spoken of long

enough; I will study it, since I have the power to do so. The moment he knows the alphabet of nature, he will desire to know its language, and you will no longer have before you an empty bag into which you can put what you please; but a man eager to go to the bottom of the question he investigates, and who in a few hours will know more about it than all your books, or than past and present ages would have been able to teach him. He will know that upon his present affections and persuasions depend those of his future; that the more he has studied in his material state, the less he will have to learn in the spiritual state into which he will enter not as a simple scholar but as a master.

¶ Were it known that in this knowledge lies the redemption of all humanity, an immense progress, some attention would be paid to it, and I should have the sweet consolation of having done something to benefit all my brethren whom I love. Oh, yes, one must indeed love them to speak to them a language like this—language which will cover me with the ridicule of those poor blinded hearts, less wicked than benumbed in a state from which no human power seeks to rescue them.

We now pass on and make known to the reader a little guide to hashish, in which we shall teach every one the mode we consider the best for obtaining the results we have aimed to produce.

GUIDE TO THE ECSTATIC THROUGH HASHISH.

In order to go fully into the matter, we are about to borrow from the "Repertory of Pharmacy," by Dr. Burckhardt, volume 6, November, 1849, 129 and following pages, some historical details on this valuable substance. He says, "The use of intoxicating preparations of hemp, called by the Arabs hashish, goes back to the most remote ages. Originally from China and India, this plant was for a long time monopolised by those countries. The Persians having opened up

relations with India, introduced hemp among themselves, and employed it for the same purposes as the Chinese and Indians. All the world knows the frequent and terrible use made of it in the middle ages by some princes of Lebanon, and among others by the ferocious chief designated under the name of the Old Man of the Mountain, who by the hallucinations into which he threw his assassins, rendered them the instruments of his murderous projects, by assuring them of the enjoyment after death of all kinds of celestial felicity.

"Imported into Egypt by the Caliph Ahmet, about the year 815 of the hegeira, hashish was but little known by Europeans until its occupation by the French, and its singular properties had been described by Desgenettes.

"Persons who have taken hashish know with what energy it acts upon the nervous system, and how many strange and eccentric ideas crowd into the brain. In the majority of cases, if the dose has not been too strong, a sensation of happiness is experienced, which manifests itself by a most extravagant kind of exhilaration. This state is succeeded by a degree of languor, which is soon followed by slumber intermingled with agreeable dreams. But another remarkable thing presented by this kind of intoxication, is that the head is perfectly free; and we never lose the consciousness of what is passing around us; such at least is the effect I have experienced after many trials, on swallowing a little of the active principle of the drug which I had just obtained.

"What is most extraordinary and incredible, I repeat, in the effects of hashish, is that state of beatitude, of imaginary happiness, of which the most seducing description can scarcely give an idea.

"Among the intoxicating preparations made by the Arabs from the hashish plant, the most active is the extract, which constitutes, in some form, the basis of all the others. The active principle being of a resinous nature, they make use of a fatty substance, such as

butter, to dissolve it. The best mode of preparation is as follows: three kilogrammes of the tufts of the bruised hashish plant are put in a copper vessel, adding enough water to float the vegetable substance, which is then boiled down to one-half. Three kilogrammes of butter are then added, and kept boiling for twelve hours, taking care from time to time to add water sufficient to replace that which is evaporated, and thus prevent the mass from burning. One essential point to be observed is, that, when once the operation has terminated, the product is so much the better as the quantity of water left is diminished at the end of the time indicated. The butter, thus charged with the whole resinous portion, assumes a very marked greenish colour. It is then strained through a cloth by pressing it very strongly. On its cooling, the butter becomes solid, and swims on the top of the surplus liquid, which is strongly tinctured with all the gummy extractive matter and nitre contained in the plant. This water, being of no use, is thrown away, and the butter, so charged with the resinous principle, is preserved for use.

“The extract thus obtained is rarely sold in this state, but is mixed with an electuary known under the Arab name of *dawa-mesk*, which signifies a remedy composed of musk, which constitutes its base. It is thus prepared:—

“Take 576 grammes of white sugar and 288 of honey, and boil them down with enough water to form the consistence of thick syrup. Then put in 192 grammes of extract of hashish, together with hazel-nuts, almonds, and pine-apple kernels, of each 48 grammes, reduced to a paste, the whole being well stirred up and mixed together. The pan is then taken off the fire, and again stirred about with a wooden spatula until it is cold, so as to blend the whole in one homogeneous mass. An aromatic scent is afterwards given with a few drops of essence of roses.

“This electuary is the preparation of hashish most

generally employed. The dose is about 30 grammes for a grown person, taken fasting, or at least two hours after a meal. Its action may be promoted by taking coffee, which, as well as smoking, would appear to augment the intensity of the effects sought to be produced by it."

We have deemed it requisite to quote this article from the "Repertory of Pharmacy" above cited, in order to prove to our readers that the substance we recommend them is in no degree dangerous, especially if taken under the conditions we are about to describe. There are two establishments in Paris, at which hashish may be procured in a state ready to be taken—that of M. Louvadour, apothecary, No. 25, rue de l'Ancienne-Comédie, and at another chemist's, rue Notre-Dame de Lorette. We are not acquainted with the effects produced by the hashish sold at the last named place, having hitherto only used that of the former establishment.

The author we have just cited speaks of a dose of 30 grammes as if it cost only a centime a gramme, and as though the effects produced by this substance needed to be taken in so large a quantity to be very powerful. In the first place it is worth 50 centimes the gramme, which would amount to 15 francs for each ecstasy, instead of which we throw ourselves into this precious state for 1 franc 50 centimes, that is, with only three grammes of hashish. This is the dose we have usually adopted. Some nervous, sensitive temperaments, females for instance, might find two grammes and a half only sufficient to produce ecstasies of a calmer description. Phlegmatic, heavy natures, on the contrary, require four or even five grammes. We have never gone beyond that, having always obtained the desired effects with the latter dose.

This substance, as the above-mentioned author says, is a kind of unctuous pomade of a green colour. It is ordinarily diluted with coffee, to which it communicates a taste not always agreeable to persons of delicate palate,

as I have the misfortune to be. Being kept for a longer or shorter time on the voyage, or in the apothecary's shop, it has a rancid odour, which, as I have just remarked, has nothing agreeable to the taste; but who would regard so slight a matter, when thinking of the happy effects he expects from it? This is the way I am in the habit of conducting this kind of sittings. According to the temperament, as I have said, I augment or diminish the dose, but generally three grammes are taken. The dose is put into a cup of good strong coffee, diluting it so that it does not float in oil at the top of the coffee, which should be quite hot and well sweetened. The whole is swallowed at a draught, or according to the pleasure afforded by the taste, and it is about two hours before the first effects are produced.

Persons susceptible to impressions, and who cannot take coffee habitually without being much disturbed by it, ought either to take it in slight doses, or to dissolve the substance in a cup of lime water; for it is not needful to increase the nervous agitation, which is already found to be sufficiently stimulated by the hashish. It is proper that the apartment used for the experiment should be dry and warm (summer is preferable to winter); that a bed should be prepared, and an arm-chair or convenient seat, with a friend or two *solely* to watch over you, and lead you into the order of studies you have manifested a wish to become acquainted with before entering into the ecstasy. Let neither opposition nor melancholy approach this sanctuary dedicated to happiness! No restless women, no crying children, no timid friends, *above all no doctors*. There is no instance of an ecstasy from hashish having had hurtful consequences; there is, therefore, nothing to fear. Coolness and observation ought to be the condition of the persons who may be present.

An hour and a half or two hours after ingestion, the person taking it appears to feel restlessness in the legs and arms. His ears grow red, there is a certain degree

of constriction round the forehead, and the countenance is suffused with blood; he walks about quickly, or gesticulates, speaks volubly, and bursts into laughter without knowing the reason. The first laugh is followed by a second and a third; and he is at last ready to burst his sides with laughter, and those of the parties present, who laugh also at seeing him laugh. This is a sympathetic laughter which it is desirable to moderate, seeing that it cannot be prevented for fear of vexing the ecstatic. This fit of mirth is succeeded by a perfect calm, which causes him to reflect on what has just occurred; he cannot account for it, and says very frequently, "It is curious." A second fit of laughter takes place, then a third, sometimes at intervals of five or ten minutes. At length the moment of vision arrives: it is very often a medley of images more or less grotesque, more or less ravishing. Let these vast panoramas pass away; wait until the abruptness of these first impressions has gone off; then approach the ecstatic, and remind him, in the interval between two visions, of the questions he wishes to study; take his hand gently; persuade him to pray to God to permit him to enter into a more exalted state. You have now a somnambulist ecstatic in your hands; endeavour to guide him; frequently recall to him what he proposed to find out before entering into this state—insist, insist. If he is a man of a studious turn, he will enter into the train of his inquiries; you will have only to listen, and you shall know much. Although the most ludicrous ideas ordinarily predominate in these ecstasies, accept these last only to arrive at something serious. What you earnestly desire you will obtain. Magnetise the ecstatic a little by looking at him; for in this state, however anti-magnetic he may be, he is under your command. You shall do with him as you wish.

Take no pains to write under his dictation: he will do so himself the next morning, or eight days later. What he has seen cannot be effaced from his memory, and you will lose nothing of all that has taken place.

If the patient finds himself affected by strong nervous contractions, closely resembling convulsions, fear nothing, he is not suffering. If his countenance is of a deep red, breathe on his forehead at a little distance. Make some magnetic passes from head to foot; there is no danger. If he is thirsty, and there is a white foam about his lips; if the nervous crises follow each other without ecstasy, or these last are too prolonged, rub his temples with strong vinegar; cause him to inhale some; put a teaspoonful of vinegar into a glass of water, and make him partake of this drink; this state will soon cease, however long it may have lasted. Avoid all remedies; night will re-establish harmony in his ideas; be fully assured that they cannot suffer harm. If he is a subject of very sensitive nerves, who appears to be in pain while in this state, give him a glass of sugar and water, with the addition of a tea-spoonful of good orange-flower water; his nerves will be composed, and you will all laugh, a few hours after, at your panic.

Above all, have no dread of any fixed ideas, such as that of believing himself mad, changed into a monument, or some kind of object. Be not afraid; the man will again become man. Madness is no more possible at the termination of these ecstasies than the drunkard is in a condition to revel the morning after a debauch. Be careful to take this substance only after the entire digestion of the last meal, which might otherwise be disturbed by it, and in its turn disturb the ecstasy. Especially do not allow the ecstatic to go out into the street, without accompanying him, before he is restored to his normal state.

The following are a few cases that have come under my notice in my experiments, out of the course of those ordinarily observed:—

1st. I will commence with myself. As I have stated, I had no notion respecting this substance, nor of its effects. About six hours had elapsed after I had taken it, without my perceiving any disturbance, when at the

Q

moment I believed it incapable of producing any action, its effects commenced, and were as startling as they had been slow of development. I had only time to go to bed, for I was in a state not to endure any other position. My bed was cold and damp, by reason of the place I dwelt in; it was winter time, and the weather was not warm. The freshness of the sheets struck cold to my back and loins, which contracted the pores in a manner unfavourable to what this state demanded, which is a gentle warmth. The ecstasies supervened in shocks and violently: it seemed as if bunches of fibres were all stretched out at once, and drawn across my lungs like so many separate threads, which caused me very sharp pains, and alarmed me a good deal. I had afterwards an attack of tetanus, which lasted long enough to frighten the persons around me. Being wholly ignorant of this state, they believed I was going to die, and this terror re-acted on me, for in this state, I repeat, the ecstatic is a true magnetic sponge. Far from tranquillising me, they aggravated very much my position. I had afterwards an impression that I was mad, and commended myself to the prayers of all, and my fears were shared by all present. At length, I came to myself, and this slight accident had no injurious effect. It is in order to avoid similar inconveniences, that I beg those who may be present at this kind of ecstasies to be firmly assured that no harm will result from them, and consequently to be tranquil; for, otherwise, the agitation of the ecstatic will be doubled.

2nd. M. Gaspard, whose sitting has been read, was seized with a pain of the heart, and was forced to discharge the bile and glairy contents with which his stomach was loaded, to the extent of at least a hand-basin full. He was thus indisposed for at least six hours; I calmed him by magnetism, causing him to drink also of sugared water, with orange-flower. This discharge of bile was attended with a fortunate result to the health of this gentleman, who from that day had a good appetite, digested well, and continued very cheer-

ful, in all which respects he had been previously totally deficient.

3rd. Another gentleman, a clever mechanic, with whom I was hardly acquainted, found himself very unwell. Seeing himself in a house that was strange to him, he took me, as well as another person present, for robbers and assassins, who wished to kill him. This idea predominated through his trance, and re-acted on his bodily functions so strongly as to cause him to bring up his food, which was not yet digested. This had no bad effect; on the contrary, the next morning he had an ecstasy, in which he solved the problem for which he desired to enter into this state. It was the construction of a piece of machinery for guiding a balloon. This gentleman assured me he had never seen anything more perfect, as regards the finish and regularity of the parts. This re-action of hashish is not the only instance I have seen; a few visions may, in this way, return the next day and the day afterwards. It is for this reason I advise those who have an avocation, or employments which continually require their presence, not to risk undergoing the effects of hashish, unless they have the entire day, and even the following day, at their disposal. Not that the next day will at all resemble the day itself, but incoherent thoughts and sallies sometimes occur which appear ridiculous to the persons present, who would not know to what cause to attribute them.

4th. M. Renier, after having waited in vain for the desired ecstasy, and not feeling the slightest symptoms of its coming after five hours, went to dine not far from home. He had hardly finished than he experienced internally a disturbance which obliged him to return, and, indeed, caused him much suffering; for pain at the heart, vomitings, and incoherent visions succeeded, and forced him to go to bed. After some hours' repose he recovered.

5th. M. Lecocq, on his second experiment with hashish, experienced the same kind of uneasiness, which

lasted only half-an-hour. He had talked, gesticulated, seen much, and entered into many combinations, which might have occasioned him this disturbance.

6th. M. Blesson, wishing to obtain a more decisive result than at the first sitting, took it several times in succession, but could not succeed. He is the only one I have known to take five grammes without experiencing any effect.

7th. M. Baude took three grammes and a half, and only felt its effects the following night in the guise of admirable visions.

These are all the cases I have met with out of the usual course among thirty experiments. Without knowing how far it might be generally carried, I have perceived that this substance has no other effect than to increase morally and physically the faculties of man.

Thus, I have seen that the man who is quick, petulant, and full of gestures, is much more so in this state; while the heavy, slow, apathetic man appears to be almost annihilated. Each mind being affected according to its peculiar tastes, its conceptions are inconceivably prompt, and are manifested externally by gestures as in the waking state; only a dull man being unable to find assistance by words to express what he feels, contents himself with slow gesticulations without uttering a syllable; it is on the following day that he is more communicative.

I have seen Madame Mouttet, a lady of angelic sweetness, coupled with great vivacity of impressions, enter resolutely into this state. Unfortunately the dose was rather weak; the ecstasy was incomplete, and yet we saw her smile with the happiness that overwhelmed her; the tableaux presented themselves to her very slowly; she could perceive Adèle and myself in the soul-state, and as she described it, *transfigured*. I tried the effect of a little music, to give activity to her visions. She affirmed that she saw the notes coming out of the holes of my flute under the form of little globules, which struck the air in cadence, and produced,

said she, the harmony of sounds. *This definition of sound is not to be disdained.*

I have never witnessed any indiscreet or indecent scene; a religious feeling predominated in them all. The name of God has in it something magical in this state; it penetrates the ecstatic with a holy respect and a pure love, which lead him onward to celestial raptures.

In general, when the visions take place, he who sees them does not like to be troubled, disturbed, or argued with; he is all love with those who share his happiness, and all hatred towards those who laugh at him.

I repeat, I have never seen a person enter into this state, moved by a powerful desire to study any kind of question, emerge from it dissatisfied: the highest metaphysical questions may, while in it, be studied and resolved. All the propositions we have presented to the reader, are the result of investigations made by the aid of this state and of magnetic-somnambulism. We pray, therefore, all those who unceasingly complain of not seeing with their eyes, and handling with their hands, that spiritual world which somnambulism has revealed to us, to follow the counsel we have just given. It is the finest study that man can enter into on earth.

Every one will be able to appreciate this state sufficiently not to allow it to become a habit, which might be very injurious. Those who have been intoxicated may yet have reason enough not to become drunkards; it ought to be the same with inquiring men. It would be studying to very bad purpose to march onward to madness or stupefaction, which would be the result of this ecstatic intoxication, if induced without reason or limitation. To use it three or four times a-year is sufficient for a prudent man to keep steadily his path without accidents; otherwise I would no more answer for his reason than for that of all other men of violent and unbridled passions.

THE END.

Note to page 44.

Names of the Occult Mysteries, taken from the "Dictionary of the Occult Sciences," by the Abbé Migne; from the "Dictionnaire Infernal" of Colin de Planci; from the "Library of the Occult Sciences," by Ferdinand Denys; from the "Prophecies of the New Sybil," &c., &c.

ALECTRYOMANCY, divination by the cock.

ALBUROMANCY, divination by meal.

ALOMANCY, divination by salt.

ALPHITOMANCY, divination by barley-bread.

AMNIOMANCY, divination by the caul of a new-born child.

ANTHROPOMANCY, divination by human entrails.

APANTOMANCY, divination by the first objects that meet the sight.

ARITHMOMANCY, divination by numbers.

ARMOMANCY, divination by inspection of the shoulders.

ASPIDOMANCY, divination by a trance after going several times round a circle.

ASTRAGALOMANCY, divination by thimbles.

ASTROLOGY, divination by the stars.

AXINOMANCY, divination by a wood-cutter's axe.

BELOMANCY, divination by spirits.

BOTANOMANCY, divination by vervain leaves.

BRIZOMANCY, divination by inspection of Brizo.

CABAL, divination by spirits.

CARTOMANCY, divination by the cards.

CATATROMANCY, divination by the mirror.

CAUSIMOMANCY, divination by fire.

CERAUNOMANCY, divination by lightning.

CEROMANCY, divination by melted wax.

CHAOMANCY, divination by alchemists on air.

- **CHIROSCOPY**, divination by examination of the hand.
- CHRYSTALLOMANCY**, divination by glass.
- CLEDONISMANCY**, divination by pronouncing certain words.
- CLEIDOMANCY**, divination by the key.
- CLEROMANCY**, divination by small bones and black and white beans.
- COCINOMANCY**, divination by the sieve and boulder.
- CROMMYOMANCY**, divination by onions.
- CRUSTOMANCY**, divination by meat and cakes.

- DACTYLOMANCY**, divination by rings cast under certain constellations.
- DAPHNOMANCY**, divination by the laurel.
- DEMONOMANCY**, divination by demons.
- DIVINING ROD**, to discover hidden treasures and springs.

- GASTRONOMANCY**, divination by a globe of water between two candles.
- GELOSCOPY**, divination by laughter.
- GEOMANCY**, divination by certain figures drawn on the ground.

- HIEROMANCY**, divination by human sacrifices.
- HIPPOMANCY**, divination by horses.
- HYDROMANCY**, divination by water.

- ICHTHYOMANCY**, divination by the entrails of fish.

- KEUSCOPY**, divination by the liver of the victims.
- KEPHALONOMANCY**, divination by the skull of an ass.

- LAMPADOMANCY**, divination by lamps.
- LECANOMANCY**, divination by drops of water on copper.
- LIBANOMANCY**, divination by incense.
- LITHOMANCY**, divination by flints struck one against the other.

- MARGARITOMANCY**, divination by pearls.
- METOPOSCOPY**, divination by the lines of the forehead.
- MOLYBDOMANCY**, divination by melted lead.
- MYOMANCY**, divination by rats and mice.

NAIRANCY, divination by the phenomena of the sun and moon.
NECROMANCY, divination by invoking the dead.

OCULOMANCY, divination by the eyes.
OENOMANCY, divination by wine.
ONEIROMANCY, divination by dreams.
ONYCHONOMANCY, divination by the nails.
OOMANCY, divination by eggs.

PALAMASCOPIY, divination by the palm of the hand.
PARTHENOMANCY, divination by looking at the neck of a virgin.
PATMASCOPIY, divination by palpitations of the heart.
PERATASCOPIY, divination by the horizon.
PHRENOLOGY, divination by inspecting the cranium.
PHYSIOGNOMY, divination by inspection of the features.

REGALOMANCY, divination by pans, bones, and little balls.
RHAPDOMANCY, divination by sticks or rods.
RHAPSODOMANCY, divination by verses.

SCIAMANCY, divination by the shades of the deceased.
SPODOMANCY, causing spirits to speak through the stomach of the possessed.
STERNOMANCY, divination by the shades of sacrifices.
STOICHIOMANCY, divination by opening the books of Homer and Virgil.
STOLISOMANCY, divination by the Jewish cabal, a sacred mystery.

TYROMANCY, divination by cheese.

XYLOMANCY, divination by the withered branches found on the road.

INDEX.

	PAGE
To the Reader	iii
INTRODUCTION	1
METAPHYSICAL PROPOSITIONS	3
FIRST CONFERENCE.—God	7
SECOND CONFERENCE.—The Human Soul.. .. .	12
THIRD CONFERENCE.—Nature of Matter	17
FOURTH CONFERENCE.—On the Nature of Matter and Thoughts (continued).. .. .	24
FIFTH CONFERENCE.—Volume of Thoughts—their value in rela- tion to Good and Evil	30
SIXTH CONFERENCE.—A Few Words on Astrology and the Occult Sciences	37
SEVENTH CONFERENCE.—Numbers, Time, and Space—Ecstasy of the Author.. .. .	45
EIGHTH CONFERENCE.— <i>Description of the Ecstasies produced by Hashish :—</i>	
1st Ecstasy of M. Blouet	72
2nd „ of M. Lecocq	83
3rd „ of Dr. W.	86
4th „ 2nd of M. Blouet	89
5th „ 3rd of M. Blouet	93
6th „ of M. l'Abbé A.	95
7th „ of M. Duteil	99
8th „ of M. Blesson	101
9th „ of M. Roustan.. .. .	102
10th „ of Mdle. Picard	103
11th „ of M. Gaspard	110
12th „ of M. Mouttet	115
13th „ 2nd of M. Lecocq	122
14th „ 2nd of M. Mouttet	125
NINTH CONFERENCE.—Philosophic Observations on the preceding Ecstasies, Mystics of the Seventeenth Century	127
Crolius	131
Sendivogius	134
Delachambre	135
A Few Words about Swedenborg	138

	PAGE
TENTH CONFERENCE.—Mystics of the Eighteenth Century (con-cluded)	144
Vanderbecte	156
ELEVENTH CONFERENCE.—Philosophers of the Nineteenth Cen- tury—	
Cazotte	159
De Puységur	162
Daloz	162
De Senancourt	164
De Balzac	165
Madrolle	167
Chardel	169
Detourel	171
Kératry	173
Moreau	174
Nodier	177
TWELFTH CONFERENCE.—Reflections on the preceding Authors :	
Opinions of their Successors	179
Poe (Journal of Magnetism).. .. .	184
Charpignon	186
Théophile Gautier	187
Olivier, Joseph	188
Lucide de Prévost	191
"Secrets of the Future Life," &c.	200
Maure.. .. .	204
Chateaubriand	205
Reflections on Homœopathy	206
Conclusion	210
Metempsychosis	214
Guide to the Ecstatic through Hashish	219
Accidents which may occur	225
Consolation	229
Note on the Occult Sciences.. .. .	230