

unfortunate chain of thoughts, if the government is ordained by God, any attempt to reform the government is goblin propaganda

Chapter 1

So here I am, arrived at my second volume, in spite of hell, in spite of one of its supporters, who, to better deceive me, came into my life not only in the imposing guise of old age, but under the even more imposing name of the Archangel Michael, the most valiant of God's warriors.

It was a beautiful day, in the ray of the purest sun, at the moment when my soul, intoxicated with delight, seemed to announce to me the arrival, the presence of a consoling spirit; I meditated on divine favors, my heart, in its gratitude, leapt towards heaven.... when suddenly my door silently opened. Then, with quiet steps and a somber gaze, the deceitful old man advances, and shaking my hand with the emotion of tender friendship, he says to me discreetly: *"O my friend! listen to the voice of my white hair, and trust in the authority of my age. The old man's lesson is an oracle from heaven, because it is the fruit of experience. Cease, cease, in the name of God, this fantastical work which will expose you to the most scathing persecution. Your enemies will have the mockers on their side, and he who makes people laugh has won the victory."*

"Victory!" I cried, "It is not such a victory that I seek, the laughter of the worldly is most often the proof of truth. Let them laugh at my expense. As for myself, one day I will laugh at the expense of these obstinate unbelievers; today I can only pity them while I work for their happiness. Besides, heaven has protected the beginning of my work, and it will protect the end of my work, and if heaven smiles on me, why should I care about the mockery of the wicked! I will reject their praise and refuse their welcome. I aspire to a more beautiful reward, and if it is true that you are a minister of peace, raise your eyes and dare to look upon this sign."

At this sight the false Michael turned pale, fled, and escaped my gaze. A foul smoke revealed his true nature and confirmed my suspicion.

Well then, impure spirits! Your friendship has no power over my soul. Friendship, that charm so sweet to a wise man, friendship which has always been my delight, the passion of my childhood, the passion of my old age; I ask you, what means will you still use? You have exhausted them: stop pursuing me; I have ceased to fear you, while heaven has protected me with its wings, and sheltered me from your blows. But, tremble! Tremble! Fear is your wage. I have many of your depravities to reveal, more cruelties to bring to light, and many thanksgivings to offer God for my victories.

We will see in the second volume, on the one hand, better-organized attacks, more vigorous blows, more refined schemes and ambushes, more powerful deceptions, a more clearly defined despair; and on the other hand, even greater constancy, if that is possible, and clearer signs of God's protection, successes which border on the miraculous, and more effective,

better-employed remedies and antidotes. The thyme, with which I have decorated my name, as the ancient Romans decorated theirs with the circumstances of their victory; the thyme, the plant which the angels of heaven have sown on the earth; This plant that grew under the shadow of the ark of life and in the middle of the valleys of Eden, the thyme has become the weapon of my victories and the terror of my enemies.

O you who read me, do not judge yet, forgive me the winding path of my narrative; I do not write to please you, I write to instruct you and to reassure you; listen to me with the compassion that makes me take up the pen, and remember that *when two or three assemble or sympathize in the name of the Lord, Jesus Christ is among them.*

Chapter 2

Coco, persecuted, takes refuge under my cotton cap. People say "Saint Roch and his dog," and someday they will say "Berbiquier and his Coco," we will only be mentioned together.

Those cursed goblins have so much power over all living things, that my poor squirrel was cruelly tormented by them. This charming animal knew by instinct that these monsters could be fatal to him, and often came to take refuge under my cotton cap, which I kept in my room out of habit, or perhaps as a precaution. It seemed that this little beast believed he had found himself a shelter there from the harassment he suffered at the hands of those malevolent demons.

But through a twist of fate, when he left his place, the spell the goblins had cast upon him would land instead on my hair and my cap. As soon as he left, I wanted to put my hand to my head, and felt something growing there, until it formed a sort of lump on my head. But when I took off my cap, I found nothing. It seemed that the curse they had threatened the poor animal and myself with remained in the cap, since it no longer affected Mr. Berbiquier or his Coco.

And so, it follows from this ordeal: if a person becomes attached to an animal, whether quadruped or biped, the magicians who bear them a grudge will cast a spell on him, which they will inherit if the poor animal moves away from them or dies. And this is why we see so many people pursued by this diabolical race: you would have to have a heart of stone, not to care for an animal that came to you for your affection. And don't animals have feelings? Can't we tell one creature from another? Jupiter, who tradition says is the master of thunder: did he not adopt the eagle as his symbol, the proudest animal? And doesn't almost every god of antiquity have their own emblems that show the power and virtues associated with them? Sacred history even shows us the holy spirit taking the form of a dove.

Let us walk through the churches; we will not see a painting without some emblem adorning it. We will see Saint Roch painted with his dog, a symbol of loyalty; Saint Anthony with his cockatiel, a symbol of benevolence. I would never finish if I tried to list all these associations that justify the preference one might rightly have for this or that animal that one adopts. And why shouldn't we believe that there is a sympathy between us and animals? If we cannot judge the

causes that move this or that planet, because we cannot find some tangible proof of them, why shouldn't we be certain that there is a strong connection between ourselves and animals, since they, like us, belong to creation, and we can distinguish their friendship from their hatred, their kindness from their wickedness?

And so, for all this, I wish that when someone speaks of me, they also say, "Berbiguier and his Coco."

Chapter 3

The healing of two ladies attacked by monsters, enemies of humanity

I believe I have already told my readers about a conversation I had with a gentleman about the happy discoveries I made regarding protection against goblin attacks. This gentleman had mentioned a lady he was concerned for, and whom he wished me to heal upon his return from the countryside. She was still in a sorry state. I asked him to inquire of her if she desired my intervention, to bring about her deliverance. She agreed, and I was invited to visit her.

I journeyed there and she welcomed me into her home, and gave me a detailed account of her condition. Soon, I discerned the true causes of her suffering: I recognized the wicked work of the goblins. I had a remedy against the treachery of these monsters, the recipe for which I will share with my readers. I asked her to try it, assuring her that its effectiveness matched its simplicity and its modest expense. She was, like myself, a victim of infernal cruelty, and thanked me profusely and promised to try that specific recipe as soon as she could.

I imagined that the remedy would produce a positive effect, so I only waited a few days before going to her house to get news of her. When I arrived, I learned that she was in the countryside, and the letters she had written proclaimed that she was recovered, her nights were sweet and peaceful, her days pure and serene; she could not express all the joy she felt at such a swift and sure change. She also said that upon her return from the countryside, she intended to thank me for my care and kindness; she said she appreciated the care that delivered her from all the most dreadful things in the world and that she hoped that, with the remedy I had so generously recommended, I myself would soon be freed from them. She added that she had used it out of consideration for me, to convince me that it would work on me as it worked on her.

I had been told the truth about this lady, and I had the pleasure of seeing her upon her return and hearing from her own lips the story of the good that this excellent remedy had worked. Her visit pleased me, though I expressed my regrets that she had taken the trouble to come to my house. But she felt it her duty, out of gratitude, to pay me this visit.

I had been told the truth about this lady, and I had the pleasure of seeing her at her recourse and of hearing from her own lips the story of the good that the excellent remedy she had used had worked. Her visit gave me pleasure; I expressed my regrets to her that she had been so

kind as to take the trouble to come to my house; but she had thought it her duty, out of gratitude, to pay me this visit.

And now another story, similarly important, concerning another lady I know, who was experiencing a terrible anxiety without being able to determine its cause. This lady refused to believe anything I told her on the subject. Finally, after I had pressed her with all earnestness, she yielded to my requests, and used the same remedy I had formulated, for the benefit of humanity. And since administering it, she has enjoyed perfect tranquility.

One day, when she expressed her happiness at being delivered from the evil, vampiric goblin that had tormented her, I told her that I was very pleased with her condition, beautiful she had listened to me sooner, she would not have suffered so long, and perhaps the misfortune that had befallen her husband, who had broken his thigh, was due to her delay in following my advice, the monsters taking advantage of her indecisiveness and the time she wasted to increase my suffering, both moral and physical. Finally, I convinced her that it was always quite wrong to put off until tomorrow what was urgently needed the day before. Both husband and wife agreed on this truth, they both took my criticism to heart.

Chapter 4

I became friends with two unbelievers, after they became convinced by the anti-goblin remedy

I had become friends with two gentlemen who inspired in me a great deal of self-confidence. I told them of the continual persecutions inflicted on me by the infernal goblin race, and they would not believe me: the more I spoke, the more incredulous they became. Saint Thomas did not doubt as assertively as they did, for they told me that if I did not give them tangible proof, nothing could convince them.

During the month of June or July 1819, these two gentlemen were staying together, when suddenly, they were taken surprise by goblins. Their fear was so strong they communicated their mutual terror even as they shamed each other for it. They refused to admit to each other that their fear was caused by goblins, ashamed to confess it, and both reproached each other for their weaknesses. There is nothing more difficult than convincing an unbeliever.

These two new Thomases accused each other of using deceit to upset one another. This led to a heated argument, and then, caught up in their fury, they exchanged blows and carried their anger to excess. It was night, and their senses were more easily agitated. Their argument became so violent that it disturbed the master of the house, who had to leave his bed to separate the two combatants whom the goblins had set against each other.

I passed by the house of the two champions the next morning. When they saw me they called me over and told me exactly what had happened to them, leaving no detail out.

“It was the goblins who drove you apart,” I told them.

After carefully considering what I’d told them earlier, they confessed that their disbelief vanished in the light of my reasoning, which did not seem now as frivolous as they had initially believed, and they were now willing to put into practice the valuable remedies I had so wisely taught them to protect them from the persecutions of these infernal spirits. They had already learned all this from another person who, like me, had been attacked, persecuted, and tormented by a horde of goblins who plagued her night and day, and who had lost the habit of sleeping through their malevolent spells. All this, therefore, I was obliged to confirm for them. And they agreed that they were fortunate to have shared their troubles with me, so that I could apply the remedy.

Thus, the two men would go and procure a bull’s heart, and place it over a hot fire. Not to roast it, like one would do if it was the heart of a goblin, but instead, boil it in a pot large enough to hold it with two pints of water.

“When the water begins to boil,” I told them, “you will prepare the heart, which you must first pierce entirely with pins and needles. And while you pierce it, you will say these words: ‘May all that I do for you be your repayment: so I strike the servant of Beelzebub.’ Then dip this heart into the water, and after giving it three more stabs, you will repeat these same words. Above all else, you must be sure that the pins and needles are very fine and very sharp, so that the pain felt by the goblin you’re directing your efforts toward will be more deeply pierced, and pierce the entire heart with pins and needles so that it cannot escape the pain and torment it deserves. The cost is not great, compared to the beneficial results.”

This is the beginning of my anti-goblin remedy.

The recovery of a spirit afflicted by goblins can be hastened by adding to this effective treatment another method that has been found to be very beneficial: Throw a large amount of salt and sulfur into the fire as the pot is boiling, making sure that the pot is well-covered so that the boiling water won’t evaporate. It would be impossible that this combination of these three substances, burned at the same time and for the same reason, would not be very detrimental to these infernal spirits, causing them to experience the torments they will one day feel in hell.

These remedies, performed carefully by one of the two persecuted gentlemen, brought him complete relief. The other refused to follow it for a time, and remained prey to the goblins’ cruel torments, but his friend, seeing him in this state, persuaded him to follow him, and relief soon followed.

Readers who are enduring the persecutions of the goblins, have patience. I still have many other remedies to share with you.

Chapter 5

Advice given to an old man, and the effectiveness of that advice.

I was introduced to a respectable old man, somewhere between 70 and 75, who lived near the Gentlemen I have just spoken of; he had been for a very long time affected by goblin persecution; there was no suffering that they had not inflicted on him. This venerable man was very religious; he was almost always at church, attended all the morning and evening services, and in order not to lose sight of this holy use of his time, he had erected in his apartment an altar and a small chapel, where he performed his duties as a good Christian.

One day when he had placed a sum of 25 francs on his altar, the goblins stole it from him; These wretches also added to this despicable act the horror of destroying his little chapel, a monument to his piety and his love for God. You could only blame such a scandalous crime on the infernal race of goblins, who respect neither age nor noble and Christian intentions. He therefore confided his misfortunes to several of his neighbors, among them, the gentlemen who had tested the effectiveness of my remedy. They gave the recipe to the good old man, and through it, he freed himself from the pursuit of Beelzebub's emissaries.

I'm sure that the publicity my memoirs will soon receive will consequently lead to a number of very satisfactory results through my remedy. Until now, I've only been able to share my discoveries with the people I associate with each day, but when my work is printed, everyone who can read will be able to learn of the methods I use to thwart my enemies.

"But," say the goblins to me, "Why don't you heal yourself, if you can heal others?"

I expected this objection, and so I answered it: "Jesus Christ was sent to Earth to cleanse humankind of its sins. And perhaps I am destined to destroy the enemies of the Most High."

This answer will stand as the epigraph to my work. And may my enemies find meaning in its parable.

I promised to destroy the elves, and I will destroy them. God, my creator, has tested me through twenty-three years of resignation and steadfastness, wants me to heal others, and not, myself, be healed. Whatever state I am in, I will be no less an enemy of the goblin sect, but it is not through pleasures that one attains heavenly glory. If I were a sinner, perhaps I would be less trusting. "Suffer or die," that was Saint Theresa's motto. Why shouldn't it be mine? I want to be persecuted for the love of God. I want the goblins to remain my bitter enemies. I want them to keep me from sleeping. I want...I want to obey in all things the will of my god. Ah! How happy I would be if those who write my epitaph can write on my tomb, "Here lies the victim of the goblins; he was also their scourge." Amen!

Chapter 6

An event that took place in a Catholic church in the German empire.

I'll digress from my personal matters to recount an event that took place in a church in Germany, one decorated with an immense number of those icons that so often adorn the churches of my faith. The day's services had ended. A poor man, burdened with hardships, work, and children, entered the church to say his prayers and beg some saint to deliver him from his sad state. He knew that many people had asked a saint for intercession, and had, through him, received blessings they would not have enjoyed by asking for themselves.

This poor and worthy man knelt before the image of the Blessed Virgin, whose feast day was being celebrated, and the head of whose statue, along with that of the infant Jesus that she held, was adorned with a silver crown. The man was praying with angelic fervor for relief from his misery, when, as he made a gesture of thanks to the Virgin and Jesus Christ, he saw the two silver crowns vanish from their heads. Amazed, he left the church.

Since it was after services, the theft went unnoticed at first. The sacristan made his rounds unaware of the theft that had been committed against the Virgin and the sweet infant Jesus; but the next day, when this desecration was discovered, the priest and the entire parish were deeply scandalized.

Suspicion immediately fell on the poor man who had been seen at the feet of the Blessed Virgin. Truly, innocent people have often been punished and convicted of crimes committed by the goblins. The poor man had no trouble explaining himself, and they had to admit that the spirit of evil had sent some goblin into the church to steal the crown of the mother and child.

And so, it is certain that holy places are not exempt from the crimes of goblins, and that they could carry out their plundering even more effectively, if care was not taken to keep all the sacred vessels locked up in the tabernacle. And you don't want me to name you, you goblins, children of hell, disciples of Satan and Beelzebub! You sneak into churches, you don't even respect what the pagans themselves were forced to acknowledge, and you still want to prevent me from revealing your dreadful sacrilege! You will not prevent me, foul disciples of the spirit of evil!

Chapter 7

New information concerning the cures I brought by my remedy.

Returning now to my remedy: one of the two gentlemen I so successfully cured mentioned that he had a young cousin, tormented day and night by sorcerers, who like so many others suffered without knowing the cause of his ailment. "It was in vain," he said, "that I confessed to her that I had suffered the same affliction and that I had been cured. And my cousin, still doubting the efficacy of your remedy, began to laugh, convincing herself that I was trying to mock her."

But meanwhile, the illness was progressing very rapidly. The gentleman found himself forced to use the authority of his relatives to make his cousin use the remedy that had previously protected him from these malevolent spirits. The young lady's family, like herself, were incredulous. It was only after the most emphatic endorsements of the effectiveness of my remedy that she agreed to consider its use. Everyone found it so novel, original, and unlike anything they'd heard used before in similar circumstances, they declared themselves opposed to the concept, and it was necessary to persuade the young woman to accept it and overcome her initial reluctance, and fortunately this was achieved. She decided to obey her parents, and the relief she felt brought her to do justice to her cousin, who, himself, would then thank me.

And so, one more victory over the unbelievers. Those who say this is impossible may mistake my remedy for nothing so much as magic beans. I leave them to their stubborn resistance; unbelievers are incurable.

Foolish ones, when you have emptied your purse and wrecked your health by following prescriptions from people who, unlike myself, have not made a detailed study of the abominations of goblin-kind; when you have used a thousand remedies, each more useless than the last, and even work against the cure to the ills you suffer under, you will come—after mocking me—begging me to give you the means to deliver yourselves swiftly from your terrible slavery to the monstrous powers of Beelelub, Satan, Lucifer, and all the various members of the infernal and diabolical race.

I will cure you. I will not reject you, despite your disbelief.

If there are any mortals still tormented by goblins, I invite them—and I believe I can offer them no nobler invitation—to submit to my instructions. Let them see how much good they will experience. I have as my guarantee, the testimonies of all the reasonable people who have listened to my advice, and more, the promise they made to share it with their friends and acquaintances, which should leave no doubt whatsoever as to the truth of my words.

If the sister of the young woman I mentioned before had not listened to me, she would not be pregnant now, and not be forced to declare the child to the priest at Saint Roch. And there, we see that the infernal spirits, losing the grip of the young woman I cured, bewitched her sister, who refused to believe me.

Chapter 8

Circumstances that will reveal the moment when the remedy, which can ward off bad weather, must be employed.

Now that I have shown how to use my remedy, I must now explain the most favorable conditions for its use.

When you hear the faintest noise in your house, when you find the smallest things out of place, when you experience the slightest annoyance or smallest inconvenience, whether you are inside your home or outside, be assured, all these things are the work of Beelzebu. You must then set about working on and implementing the remedy, which will never fail in producing its effect, as long as you have the same conviction that I do when I use it myself. This is not the invitation of a charlatan. I have no other interest than in thwarting the goblins, and for 23 years, I have been thwarting them. After this many years, no one would believe I had any desire to deceive anyone. Those who know me, know that I am incapable of it.

But I confess that the trials and sacrifices I have made have not always produced the desired results. My remedy stops the rain, and yet the rains continued in July 1819. Frightened by the flooding, I asked several people, in particular, the inhabitants of the countryside, if the rainy weather was ruining the grain harvest. Their answer was in the affirmative. I was all the more grieved because I remembered that in 1816 and 1817 the misfortunes were so great in several places that they were still engraved in my memory. Once when I was expressing my concerns to some several people, they shuddered at the thought of the deep, still-bleeding wounds that afflicted several thousand families, taken as victims by the enemies of God, making them endure the terrible weather that devastates the harvest.

In the hoof preventing such misfortunes, I resolved to address a prayer to the Lord. I know that prayer is the most powerful means of thwarting the goblin race. Here is what I said to my creator:

Lord, if it is by Your will that we should have so much rain, we are, and we should be, ready to submit to Your irrevocable decree. But if it is only the work of the enemies of Your holy name, it is right that we make every effort to resist, and by that, regain the enjoyment of the blessings bestowed upon us by Your divine power.

I repeated this prayer day and night until August, but the bad weather did not cease. I then had to add the following:

If it is by Your command that we endure so many calamities, we will resign ourselves. But if these dreadful times come from the servants of Satan; if the leader of these infamous legions incites them against the servants of Your holy religion, allow me to undo the trial that I know to be detrimental to them. The beef liver and heat that I cook and pierce with thousands of pins and needles, as well as the sulfur and salt that I use to create a perfect contrast to the incense burned in your temples and dedicated to your worship, they have learned that these things displease them; I must therefore refrain from using them. May this operation be a dreadful torment for them. I will go with devotion to the temple of Saint Sulpice erected to your glory, and will earnestly beg you to end our suffering. And if it is true that we have deserved it, I will resign myself without complaint to your all-powerful will. If our misfortunes are the result of the wickedness of Beelzebus's slaves, I beseech you, Lord, to allow me, upon my return from Your divine temple, to begin operations beneficial to those wretches, and to gie my sacrifice all the

strength it can receive from divine power. At the moment I perform my conjuration, I will judge, by its effect, whether the goblins are the authors of all our woes, and I will denounce them by all the means in my power to those afflicted by their dreadful machinations, so that they may protect themselves, as you permit me to do.

My prayer was answered. Upon returning home, I equipped myself a large quantity of ox hearts, several thousand pins and needles, twenty pounds of salt, and eleven pounds of sulfur. I also brought oil and a notebook on which the names of the wretches who had persecuted me for so many years were written, and I carried out my anti-goblin operation. It succeeded, and so I knew that my discovery had been useful to the landowners whose crops were withering. I thanked the master of heaven and earth and promised to repeat this operation whenever the plagues became too frequent, and I have fulfilled that promise. The ox hearts, the pins, the needles, the salt, and the sulfur cost me nothing. When bad weather arises, I conjure it, confront it, curse it, and my fellow creatures benefit from my incantations, my courage, and my imprecations.

Thus, it is now certain that my remedy works against bad weather; that with the help of my discoveries, we can preserve the harvests that the despicable goblins destroyed with their spells. the harvests that the infamous goblins destroyed with their spells can be preserved.

Plowmen, farmers, winegrowers, gardeners, thank me for my diligence; I have finally discovered the way to let you enjoy the fruits of your labor. But do not be selfish. Aid me in my endeavors: Let us light a fire together, on port and starboard both. When we see the clouds gathering, let us unite against the thunder, the hail, the snow, and the goblin lightning. When the goblins try to seize control of the weather, let us use the very remedy that destroys them. Let us open our purses and buy all the ingredients that thwart these infernal spirits.

Let us prick the elves with our needles and pins, let us smother them with our sulfur, let us make a roaring fire against them with our salt, let us burn their hearts by roasting ox hearts

No doubt this heart's call to action would be criminal if it weren't for the goblins. One must never let oneself be carried away by anger; but the destruction of God's enemies is a work commanded by the three theological virtues. Faith, hope, and charity are the most tenacious enemies of Beelzebub's followers.

Faith. The goblins have failed to recognize it, making an alliance with the spirit of evil.

Hope. They themselves renounced it, by entering into a commitment that utterly bars them from entering paradise.

Charity. They have none for their fellow human beings, how could they expect it from anyone?

O my God! I thank you for all that you inspire in me daily. I glory in my sufferings, since I am rewarded by your protection. It is you, O my Creator! who made me compose my remedy; I will use it, it is effective.

Plowmen, farmers, winegrowers, I repeat to you, let us unite against the enemies of the Most High, let us use, whenever necessary, my remedy, and your harvests will be abundant, your fruits delicious, your wine excellent; your fields will be fragrant with the scent of flowers, and every town will have an abundant granary.

Chapter 9

A new use of my remedy. Prayers and stations that follow.

I don't think I need to repeat what I've already said several times about my cruel enemies. I can rightly call them men of the devil, since they are associated with Beelzebub, who, by transforming themselves into goblins, obtain a cruel trick of invisibility to torment me. But I simply want to explain the means I use to thwart them.

I had passed my time harassing them in several ways when, on returning home one day, I said to them in a firm voice: "Ah! You who disturb the peace of poor mortals, you take pleasure in following me constantly, you want to witness everything I do. Well! You see that I am not ungrateful, that I think of you too, for here are some provisions that I hope will gladden you."

I spread out my purchases in their presence, so they could contemplate them and see what to expect. I began by pricking a beef liver with all the needles and pins I had prepared, so that its surface resembled a hedgehog, its menacing points would more than satisfy any goblins tempted to approach me and torment me. How fortunate, I thought, if all mortals persecuted by these vile demons could join me in opposing their cruelty, with as many sharp points as it would take to drive them away, or even kill them!

I reflected on that while preparing the fire in my stove, on which I'd placed a pan filled with oil. When the oil had reached its highest degree of heat, I put the liver in it, the one I'd studded with pins and needles, and I turned it from time to time. It's hard to imagine the movements the liver stuffed with pins and needles made in the pan. I placed an iron pot on another lit burner. I melted five or six pounds of sulfur in the pot, and then I took the note paper, containing the names of the magicians against whom I was conjuring. I had taken care to roll it up and tie it tightly with wire. I set it on fire with a match, and I waited until it was consumed. Whenever I saw the fire weakening I added more sulfur. I didn't want a trace of the paper to remain. At the same time, I also kept a pot of water boiling. It boiled quickly, as I was feeding the fire with sulfur and salt, and even pins and needles.

When the water was boiling, I threw in the finest pins and needles I had bought, so that the boiling water would toss them around. It's said that the more the pins boil, the more cruelly the goblins are tormented.

When all my work was in progress, and I saw the operation reaching the point of affecting the infernal race, I addressed the following imprecations to that foul society: "You see, spawn of the devil, what I have just done? Well! All this is calculated to oppose your infernal power. Thus, you, in your capacity as emissaries of the diabolical powers, can go to your masters and inform them that my various operations are entirely aimed at thwarting your plans to destroy the fruits of the earth through all the floods you cause, to our misfortune."

I could tell that my threats, however just they may have been, were unwelcome to my villains, and were irritating them. Four minutes later, the rain redoubled, and fell with much greater violence, and so abundantly that it seemed a river had gone off course and was ravaging everything in its path. That was when I understood the malice of these hellish monsters, and again I spoke to them: "You try to intimidate me by attempting to defy the operations that undermine your power, but it is in vain. By opposing all the force of your magical knowledge against the power of a remedy you fear, your anger means nothing to me, it fails to impress me or change my mind. I see in all the impotent efforts of your magic only a relic of your audacity, which I am willing to forgive. Perhaps you would have me believe that the expenses I incurred are useless? No, no, you are making too great an error. And to prove it to you, I am ready to start again when today's supplies are exhausted. Thank god, I have enough resources, both in money and in courage, to mount a continuous opposition to your shameful maneuvers."

To prove to them that I would keep my word, I continued to tend the fires used in my operations until six in the evening. The fatigue and discomfort that I inevitably had to endure did not frighten me.

Divine inspiration taught me that the signs of the Most Holy Cross drive away the infernal beings, but that to take revenge they use the authority they have over the planets, moving them at will against the various people they wish to overwhelm or ruin.

I also observed that the devil must be thwarted by the prayers addressed to God and the blessings His faithful ministers offer in the various places where they stop on procession days. Therefore, on that day, I added the following prayer to those I say daily:

"Lord, allow one of Your most faithful servants, by virtue of the grace You grant him, to bless heaven, earth, and all that is contained not only in France, but also all of Europe and the entire world. Allow that in exorcising the earth, he purges it of the evil spirits that devastate our crops; I want to reduce these vile goblins, returning them to the nothingness from which they should never have come."

I left the house of the Lord, determined to carry out what I had just asked of God. I began my exorcism by first facing east, then turning to face west. The fervor with which I performed my actions drew a large crowd around me; everyone noticed me and had no idea what I intended to do.

However, so as not to reveal my intentions too clearly, I tried to make my gestures less demonstrative. I first recited the Creed, the Hail Mary, the Angelus, and so on; I also made several signs of the cross. My first stop was on Rue Saint-Honoré, opposite Rue Saint-Roch and Rue du Dauphin. Since these three streets together form the sign of the cross, I thought it appropriate for my pious intentions. I then went down Rue de Dauphen, and at the end made my second stop, reciting the same prayers, and taking great care to do as I had done at the foot of the steps of the Church of Saint-Roch.

This second stop being completed, I had intended to cross the Tuileries Garden, protecting through my prayers the residence of our kings from the evil designs of the goblins. But, to my surprise, I saw the gate closed! I spent a long time reflecting, trying to convince myself that it was this was not some cruel trick of the evil spirit; but as I did not want to waste a moment, I decided to walk along the Rue de Rivoli to the entrance of the Rue de l'Échelle. There I made my third stop, and performed the same ceremonies on both the eastern and western sides. I then directed my steps toward the Place du Carrousel: this beautiful square was so perfect for any manner of ceremony that I felt called to make a stop at each of its four sides, but, as always, I was afraid of being noticed, interrupted in my work. But as I was always afraid of being noticed and hindered in my work. I went to a secluded spot to avoid attention.

When I finished my fourth station, I went to the riverwalk, humming a somber hymn. I never ceased the prayers I'd prepared for this exorcism, constantly turning to the right and the left. I never ceased in the prayers I had devoted to this kind of exorcism, constantly turning to the right and to the left.

Next, I planned to make a sixth stop across from the Pont des Arts bridge, and there, I indulged in a long pause. The facade of the Louvre is superb, certainly one of the pieces of architecture most worthy of being protected from the influence of infernal spirits. Then I went to the Pont au Change, but first, bringing a little more order to my walk, I made my seventh stop at the Pont-Neuf, and from there, continued on my journey. On arriving at the Pont au Change, I placed myself in the middle of the sidewalk, facing east-southeast, and offering up a prayer of peace. Then I crossed the bridge, going to the west-southwest, along the bridge, and at the end I did the same thing, forming a perfect image of the cross of Our Lord Jesus Christ.

The Palais de Justice also held my attention, but I did not wish to pass before the temple of law, where the magistrates sit day and night, dedicating themselves to defending our common interests. At least not without offering another prayer. Then I took the road to the Saint Michel bridge, where I stopped first at the entrance, then the middle, then the right, then the left, and then the other end. I continued my journey to the Royal bridge. On this pilgrimage, I stopped in

front of streets displaying a religious emblem, I did not want to be distracted by the things of this world. I kept going down the street, repeating the prayers I had said at my various stops.

I must let my readers know, when I left Saint-Rocou, the weather was quite overcast. But thanks to my pious stops, at the end of the journey, the darkest clouds, which I had long walked under and which had oppressed me with their heat, gradually lifted, allowing me, an admirer of natural beauty, to enjoy the sight of the brilliant stars which God has adorned the firmament with. And I sincerely thanked the architect of heaven for having been kind enough to answer my prayers. I made a final, most pious, stop in the middle, then to the right and left of the Royal Bridge, and returned home, my heart filled with gratitude to the God of goodness who had answered my most fervent prayers.

I promised Him I would resume my devotional walk the next day, and continue it for as long as I thought it was necessary, and as long as it pleased him.

And that is how I spent my time. At night, I kept watch, protecting the sleep of the goblin's victims, who knew not the source of their persecutions. With my remedy I ward off lightning, hail, rain, snow, all the bad weather bright upon us by goblin physicists. By day, I live a life of seclusion, spending a large part of my time at the churches of my holy faith, and when I leave, I continue to pray to my God so that He may end the harm the goblins have been doing to our land for far too long. And so I keep my fellow citizens safe from the terrible weather.

Ah! When they know all the means I use to thwart that diabolical race, they will join me! They will keep vigil with me part of the night, they will light the anti-goblin fire to prepare my remedy, they will go more often than they do now to the temples consecrated to the Catholic faith, they will pray with greater fervor, they will join me to make the procession of the stations, as I describe in this chapter, and which, many times, have performed them alone, with many happy results.

Chapter 10

More stations; Love for the Bourbons; the use of my remedy is crowned with success.

True to my promise, the next day, on leaving Saint-Roch, I made some new stops. From little Rue Dauphin, I returned to the Tuileries, and to my great delight I found their gates open, and took advantage of this to cross the garden. When I reached its center, I was only too happy to be able to say my prayer, asking God to grant the king and his family health and prosperity, for the honor of the French people and all the people of Europe. After all, our destinies are tied to the long life of our good king, and I feel it could never be too long, for him to win the fortune he

wishes to bring us. And we would surely have won that happiness, if it were not for goblin wickedness and cruelty. They are his enemies, as surely as they are mine.

I left the garden through the gate of the Pont Royal, where I paused once more, contemplating Louis XVIII's abode. Then I continued on my way to the Pont au Change, crossing to return to the Pont Royal, passing by the Rue de la Barillerie and the Pont Saint-Michel. And as I did the day before, I stopped at the streets, bridges, and crossroads to offer my prayers. And it brought me joy to see a sky strewn with bright stars, and many people enjoying their walk. I felt satisfied, and knew my prayers were pleasing to God. And having obtained this desired result, I thanked Him fervently and returned home, continuing my prayers.

On the nights of August 6 and August 7, I went to bed at midnight, two hours after my return from the Pont Royal. I had the pleasure of seeing a sky that was still quite beautiful; the moon was waning, spreading over the earth all the strength and vibrancy of that silvery light imparted to it by the first star of Heaven. And so what a surprise it was, when around 3:00 in the morning, the weather darkened, heavy rain falling.

I roused myself to address the monsters I call goblins, and said to them, "I hear you working, you scoundrels! Well, I will work too!" Though at the moment, I couldn't, I hadn't gathered all my demon-repelling ingredients

I stayed in bed until it was time to go to mass. When I arrived, I offered up all the prayers that the weather required. Having fulfilled this critical task, I addressed God: "Great God! You have heard the work of the infernal horde, enemies of human peace. Now, allow me to work to thwart their criminal operations. I wish to wage war with them all day long, so frustrated am I at their dreadful schemes."

When I returned home, I then addressed them: "If I return to my room, gentlemen, it is to fulfill the promises I made to you last night to those powers whose destructive orders you follow." I lit all the fires I needed for my typical operations, and worked at them fervently. I did not leave them until 6:00 in the evening to go to prayer at Saint-Roch. When I finished, I stepped into very overcast weather, but it could not dampen my fervor and zeal. I took the path I usually followed for my pilgrimage, and toward the end of this pious journey the cloudy weather cleared. I was pleased to hear passersby and pilgrim saying, "look at the beautiful weather! It cleared up so quickly!" One can imagine my joy, since it was through my continual work and the prayers I offered that we enjoyed this divine favor. I returned home, delighted with my day, and I continued my pilgrimage until the 15th of August.

And this is how I will comport myself, whenever foul weather disrupts the regularity of the seasons. Anti-goblin remedies, religious walks, stopping at the stations. Nothing will be neglected to prevent nature from being twisted by these infernal spirits.

But as you will soon see, I will not limit myself to fighting goblins when they try to destroy our wheat and crops. My remedy will also be employed when they seek to corrupt our affections and pleasures.

When I hear that a maiden is threatened, I will rush to my furnaces, burn my sulfur and salt, and save the honor of that virtuous person. And I will do the same when it comes to securing a beautiful day to celebrate the king's and prince's festivals. I have already had much success in this regard.

I will not hide this from my readers: I love and honor the immortal dynasty that reigns for the happiness of the French people, and though I was born in a country not under their rule when I came into the world, I would nonetheless wish to see the august line of the Bourbons perpetuated.

I was born a papist in the Comtat Venaissin, but for that, I am no less a good Frenchman. Like all true Christians, I have two legitimate sovereigns: the Pope and my King. The Pope represents on earth the apostle who planted the faith; the King, by the grace of God, watches over our happiness in this world. One is the protector of the spiritual realm, the other watches over our temporal happiness. I am therefore correct in saying that I have two legitimate sovereigns; it is because I am devoted to them that I must ensure that nothing thwarts them.

Their feasts must be celebrated without the interruption of bad weather; that is why all good Frenchmen must join me in warding off evil spirits when these festivals are to be celebrated. And you will soon see the triumph I won over the goblins on the very feast day of Saint Luis. Without me, the festivities of that day would have been marred by storms and tempests.

Ah! If I could only be in Rome and Paris at the same time, I would be overjoyed. I would have the power to oppose the goblins work on the day the Holy Father's feast day is celebrated. And it is true that, until now, no one has been able to operate in Rome as I am doing now in Paris. Many romans will be able to imitate me when they have read my work. So far, I have had no imitators. But transported into a state of joy, I like to repeat every day and every night, *it will come to pass, do not doubt it.*

Chapter 11

Events that followed the religious foundation I had established at Saint-Roch. I managed to prevent the goblins from disturbing the King's feast.

I had earlier mentioned a foundation I had established at Saint-Roch, and the reason that led me to do so. On the anniversary of this foundation, I went to the church to attend mass. When I left my house, it was beautiful, and while I was praying to god, the weather turned bad. I left the temple to go to the Tuileries. The king, who had also just heard the mass in the chapel, went out

onto the balcony to give the people gathered on the terrace the pleasure of beholding the features of a beloved monarch. The public joy was expressed in enthusiastic acclamations, and I participated wholeheartedly. And I did more; I recited a prayer for the king and his family, one that could only be favorable, for it came from the depths of my heart.

I left the Tuileries by the gate of the Pavillion de Flore. I had hardly reached the Quai de Louvre when a whirlwind of dust, driven by several warring winds, descended violently upon me. I knew it was the spirit of evil, stirring up all the impetuous winds and forcing them to fight together, each one trying to protect its eyes from the dust that would blind it. I saw that it was time to offer my prayers for this station, so that God, in his omnipotence, might dispel this courage, that could bring about great damage and disrupt the ceremony that was to take place in Notre-Dame and the surrounding streets.

According to my laudable habit, I addressed my Creator thus: "Oh my God! How could it be that the enemies of order and religion could be powerful enough to disrupt a ceremony as holy and beneficial as the one to be held on the 25th of this month? What a misfortune, if those who wished to attend the celebration were deprived of it, and what a nuisance if the troops stationed to guard and protect the exits of this solemn procession were hampered by the rain, unable to perform their maneuvers! No, Lord, I have complete faith in your ineffable goodness. I know you will not allow magicians and sorcerers to triumph at a time when we are celebrating the feast of this pious king who lives only for the happiness of his subjects, for the happiness of Europe, who is devoted to the defense and propagation of our holy religion."

While offering my prayer to God, I continued my walk, and watched with the greatest joy as, more and more, the fine weather returned. MY walk being over, I went home, and continued to pray until the morning of the 25th. The weather was superb that morning. I was all the more pleased because I saw on everyone's faces an expression of perfect contentment, brought by the preparations for our King's feast day.

But my joy would not last long. At noon, to my great surprise, I saw three clouds that seemed to gather and collide, threatening us with a storm. This setback inspired in me the following reflection: "Can I allow such a beautiful day to be marred by the malice of Beelzebub's followers? No, I will not suffer it; I cannot bear the thought of seeing such a beautiful festival, for which such huge preparations have been made, which brings such pleasure to all classes of society, marred by the evil schemes of Beelzebub's followers. And since these servants are working to prevent this festival, I, too, will work, but entirely contrary to them, to try to dispel, through the happy effects of my remedy, all that the devil's henchmen undertake to cause this beautiful and august celebration to fail."

I returned immediately to make my preparations, nothing was spared. All the ingredients I had mentioned, the various components of my sacrifice, I lavished to be able to succeed. It seemed that the importance of the day increased my animosity toward this cruel brood of goblins:

“Monsters, scoundrels, vampires,” I said to them, “You would deprive the unfortunate merchants of the chance to sell the provisions they have stocked up in honor of such a beautiful day? You would prevent lovers of beautiful things from enjoying the fireworks that will conclude the festivities? No, no, no, a thousand times no, you will not succeed; as long as I have any means left, I will fight you with all my might. I am tireless when I fight against your kind of monsters. I will spare no effort to force you from every place where I can find you.”

And so I renewed my efforts, throwing as much salt and sulfur at them as I had.

But unfortunately, as it happened, the chimneypipe of my stove was blocked by my enemies. I hadn't foreseen this treachery, which prevented the smoke from rising, since the airflow was obstructed. On the contrary, it descended, rushing out with such force through the small door of the stove that it soon filled the air with such a thick smoke that I was forced to open the door and window of my room, so that I wasn't poisoned by it. This bit of foresight caused such a thick vapor and strong odor to escape that my neighbors spontaneously went to their windows, to see if a fire had started in my apartment. So great was their worry that the fire brigade was called. The corporal entered my room, and as he couldn't see me because of the thick smoke that engulfed me, he asked if the fire was in my room. Though I couldn't see him, I replied that it wasn't, but the smoke had come from a very small operation I was in the habit of performing against goblins, and I had been refreshing them at that moment to prevent them from disturbing the celebration of Louis XVIII, which was to take place that very day.

“I wish,” I told the fireman, “for everyone to enjoy themselves and joyfully celebrate the day, a day solemnly dedicated to praying for the father of all true Christians.”

“Your intention is most noble, sir,” the corporal said, “but I urge you not to do anything that may start a fire.”

I was very pleased with the advice and good manners of this fireman. His actions in this situation made me consider him a good man. That was to be expected, he belonged to an organization dedicated to the happiness of humanity, a body quite in opposition to these fiery goblins.

Feeling quite positive after all that had taken place, I continued my work, and my efforts were not in vain. The clouds all dissipated, the fine weather returned and continued throughout the day, and so the celebration was truly magnificent. It began with the distribution of food and wine to the working class and the impoverished. Then, dancers and singers appeared, and from time to time, orchestras would perform some very charming quadrilles. On the Champs-Élysées, everything was games and entertainment. The multitude of merchants of all kinds who had set up shop there gave the promenade a lively, delightful atmosphere. The fireworks were set off at half past nine. It was so remarkable it aroused the admiration of all who appreciate surprise and the extraordinary. And as for me, I was considering what sort of permits I would need to create a display directed against the villainous goblins, so that I could bring them down and pulverize them to ashes, like all the various fireworks.

When the firework show was over, everyone could enjoy the beauty of the lights, which were quite magnificent, lasting well into the night. The sky had regained all its serenity, thanks to my astonishing remedy.

Well, my readers, what do you think of this scene? Was it not truly dramatic? I could believe that it would provide the subject of a fine melodrama. Myself, I thought it was striking enough to have the image conveyed in the engraving that serves as the frontispiece of my second volume. Take a look at the drawing, see how hazy it is! Examine the fireman's worried expression! But by contrast, consider how calm I was. I seemed to be saying to the one who questioned me, "relax, you have nothing to fear, I am fulfilling a heavenly mission. No fire will break out in an apartment where this anti-goblin operation is carried out."

This drawing is an essential piece of my work. The two others, which will be included in my second volume, capture me in the moment of my battle against the goblins. The three vignettes in the second volume are interrelated, they cannot exist on their own. They represent the different sensations I experience depending on the occasion. Here, as I have pointed out, I am calm. There, I am attentive and persevering. And in this other operation, I am glowing with the joy of having triumphed over my enemies.

When the time comes, I will explain to my readers the other vignettes that adorn my work. If I've run ahead to explain them in my second volume, it is because I was carried away by the narrative I had just recounted. Indeed, the scene that took place between me and the fire corporal is an interesting one. So much so that after reading this chapter you'll want to look at the drawing that illustrates it. I'm looking at it right now. Readers, do as I do!

Chapter 12

Conversations with peasants and a provincial soldier stationed in Vincennes. My remedy still being used, several times with effectiveness.

I returned home on the evening of August 15, delighted that the devil's emissaries had not succeeded in their wicked plan to disrupt the feast for our good King. I continued my prayers until the 29th of the month. That day, I had a conversation with some country folk. I had always had great faith in the astrological knowledge of rural people; I consulted them about the needs of the land, about whether they wanted for sun or rain. They replied that the ground was already very dry and needed some rain. I yielded to their reasoning and said, "make it rain." My wish was granted: it rained, but a little too much.

I got up at 5 o'clock on August 30th and set off immediately for Vincennas. I had barely left the Trône Gate when the rain began to pour. I addressed the goblins, and said to them, "Ah, you rascals! You take advantage of the moments when I go out to get me wet. But I will outwit you, by offering a prayer to good. I prayed, the rain stopped.

I continued on my way to the castle, and from there, I went to the gate of the Polygon. The first soldier I met was a Provençal, my compatriot, from near my hometown. He was kind enough to give me the details of a disaster caused by an explosion of the castle's little powder store room. The fire had started in cartridges of gunpowder that were being prepared for the festivities. He also pointed out to me, on a wall some 200 paces from site of the accident, the imprint left by the body of the thoughtless man whom the explosion had blown to bits. The sights there stirred up painful memories, and after I saw them, I suggested to my compatriot that we have a drink together. I gave him my address, inviting him to come and see me, and I left.

Back at the Trône Gate, I was so hungry I had to go into a tavern for lunch. I was happy to only pay seven *sous* for the wine, especially since it was better than the wine that cost sixteen *sous* within the walls of Paris. The river is closer to the wine merchants in the main village than it is for the merchants at the city gates. I returned home, and in the evening I went to Saint-Roch. As I left the church, I noticed that by some divine intervention the weather was beautiful.

The next day I was visiting a house where they were talking about the harvest, saying it would be abundant in fruit and grain. These words gave me great pleasure, and I told the owners they could thank my prayers for them, and without them we could not today congratulate ourselves on harvesting the earth's bounty.

"What could you possibly have had to do with the weather?" They asked me.

"I don't flatter myself," I replied, "but I have great faith in God, I pray to Him and I hope."

"Well then, pray to Him to stop the bad weather that is brewing now."

"I will, gentlemen," I said, "and you will see the results. And moreover, I know how to submit to the will of the great regulator of our destinies." I went out immediately, and returned home.

It was 1:20 or 1:30 when the hail began to fall. I prayed to God, lit all my fires, carried out my operations, and the hail stopped. The sky revealed itself in all its beauty at 5:48. I went to Saint-Roch and returned home by the route I had chosen for my various stations. I had the joy of seeing my efforts rewarded: the weather was absolutely beautiful. I enjoyed once again hearing all the people out for a stroll praising the serene sky and the pure air.

On September 1st, I spent the afternoon near the house of the people who had told me to pray for good weather. I visited them and asked what the weather had been like since I had last seen them, and what it was like today. They were very complimentary. "Well!" I told them. "It's because of the work I did yesterday to oppose the goblins that you have such beautiful weather today." I was congratulated and asked to pray for a bountiful harvest. I noted that it was not up to me, but, nevertheless, after beseeching God for it, I would do my best to obtain good juice from the vine. "We beg you to," they told me, "and we will be deeply indebted to you." I left very satisfied, I am loved by God.

In the last days of August, I saw a group of people with whom I was acquainted. They spoke to me as a friend, saying “Mr. Berbiguier, you know we need rain; and since, through your work and especially your payers, you have the power to bring about rain and fair weather, we ask you to provide us with the water needed for our abundance.”

“Gentlemen,” I told them, “you are attributing to me powers that belong only to the Divine. I tell you, I have no means whatever to obtain what you desire. I can only pray to God. He is just and good in all things; we must rely on His divine mercy.”

“And so, you may not know, the operations I am undertaking are neither to protect us nor to ask for rain, but are directed against the enemies of divine power, to discover whether the bad weather comes to us through their malefice, or whether we must submit to it in obedience to divine law, to which these monsters never wish to relent. When I recognize that the rain comes to us by God’s command, I will let it fall, and my operations were in vain. But if it is the work of the evildoers, who have given us so much to complain of, I dare to flatter myself that my abundant prayers and operations might bear fruit.”

My friends complimented me on my modesty and the way in which I attributed my actions to God, and not to myself. They told me everyone agreed I was owed a great debt, and they were simply doing me the justice of recognizing me as a useful member of society, and it would be a boom for the city of Paris if I were to settle there.

All these compliments were wounding my modesty, so I spoke up, putting an end to them. “Gentlemen, I assure you that I am doing nothing that anyone else could not do. My greatest virtue is faith, and faith alone can save us. Have faith, and you will be as successful in your operations as I am in mine.” These words convinced my audience, and I took that moment to let them reflect.

Chapter 13

Reflections on human vicissitudes. Advice to my fellow citizens.

Let the inhabitants of Paris and those of the surrounding area compare the weather of the month of July 1819 with that of the month of August of the same year. They will agree that it is far more pleasant to go about one’s business in fine weather, to take walks, to visit the countryside, as they did during this past month, than to be battered by rain, as was the case during the preceding month. If the rainy, stormy weather had continued, what would have become of travelers and workers who labor outdoors, and are exposed to squalls and storms?

The same is true of rural lands. They cannot survive if they are flooded or ruined by hail. All classes of society, and plants as well as a rule, are much happier when they do not suffer these scourges. And I am certain that I have learned, through my operations, that the weather in

August was the work of God, and the work of the prior month was the work of magicians, sorcerers, and goblins who had made a pact with the devil. I am confident that those who read my work will approve of my having written against the malign influence that the devil has gained over humankind; for, according to Holy Scripture, it is known that there is no creature in the world so thoroughly monstrous as the leader of goblinkind. Observe him, favoring his servants on earth to the misfortune of us all, as he is ruling his subterranean kingdom in the infernal realm. His voice is even more terrifying than his body; everything trembles at his sight and his words, if one can call the cries of an infernal monster "words."

For quite a long time now, I have been familiar with the cruelties of his servants. I understand their atrocities, I have uncovered their vile intentions, and I have learned that the best recourse that can be employed against their wickedness is prayer and the operations I am most pleased to have devised to combat them.

Everything I have undertaken and done to thwart their intentions was suggested to me by the daily complaints I have heard in the world. I could not be unmoved by the groans of the unfortunate victims of the awful weather.

What satisfaction, seeing the joy spread across the faces of the unfortunate people I had helped with my discoveries. The expressions of contentment I saw in all their features were for me the sweetest and most beautiful of rewards.

This was quite enough to encourage me to act as I did whenever the goblins tried to abuse their power to make it rain, hail, snow, to make lightning roar or make the wind blow for no other reason than to harm us. How much gratitude I owe God for having given me knowledge so useful to humankind and so detrimental to their enemies! But my modesty compels me not to claim all the glory for this happy outcome.

Instead, I will invite truly pious people, who consider it their duty to ascribe all their actions to the divine, whether they live in France or abroad, to follow the remedy I have already indicated to them several times. Let the most successful merchants on earth be the vendors of ox hearts, sulfur, salt, needles, pins, vinegar, and tobacco. All the more so as I expressly recommend paying generously for all the ingredients that will bring my followers peace and the enjoyment of this useful and helpful talisman.

Those who perform my remedy as I do must address this prayer to the Lord: "Oh my God! If it is Your will that we experience bad weather, we must submit to it; but if this foul weather is caused by the evil workings of our common enemies, grant, oh my divine master, that the work I am about to perform against Satan's slaves may deprive them of the means to make the unfortunate suffer by making them experience misery, which is the greatest of evils an honest man can endure."

After this prayer, the effectiveness or ineffectiveness of the remedy will be made known. If the bad weather persists, it is because God wills it, and we must always submit to His divine

commands, since their purpose is to grant what He deems necessary for the fertility of the earth and the health of humankind. The architect of the world knows and sees all; that is why, after a severe drought, he brings heavy rain; and after excessive rain, he brings fair weather.

The Christina faith brings comfort to our sufferings, and through its teachings, I have found, and will continue to find, my perseverance and humble acceptance.

Chapter 14

A few more words about the planets. Scientific discussion on this subject.

I have already discussed the planets, and I must speak of them often. Several people with whom I was conversing asked me one day what my planets were. "You talk about them in relation to rain and sunshine," they said.

"Gentlemen, by 'planets' I refer to those luminous celestial bodies the goblins use to subject one or more people to their dominion. They place their victims under the influence of the planet of wind, rain, snow, hail, or storm, and then seize them as prey that belongs to them. But their operation is only complete when they have destroyed the effect of our beneficent star with their infernal magic. Without this, they might not be able to subject us to their laws, because there would be an inevitable war between our protecting star and the destructive planet they are launching against us."

"But, sir," they said, "snow and rain are often necessary for the earth's abundance, for its cultivation and the plants it produces. The former kills the insects that hurt the planets, bushes, and fruit trees; the latter is beneficial for watering the land, which would produce very little harvest without this divine gift. This is so well-known that when there has been a prolonged drought, a ceremony is held in the countryside, in which a good number of the faithful participate to obtain divine blessings for the rain they need for the harvest. And in the opposite case, they ask God for an end to the rain when it is too abundant. Winds and storms are beneficial for purging the air, when the atmosphere becomes too dense and constricted; then the pressure of the clouds creates a detonation that produces a storm when it escapes the obstacles that restricted it, and this terrifying noise, which penetrates every barrier, announces that the air has regained its equilibrium, and is free from the force which oppressed it."

I was facing a formidable opponent, but I still let these audacious critics know that I did not entirely agree with them, making them understand, as far as I could, that God had foreseen everything and, consequently, had provided for everything. But as a defense, I offered them that everything extreme is evil, and what is evil is a vice, and, certainly, vice is not in God. "Yes, I agree, that it should be windy, it should rain, it should snow, and there should be the occasional thunderstorm to purge the corrupted air that could, in its turn, bring us an inevitable plague. And yes, I also believe that rain is necessary to water the earth, that the wind is useful for drying it. But you must agree that too much is too much, and that extremes have never produced

anything good. No, extremes are never the work of a God who is just and good, and who does not wish, as one who does us good, to harm us by sending us far too much rain or wind. And from this, I conclude that most of the bad weather that we endure, as well as the other evils to which we are opposed, are entirely the work of goblins, not the results of the Lord's will."

"But sir, allow us to point out that these things have always happened, that they are known in every past century."

"Yes," I agreed, "but that is because there have always been goblins, and until this day, no one has fought their malicious schemes. But there is a beginning and an end to everything. How can you know that God has not chosen me to be the scourge of the goblin race? In order to fight the goblins, must we not know their darkness and persuade mortals to arm themselves with the shield of faith, to destroy them or save themselves from injury?"

"Let me propose a thoughtful dilemma concerning the excessive amount of rain we have seen fall recently. Either God intended to punish us with another flood, or the recent rains are not his doing. For, by analogy, what would you think of a father who would quench his child's thirst by forcing him to drink a bucketful of water in one gulp? Wouldn't we accuse this foolish parent of drowning his son instead of quenching his thirst? This is precisely what one cannot argue on the part of a being as good and just as God, without committing a crime.

My arguments astonished my critics, they dared not reply, except to say I had confounded them with my scientific reasoning. And yet, I have not devoted my entire life to study; my knowledge must be attributed to a very special favor from the God I adore and serve with such fervor.

While reflecting on these matters, I parted ways with my critics. I believe that on this occasion I was more fortunate than the apostle whose voice was only heard in the wilderness. Ah! I am truly glorious when I can triumph over the disbelief of men who consider themselves wise because they give themselves to irrationality. In the end, the great principles of good will ultimately prevail over the sophistry of a mistaken philosophy.

But until now, my verbal eloquence has not been persuasive enough. I hope for a more satisfactory result when my book is in the hands of my peers, who will have faith in me.

Chapter 15

Here are proofs of the effectiveness of my Stations: My journey to Calvary and Saint-Cloud.

In 1819, in the month of September, I was leaving the church of Saint-Roch. The weather was so overcast that neither sky nor earth could be seen. It seemed necessary to undertake some of my anti-goblin operations, without delay. I asked God's permission, addressing Him with my customary prayer. When I had finished, I continued on my way, making a stop at the Carrousel,

opposite the King's palace. I made a second walk near the Pont au Change, and from there, returned to the Pont Roya, as I had become accustomed to doing since I devoted myself to these religious exercises.

As I walked and said my prayers, remarkably, I saw the clouds separate and dissipate noticeably; it seemed as if they were descending upon my head to announce that fine weather was on its way. I had scarcely completed my walk when the sky was completely clear and shone with an infinite number of stars. Everyone talked about the rapid change, though no one understood it. The reasoning of the vulgar masses proved they were completely ignorant of the true causes of this phenomenon. No one had seen or understood what God had granted me the grace to see and understand. I did not think it appropriate to enlighten the ignorant, so as not to have to engage in discussions about divine power. I simply thanked God for the favor He had bestowed upon me; I thought that my judicious, enlightened reader would be able to reflect, as I did, on the reality and usefulness of my knowledge.

A few days after this event, I believe it was September 11, at 10:00 in the evening, after I had finished my prayers, I saw the sky full of stars. I rejoiced greatly, because the next morning I intended to say my prayers at the holy Calvary. As you know, I sleep very little. At midnight, I looked at the sky as if to contemplate it. I saw that it was completely covered with clouds, moving with astonishing speed, northwest to southeast. I decided to rest for a while to gather the strength for my pilgrimage.

On the 12th, at midnight, I was very surprised to see the sky completely overcast, but I had promised God I would go to Calvary. I wanted to keep my word, so I left my house at half past four in the morning.

As you know, I very rarely go to bed: at midnight, I looked at the sky as if to contemplate it; I saw that it was all covered with clouds moving with astonishing rapidity from the northwest to the southeast. I then wanted to rest for a moment to gather the strength necessary for my pilgrimage. On the 12th, in the morning, I was very surprised to see the weather so good; but I had promised God to go to Calvary, I wanted to keep my word, and I left my house at half past four in the morning.

As I walked, I gave myself over to my reflections. Every plant, every tree, is a blessing from god, whether for men or for animals. But animals are happier than we are, their food is pure and unprepared, they do not fear that a malevolent hand will take away the nourishment that sustains their existence, while we civilized creatures are subject to the wickedness of our fellow men. I am a striking example of this. What have I done to the goblins, to be tormented as I am? I have never envied the possessions of others, I have never spoken ill of anyone, my conscience has nothing to reproach itself for, and if I do not do as much good as I would like to do for the poor with my alms, it is because I use my money to protect the world from the wickedness of the enemies of the church and of humanity. These meditations, constantly evolving and recurring, occupied me along my journey.

Finally I arrived at the holy place; my first duty was to go to the sacristy and ask the priest who was there if he could find the time to say a mass for me, dedicated to the Virgin Mary. The minister of God told me, with wisdom, that it was not possible that day, since all the day's masses had been booked and paid for in advance, as was the usual practice. But if it would be convenient for me, I could have one the following day. I readily accepted his kind offer, and asked the chaplain to receive his due in advance, I had always seen it as very just that the priest should make his living at his altar. Nevertheless, I attended the Mass that was about to be said, so as not to waste the time I had left in this holy place.

When the mass was over, I withdrew from the crowd of the faithful to devote myself to my private prayers and customary ceremonies. A great many small paths lead to Calvary, and I was noticed by a large number of people who saw the movement of my arms raised toward heaven, which I sometimes directed from north to south, sometimes from east to west, the better to ask God to prevent the wicked from wreaking havoc in any of the four directions telegraphed by the movement of my arms. And at the same moment, these people saw, as I did, the clouds dissipate and the weather become very fine. I thanked god for this new blessing and set out for Saint-Cloud to enjoy the pleasures of that festival celebrated throughout France: the village fair.

There, I walked a great deal, though I was a little tired already from the journeys I had already made since 4:30 in the morning. I hardly noticed the lengths of the paths, for the countless thoughts occupying me kept me from calculating distances. I always walked alone, without any need to know the distance I had covered during the day.

I strolled through the park of Saint-Cloud. Like so many people who appreciate beautiful things, I enjoyed the pleasure of watching the fountains play. While I was taking part in this sweet spectacle, I thought I noticed the sky beginning to cloud over. I blamed the goblin race, and scolded them thusly: "Monsters, scoundrels, villains, I know what you want! Because this place contains a large number of honest people, who came to have fun for a moment and take a break from the burdens and work they experience all year round, you want to punish them by launching a furious planet against them But I await you with firm resolve."

Having said those words, I went into a tavern to regain my strength. I noticed that the wine was very good. It is true that, having walked all day, the fatigue had perhaps led me to overindulgence, since I heard the other drinkers complaining about it.

When I had recovered, I resumed my journey to Paris, during which I thought to myself, "I would very much like to know to what purpose the weather-changing operations the magicians use to threaten us with storms serve, since they know that, by the grace of God, the prayers I offer dispel all their plans in less than half an hour. The answer is easy: they want to keep practicing their mischief. Perhaps they hope to triumph over my efforts."

Chapter 16

My return from Cairo. Death of my faithful Coco, of whom the goblins were jealous.

When I returned from Calvary, my squirrel came to me for a caress, as usual, to show his affection for me. The little creature was truly the only consolation I had; I returned it with all my heart, caress for caress, and while I was preparing to sit down to eat, I invited him to keep me company, and he did indeed come to sit beside me.

Poor Coco didn't eat as usual, he left me to go to bed. But alas! It was for the last time! Perhaps he sensed the fate awaiting him. Goblins, as my readers know, have the sinister power to put people to sleep and transport them, the victims of their hatred, wherever they wish, to torment them at their will. And for a defenseless animal, all the more so, they have the power to do whatever they want.

Coco was in the habit of hiding himself in one of the sleeves of my morning-coat, which I left at the foot of my bed for him to come and wish me goodnight, sprawling out beside me and keep me company when he noticed I wanted to take a little rest, and then going back to his usual place.

This time it was quite the opposite; the hateful goblins placed him between the bedsheet and my mattress. When I went to lie down, and I had put my knee on my bed, a goblin grabbed my shoulders and shoved me violently. I still haven't recovered from my grief! In placing myself in my usual spot, I was crushing my poor little squirrel. Imagine my despair! Coco was no more! I was deprived of the only living creature who comforted me in my sorrows. I tried to give him care, but it was in vain, the damage was done, incurable. The goblins had made him their victim! They wanted to punish me by depriving me of the object I held most dear, and insult to injury, they demanded that I, myself, unknowingly and carelessly sacrifice a weak, defenseless, and harmless creature. This is the cruelty of my enemies.

The poor beast did not survive a day after the assault it had suffered. It died the morning of the next day. My first care then was to have him embalmed, so that his sad remains might remind me of his actions and virtues. I placed Coco under a glass case. The tip of his tail, cut off by Etienne Prieur toward the end of 1816, I placed between his two hind legs, reminding me of his kindness and talents.

I do not know if this animal's corpse is something like the head of Medusa for these goblins. They come to visit me less during the day now, but on the other hand, they are always after me at night. Oh, my dear little Coco! Perhaps they would like to bring me the death I gave to you. Perhaps the cruel creatures want to suffocate me...

Chapter 17

Threats made to me by my fellow countryman, Chaix of Carpentras

In August 1819, Mr. Chaix, of Carpentras, found me at the house of my cousin, Mr. Comaille. He told me, in a very stern manner, that he knew I was writing a memoir against magicians, his friends, and against him. And I should beware, he would prosecute me before the correctional court, even if he had to sell everything he had to plead his case. I treated him very philosophically. Rather than paying attention to his ridiculous threat, I took my cane and hat and left without a word.

A few days later, while I was still at Mr. and Mrs. Comaille's house, Chaix entered and said, in a affronted manner, "I have been tormented since the day before yesterday, I am suffering terribly, pricked with pins from head to toe, nearly suffocating from the smell of sulfur." I saw where he was going with this, and to avoid any more conversation, I left as I had done a few days before. It is true that I felt a certain pleasure in thinking that the torments he was experiencing were the result of the operations I had performed against the goblins.

Another effect of my salutary remedy might, perhaps, have been the strange illness affecting a Dr. Sabatier, a famous physician and student of my enemy, the cruel Dr. Pinel. He is afflicted with an illness that the entire medical community cannot define, and it was decided to send him to his native land for better air. He is suffering greatly, but no one knows the true causes of his suffering. And of course he's a part of the infernal society. If what his friends say about him is true, his life is full of scandal, he spends his nights in devilish orgies, he abuses women after he's had his fine dinner. And who could resist such a depraved life?

And so, I believe I can hope that the Prieur brothers and their cousin, Papon Lomini, will suffer the same fate. They have sacrificed their freedom for the pleasure of keeping company with Beelzebub. And the vast society they belong to, which takes such great care to increase my suffering, will not be exempt from my vengeance. This is how I will see all my persecutors end, when I gladly give them to the devil. And those in the middle should not hope to enjoy any sort of immunity. God's mercy toward those who do evil is not limitless. Eventually, he will make the wicked experience the same torments they inflicted on the righteous.

From this, Mr. Chaix must surely see where his foolish pride leads. This indiscreet man was forced to confess his suffering. Now he tells anyone who will listen that he is experiencing the most excruciating pain, constantly pricked by sharp pins and needles that wound him from head to toe. So much the worse for him. Those that think like me will have no pity on his suffering. They will say that it is a blessing from the divine to have delivered the results I'd hoped for in my operations against the goblins. Perhaps it is cruel of me to rejoice in the harm done to one of my copariots. But, then, why did he make a pact with the devil?

Chapter 18

Nightmares are brought upon us by the torments of the goblins

My readers must fully grasp the necessity of using the specific remedy that my technique provides to the victims of goblin torments. All the ills we suffer are the work of these villains.

The nephew and niece of a gentlemen in my neighborhood, both honest and of good moral character, complained to their uncle when I was visiting of having suffered nightmares for a long time. I frankly pointed out to them that they were mistaken. Goblins have an interest in keeping the common people ignorant, and they should not share in their prejudices simply because they are unwilling to take the trouble to investigate the true causes of the grief these wicked creatures inflict upon us.

I urged the two young people to abandon their illusions about their suffering, which they had too readily attributed to nightmares. "Don't believe that there is any illness the doctors term 'nightmare.' Open any medical treatise, and you will find no remedy for this ailment, which is a malady the devil often inflicts upon us, disguising himself as a cat. That is why nightmares are seen as the work of this cunning animal. In art, nightmares have been represented by a person lying on their back, a mischievous cat on their chest, obstructing their breathing, forcing them to exhale. Obviously, you can see that magicians cause you this discomfort. They are jealous of your intimacy, and will try anything to disrupt your union. And we must thwart them by promptly making use of the remedy I have already given to your uncle. This is, I promise, the best course of action."

It was several days before I saw these young people again. The uncle, who I met first, thanked me sincerely for the service I had rendered to his nephew and niece, and assured me that since they had dealt with the goblins, they had enjoyed complete peace.

Here is complete proof that nightmares are the work of the devil, who sometimes uses dreams to flatter the senses of those who refuse his wicked temptations. The lover, passionate for a virtuous beauty, dreams that he is in the arms of the one who has always resisted him. The lawyer dreams that he is an honest man, the doctor sees all around him the sick people he believed he had kept from the grave; the matron believes she is only fifteen years old; the girls of the Palais-Royal believe they are in a convent; the miser gives a magnificent meal to all his neighbors, the author writes only to instruct his fellow men, and the journalist believes he is an apostle of truth.

Perhaps you could call all this a nightmare, since I cannot destroy the prejudices that govern the world. But I will always say that it is the work of goblins, who test us when we are in the arms of

Morpheus. I believe I have proven that there are two types of nightmare: the one that gives us pleasure, and the second, gives us terrors while we sleep.

Chapter 19

My remedy cured a Lady who was introduced to me by the landlady of the house I was staying in.

Toward the end of September 1819, the mistress of the house I was living in took the trouble to come to my room and ask for some helpful advice for a lady friend of hers, who was suffering from the illness I like to call “goblinalgia” (a term I use to refer to a mischievous affliction). The lady believed she was a victim of a magician’s malice.

I took the liberty of asking her several serious questions about her condition. I asked her what brought her to me, giving me the privilege of treating such a kind lady. I asked about the state of her health, what she was experiencing day and night, if she was being robbed. She replied that she had never found any disturbances in her affairs. From my questions, her answers, and my observations, I concluded that her ailment was nothing more than perpetual restlessness, caused by goblins who wanted to have their way with her.

After carefully considering the problems that had brought her to me, I told her that, in her situation, I could see no objection to her trying my remedy for a complete cure, and explained to her the specific ingredients needed for the operation.

This lady seemed quite satisfied with the advice I’d given her, and far from being reluctant (like so many unwell people are), she seemed very happy with the doctor’s prescription, ready to try this beneficial remedy. The lady of the house, delighted by her friend’s ready agreement and wanting to facilitate her recovery, offered to lend her the instruments she had used a few days earlier for the same operation.

More than a fortnight passed without my hearing anything about my patient, for despite my hatred for all the children of Aesculapius, I am nonetheless *the anti-goblin physician*. My hostess seemed very distressed. Finally, my patient returned to my house, looking quite distressed. I greeted her respectfully, and asked her about her health, and for an explanation of why she had deprived us of the pleasure of seeing her for so long, without giving any news.

She told us of an unfortunate event that befell her, depriving her of the pleasure of visiting us. At the moment she was busy making my remedy, the vessel in which she was preparing the ingredients for her operation was overturned and fell on her legs, causing her great suffering, and forcing her to stay home.

“As soon as I could go out,” she went on, “I decided to go and see Dr. Moreau, the senior physician, to consult him about my situation. This gentleman told me, after hearing my observations, that I had been pregnant for two months, which distressed me more than my burn. He read further, guessing that I should return to another gentleman, one older than himself, whom I had already consulted. That gentleman would probably be able to help me, since he knew the cause of my ailment. I gave Dr. Moreau three francs for this, to acknowledge his care and pay for his advice.”

“Ah, madam! Since Mr. Moreau has kindly referred you to me, I advise you to take the same remedy again, in a double dose, and to take great care when you pierce the ox hearts to say as you stick the pins in, ‘monsters, scoundrels, sorcerers, charlatans, goblins, these are the names you deserve. I desire that all the pins I stick in this heart serve as your reward for your infernal efforts.’ You will see, madam, the effects of this salutary declaration. Take courage. Do not let your first misfortune deter you from pursuing your plan. You must continue to work against our enemies, and be assured that they overturned your vessel to try to deprive you of the means to harm them. You would be wrong to leave such a promising path. The more they try to thwart you, the more courage you must muster to fight them and make them lose all hope of tormenting you in the future.”

After thanking me for my advice, the lady mentioned that she had noticed that her money had been stolen, a number of small thefts at different times, and she didn't know how this could have happened, since she had been careful to remove the key from her writing desk and put it in her chest of drawers, hidden very carefully, and somehow, without knowing how, it was constantly taken from her. “There can be no doubt about it,” she said. “This was done by sorcerers, whose only desire is disorder, and who want to make me waste my time looking for what they are taking from me. This lady confessed that she had noticed her money had been stolen in several small pieces at different times; that she didn't know how it could be done, since she was careful to remove the key from her writing desk and place it in her chest of drawers, where she hid it very carefully, and from where, without knowing how, it was constantly being taken from her. “There's no doubt about it,” she added, “it's the work of sorcerers, who thrive only on disorder, and who want to make me waste my time searching for what they're taking from me. But they won't succeed, since from now on, I want to come to you and learn.”

After all these details on the wickedness of our cruel enemies, this lady thanked me for the advice I had just given her, and promised me to follow it to the letter; I did not let her go out without inviting her to give me, as often as she could, news of her health; she promised, and I was delighted to have had a patient to be cured who submitted with such docility to my advice; she had doubtless judged my disinterestedness, which will soon be appreciated by everyone. Then I hope that the reputation that I must acquire by the attestations of the people I have cured, will become universal and will attract to me a crowd of consultations, which I will make it my duty to give free of charge for the good of humanity.

After all that she had learned about the wickedness of our cruel enemies, the lady thanked me for the advice I had just given her and promised to follow it to the letter. I didn't let her leave without asking her to give me news of her health as often as she could. She promised, and I was delighted to have a patient to cure who so readily followed my advice. She had undoubtedly recognized my selflessness, which will soon be appreciated by everyone. I hope that the reputation I'm acquiring through the testimonials of the people I've cured will become universally known, attracting a multitude of consultations, which I will make my duty to provide, free of charge, for the good of humanity.

As I have already said, and am happy to repeat, I am not a charlatan. I don't charge those who come to consult me, so there is nothing to fear in coming to see me. Those without means are under my protection. What a difference when I compare myself to the men I myself have consulted!

I only receive those who put their trust in me to be of service to them. A doctor's door was only opened to me when people knew I had a coin in my pocket to pay him. And I'm sometimes reproached for not liking the followers of Aesculapius! If they were truly invested in their duties, they would never charge those who come to them for advice. Jesus Christ did not ask for money when he healed the paralyzed, the deaf, the blind, the lepers. But Jesus Christ healed them, and doctors today send them to the other world. This, then, is the difference between

I only receive those who trust me in order to be of service to them: a doctor's door was only opened to me when people knew I had a coin in my pocket to pay him; and I am sometimes reproached for not liking the followers of Aesculapius!... If they were truly imbued with their duties, they would never charge those who come to them for advice. Jesus Christ did not ask for money when he healed the paralytics, the deaf, the blind, the lepers; but Jesus Christ healed them, and doctors today send them to the other world. This, then, is the difference between the followers of the God of Epidaurus and the Redeemer of mankind: the former line their pockets with the wealth of the sick they kill. The Son of God did everything in his power to help the unfortunate people whose lives he preserved.

Chapter 20

The goblins make women pregnant without their knowledge.

Lovely women, beware of the goblins, for they will plunge you into an abyss of evil. I speak only from the complaints I have heard from the lips of these beautiful women who have shared their sorrows with me. Though their virtue had never been poisoned by any act of human malice, though they had no acquaintance that could suggest a clandestine relationship, though they never left the company of their dear relatives, these ladies, these girls, these widows, nevertheless found themselves pregnant, without having engaged in the marriage act, neither in

thought nor deed. Without having deserved it, they were exposed to the shame of their families and the scorn of honest people.

Yet, I swear by heaven, they were innocent. For if it were possible to guarantee the honor of these unfortunate women, I would answer for them as I would for myself: they were victims of the malice and lust of young libertines who abandoned God to more easily savor pleasure and debauchery. It was written into the pact they made with the agents of Beelzebub.

Ajh! If I could only open the eyes of those deceived parents, of all who had been misled! Then I would spare the innocent victims of prejudice all the woes they will be exposed to. I would say to their parents, and to the judgemental public, “what you consider in them the fruit and the mark of their shame, cannot in the slightest harm their virtue. Learn, since it must be said to you, and the thick veil that surrounds you must be torn away, that you are deceived by the work of goblins. These wretches surprise the ladies at night, invisibly enter their beds, put them to sleep by hypnotic suggestion, and by their goblin’s workings, they give birth to a bastard, a child of adultery.

Do you not cry out for vengeance? Oh my god! Have pity on these innocent creatures! Grant, by your divine power, that the goblins may be exposed so that they can no longer do any harm on earth.

And finally, widows and young women are exposed to the same dangers I just mentioned: they live peacefully on their manor houses or with their relatives. No one approaches them, yet their bellies swell without them knowing the cause. Ignorant doctors treat some of them as having dropsy; others believe they have obstructions. And it is only after nine months of suffering that they realize their misfortune and give birth to the fruit of their goblinish pleasure. And they can do nothing to prove their innocence, no one believes their justifications. The married woman finds herself abandoned by the husband she has only ever been faithful to. The widow can no longer remarry; the young woman is mistreated by her father and mother, and in the midst of this conflict of injustice, one can hear the ignorant common people muttering heresies, for such is the nature of the middle class who have no religion. When they are told that a married woman whose husband is absent, or a widow in mourning for fifteen months, or a young woman nearing marriageable age, has just given birth without the participation of any man, they scoff, refusing to believe the truth, turning away from their supposed victims, exclaiming “perhaps they would have us believe that it grew on them like a wart on their nose!” My god, my god! How angry I grow when I hear such talk, and I’m not allowed to refute it!

Chapter 21

The Thieving Magpie was a goblin.

But if, until now, I have not been able to successfully refute all the antagonists of the fair sex scandalized by goblins, because I lack the art of speaking with the same ease as a lawyer I would task with defending her case, I must not for that reason abandon the plan I have formed to establish her innocence when I have my pen in hand.

The task will not be difficult. I have only to present my readers the reflections I made after seeing the melodrama of *The Thieving Magpie* played out.

The unfortunate girl from Paliesue, I told myself, is a wretched victim of goblin wickedness. Because she loved her father dearly, because she scrupulously fulfilled all her duties, for these reasons Satan's disciples hounded her to her death, and succeeded in killing her. Although in the melodrama this unfortunate woman does not die, it is true she sent herself to the guillotine because she stubbornly resisted the bailiff's poisoned offers.

Hear me out: the servant girl from Palaiseu would only give her heart to the one that would consent to unite his destiny with hers. The farmer's son she served deemed her worthy of being his wife, but the goblins would not be satisfied by this tribute to her virtue. The bailiff, who had enlisted in Beelzebub's company, conceived the plan of seducing the young girl. He was ugly, old, and wicked, and one who is thus mistreated by nature rarely manages to please the fair sex. To achieve his goal, he made a pact with the devil, and gained the power to transform himself into a magpie, a bird that a natural thief. The bailiff was himself a man of the quill, and like the proverb says, "anything with a plume will steal."

Since nothing could distract the young servant from her duties, the goblins resolved to ruin her through infernal subterfuge. It would have been easy for them to get her into bed and rape her, as so often happens with them, but the bailiff's pride was wounded by the rejection of a young beauty whom he considered beneath him. So he refused to use the tools of pleasure that were available to him. If he transformed himself into a magpie, it was to avenge himself for the disdain he couldn't imagine a servant girl could feel. In the guise of a magpie, he began by stealing a fork, and fifteen days later he took a spoon. He knew full well that suspicion would fall on the girl who was entrusted with care of the silverware. His calculations were correct, and to add insult to injury, the bird-bailiff repeats the phrase "little girl" every time anyone wonders who the thief might be.

Poor girl! You died on the scaffold for your virtue; you resisted the goblins' seductions, and the goblins sacrificed you to their vengeance. But it is true that their torments can no longer reach your immortal soul; you now enjoy the presence of your Creator in heaven, your happiness will be eternal. God, who no doubt allowed the goblins to display their terrible perversity, nevertheless did not want your memory tainted by a crime you did not commit, and your innocence was recognized and proclaimed. Now, every year a mass is said for you every year called the 'Magpie Mass', the wicked bailiff burns in the abyss of hell, paying for his crimes on earth with suffering that will never end..crimes which must have been many, for he was a goblin as well as a bailiff.

Ah, womenkind, now you will tremble whenever you dwell on the dangers that threaten you when you attend to the duties of our households! I did not intend to frighten you, but rather to protect you from goblin snares. It is true, you would not be safe from a conspiracy like the one committed by the wicked bailiff, but God does not often permit such misfortunes. He wished to give a terrifying example of goblin wickedness, and if that was his wish, it was only so that mortals might learn that there is nothing more dreadful than the wretches who make a pact with Satan and Beelzebub.

Young girls, married women, widows, old women, unite against our common enemies. Now you know the evils they can make for you. Prepare your stoves and ovens, buy ox hearts, sulfur, salt, pins, needles, e cetera. Do your utmost, and help us defeat the goblins: your unhappiness is their only goal.

That said, I know, without a doubt, that among women there are female goblins. Well then! You must not spare them, any more than if they were of the male sex. Male goblins are cruel, female goblins are deceitful.

Deceitful, eh? Ladies, hear me out. What I'm saying isn't an epigram, take from it what you will, but don't let it turn you against me. I'm only an enemy of goblin women. I love the beautiful ladies who resist the temptations of Beelzebub. I adore virtuous women, though I keep flirtatious ladies far away from me, because that sort of thing leads to goblinish behavior.

That last digression was necessary for the understanding of my work. It will now be clear, then, that when I speak against women, it can only be against those women belonging to the diabolical company. I will soon prove, I hope, that it wasn't by choice that I remained single until now. If I didn't marry, it was because I feared being deceived. When I have destroyed the entire goblin race, I will have nothing more to fear.

Yes, everything tells me I will marry when my work has produced its expected effect!

If there are wicked people on earth only because there are goblins, then all mor

Yes, everything tells me that I will marry when my work has produced the effect that I should expect from it!

If there are wicked people on earth only because there are goblins, then all mortals will be virtuous when the goblins have been dispersed, and are no longer able to harm and seduce us. To achieve this happy outcome, I must reveal all that experience has taught about the goblin breed, and I still have much to teach you, dear readers. But I shall be happy, then, if in sharing with you the secrets revealed to me through 23 years of suffering, I can hear those who have read my work, discussed it in the silence of their study, in the shade of a grove or reclining on a bed of greenery say, "*castigat ridendo mores.*"

Chapter 22

The goblins have a five-franc piece with which they deceive those who deal with them.

Toward the beginning of October 1819, I was in a house I often visited. The master of the house, who had never believed in the existence of goblins, told me of an adventure that had befallen him, one that was quite capable of shaking his disbelief. "Imagine that having delivered my work to the people who employ me, I received payment. My money was placed in my writing desk, and I am now certain that it must have been stolen by goblins, because only I had the key to the drawer where I had locked it.

I had a good laugh when I heard my unbeliever make such a confession, but I didn't want to leave him in his delusion any longer.

"No," I told him, "The goblins didn't take your money from your desk. They have a much easier way of taking what doesn't belong to them. By making a pact with their grand master, the demons grant them a way to always have money in their pockets. Depending on the importance of the services they expect from their disciple, on the day of his initiation they give him a coin—a five-franc, forty-sous or thirty-sous coin. With this, he can obtain everything he might need on earth. The coin is magnetized, and always returns to the pocket of the goblin who gives it as payment. Those who receive it lock it away in vain; it never leaves its master, and that is how merchants who deliver their wares to goblins are deceived every day."

To give you an idea of the goblin-enchanted coin that I am talking about, I will transcribe here, word for word, the revelations that were whispered in my ear by a goblin.

"When we are found worthy of the goblinized coin, we are safe from poverty, we do not lack money. Imagine, with the five-franc coin I possess, I can collect a hundred crowns in a day by buying my daily groceries. I bought a loaf of bread; it cost me 14 sous. I gave the baker my charmed coin, and he gave me four francs, six sous in change, which I put into my pocket as I left. I'd scarcely stepped off the baker's doorstep when my five francs joined the four francs, six sols I'd gotten back, so with this stroke of luck, I had a loaf of bread, four francs, and six sols, and the five franc coin which never leaves my side. It's nothing but profit for a goblin. By repeating our thefts throughout the day, we soon acquire all the money we might need."

"What is this you're telling me?" my formerly doubting companion said. "I fear that, when I need money, I'll be tempted to join the company that possesses such a wonderful talisman."

"Wretched man! Don't you see that you'd be renouncing your God, and the hope of a reward in the next world?"

"Very true, Berbiguier, very true. Continue to show me the path that I must follow, but admit that this trick is quite seductive!"

"One's merit rises in the games of the Judge of Judges when one knows how to resist the seductive traps of the devil."

"I will not take their coin, but do allow me the consolation of being able to say that it really is a great play."

"Think whatever you want about it, but never take it."

"Even if I were miserably poor?"

"Yes, yes, yes, you mercenary soul!"

Chapter 23

Reflections on the science of Astronomers and Goblins

I have never studied astronomy; I only know that it is a science that brings great honor to those who practice it. Its students believe that it is necessary for our human faith. They say it brings us closer to the divine, by increasing our admiration for all that has come from the hands of the Creator. If God's goodness has allowed us to discover the celestial bodies most distant from us, is it not so that we may better appreciate His incomprehensible work? Our science, finally, brings all the wonders of nature beneath our scrutinizing gaze.

This reasoning would be perfect if humankind were wise enough not to abuse the advantages it gains, whether through its studies or through the Creator's bounty. But the result of our constant progress in the sciences is that those without good intentions have sought to learn astronomy in order to harm those who have not been drawn into evil.

The goblins have learned this abstract science so they can use it against the victims they use in sacrifice to their vengeance. Hence, the malevolent planets, which I have already mentioned to my readers. Hence the rains and storms that destroyed our orchards and crops. Hence this invisibility so necessary to our enemies when they ascend into the clouds to devastate farmers and wine-growers.

Through goblin astronomy, we were given the continual rains of 1816 and 1817. Through this astronomy our plains have been devastated, our orchards uprooted, our vines torn up. And through this very method they tried to repeat the atrocities of the previous two years in 1819. Thus, we see that while science is sometimes useful, it is also harmful when it becomes the domain of malevolent spirits.

Fortunately these goblinish astronomers will no longer be able to do all the harm they did before the discovery of my remedy. Through my remedy and my prayers I have managed to thwart their efforts; through my perseverance I have earned the mercy of God, who protects me because He supports the unfortunate and the righteous.

Ah! Since I have had the good fortune to succeed in my endeavors, because I have always undertaken them in the hopes of lessening suffering, I ask for the blessings of the priests of Jesus Christ. I have always honored them; I have always respected them as I would my father, if he were still alive, and a father's blessing has always brought good fortune to a son, even in the most terrible adversity.

Perhaps, since I began my operations, we have sometimes experienced bad weather. At least there is agreement that nothing truly unfortunate has befallen us since August 5, 1819. Since that time all the farmers have worked each day, the people of Paris can stroll without having to clean off their boots at every step, the lamps and streetlights can burn without being extinguished by the storm, the construction sites are covered with workmen building new hotels, travellers arrive without having to hire a coach along the way, those who are enjoying their leisure may indulge in it without carrying an umbrella under their arm; the street criers sell their wares without getting wet, the tide arrives without being fouled, the meat of the animals we eat is more succulent, since they graze on drier grass.

Delighted to witness such a charming spectacle, I ask all my friends if this weather isn't more pleasant than the winds, rain, hail, thunderstorms, floods, and tempests that are the handiwork of the astronomer-goblins?

Everyone celebrates the mission I received from the Christian God, and no one would doubt that France owes its happiness to my frequent prayers. From Calais to Nice, from Lille to Bordeaux, people are blessed. And they will be blessed in other parts of the world, wherever there is a mortal who, like me, can say he is the *scourge of the goblins*, for I do not believe I was too presumptuous when I had that inscribed around my portrait, which graces the frontispiece of my first volume: "*The scourge of the goblins*." I am, I want to be, I always will be.

And it is my wish that in every kingdom there can be found a man who can describe himself as I have. That is why I write, that is the most powerful reason that drives me to publish my memoirs. Only then will magicians lose their power across the Earth, because they will be persecuted everywhere with the same ferocity I enjoy when I carry out my work.

Then, rain will fall only when the earth needs it; snow will fall only during December and January; February will be cold and March will be mild; the equinox will see fewer shipwrecks; fish will be excellent in April; May will be fresh and cheerful; there will be heat during the summer and cold during the winter months.

And so, what can we conclude? When I have allies in my operations against the goblins' plans, everything will return to normal, but I can only do good in the lands where I have made my home.

But I hope for even more when the emperors, kings, princes, and sovereigns have read my memoirs. These representatives of God on earth will favor me in my endeavors. They will have chimneys built large enough to house the anti-goblin furnaces; they will provide at their own expense the sulfur, salt, ox hearts, sheep livers, needles, pins, and everything else known to thwart the infernal race. Then we will be able to accomplish on a grand scale what I have only been so far able to do on a local scale, and instead of killing the goblins by the hundreds, they will fall by the thousands beneath our blows.

Not content with consulting astronomy to harm me, they also use physics in their infernal schemes. They have an electric machine they have placed in the clouds that they use to cause lightning to erupt and storms to surge. Through the use of this machine they set fire to barns, farms, houses, and castles. With its crystal wheel, they bring down hail and snow.

Wretched architects of our misfortunes, speak! How much does Beelzebub pay you for causing so many disasters? But I anticipate your answer, I understand you even before you break the silence. Your passions have so enslaved you to evil that, for fear of displeasing the one who holds your pact, you even go beyond his wishes. But even if you were more numerous than you are now, I do not fear you, and I will never fear you. And indeed, what would I fear, as long as I am under the protection of the God whom I adore, and who has placed me under his shield? With such happiness, and under such protection, it matters not if you are astronomers, physicists, sorcerers, devils, or will-o'-the-wisps. Instead, it is only critical that you never make me change my resolution. I will maintain my character.

Chapter 24

Some reflections concerning my persecutors and their grandmaster and grandmistress.

My commitment is already well-understood, my dedication to doing good is appreciated, and my hatred for the enemies of the most high is praised. All this is recognized. I can therefore indulge in some reflections my readers must already have made. These concern the principal goblins whose names I have already given, and whom I cannot draw enough attention to in the public eye.

Etienne Prieur was the most wicked of all. With his amiable, honest, and polite demeanor, and the appearance of a good education, he neglected nothing in making himself odious to my eye.

Dr. Pinel, who claimed he wanted to cure me of an ailment I didn't have, was perhaps even more guilty, since he is older than his friend Etienne. He supposedly takes it upon himself to

cure the insane, but this is only a pretext. On the contrary, he preys on men who trust him, and under the guise of good, he leads them to the abyss. As proof, let me offer just this paragraph, transcribed from the *Dictionnaire infernal*, under the entry "Exorcism," which reads as follows:

Mr. Languet, parish priest of Saint-Sulpice, had a particular talent for expelling the spirits of darkness. When a possessed person was brought to him, he would rush over with a large holy water font, which he would empty over the person's head, saying "I adjure you, in the name of Jesus Christ, to go to the Salpêtrière immediately, otherwise I will have them brought there at once." The exorcism would work, the demon would flee as fast as its legs could carry it and it would not return."

What can we conclude from this passage, directly transcribed here, except that Father Languet knew that Dr. Pinel, a physician at the Salpêtrière, was the leader of the goblins, and that he sent to him all those he forced from the bodies of those who came to be exorcised at Saint-Sulpice?

And Mr. Chaix, my fellow countryman, is he not even more reprehensible than Pinel and Prieur, who only knew me by chance? The wretch tried to deceive me under the guise of friendship and the deceptive appearance of brotherhood. He presented himself in a most seductive manner, claiming it was for my own good that he wanted to prevent me from publishing my memoirs, when in reality it was to fulfill the orders he received from the goblins of Comtat Venaissin, who charged him with conspiring with Pinel and Moreau to thwart my endeavors.

Moreau is known to all who believe in necromancy. He's the one who cast the most wicked planet against me, because he has the power to do so and no one suspects him. Though he's not as highly regarded as Mademoiselle Lenormand, I believe he's just as skilled as that she-devil in the art of witchcraft.

The actions of these four goblins have always had no other aim than to deliver me into the hands of their grandmaster or grandmistress, for I believe the female goblins also have a leader who shares supreme power with the gradmaster, whose name I have yet to discover.

Could this grandmistress not, by chance, be Mademoiselle Lenormand? I have no hesitation in saying so, especially if what I've been told about this fortune teller is completely true. She supposedly divines the weather for an entire year, she foretells the death and birth of princes, she knows whether war will soon bring havoc, or whether the people of the world will enjoy peace; she exposes women who deceive their husbands, and points out husbands who deceive their wives; she knows if girls being taken to the bridal bed are still virgins; she makes those who sleep speak, and paralyzes the tongues of those who would contradict her. Mademoiselle Lenormand is a demon.

But one should not confuse devils with demons, says Mr. Collin de Plancy. There is a difference between them: demons are familiar spirits, and devils are angels of darkness.

The

But we must not confuse devils with demons, says M. Collin de Plancj there is this difference between them, that demons are familiar spirits, and devils are angels of darkness.

The company of demons is beyond number. Therefore, it must have a leader. Weyer, in his book *De Prestiges*, says a company of demons is composed of 6,666 demons, which raises the number to 44,435,556.

Who leads the male demons? I only know his power, I have never been able to learn his name. The grandmistress of the female goblins is Mademoiselle Lenormand.

The grandmaster of the men must be among the great dignitaries of the infernal empire. Could it be Beelzebub, supreme leader? Is it Lucifer or Astaroth? Could it be Eurynome, prince of death, or Moloch or Pluto? It would be one of these for the subterranean empire, but for the earth, the grandmaster must go to Etienne Prieur, or to Pinel, or to Chaix, or to Moreau. I judge them by the harm they cause me.

I have received notes signed by Rhotomago, but this Rhotomago cannot be the grand master of the goblins; he is only the envoy of the supreme infernal power. He is under the authority of the four cruel ones I just mentioned.

And besides, what does it matter to me to know the name of my enemies' leader? The general, the corporal, the soldier, the soldiers in their companies, all are equally criminal. I won't judge their wickedness simply because they call themselves Beelzebub or Pluto. In my eyes, Etienne Prieur, Pinel, Chaix, and Moreau all share the guilt equally. Etienne Prieur gave me no peace, Pinel wanted to completely subjugate me to his spirits, Chaix did everything in his power to deceive me, and Moreau made me pay him for the harm he did to me. If any of them were brought to trial, they would be condemned to the same sentence, no matter whether they were leaders or subjects. They would all perish the same way.

And if I were the Prosecutor General at the Criminal Court charged with judging them, this would be my indictment:

Gentlemen judges, you must today declare the guilt of my enemies. Here's the evidence I present you.

When I came to Paris from Avignon, I was extraordinarily tormented without any guess as to the cause. I had to constantly ask myself, how is it possible that, even after leaving my home to settle family matters 160 leagues away, I'm still being persecuted so relentlessly? What am I to think? Will I never have peace? Do Bouge, Nicolas, Mançot, and Jeanneton Lavalette have accomplices in every town, no matter where I flee to avoid their schemes? Do they find Prieurs, Pinels, Chaix, and Moreaus everywhere? Put an end to their criminal endeavors by condemning these four defendants to death. Prieur is guilty of every crime a goblin could imagine. Pinel is an

instigator, a traitor and a villain. Chaix is the emissary of any evil spirit that pays him. Moreau uses all his knowledge of astronomy and physics to do evil. Do not spare them, an example must be made. Let Prieur's execution take place in the public square of Moulins to shock his father and mother, who wrote me such an insolent letter. Let Pinel's take place at the gate of the Salpêtrière, where he caused so much trouble. Let Moreau's execution take place in the Châtelet, near his home, where he fooled so many people. And let Chaix's execution take place in Vaucluse, where last year his criminal magics caused the death of all the olive trees that were the source of the region's wealth. No mercy for the moderates. Forgiving them will only encourage crime. It is because the goblins have been spared until now that their number has multiplied to 44,435,556 evildoers.

While, yes, it is true that for some time now I have greatly reduced their numbers through my anti-goblin operations, the punishments I inflict are not publicly carried out. The people must know that these goblins incurred the death penalty. It is true that for some time I have greatly diminished their number by the anti-farfadean operations, but the penalties that I inflict were not carried out in public. The people must know that the goblins incurred the death penalty. They made a pact with the devil to persecute all honest people, particularly those like me who opposed their dreadful actions. For this reason, I conclude: the four accused should be put to death.

I have no fear of doubt here. These conclusions are based on everything I've already put forth in my memoirs, which proves beyond a shadow of a doubt the guilt of these four principal defendants.

Gentlemen of the court, as you make your deliberations, let this book make your convictions firm. It contains all the details of the persecutions I have suffered, and when you pronounce your terrible sentence, cry out with me: How well the condemned deserve their fates!

But above all, take the necessary measures to make sure the condemned are not spared their well-deserved punishments by their goblin accomplices. They would have to give up their invisibility to succeed, and when they are visible, goblins are weak.

I hear them say now, as they read this chapter, "How wicked Berbiguier is! He demands the death penalty for his enemies, even though God has asked him to forgive them!" This is true, but the goblins earned their condemnation not for being Berbiguier's enemies, but because they rebelled against the will of God, whose love and mercy they defied!

Prieur, Pinel, Chaix, Moreu: Yes, I denounce you as true criminals, I can tolerate you no more. You must suffer punishment for all your misdeeds, if only because, as men, you are the most respectable of people, while in your capacity as goblins you are the most wicked of this infernal race, diabolical and malevolent.

Chapter 25

The Prieur family is under the influence of planets and black magic.

It should be remembered that, in our various conversations, Baptiste Prieur and I had often spoken of black magic. He confessed to me one day that at his family home a planet was invoked to bring rain, but this planet duped them all by conjuring a legion of devils. I found this story so astonishing that I didn't want to press him for the details of how to perform this kind of spell, which I completely condemn. I don't see the reason for invoking planets when nothing could be gained from such an operation.

But what can one expect from these malevolent celestial bodies? It is futile to invoke them for the tiniest blessing, they are only favorable to the infernal race. And so I'd always assumed that the entire Prieur family was inclined to approve of all the mischievous spells of the goblins.

One day when I was telling Etienne the story of what his brother Baptiste had told me about the devilish planet, he seemed surprised, his face became so pale that I myself shared his astonishment, to the point where my features were much like his. When we had both recovered from our shock, he asked me, earnestly, with a kind of intensity, from whom I'd heard this information. I honestly confessed that I'd heard it from his brother Baptiste, who had told me. He was so confused, he didn't know what to say. That confirmed my doubts, and reminded me that Baptiste had urged me to have complete confidence in his brother. I know that wolves do not eat each other; that proverb had never seemed more apt.

Everyone knows that when the members of a family are not worthy of governing it, it falls into all the errors that typify the era of its existence. If the entire Prieur family is under the influence of black magic, who can we attribute this tragedy to, other than the mother and father, who failed to guide their sons down the path of righteousness, following the footsteps of honest people? Through their contempt, they give shape to the evil inclinations of their children, who owe them nothing but their lives. Why did they leave them in the capital, where every sort of temptation is collected together, where the wisest man can become a libertine, where all the pleasures and paths to ruin present themselves at every moment, and where, unless one is very wise and cautious, one falls into an abyss that uniquely opens in Paris, which in the provinces and even the major outlying capitals, no one has heard of? And when fathers and mothers stop sending their children money, they then must fall into goblinism. Then when the father wants to pull his son from the infernal abyss, the son refuses to return to the family, and no one sees where this rebellion may lead. The tender and kind father becomes severe and harsh, the respectful and submissive child becomes strange and unruly. He associates with Satan's henchmen, falls into dens of iniquity, and inevitably feeds the galleys or the gallows.

It's unfortunate that the laws against children who disregard their father's authority are not more harsh. If I were among the law-makers of France, I would propose that the government order

some buildings constructed or consecrated to house prodigal children, where they would be subjected to the tortures suffered by the daughters of Danaus, who were not sufficiently obedient to their father, since one of them refused to sacrifice the goblin who was to kill her. I have never believed that the punishment of the Danaids was caused by submission to their father's will. They were cast into hell because they could not overcome the resistance of their reluctant sister, who had married Lynceus.

The senior Prieur should not, after all this, be surprised by the reflections his conduct has suggested to me. I'd argue that he would not have been so unhappy if he'd better known how to enforce his power.

The ancients, in every respect more wise and just than we are, had granted the father the right of life and death over his son. Why has this law fallen into disuse? Because the goblins, who have found their way everywhere, managing to get access to princes and their advisors. They feared that sovereigns, who are by analogy the fathers of their peoples, would condemn all the disobedient demons to death. And it was from this moment that all the misfortunes that have befallen us descended upon our troubled land.

God of goodness, God of mercy, cease to be good and merciful to monstrous children! Inspire those who give us laws with all the just consequences that will form a legal system containing all the penalties incurred by disobedient sons.

I'd like now to list out some of the penalties I'd like to see inflicted on children who disregard the voice of their father and mother.

If a student still in his tender youth did not go to school, he would be punished by going without lunch. A student who did none of his academic duties would go without dinners. Anyone who's reached the third year to his eighth year in school would be imprisoned for three days if they refused good advice.

But once they left school, they would be treated more severely. The unruly child would be placed under the supervision of an uncompromising guardian. One who failed to embrace the principles taught to him in a seminary would be buried in a dark dungeon; the death penalty would be inflicted only on one who had joined the company of goblins. The harshest treatment should only be directed at these wretches, who are the instigators of every offense and crime committed on earth.

Then black magic would be suppressed, the influence of the planets would no longer be a threat, and children would be obedient to their fathers, mothers and the schoolmasters entrusted with their education.

No longer would we see rebellion as the chief joy of youth, would follow the advice and examples of their elders. The world, which day by day falls more and more into a state of degradation, would once again regain its balance, which will only be restored when there is no

longer as much avarice, greed, and lust among the children of the Christian God, who, despite all this, sent them his beloved son, who put into practice on earth everything that is virtuous. Virtue...do you understand that word, children of black magic? Or have you erased this word from your dictionary of everything celestial and infernal?

Chapter 26

The goblins delight in stealing the jewelry and belongings of those who are in their power.

I had already told the story of how my snuffbox was stolen while I was strolling in the Palais-Royal. I had a conversation about this with Papon Lomini, who asked me if Etienne had returned it. He seemed concerned by this bad joke when I answered him in the negative. "Fortunately, it wasn't my gold snuffbox, which by chance I didn't have on me, as I sometimes take the other one."

"What about your garter belt? Did he return it?"

"Oh, that one, yes, but in a most peculiar way, for after requesting it in writing from his brother Jacques,, I found it the next day on my plate, where I am quite sure I had never put it, since I never removed it from the garter of my breeches, where it was neatly buckled. Your cousin is very clever, let me tell you."

"How so?"

"When I come home, I undo the curls and then the pins in my hair, and I always put them in a safe place. Then the next day, something is always missing."

"Who takes them from you, may I ask?"

"He who has the power to damage my golden snuffbox; who does not fear being a disciple of Satan; he who is the criminal author of all the events I've complained of until this day; the master of illusions; he who extinguishes the lights with a goblin wind; the nocturnal phantasm who enters my bed; the invisible and stealthy burglar whom I have never been able to catch as long as I've waged war against him; the thief of several coins, taken from my pocket when I myself could not have put my hand in, and who spared me the trouble of spending them; he who murdered my Coco; he who has not given me a moment's respite since I had the misfortune to meet him; he who you should have fled from like the plague. I beg you to tell me, sir, what do you think of this?"

"I think you must have a remarkably good head to resign yourself to so many atrocities and resist all those cruel jokes."

"It must be that God willed all this misfortune to fall upon me, to deliver the universe from the chaos into which the goblins have lunged it. My fellow men will know that this infernal race takes what does not belong to it. The owner who is robbed will no longer accuse his servant of being the culprit; the traveller who is robbed on the highway will no longer cast his suspicion on the inhabitants of the village near the scene of the crime. Everyone will know there are now only two powers, that of good and of evil, and all that is good must be attributed to this God of the Christians, who has perhaps chosen me as the one to reveal the crimes of his enemies, and all that is evil be the work of the goblins."

Each time I say that word I experience a spasm of nerves. I wish I would only have to utter it when, in the passion of my holy indignation, I were allowed to cry out: "The goblins are dead! The goblins are destroyed! The goblins are vanquished! The goblins have gone to join their grandmaster! Amen, amen, amen!"

Chapter 27

Only when I was forced to do so, did I reveal the names of my most cruel enemies.

The reader who has read my book has come to know my frank and good-natured character, and will be astonished by what I write against so many people who enjoy a very good reputation in the world. But when my facts have convinced the public that this reputation is deserved only as honest citizens, and when they are performing their goblin duties, all that is cruel and infamous is carried out by them when they are transformed. When I have proven the existence of the infernal government, of which these gentlemen are members, each in their own rank, since they have granted themselves dignities in the same way titles are honorably distributed on earth by kings who reign by the grade of God and for the happiness of the people; when I have revealed all these truths, the veil that covers their games from the view of a trusting public will fall of its own accord. The friends of truth and honesty will do me full justice and will not accuse me of speaking hatred against people who everyone should abhor when they are invisible.

I have already spoken of the court of Beelzebub and all of that which composes it. I have cited its servants and messengers who roam the earth, seeking victims to sacrifice to their dark masters. I must confess that, besides the grace that God has bestowed upon me to know them and easily distinguish them from other men when they are visible and tangible, I have increased my knowledge by reading the *Dictionnaire infernal*, which has fully instructed me in all the institutions of this court.

Those who wish to learn about the knowledge and origin of the goblins, as I have, will find, in reading this Dictionary, proof of all that I assert; but they will not find everything that pertains to my particular enemies, whom I have already named as goblins, and whom, in this capacity, I will not hesitate to reveal to the entire world.

I return to Papon Lomini and Arloin, who stayed in the same hotel as me, and who also deceived me with promises, each more false than the last, while pretending to blame their friends and relatives in their presence, even when they were in league with them to torment me. I don't want to speak of them at length; I haven't heard from them in a very long time, and perhaps they are upset that I didn't warn them they would be mentioned in my book. But surely I have as much to complain about them as I do the other agents of the infernal powers.

I cannot say the same of Etienne Prieur, who I have seen all too often; he had persecuted me even before he knew me, since he recounted to me word for word everything that had happened to me in Avignon. And it is true, he confessed to having no direct knowledge of my adventures, not even the argument I had with a gentleman who posted and promised a sum of one hundred francs to whoever would deliver me into the hands of Mançot and Lavalette, so that these harpies would make me suffer all the harm they could inflict, and which today serves as the reason for my righteous indignation. I was surprised to learn that he knew all of this, and I agreed to these facts, except that there were two gentlemen instead of one. I added that one would have to be as wicked as Beelzebub to have played such an abominable trick on me, for if not for the respect I have for people I might compromise, I would go into dreadful detail about these two hags, who have given me so much to complain about.

What could be more sinister than these facts? The two sibyls learned that family matters were calling me to Paris, and they could no longer torment me in Avignon. They put me under the authority of Mr. Moreau, to do everything to me their maleficia couldn't because of my absence. On their orders, Chaix came to see me and told me he knew I was writing about his friends, and that Pinel and Moreau were aware of it, and they agreed to grant me my freedom, and they would consult with my enemies in Avignon on this matter, if I would agree not to name anyone in my writings. "Well then," I said to him, "If Pinel and Moreau are your friends, there is no reason for me not to name them. I must not show favoritism. In naming some, my duty is to name others."

Who can object to my complaining about the cruelty of certain people who have placed me under the influence of these planets of ill weather? Can anyone be surprised by my temerity, when I reveal something about which all men inspired by the lights of heaven and earth have yet to speak only very imperfectly? For more than twenty years I have been under the dominion of sorcerers and magicians. I am so familiar with their operations that I can easily distinguish all the planets that are made to act upon me when I'm transferred from one power to another. Should I remain silent? No, Mr. Chaix, no, my dear fellow countryman, I will not follow you on this point. All my cruel enemies will be named in my memoirs, whether they live in Paris or Avignon, whether they are in France or distant countries; they will have the honor as being identified as goblins. And only in this capacity I will attack them. As I've said in my preface, I know these individuals are very respectable, but they are not as disciples of Satan.

You, yourself, Chaix, are a very brave man when you are in my presence. The postal service, who has employed you for a very long time, acknowledges your punctuality and reasonable nature. You were a very good earthly messenger, but you are a wicked emissary of Beelzebub.

As a man, I respect you. As a goblin, I despise you. I wish that instead of destroying our olive trees, you had joined with the honest people to pray to God to preserve all the earth's bounty for us.

That is why it is necessary for me to name my enemies. The mission I have received from God must not be hindered, for any reason. I have accepted it, and I must fulfill it. Your threats will not intimidate me. I have resigned myself to all the suffering you choose to inflict on me. I will answer your war cry with a cry of vengeance, and should you succeed in taking this life that I have dedicated to our Redeemer, you will be named in my memoirs. You yourself must admit that I have reasons powerful enough to stay this course. Be Beelzebub's messenger as long as it suits you, but do not try to turn me from the path of good, which I follow in spite of you, by designating to the princes of the earth those who have agreed to become subjects of the princes of Hell.

Chapter 28

Jeanneton Lavalette and La Mançot, are my first persecutors.

Why must I speak so much about Jeanneton Lavalette and La Mançot? Against my will, these two evil creatures made me listen to them, persuading me that I had nothing to fear from them, that they would give me all the knowledge necessary to escape my sad situation, but everything they told me was a lie. They only ever sought to deceive me, and I could tell by the wind they stirred up, a wind so violent that one would fear seeing the buildings collapse.

One day, when they were working their operations against me, the weather was so dark that the sun was barely visible, as if hidden behind thick smoke. The terrible anxiety this phenomenon caused me led me to ask these two women why we were being tormented by such terrible wind and dreadful weather. Far from calming me with wise and prudent words, they told me the weather was necessary for their work. I was quite surprised by this answer; but I can confirm that, through the means they employed, eight days later everything was resolved, and I was decidedly in their power.

At the beginning of my book I spoke of my persecutors in Avignon. I want to speak of them again, as this will provide a diversion. I will leave Pinel, Moreau, Prieur, and Chaix in peace for the moment, they might seem too glorious, if I only wrote about them.

I had already consulted with Mr. Guerin, a doctor in Avignon, to extricate myself from the clutches of my first two hags. I confess, he is far too honest a man to deceive me. He told me that he did not believe he was skilled enough to cure me, and he advised me to forgo the two goblin women's spells and place my trust only in his colleague, Nicolas, also a doctor in the city of Avignon.

I mention this only to acknowledge Dr. Guerin's prudence. If all men were as wise as he, we would see fewer charlatans and magicians. The Pinels would not enjoy the reputation they have usurped, their paid staff would not be blowing their trumpets and saying they are knowledgeable enough to cure madmen. Instead, they would be honest enough to admit that there are no madmen on earth, only unfortunate souls in the power of the goblins. But no, there is a pact between these tormentors and those who claim to be able to cure madness. The persecutors steal the intellectual faculties of the man they believe to be rich, and the so-called doctors empty his purse and tell him he is cured. By a pre-arranged agreement, the goblins will no longer persecute the one who's paid their company's bribes. Beelzebub's emissaries spread the word throughout the capital that Dr. Pinel has cured thus and such a gentleman who was mad. The villain's reputation grows, and everyone exclaims, "Dr. Pinel has learned to cure madness!" I will not repeat this false claim. On the contrary, I will say that if Mr. Pinel was acting in good faith, he would have followed the example of Dr. Nicolas of Avignon, who refused to appear more learned than he actually was.

Now, it is widely accepted that the true way to cure the so-called madmen that we meet on this earth is to destroy the goblins. Mr. Pinel would have been careful not to suggest this method, he could never imagine wanting to destroy himself.

Chapter 29

I am under the influence of the Great Bear and several female goblins.

Let us keep our word and leave Pinel for a moment to return to Dr. Nicolas, whom I consulted on the advice of Dr. Guerin.

Nicolas was not as subtle as Dr. Guerin; he joined forces with Mr. Bouge and, as is well known, placed me under the influence of the Great Bear. He told his accomplice, who was against this arrangement, that the Great Bear was the planet best suited to my situation and character.

But since I would not be staying in Avignon, they sent authority over me to the most famous physicists, sorcerers, and magicians of Paris. They saw it was necessary to address themselves to reputable agents who were members of the goblin community. The greatest of coincidences led me to one of them, where I learned the terrible truth: I belonged to him. I was deeply scandalized by this knowledge, I had only wished to belong to God, not to men. The physicist then worked to place me under the influence of a new planet, but his work made no sense to me, and I took advantage of a favorable moment to escape his vexations.

Unfortunately, I then made the acquaintance of Madame Vandeval, under whose planet I was no happier. Then I consulted with the principle ministers of the Metropolitan Church of Paris, who thought they were doing me a favor by referring me to Mr. Pinel, about whom they themselves were deceived.

The planet under which this doctor had placed me was marked only by gusts of wind and a pale sun. I was more cruelly tormented under his rule than I had been before, but it was written that I should go from misfortune to misfortune; I fell from Carybdis into Scylla. Pinel was replaced by Etienne Prieur, that cruel goblin about whom I cannot speak too much, and whom I had every reason to distrust, since I had thought he would remember all the services I had repaid his friendship with. I only offer this summary of all the suffering I endured upon arriving in Paris to provide context for the reflections I make each time the names of my various earthly persecutors come to mind. I can only momentarily forget my misfortunes by glancing at the vicissitudes of humankind.

How many evils are men exposed to on this sad earth by the cruelty of physicians and goblins! My startling revelations will soon enlighten the rulers of earth that all the misfortunes besieging humanity are sent to us by the infernal race. Goblins find their delight in devastation. Thus, they are the source of all vices, hatreds, vengeance, and even divorces, for which they serve as scandalous witnesses. It is through them that moral depravity and the corruption of the youth come to us; they pour their poison of ferocity and the seed of cruelty into the hearts of men, and through them, nations decide to wage war without the slightest hesitation in slaughtering one another. Their cruelty and range is only satisfied when they have struck the hearts of mothers with their murderous blades and caused the fruits of innocent and chaste love to perish before their very eyes. What a terrible spectacle!

What crimes can one imagine that are more atrocious than destroying the seed of a generation by murdering mother and child? The Massacre of the Innocents, of which Herod was the arbiter, gave us nothing so cruel, for he only murdered children, while the goblins have exercised their cruelty on everything that came into existence since the day of creation. Poor Coco! You are the proof of this. Though I told of your death, I have not given up on revealing all the suffering you were made to endure.

Chapter 30

The goblins have power on earth, over the world, and in the air, but they will not succeed in subjecting me to their power.

The goblins extend their terrible power whenever they find a way to torment men. These worthy emissaries of infernal strength, they do not hesitate to pursue travelers at sea, moving and disturbing the waves at will, to frighten the crew of a ship and terrify them to the point where they cannot steer the rudder. Hence the shipwrecks, the storms, the death, and the loss of all the riches one thought one could entrust to the mercy of the waves. Consequently, the ruin of merchants, bankruptcies, insolvencies, defaults on payments, and the sorrow of women, children, and elderly relatives who, by this terrible reversal, find themselves plunged into the most impoverished state.

These enemies of humankind are so mysterious that it has never been possible to determine whether they are more powerful in the air than in the water or on land. They have employed

every possible means to subject me to their authority. They believe that by these means they could conquer me, and they were mistaken. Despite their dreadful torments, their cunning, their endless vexations, and all the means they employed to force me to beg their mercy, they only serve to warn me against them. Try as they might, their efforts were futile. I will not submit to their law. I will not be one of those who, in a moment of despair, cries out shamefully in the throes of their delirium, "I would rather give myself to the devil than suffer and endure this!" No, such words have passed from my lips, nor will they ever. I have already suffered enough. I have complained with good reason, but I have never uttered a single blasphemy. My situation is sad, no doubt, but I have no desire to leave it and damn myself; it would be too great a sacrifice for me to suddenly change the principles which sustain me on my path to salvation, in which I pride myself. Monsters may have stolen my trust, but they will in no way corrupt my heart; I will never forget the principles of faith which must lead me to heaven. Rather than submit to Satan, I would prefer, if I must, to die this very instant than consent to becoming an apostle of black magic.

Whether the goblins fly through the air, walk or run on the earth, swim in the sea or the river, I will never cease to be their implacable enemy. I recognize their infernal power, I know that with their diabolical knowledge they can still do me much harm, but I will say with the poet, "What can a lively wave do against the rock?"

I am the rock; all the most fearful waves will crash against my unshakeable will. I may still have 30 years to remain in this world of sorrow. I must resign myself to suffering for these 30 years rather than renounce eternal bliss, the satisfaction of being among the saints and angels, the happiness of contemplating God the Father, his son Jesus Christ, and the Holy Spirit, always hovering over the heads of the apostles, though he no longer needs to take the form of a tongue of flame.

Goblins, torment me, shed my blood; the blood of martyrs is the seed of faith.

Chapter 31

The desire to know who the grandmaster of the Goblins is often crosses my mind

I would very much like to know who the supreme leader of this powerful and invisible army is, a leader only known to the commanders of the cohorts he sends to earth to join those who he has skillfully enlisted under his banners. Could it be Mr. Pinel, who has done me so much harm? Moreau, who has such a great reputation for sorcery? Nicolas or Bouge, who were my first persecutors? But all these wretches only have power over their unfortunate fellow citizens. It must be the Antichrist, foretold by the Lord, who revealed that this Antichrist would come at the end of time to torment mankind, to drive them to excesses, so they would be unworthy of obtaining the forgiveness that God promised us on the final day of judgment.

Yes, that's it: wretched magicians, I have divined your secrets. You are the soldiers and emissaries of the Antichrist. Your power is great, no doubt, but do you believe this leader can

pave the way for your reconciliation with God? Do you believe that his genius, only ever demonstrated in the art of doing evil, can under any circumstance save you from heavenly vengeance? Madness! Whatever crimes you think up to strike down your victims and ensure your victory, you will never succeed. Vile fools, consider your origins: from what were you formed? From the dregs of society. Remember that God made you return to the earth because your appearance poisoned the purity of his heavenly abode. You are nothing but a collection of perverse souls, incapable of the slightest good and guilty of every crime. What are the characteristics of your leader, on whom you base your hopes? Devastation, desolation, misfortune, crime. These are his exploits, they are all appalling. You are the enemies of a benevolent God who created all things, except your infernal race; who is known, revered, and adored by all wise beings, who do not hesitate to believe that there is a Supreme Being, who believe that His omnipotence will be manifested to all who have served Him, while you can only resign yourselves and prepare for the harshest of punishments, the ones deserved by the outrage you have committed against His goodness.

You know my feelings perfectly well, what would you expect of me? Give up the hope of seducing me. I have protested before God and man, I defy your domination, I would rather receive from you bruises, poison, the assassin's sword...in short, all imaginable suffering, than submit to your wishes. I cannot repeat this statement of my faith too often, for even if I were to seem verbose and hear my readers say all my precautions are mere reminiscences, I would still pursue the plan I have set for myself. There is only one path to good. Perhaps you would like me to spit out honey when you make me swallow gall? He who loses cannot laugh. You have cost me my peace, gold cannot compare to it in worth. Would you like me to have the gentleness of a lamb, and because you are wolves, you demand that I submit to your will, to avoid being devoured by your voracious teeth! Eat me, tear me apart, rip me to shreds, you will not stop me from complaining, you will not keep me from taking pride in having resisted you.

Chapter 32

Mr. Pinel had himself painted as a goblin ascending into the clouds. Characteristics of some infernal spirits. They used several means to accuse me of madness.

When I went to consult the wicked Dr. Pinel, I saw him depicted in a painting, life-sized, placed on a cloud, which made him resemble a saint ascending to heaven. Those who are unfamiliar with this goblin might be misled by seeing him thus. But I, familiar with the history and powers of goblin magic, immediately saw that the sorcerer-doctor had painted himself at the moment he travels into the clouds, like the magicians who go from one planet to another to commit all their daily misdeeds. Prieur told me in our conversations that I had correctly judged the allegorical meaning of the painting. He was always amazed by my knowledge when I shared my interpretation with him; so true is it that those who walk the path of righteousness, in the absence of acquired knowledge, often find inspiration in the divine.

Prieur also confessed to me that Mr. Pinel's son would possess his father's qualities, which taught me that those who belong to this despicable, infernal society pass on their cruel and ignoble heritage to their children; that for this, they must only submit themselves to the devil, who wishes to be able to recognize his henchmen, marking them with a distinctive sign between their thighs. As for me, I wish that God would also mark them with a sign on their foreheads, so they might be known to all those they have inspired to hate them.

Anyone who consults the *Dictionnaire infernal*, which is easy to obtain, will be convinced of the truth of the facts I present; they have all been confirmed to me by my persecutors, and this is what most compelled me to write this Memoir, which should justify me in the eyes of honest people, whose good graces I wish to retain, since it so often offers me the opportunity for meditations like this:

God alone gives us the principle of life, and along with it, the happiness of freedom and the desire to preserve both. Therefore, He alone has the right to deprive us of them. However, in this matter, the goblins have usurped a power that does not, and cannot, belong to them.

Ah, since these wicked monsters have correspondents and ambassadors I hope that Belphegor, recognized as such in France, will be willing to inform his sovereign master of the resolutions of a mortal who has taken the unwavering decision to remain faithful to his God and to the law the Creator dictated for the happiness of humanity; that if I have decided to make a Memoir of all that I have suffered for so many years, it has only been to open the eyes of all kings and all governments, so that they make laws against these abominable goblins, laws that will save a great many victims from their ravages; victims who do not know the source of their torments, as I do.

I am happy to confess to the public that in the various sufferings I have endured, I was frightened, but I always retained my good sense. Suddenly, I lost consciousness to the point of forgetting I existed. However, it did not take long for me to find the solution to this maladiction. I reasoned that, since those whom I am writing against are physicists and sorcerers, they possess the diabolical knowledge of what can influence the human body, whether through medicines or planetary infusions. Certainly, it is within their purview to be able to slip some goblinish powder into food, or change the planetary shifts to drive mad those they wish to torment. This is how they prevent complaints to those they persecute and whom they find it convenient to accuse of insanity.

I admit that they have several times provoked in me such violent fits of indignation that I was unable to recognize myself. A person of distinguished rank saw me in this delirious state and tried to persuade me to enter a sanatorium to be cured. She dared not name my illness, but I could tell that she had taken me for a madman. She could have spoken frankly, and I would not have held it against her. I assured her that this state was not natural to me, that it was merely the temporary effect of an enchantment by magicians or sorcerers, who wanted to deprive me of the ability to speak against them by giving my speeches a note of delirium, believing that

by this means they would prevent anyone from believing everything I would record in my memoirs.

Now let us consider the dangers men face daily on this earth. One who has put seven or eight pounds of good beef in his pot-au-fue, and believes he is eating a good soup, is exposed to swallowing the poisonous power that his enemies have dissolved in his broth as if it were salt. Another believes he is eating a well-seasoned stew, who nourishes himself on the diabolical broth, which may have an excellent taste but nevertheless is a slow poison that circulates that devouring fire through his veins, tormenting him and giving him the attacks I had just described to my readers. But I confided some of these thoughts to a witty man before writing them down, and he asked, "if it is true that goblins have the power to introduce their diabolical concoctions and magically-infused powders into our food, why wouldn't they introduce something, arsenic for preference, which would instantly deliver unto them those mortals, such as yourself, who have managed to resist their insidious temptations?"

My reply proved to this audacious fellow who dared to present such an argument to me that, quite often, witty men are practically beasts. Here is my answer: "You think you can catch me out with your malicious observation, and make me feel some sympathy with you. I will not favor you with sweet words: the truth has never needed such abominable detours. The goblins don't introduce arsenic into our food because their power, great though it is, does not extend to depopulating the earth of the enemies who oppose them. They are angels of death, but the dead only belong to them when God has judged it time to put an end to the trials that his creatures must endure here below. Where would we be if things happened differently? Could the goblins then bring about the end of the world? No, this great event will only happen when God has ordered the exterminating angels to sound the trumpet of the Last Judgment. If my enemies manage to kill someone, it's because God thinks they've suffered enough."

"I agree, Mr. Bergibuier, that you are a great logician, you teach us truths every day that no one has known before you revealed them to us."

"That's true, sir, and I believe I've already given proof of it, and soon I'll complete it. Just look at the presumptuous inhabitants of the earth who are so like you! They bend the knee before my profound knowledge. But don't think, however, that I boast about it. I only enjoy being knowledgeable because my learning might prevent a second flood that would engulf you along with all the goblins. You may not be one of their disciples, but you serve them marvelously with your ridiculous observations."

"You're right, Mr. Berbiguier, good evening."

"Good evening."

One more unbeliever, driven to his last stand by my irrefutable arguments. No one but myself could contain his joy, denied even the moment before it burst forth.

Chapter 33

Women are a part of the goblin race. My courage has not yet disarmed my enemies.

Until now, I have only referred to men as belonging to the goblin race. I have kept silent about women because I believed it unnecessary to refer to them specifically, since the reader should understand that the word “man,” in a general sense, refers to the human race, given that the masculine is considered nobler than the feminine.

However, women have always carried their wickedness much further than men, which has been demonstrated to me objectively by the various burdens both sexes have made me endure. I have certainly suffered more under the influence of women’s planets than under those of men. In general, there is more malice in them than in us. And it is because these two extremes always meet that when a woman wants to do good, she carries virtue to the highest degree by the natural tendency that rules her heart; but she acts the same way when she wants to do harm. Women are, in general, capable of going to all extremes. There are no demons, furies, hags, any inhabitant of hell, even the Antichrist, capable of imitating them. Most of them have the charity to admit it. Happy are the men who are clever enough to understand them! By avoiding the countless evils their whims expose us to, they enjoy unmixed happiness, especially since it is untroubled by the fawning attention and base indulgences to which the passion we unfortunately feel for them exposes us, and for which they end up making us repent, sooner or later.

And therefore, I attribute more specifically to women the great suffering of which I am still a victim. I must not credit those who take an exception to me for it. I wish to give no quarter to the goblins. I do not know if my truthfulness displeases them, but regardless, I will continue to fight them. I will wage battle with them until the destruction of their time, and I will not be hindered by the love that honest women have always inspired in me. In loving them, I know that I am only paying further homage to divine law.

My patience is boundless when it comes to thwarting the crimes of the goblins. I have gone so far as to write them. In my letter, I have never used anything but the wisest, most honest expressions; in short, that which charity prescribed for me to bring them back to the path of salvation. I appealed to their sense of honor, reminding them of all the promises they had made to restore me to peace and freedom; I have given them hope of forgiveness for their faults and crimes, if they would return to the path that religion has taught us and in which it keeps me. Above all, I focused on making them understand that the Church desires nothing more than to see the lost sheep return to its fold.

Would it surprise anyone to learn that my efforts and wise teachings were in vain? Far from profiting from them, they responded only with new acts of wickedness, and the same methods: frequent apparitions, secret and invisible entries, nothing spared to torment me anew. I had to

pray fervently to God to make Him aware of the suffering I endured, by showing him their misdeeds firsthand. I even had the temerity to commend them to His infinite mercy, which never abandons the repentant sinner, and I also begged Him to give me the strength to bear all my suffering for His sake. I still hoped that His goodness would deliver me from this wretched state. I even wrote to all my male and female goblins, and I have always kept copies of my letters, as an orderly man would, for fear of having them forged. All in vain, no reply ever reached me. It is likely they are irritated to see in me a man so well-versed in their schemes, a man who could discern all their wicked spells. That is why they pursue me with a relentlessness and rage that has never been equaled. I am more than convinced that I alone am prey to this terrible wrath, for I see and hear no one else suffering and complaining as I do. It seems they abandon the victims who are not as obstinate as I am in fighting them, turning all their cruelty and satisfying all their rage against me alone.

They continued their wicked operations against me because, according to their cruel calculations, they believe the Lord has not yet deemed it appropriate to put an end to them, and also because they have had the time to learn that I believe that man's great virtue is the ability to suffer. These wretches have not given up their hope of sacrificing me to their vengeance, because they would like to be victorious against my steadfastness and perseverance.

I have taken up my pen to let them know in writing what I have so often repeated to them loudly and clearly. I do not care whether they are male or female goblins. I have resolved to warn the leaders of the city of Paris, and of all other cities, large or small, towns or villages, into whose hands my writings fall, that there is nothing more dreadful than a goblin. They must take up the sword of the law to pursue them; they have sworn my misfortune, wherever I may be found, that my flight, my solitude, my retreat, will always be useless to me, because their infernal society has established itself in even the most unknown part of the globe, a place yet to be discovered by any explorer.

Women, girls, widows, who will read the chapter I have just written, will resent me, because you will judge by my imprecations and my confessions that I am the enemy of your sex. Make no mistake, there is no man on earth who can compare to me when it comes to paying homage to your grace and virtues. When I speak ill of women in my work, it is only the goblinish, wicked women I wish to complain of, the same to you as to the men. My hatred of you is based on your goblin wickedness. How could I possibly fail to worship a divine sex, which is the most perfect image of divinity!

It was in a woman's womb that I received life; it was on another's breast that I was nursed; another woman tended me during my paralysis; it was only among women that I found comfort for my ailments; it is a woman who will make me forget my sufferings when I have vanquished my enemies. It is a woman who will give heirs to Berbiguier de Terre-Neuve du Thum. All my ambition now is to preserve this last name, which will distinguish me from the other Berbiguiers of this world. It is not ancient, since I am to be the trunk of my genealogy, but I will be no less famous for it. I will have all the glory, and I pray to God in heaven that my children will not prove unworthy of it.

Oh woman! You are the life-giving star of men's happiness. In loving you, I do not believe I am committing a sin. God did not tell us you would be our companions so that we would then hate you. It is true that priests live apart from your charms, but priests, in dedicating themselves to the worship of Jesus Christ, must renounce marriage which would distract them from it. All their love, all their affection, must be for their flock, nothing should distance or distract them from it. Their celibacy is therefore necessary to religion, although some have tried to oppose it with the ancient custom adopted by churchmen. Experience has shown that a priest must live alone. Since he becomes the keeper of all the family secrets, isn't it wise to not give him the opportunity to reveal them?

But I am not in the category of churchmen. I love God, and I believe I prove my love for Him by loving virtuous women.

Goblin women have made me endure a thousand torments. Women worthy of the name have given me many joys, by compensation. And a woman will complete the victory I will soon win. I will unite my destiny with hers, and I will give her everything I possess.

After I receive the nuptial blessing and the civil act that will record my union to this virtuous creature, I will occupy myself only with making her happy. Always by her side, I will speak to her only of my love. I will anticipate all her desires, and I will give her my possessions so that she may preserve them for the children born of our unbreakable bond. For whatever may have been said in our times of misfortune, marriage cannot be dissolved: *Quod Deus junxit, homo non separet*.

Constantly at the knees of this virtuous and charming creature, I will spend happy days! And when I see myself reborn, my joy will be at its zenith. "So, these are the ones who are to perpetuate the race of Terre-Nueve do Thym! Theirs is the blessing of humankind, which I have delivered from the race of goblins." When they are seen walking about, everyone will point at them and exclaim, "There are the children of the *scourge of goblins*, that generous and courageous man who fought for twenty-six years of his life against the abominable race of Beelzebub's disciples!" What a joy for my offspring!

It is only right, since I have been so unhappy, that I taste a little happiness before giving back to God the soul he gave me. And it is a virtuous woman who is to provide me with this happy compensation.

When I bring her into the apartment that will bear witness to our bliss, my anti-goblin ovens will be replaced by the altar of pleasure, my needles and pins by the unpretentious jewels with which I will adorn her breast and hands. My ox hearts, replaced with a pure heart that will beat only for her; my aromatic plants by lilies and roses, which will be my wife's privilege.

No longer will my walls be covered with the imprecations I launch every day against my enemies. Instead, only phrases dictated to me by my conjugal love will there be read. Here are those that will occupy the foremost places:

Woman, you are the most beautiful work of God...Sex adored by all virtuous beings, you make me forget all my sufferings...Companion of my pleasures, you are the true image of the perfect being whom the pagans have called Venus...Mother of my children, enjoy our happiness...Daughter of God, rejoice in no longer having to fear the goblin race...Fruits of my love, grow and multiply to be *in sæcula sæculorum* the visible proof of the triumph over the enemies of god.

My ear has just experienced such great comfort in dictating to me the professions of faith I have just recorded in this chapter. Women will know that all the denunciations of their sex are only uttered against the omen who have consorted with goblins. They are far more guilty than the male goblins, since it is through their negligence that the race of demons has multiplied on the earth. Thank God, this will not happen again after my triumph. Then no woman will be goblinized.

Chapter 34

The Leprechauns weaken the minds of those whose testamentary dispositions they fear.

In a previous chapter, I have described the power that the goblins have claimed to alienate the mind, tire the body and senses, or to destroy the intellectual faculties of a man who enjoys his reason, and who is then thought to have lost it.

I hear people say, "so-and-so is insane," just as they say "so-and-so has a fever." I reply to this tactless person who repeats this falsehood, "what? So-and-so is mad? That's unbelievable! I was with him just yesterday, and nothing led me to believe he could so easily become insane."

"He is," they reply, "to the point of leaving no doubt as to his sad state."

I don't put much stock in gossip, and I wanted to see for myself what people had tried to convince me of. So I went, and, indeed, I saw a man spouting nonsense, rambling incoherent speeches, confusing morning with evening, lunch with supper, mistaking a table for a harpsichord and a flute for a stick, believing he heard the bells for mass ringing when it was the Angelus, asking for his servants and his carriage when he was seated alone, mistaking his creditor for his debtor, and talking about taking a trip to his estate where he had the funds to build a magnificent castle, when he lacked the money to repair his sad little dwelling.

This man's many wild statements and exaggerations were greatly distressing. I felt very sorry for his wife (it must have been a very sad sight to constantly see an unfortunate man afflicted in such a way.) I consoled them and their children as best as I could, urging them to put their trust

in God, the refuge of all misfortunes; their faith in Him would give them every chance of hope for the sick man's recovery, which time and prayers would infallibly restore. I left these good people, and in my reflections, I could find no other explanation for this event than to blame sorcerers or magicians for the mental disturbance of this good family man. I also thought to myself, "just look at this cruel twist of fate!" If misfortune strikes, these are the people whom fortune should protect, not those who it already showers with favors.

But goblins will particularly unleash their fury on the wealthy to deprive them of their intellectual faculties. They conspire with their heirs to prevent them from giving their possessions to relatives who love them dearly, for fear of seeing the wills and donations they dread fulfilled. They conspire with sorcerers and magicians who have the means to influence their wealthy relatives and play a thousand tricks, each more treacherous than the last, ultimately undermining them, driving them mad, and finally reducing them to utter despair. It is then that they are unable to dispose of their wealth as they wish. And they rely on this impossible dilemma and on his lack of reason to retain the inheritance of the rich man, who did not consider them worthy.

This was how my poor uncle was treated in his last moments. The goblins did not want me to be his heir. Not everyone is endowed with the strength of character that sets me apart from my fellow men. My enemies planned to have me declared insane, not to prevent me from enjoying my inheritance, but to disbelieve the facts I will reveal in my work. They did not succeed. I kept all my wits about me to be able to write. Chaix will not see his hopes realized. The correctional court will not condemn me to go to prison.

I cannot utter my compatriot's name without experiencing a jolt of nerves. He ordered the most severe persecution I'd ever been exposed to. He told everyone I was mad because he believed he would eventually be able to prove it. But my greedy relatives will not aid him in his schemes. They have no interest in bringing me to my downfall as they did to my unfortunate uncle. I did not inherit his estate, they had it devoured by the goblin race. The good man Job died on a dungheap; if he was rich, perhaps he would have been put to death in a lunatic asylum.

I will continue to live as I have done until now. I will distinguish myself here below only by my goodness and my resignation; I will do good there as long as my means allow me. I will present my right cheek when I have been struck on the left. I will not harm anyone, because I have always had the principle that one should not even allow oneself to flick anyone.

I will continue to live as I have until now. I will distinguish myself here below only by my kindness and my resignation; as long as I am able, I will do good. I will turn the other cheek when I have been struck on the left. I will harm no one, because I have always held to the principle that one should not even allow one's self to give someone the smallest flick.

With such principles, I will stand firm against all the Chaix of the world, along with all the Berbiguiers, who would try to make me out to be insane. If it bothers them so much seeing their names in my book, why are they not afraid of provoking my anger? Why, I ask again, have they

joined forces with my enemies? They say the best proof they have of my madness is this book I'm giving to the public. I am therefore mad, because I have known how to recognize and reveal my enemies. But Jean-Jacques Rousseau, should have been treated as a madman, he was certainly hounded by goblins. The only difference between him and me is that he did not identify his persecutors by their true names, and I am quite capable of calling them by their proper identifications. If Jean-Jacques Rousseau had not erred as he had done so often, I would have allowed myself to see him as something of a father.

But I wouldn't walk proudly beside this great writer if I didn't write as well as he did. I think better than he did: he wrote only to deceive men, and I took up my pen only to enlighten.

Chapter 35

Extraordinary events that happened at the Avignon branch and various gardens of that city.

I feel I should recount an event that took place shortly after the Avignon branch was transformed into the *Hôtel des Invalides*. An enormous snake so large that it frightened all the residents, was seen in the *Invalides* garden. It remained there only a short time and when attempts were made to find its lair and destroy the snake, the place through which it had entered and exited could never be found. I was not yet as experienced as I am now regarding goblin perfidy, or I would have guessed that this was an emissary of Satan, come to frighten the new inhabitants of this hotel, and I would have advised them to carry out the operations I now perform against the devil's henchmen to protect myself from their criminal schemes.

In the same city of Avignon under a different set of circumstances, I found myself at the home of Dr. Nicolas. This gentleman, whom I have already mentioned in my work, told me (after answering my questions) that he had lodgings at the *Hôtel des Invalides*. He made a bet with the people who were strolling with him there. He made a bet that whomever was closest to him would stand against a tree he designated. "I say that he will go willingly, without coercion, but he will not leave with impunity, for all his efforts to withdraw will be in vain and fruitless."

Those who made up his company refused to believe in his magic. He again offered to provide proof, and they finally agreed. "Go, all of you, near the tree, and you will see." When his orders were carried out, he raised his magic wand, and the person who had approached the tree was forced to stop there, despite all their efforts to move away. The people watching the scene were the most surprised, and even more so when Dr. Nicolas, with the same motion of his wand, enabled the person to detach themselves from the tree that had held them captive for quite some time.

When repairs were made to the *Hôtel des Invalides* this diabolical tree was cut down, doubtless to prevent these sorts of malevolent spells. Nicolas could no doubt have used that tree to do much harm to his enemies.

It was hard to imagine Nicolas bothering with something so foreign to his profession, but I was convinced of it by everything he told me on the subject, and by the power he had gained over me. But this is what people are exposed to when magicians try to take control of them: nothing can protect them. You will surely recall what I said about the curious tree in the *Jardin des Plantes*, where Nicolas used to work against me. I won't go into all the details of this bizarre scene; I will only mention that I felt a weight on my head like that of an animal larger than a big cat. As impatient as I was, I was frightened by a noise, and raised my head rather abruptly to see what was in the tree, but I couldn't see anything. It must have been a tree similar to the one in the garden at *des Invalides*. All I could surmise was that Mr. Nicolas must be using nature's creations to practice his magic.

Often, while walking in the countryside near Avignon or Carpentras, either distracting myself or simply to reflect, I would hear the noise and panting of several animals as I passed, animals that seemed to be following me to frighten me. To rid myself of these nuisances, I would throw stones in the direction I heard the noises from, hoping to catch some of these animals and make them flee. But it was no use, they continued to harass me with their ferocious cries and foul breath. When I was at home, they pursued me even in my room; it was the most dreadful noise. I felt myself being attacked in my bed, and everything happening around me was enough to intimidate the bravest of heroes. When I complained about this to Mr Boughes and Nicolas, they began to laugh as if to mock me, and told me not to worry about these things. They added they would be very much surprised if someone mentioned in writing what I was asking about.

I would have certainly liked to know, for I might recognize someone from the town, some acquaintance, among those disturbing my rest, for it is impossible that this noise was not caused by someone inside my own room.

The response to my complaints confirmed my suspicion that my two doctors, while claiming to be my friends, were the same malevolent beings who dared transform themselves in various animal forms to harass me. But I do not accuse them outright of this, I can only speak of my suspicions. I am quite justified in believing that Bouge and Nicolas had the same power in Avignon that Pinel, Moreau, Prieur, and others dared to use against me in Paris. I would have positive proof of this if, at the time, I had my anti-goblin remedy. It was only in Paris that I noticed the effects of salt, sulfur, needles, and pins in driving away my tormenters. The operation alone was enough to alleviate my suffering. I use it every time I am tormented and it does me good.

When I was in Avignon I did not have my current means of punishing my enemies. It was Vandeval who, without realizing it, gave me the recipe for her own remedy .If I had been able to use it in Vaucluse, Bouge and Nicolas would not have been happy about it, I would have harassed them so much I would have made them sick. Perhaps I would have made them one-eyed or lame, and everyone would have admitted that my remedy was excellent.

Since I started using this remedy in Paris, I have had the satisfaction of achieving a successful outcome. I have encountered many students of law and medicine who are lame or blind in one eye. As I watch them pass by, I secretly congratulate myself on having triumphed over their criminal efforts.

When I see a one-eyed man, I must believe that one of my pins or needles has pierced his eye. If I see a lame man, I must believe that one of my larding-pins has fractured some nerve or bone in his leg or thigh.

But I am so kind that when I see these unfortunate people suffering, I cannot help but pity them. But this is where dissipation and debauchery lead them. If the magic coin or the desire to visit young people of the same sex at night had not led them to the abyss, they would still be able to see the light of heaven with their eyes, they could walk around without needing crutches.

However, I am so good that when I see these unfortunates thus mistreated, I cannot help but pity them. Yet this is where dissipation and libertinism lead them. If the magic coin or the desire to visit young people of the sex at night had not dragged them into the abyss, they would still see the light of the sky with both eyes, they would walk without needing to use crutches.

From the results I've obtained with my remedy, it is clear that it will have a much more beneficial effect in small towns than in the capital. Here, the remedy works without anyone knowing the name of the persons against whom it had been effective, whereas in the provincial towns, the day after the operation, one will know what criminals had been affected. For example, if I had had my furnaces in Avignon, there can be no doubt that the day after my operation, Boughe, and Nicolas, and the Mançot woman and Lavalette, all would have blind in one eye or lame, and all the inhabitants of the town would have been informed. This abrupt change in the physical condition of these goblins would have disgusted anyone who might have wanted to join their society. Whereas in Paris, one believes they were disgraced by nature.

From whatever angle one views it, we have a clear demonstration that my anti-goblin remedy is effective, and when it is used in every corner of the globe, the goblins will be forced to announce their defeat.

Let them beg for mercy, and I myself will be the first to intercede for the; they will console me for my sufferings when they confess that I am a good man.

From whichever side one considers it, it is well demonstrated that my anti-elves remedy is effective, and that when it is used in all corners of the globe the elves will be obliged to declare themselves defeated"

Let them ask for mercy, and I myself will be the first to intercede for them; they will console me for my sufferings when they confess that I am a good man.

Chapter 36

Reflections naturally arising from a consultation with Mr. Moreau, and my conversation with this magician.

Everything provides food for thought for me, I have nothing to do but protect myself from goblin spirits. Recently, my reflections turned to the consultation I had with Mr. Moreau, the magician. This gentleman welcomed me into his study, sat down near a small table, and invited me to sit as well. When I was seated, I noticed a figure representing a magician on his mantelpiece. Moreau tried to distract me by asking my name, my age, where I was born. When I'd answered all these questions, he drew some figures on paper with a small pencil-shaped stick. I couldn't make them out. Seeing my curiosity at these things, he told me not to worry, they were absolutely necessary to understand the torments which had led me to him. He asked me what my favorite animal was. I said I was fond of horses. He agreed, praising all the fine traits of this noble animal, and told me any other choice would have been harmful to me. He also wanted to know what fruit I liked best; I told him it was the peach. "Too bad," he said, "peaches are very pleasing to the eye, but it's a dangerous thing for those who don't know what to be wary of. That's what most people do, they look at things on the surface, and then they complain about being deceived. Now, tell me what you want to know."

I told him I'd just suffered a very painful loss, in the form of my uncle, a loss I had no choice but to accept, but the purpose of my visit was to find out if my uncle's relatives would succeed in having his will overturned. "That, sir, is the purpose of my visit."

After thinking it over, he asked me to return the next morning, while admitting, quite honestly, that his consultations cost five francs. I understood what he meant, and gave him his fee.

When I went to his house the next morning, he was still in bed; he had me come up with him to his study. There, he said, "the fortune, which is the subject of your concerns today, was taken from your uncle's house in the first days following his death. Now, there remains only a chest of money, though I do not know its purpose. I only know that you will be entrusted with a sum to be given to a stranger. Be careful not to hand over the money without getting a receipt, otherwise, you might be forced to pay it twice."

Then he asked me if I had anything further to add. I told him I'd suffered considerably, day and night, for many years now, from the torments of the magicians of Avignon, where I'd lived for 20 years. "Do not worry," he said. "I'm aware of your situation, your persecutors in Avignon are my colleagues, we are one community. They have charged me to act on your behalf, and for your own good."

"I am quite surprised that you were entrusted with such a mission without informing me," I said, "but all the good I hope for from you is that you leave me alone, that is the only imposition I'd

make on your kindness. It will not cause you to serve from the principles of honor that should govern any decent man's conduct."

"What you've said to me is all fine and pleasant," said Moreau, "but I cannot deviate from the orders I have received, and I advise you: do not try to leave me, for any reason. Any attempt to flee from us will fail, so great are our powers, and so broad our organization."

"I find it astonishing that an honest man should not be his own master. I do not want to depend on anyone, much less an odious society from which I will try to escape by placing myself under God's protection. I have already suffered enough from my persecutors in Avignon to have earned my freedom."

"Nevertheless, I advise you not to flee from us, for you will regret it."

"Sir, I only wish to enjoy the peace and tranquility I so desperately need." To make him aware of how distressed I was, and how much care and consideration my situation deserved, I confessed to him the impotence I was reduced to around women, and how it had been inflicted on me by the spells of the magicians of Avignon. It was all the more painful because at my age I could still marry and enjoy the sweetness of the bond I see so many people rejoice in. But I wish to use my physical strength only for what is good and honorable, and I would consider myself one of the goblins and servants of Beelzebub if I took it into my head to act otherwise with women.

He gave me a prescription to restore what I had unknowingly lost. "Use potatoes well seasoned with Provençal olive oil and plenty of salt and pepper. Eat truffles, drink top-quality wine, and you will see that very great changes will take place within you."

I confess, the desire to recover from this strange decline led me to undertake his advice, but despite all the care I took in following my regimen I could never return to the state I so ardently wished to regain. But I saw then that Moreau was only a charlatan who sought to deceive me, to make himself worthy of the orders he had received from his accomplices in Avignon. Chaix was the intermediary between him and them. A good courier always executes his tasks with diligence.

At any rate, I am now convinced that I will not recover what the goblins have taken from me until I have fully triumphed over their evil spells.

Chapter 37

I have no other passion than the love of God, whom I idolize. Also, a continuation of my conversation with Moreau.

It's understandable that Chaix should accuse me of madness, since I contradict him, but it's unbelievable that anyone could believe his slander. They say that everyone has their own folly, so I must be mad like every other man. One man chases madly after women, another studies just to satisfy his ambition to be better than his equals. This one loves debauchery, that one chases after every woman. I only desire tranquility and peace of mind, so that, without restraint, I may devote myself to the exercise of my religious duties. My hatred of evil spirits gives rise to a passion that some may suggest is madness, because I have managed to reconcile it with the methods I employ against goblins, the enemies of God and my own people, methods I have devised to rid myself of this breed that destroys the peace of mankind. And truly, all this irritates and disturbs me. I think only of my torments, and I do not consider my money poorly used when, with the help of a few financial sacrifices, I enjoy a moment of rest, with the hope of sharing it with the whole world, or at least those people on this sad globe who, like me, are tormented by infernal vermin. But this is the only justification for any accusation of madness against me. How many people indulge in their own extravagances who do not have such reasonable motives, like I do? Therefore, have no doubt that I will persist in such praiseworthy pursuits until my death.

But this digression made me forget to mention that Moreau had asked me for ten francs for my second consultation. I was eager to give them to him, begging him to let peace reign between us, for there is nothing more terrible than a magician's curse. From what I have experienced, when these gentlemen have sworn to ruin us, they will quickly overwhelm us.

During our second conversation, this magician had suggested that I not bet money on the lottery, seeing as I would never win. I wanted to assure myself of the truth of his prediction. I followed the lottery for several years, without ever winning a single prize. Undoubtedly, Mr. Moreau prevented the children drawing numbers on the wheel of fortune from choosing the numbers I had favored...clearly, goblins have influence over all human affairs, even those presided over by government officials.

Sovereigns...use your powers of repression against these wicked goblins.

Chapter 38

One of my countrymen came to my house to join my persecutors, with greater success. I myself am going to visit another of my compatriots.

I had been in Paris since 1812, and I had already paid for several consultations, all of which had been fruitless, when, to my misfortune, Mr. Chaix, my compatriot, entered my home on April 6, 1818. I have mentioned Chaix before; for many years he had been living in the capital as a mail coachman for the Lyon-Paris route. I was very pleasantly surprised to see this gentleman, I wasn't accustomed to seeing him at my house. He told me that he was passing through the neighborhood and wanted to greet me, as a fellow resident of Carpentras. I thanked him for this kindness, assuring him I was very grateful.

I was busy writing when he entered, and only went to receive him as far as civility required. For his part, he assumed an air of familiarity like a childhood friend. He glanced at some sheets of paper containing several names, among them he read those of Pinel and Moreau. Soon we began a conversation after he had perused those sheets.

“That’s quite a list of names, why do you keep these lists? Are they people you’re planning to visit, or members of some charitable organization?”

“No, they are the names of all the sorcerers and magicians that have been persecuting me for twenty years.”

“Yes, you are very unfortunate to have suffered so long without the slightest relief.”

“True. But I am writing a memoir against them.”

“It looks quite well-written. But if you hope for some remedy for your ills, you shouldn’t name the masked figures, particularly not Pinel and Moreau.”

“Since I’m writing to make known the atrocities to which I have been made a victim, I must, to satisfy my readers, name the perpetrators of my suffering, for otherwise I might be accused of fearmongering and slander if I were to cite facts unsupported by any authority.”

Though he agreed with my reasons, Chaix nevertheless advised me not to persist in my resolution. I showed him this was impossible, recounting everything I’d already suffered, and I begged him to let go of what he’d already said on the subject. He considered it, but returned to his original advice, saying it was even worse to have it printed than written down. He based his arguments on the concerns he’d given me concerning the powers these people could wield against me, either by attempting to poison or assassinate me, since they had the power to gain entry to my home. I pointed out that my life’s suffering was nothing compared to the important services I wished to render to the entire world. I reminded him of the fires that ravaged the countryside in 1816 and 1817, caused solely by their intervention. Of course he could not deny these truths, but also, I should know that not all truths were good to tell, for fear of making enemies of those they might offend. But I was firm in my commitment, and when he saw that he could gain nothing from me, he left, telling me to be careful of my imprudence, that I had everything to fear from those I was naming.

When he had left, I found myself entirely resolved to follow my project, by reason of the opposition which I had just met, and I no longer doubted that I had made an enemy of this compatriot.

In the evening, returning from prayer at Saint-Roch, I paid a visit to a Mr. R..., who, like me, lived in Carpentras, under the galerie Delorme. I was in the habit of stopping here on my way to church. I was very surprised to find Mr. Chaix there, I had argued with him that morning about

my memoir. Mr. R... was absent, and Chaix was talking to Mrs. R... and two other people from the house, who left a few moments before my arrival. Chaix brought up our discussion from this morning, but Mrs. R... told him she was aware of my intentions, and that she approved of them. Chaix objected that my views might well be sound, but I should refrain from naming people, especially those he knew particularly well as friends, adding that it would be best not to name any at all. Then he went on to explain to Mrs. R... the cause for fear that he had hinted at this morning. This lady pointed out to him that it would be more terrible for the magicians to take revenge this way on an unfortunate man they'd already been tormenting for twenty years, and moreover, I was right to denounce them to all the nations. Death was nothing to a man as courageous and devoted as myself, and besides, God was my judge and my staff, and given the trust I had in Him, I should hope that He would protect me.

Mrs. R's assent gave me more strength and made me even more disinclined toward Chaix's objections. He wanted to reply, but seized by a holy anger like that of Our Lord Jesus Christ when he drove the merchants out when through their shameful trade the desecrated the temple where he proclaimed the word of God to his apostles, I struck hard on the counter, and, raising my voice in a terrible tone, so offended was I at Chaix's opinions on my project, I affirmed to the both of them all the more vigorously that I feared nothing from the threats of these gentlemen.

Seeing me so enraged, Chaix seemed speechless, and Mrs. R no less so, but she continued to approve of me, and our goblin seemed to yield to her arguments. He told us that the Paris Society of Physicists agreed to grant me my freedom, but their associates in Avignon did not. He added that if I wished to make arrangements with Pinel and Moreau and the other magicians in Paris, and there was reason I might fear some malice there, I would have to refrain from calling them by name while I continued to pursue the sorcerers of Avignon, and then I would be free from prosecution and entirely at ease.

"No, I will hear nothing until I have regained my freedom. Until then, I promise I will have my memoir printed. The sorcerers can sort things out among them as best they can. For twenty years I have suffered the greatest torments at the hands of these scoundrels, and you would have me make arrangements with them? What, arrangements with such scoundrels! Surely you know that an honest man cannot compromise with villains. I am quite surprised that a man like yourself, a fellow countryman who I thought I could consider my friend, should speak to me in this way, in favor of these goblins, these disgusting dregs of society."

Finally, this conversation, in which I displayed all the strength and indignation Chaix's conduct had inspired in me, persuaded him that there was nothing to be gained from me, my obstinacy founded on high principles and religious certainty. He could no longer face my arguments, and decided to leave.

After he left, Mrs. R... said to me, "It seems like Mr. Chaix is considering your interests very poorly. As a fellow countryman, he should be more inclined to favor you than foreigners." This good lady saw things very clearly. Her soul was pure, her principles were those of a good Christian, and I had to speak to her frankly.

“You must understand, Mrs. R, these men, who we think we should be able to rely on in adversity...we can see that we must believe they are spawned by an evil spirit, molded from the most corrupt filth...”

Just as I was about to paint a hideous portrait of the villains, someone entered, and I was forced to leave Mrs. R, thanking her for the kindness she had shown me in fighting the treacherous Chaix. I spent the night in constant worry, my thoughts returning to this wretch, whose birth must have been influenced by some unfortunate planet. Certainly, he was conceived under Saturn, for he has in his mind all the motives of the destroyer, of those men who take pleasure in evil. His agreements with Pinel, and Moreau, who likewise came under the same planet, confirm to me that he is also of that same society, they have the same principles.

Therefore, it is only too true that the planets influence our destinies, and yet another of these malevolent celestial bodies presided over the birth of these evildoers and hovered over their mothers' pregnancy. They are rooted in crime, since they refuse to heed the good advice given to them to return to the path of virtue. No, these perverse souls delight in bearing the mark of disgrace, with which good, virtuous people have the right to brand them. I cannot contain my indignation at the sight of them, the most despicable beings in the world, who should not even breathe the same air as honest people, since they poison it and spread fevers, plagues, and all the contagious disease we would not have known without them.

Chaix's conduct fully justifies my anger. But what has always really outraged me is seeing that miserable little goblin treat me so informally every time he has dared to speak to me.

To be addressed so casually by a disciple of Beelzebub! Should I just throw in the towel? Perhaps, to use a particularly base expression from my home country, he thought we used to raise pigs together.

No, there has never been anything in common with us, you reprobate Carpentrasian. I didn't know you when I came to Paris; it was you, in your capacity as chief agent of the goblins, who brought yourself into my home, entirely for your own reasons. I never went looking for you, you came to distract me from my project, you wanted to plead for your accomplices, Pinel and Moreau, and in that you spared no effort.

But who gave you permission to address me so familiarly? Was it by the order of your grandmaster that you were so familiar with a man you should have shown deference to? Because you are a goblin, you imagine you can do anything you want. This is true when you are protected by your invisibility, but when you resume your human form, you should know to respect the rules of decorum.

If you should happen to meet me again and speak to me, I do not desire your familiarity. I cannot tolerate it from anyone, and I will be all the more offended when one of my enemies dares to show such unwanted casualness with me.

It is true that several people have told me that Chaix takes the liberty of being familiar even with nobles. This must be true, for when he spoke to me of some marquises from our country, he mentioned them without using the appropriate noble qualifier. Perhaps Monseigneur Chaix believes he sprung from the thigh of Zeus.

Chapter 39

Once again, when visiting Mrs. R..., I find Chaix at her house, as well as another person sharing my unfortunate situation.

I went to prayer at Saint-Roch the following evening. I went to visit Mrs. R... again on my return, and once again, found Mr. Chaix there. I greeted him in such a way that proves I can quickly forget an insult. He was tactless enough to once again bring up my memoir, which had caused our argument before, and said to me, "So! Do you still intend to finish what you've begun against the society of magicians?"

"Yes, certainly, I have begun, and I will finish," I said. And again he tried, for reasons even more malicious than the last, to dissuade me from my work. But Mrs. R..., seeing that I was not in the mood to give in to this stubborn man, thoughtfully said to him, "Wouldn't it be better if the magical societies of Paris and Avignon to unite their efforts to restore Mr. Berbiguier the peace and freedom that are within his rights to request, rather than demanding sacrifices from him? If they persist in hounding and tormenting him, why would you expect him to do nothing against these people? What can you accuse him of, other than making it known to everyone the troubles, of which he is the innocent victim, while you so enthusiastically defend the perpetrators of this cruelty? Come now, Mr. Chaix, you're either not thinking this through, or not saying what you're thinking." Then, afterward, she encouraged me to continue my work and continue to call out my enemies. "Honest people should speak out," she said. "Only scoundrels should be afraid to show themselves."

"Well, madame," replied the goblin's emissary, "I am not opposed to Mr. Berbiguier's views, but I only wish he would be considerate of the magicians of Paris. Because first of all, they are my friends. Secondly, they are very honest people, whom everyone visits and receives with pleasure in all the respectable societies of Paris. I don't see anything of the societies I know in the words of my opponent here."

Chaix continued. "I know that you've been to Mr. Moreau's twice."

"I don't intend to deny it."

"I even know you were troubled by him, both while your uncle was alive, and since his death."

"That's true," I said. "He made ample use of the power over me that the magicians of Avignon had given him, through yourself. He even very seriously urged me not to leave him. It was under his influence that my Coco lost his tail, and everyone knows how much I loved my Coco."

"I understand, but one more or less tail isn't that big a deal, especially for an animal. If I wanted yours, I wager it would be cut off before the end of April. As for your squirrel, I'm sure he is experiencing some distress himself, and if it bites itself, it's on the orders of the company."

Mrs. R... was irritated by all this. "Mr. Chaix, you seem quite well-versed in the secrets of the goblins. Are you, by chance, a member of the sect?"

"No, madame, I know all this without being initiated into the sect. And I also know that there is a German lady staying at the same hotel as Mr. Berbiguier, and she is planning on paying him a . visit. And this lady is a witch, but she practices another type of witchcraft, since in the magical art there are many ways to cause someone harm."

I was very eager to learn about the different types of operations carried out by these magicians. I had hoped that he would explain them to us in detail when a gentleman entered and joined our conversation. Like Mrs. R..., he said that we should not spare magicians, regardless of their rank, sex, or age. Chaix, finding him alone against three, realized that his case was too weak to press forward with, and he withdrew, although all of us wanted to detain him and asked him to stay.

The new gentleman had known of my sad situation for over two months,so I must commend him, he had been looking out for my interests. It was a great joy for me to have found someone who approved of my actions against this infernal race. He and Mrs. R... knew how to offer comfort to me for the distress my wicked countryman had caused me.

No one could say that I don't know how to give justice to whom it is due. I am not an enemy of humankind, God forbid! My misanthropy is directed at those people who renounced their integrity to join this criminal alliance. Mr. and Mrs. R... and this gentleman who joined our conversation, I would never call them goblins. If Pinel, Moreau, Prieur, Vandeval, Jeanneton Lavalette and Mançot had behaved like these people who take pleasure in justice, I would not have singled them out as I do. But no, they want to do evil, and they fear that the public will find out. Mr. Chaix's actions are proof of this.

But I know why they so fear the publicity I am about to give their depraved actions. They wish they could carry them out without fear. They know that the world's leaders will unite against their diabolical efforts. They know that sooner or later the spirit of good must triumph over that of evil, and they want to delay this moment that every good person waits so impatiently for, especially those who have suffered from their dreadful schemes.

Hypocrisy is one of the flaws that characterizes goblins, and it is doubtless hypocrisy that led Mr. Chaix to take the liberty of addressing me so familiarly, no doubt to make those who heard him speak to me so intimately believe that I counted him among my friends. Him, my friend? Good heavens!

Chapter 40

Other visits with Chaix and Mrs. R..., Anecdote of a Bishop of Cologne

I felt I was obliged to pay a visit to Mr. Chaix. I wanted him to speak to me again about the memoir that was clearly so dear to his heart, but he said nothing about it. For my part, I remained equally silent.

On May 19, 1818, when I had returned to Mrs. R..., I saw my imp again, and felt compelled to reproach him for his absence. I had visited him several times without seeing him. My visits were not for the sake of politeness, and as a precaution, when I went, I presented a letter informing him of the purpose of my visit. He told me he had received them from his made, to whom I had entrusted all the letters I had written to him, and after reading them, he had addressed the sorcerers of Avignon, concerning my affairs, specifically asking them to alleviate my suffering, and he hoped that the month would not pass before I experienced relief. He even told me he hoped to see me enjoy all my rights. I was very convinced. "Since my freedom was taken from me by a means I cannot understand, it can also be restored to me. It would be good for the goblins to come to an agreement, so that I can be delivered from all my enemies, but be sure your promise is not a trick. Because whoever you are, whatever your rank in infernal society, your name will be written and burned with all the others, to make you feel on earth the torments that damned hells must suffer in hell. You must know that divine power is stronger than Magical power, that God drove out the rebellious angels who became devils, and if the rebellious angels could not remain in paradise, it would be no easier for the devils to remain on earth."

"Besides, everyone must know," I added, "that we are happy to wage war against them to the bitter end, and to prove to you that divine power is far stronger than diabolical, know that a bishop of Cologne, who must, because of his position, be a holy man, wholly occupied with his salvation and that of his faithful, worked at all hours of the night and prayed in the same way.

"One night, while writing a sermon, he heard an unusual sound. He thought it was some goblin, jealous of his pious pursuits, who was taking pleasure in disrupting them. He persisted in this work despite the disturbance he felt. Finally, one day, or rather one night, while he was still working with devotion, a devil or a goblin came to take his light and carry it off, to prevent him from continuing his glorious writing. The holy man, completely absorbed in the subject he was addressing, looked indifferent at the one who wanted to interrupt his meditations. When he saw it was the devil, he said, in a serious tone, 'Since you want to hold the light for me to help me as I work on such an important sermon, I will let you. Take it in your hand and remain still.' These

words, spoken sternly by the holy man, disconcerted the devil, who remained perfectly still while the bishop continued to write.

“The devil, no longer able to move, let the candle burn so brightly that the hand holding it was consumed when his claw caught fire as he held it. The worthy prelate, pleased by this punishment, sent him away, telling him that he should realize from what had happened that his authority would never extend beyond what God would allow, and it was not fitting for devils to contend with the apostles of religion and the fathers of the faith.”

Any reasonable person would appreciate the effects and ramifications such a tale must have had on the mind of this goblin of Carpentras. It so confounded him that he left, even more ashamed than the day before. This victory, so happily won, let me return home somewhat more at ease.

My readers must already appreciate the efforts I make to acquire knowledge to oppose the science of goblins. In my preliminary discourse, I cited a great number of anecdotes that were collected solely to mathematically prove the truth of everything I would advance in my book.

That fact that served to confound my cruel compatriot was gathered for that same purpose. I will gather new ones from time to time, because I am certain that the truth instilled by irrefutable fact is far more firmly rooted than those conclusions one seeks to prove with mere allegations.

My work will differ from all the other texts about goblins or devils in that my competitors have only ever spoken about them ironically or from tradition; but I cite what has personally happened to me, and the facts gathered concerning others are merely episodes that I thought necessary for the variety of my composition. But always, I return to myself. I do not constantly say, “I was told that such and such a thing happened;” I affirm what I put forward. I affirm it with that conviction that one can only acquire when one is materially convinced of what one is writing.

The writers who came before me were merely echoes of those who had written before them. My work will be all the more precious because nothing like it has ever been seen. And that’s why, they say, Mr. Chaix wants to make me look crazy.

The writers who have preceded me have been only the echoes of those who had written before them. My work will be all the more precious; that one will never have seen anything like it; and it is for this reason, they say, that Mr. Chaix wants to pass me off as mad.

Quòusque tandem, Chaoix, abutere patientiá nostrá.

Chapter 41

Reflections and a look at my correspondence with Mr. Chaix

Being one that is entirely devoted to the worship of the Lord, doing nothing except to please him, would it be possible for him to grant me his grace and one day allow me to paralyze the goblins that are continually at my side? I'm not a priest, and I know a bishop and a priest are much closer to the throne of His omnipotence than a weak mortal, but since his grace is extended to all that breath, do I not have the same rights as those who by their station have taken an oath to serve him? This reflection brought me a more comfortable sleep.

Upon waking the next day, I occupied myself with rereading the letter I had written to Chaix, to avoid finding myself too often face to face with a man who was only concerned with pleading the cause of the goblins when he was with me, of whom he was their apostle.

These letters were written in a very friendly style and could not possibly offend my enemy; I will provide a direct copy at the end of my book. I hope that by reading my supporting documents, I will increasingly convince those I wish to persuade of the simplicity of my language. By comparing it with my persecutors, one will see the contrast between good faith and duplicity. And quite apart from the portraits I have made in writing my memoir, I would be pleased to provide copies of the documents supporting my work.

However, if I were to obtain my freedom before the publication of my writings, I might, out of kindness, refrain from naming those in whom I saw more humane tendencies. But there are others for whom I would not change a line, nor even a word, for I have suffered too much; should I see my enemies suffer twenty years, that would not be enough to trade for twenty years of peaceful living in compensation.

I should be even more severe toward Mr. Chaix than toward my other enemies in Paris. The others took me into their power because, without suspecting it, I delivered myself to them. Chaix introduced himself, speaking to me informally, using the title of compatriot, all the better to deceive me. Ah, all of you born in the city of Carpentras, my homeland, you will be outraged when you learn of the conduct of the former mail coachman. You will disown him as one who is unworthy of having been born under such a beautiful sky as the one that shines on you,, and you will be even more enraged when you learn that it was he who, during his stay in your region in 1819 and 1820, caused the destruction of your olive trees, trees of peace and blessing, one of the principal riches of the *Comtat Venaissin*. It was he who ruined you with his cruel goblin mischief.

The goblins are cruelly punished when the temple of Janus is closed, they do not like the olive tree.

Chapter 42

An account of what I witnessed during Carnival, and reflections thereon. Children are prone to goblinish mischief.

I would not be able to forgive myself of omitting for my readers even the slightest anecdote about the mischief of the goblins and their behavior toward myself and others. Therefore, I will speak of everything I saw, and all the reflections I made during, the last Carnival. On Shrove Tuesday I saw five or six children gathered together, eating pastries with money they had perhaps taken from their parents, with the encouragement of the goblins. They were expressing concern about counterfeit forty-sou coins they had given to merchants, assuring them they were enchanted. I was intrigued by this conversation. I approached to find more about this little business, which seemed to me worthy of reproach. Then I saw them take other forty-sou coins from their pockets to spend, and thus, I could ascertain whether they had indeed given away their enchanted coins, which always returned to their pockets or purses after a few words they were supposed to say in those circumstances.

They went from merchant to merchant, and the coins did not return. Each of them cursed his imprudence and haste, but it was too late for that. Immediately, they began to run like the devils they truly were to retrieve the enchanted coins from the pastry chef who had kept them. We would not see this sort of atrocity if fathers and mothers raised their children in the love of good, but no, they inspire in their children neither the love of God nor the fear of sin. If they take them or send them to church, they do so more out of custom than passion, and if it were not for the public that judges them, for whom they say "I go to mass when they can, I am doing my duty," they would live and die without fear, their sins unconfessed. Does this constitute having religion? Oh, no, certainly it does not, for one does not scrupulously follow the tenets of this sublime religion without the ever-burning fervor which is true faith. And further, experience proves that if one embraces one religion or another while showing so little zeal for the faith, one would be no better. Truly, nothing on earth can replace Christian teachings.

Apostates of the religion of Christ excuse themselves, saying they were called to follow a new belief, when reality they had only abandoned Christianity to give free reign to their unruly, heedless passions. In this way, they imagine they can give their children an education that would serve their interest rather than their needs, even if it were necessary for their offspring to become goblins to further their greed.

If I ever, finally, have children, they will not be among those who do not fear God. I will teach them a horror of vice, and I will preserve in their hearts the respect I have for religion and the holy words of the Gospel, in whose faith I was raised. They will not imitate those who instead are vile slaves to vice, who only find amusement in doing evil. I will raise them in the love of the Most High; I will instill in them a hatred for those ruthless conquerors who destroy anything that can hinder or restrain their power, who want to be the equal of the incomparable leader of the church because, guided by his wisdom, he has reproached them to correct the abuses of their government and prevent the moral decay of their courts, which, at any moment, will be annihilated.

And above all, I will protect them from those shameless articles published in the newspaper, contrary to the sanctity of the Church and contrary to the word of god, because they only aim to deceive truly faithful people. This is how I will show them the true path that an honest, pious man must follow, a man who seeks salvation and bases his happiness on the protection of God, even if it displeases the usurpers who may sometimes plague peaceful states.

If Mr. Prieur of Moulins had persisted in allowing his guilty, cursed Son to embrace the ecclesiastical state, as seemed to be his desire for a moment, this young man would not have made a pact with the devil. He would never have given me the kiss of Judas upon leaving the Hotel Mazarine, and thus, preserved his honor. Against my will, I find myself returning to this young Prieur, he is constantly in my memory. When I think of fence-sitters and traitors, I remember his cruelties. When I mention ill-bred children, his name is still on the tip of my tongue.

It would be futile for such a careless father to try to convince me that my opinion is an error, a minority few shared by only a few. Here is my answer to them: "Children engage even more easily than sensible people do with the company of goblins." They are more inclined by their age to follow everything that can gain them pleasure and freedom.

So, the conclusion we can draw from this whole chapter: the happiness of humankind on earth depends primarily on the education given to children. To protect young people from the seduction of evil spirits, I would like every school to have an anti-goblin teacher. He would be responsible for recounting the crimes of this diabolical society every day. My book would become a standard for him. The young men, frightened by the torments I have endured, and fearing the righteous anger of those who will join me in the destruction of the goblins, may knowingly resist the poisonous seductions of Rhotomago and his entire cohort; for it is only through terror that one can properly guide unruly young students.

So consider: since our professors have become too lenient, a lack of discipline reigns in all the colleges. One hears nothing but talk of insurrection in the houses of study. And why is that? Because now there are imps among the teachers, who are themselves the instigators of all the disturbances that break out among schoolchildren.

What a difference from the time when the youth and their education were entrusted to the Jesuites, the Doctrinaires, and the Oratorians! Back then, teachers wore cassocks, most of them were priests, and you never saw a teacher's wife come into the classroom and call him "sweetheart" in front of the students, and you never saw bad-mannered children come and call him "papa" with impunity.

And no-one wants the world populated by mischievous goblins, as this fundamental upheaval of ideas would lead. As long as there is no new direction to guide our children, we will see them reasonably well-behaved and obedient in their early years, vicious and unruly in their youth, and then impish goblins in their teenage years. What perversity!

Chapter 43

A continuation of the accounts of the events of Carnival; New reflections on the planets.

I continued to stroll during the days of Carnival, and I heard several people complaining bitterly about the dreadful weather, especially during the time when one is permitted to enjoy one's self more before the time of fasting to which Lent would soon subject us. People of every type complained: strollers and vendors alike, each lamenting the losses caused by the rain and the wind, which were so icy that no one could tolerate them.

I could not hear all these complaints without being frustrated by them. I said to all those I heard muttering the most, "what are you complaining about, ignorant people that you are? Is it the rain that troubles you? If only you knew its causes!"

"By Jove," they said, "the causes of the rain lie in a power above us."

"That's what the common people think. Don't you know that bad weather only ever comes from the influence of a planet under which we are made to suffer?"

"What do you mean...it's a planet?"

"Yes, certainly."

"And what moves this planet? Is it God?"

"Well no, my friends, it is not God. He has never interfered with these maleficent planets."

"Well, who is it? Tell us, so we can plan around it!"

"They are men."

"Men! Well then, tell us who they are!"

"Yes, they are men, but the most wicked of humans. Vermin, the dregs of the human race. They are monsters. Oh, yes, they are monsters...and the storms, the tempest, the rain, the snow, the hail, all of that is their work."

"Please, enlighten us, sir, for after all, there is something extraordinary, something supernatural at work here."

"I would be delighted, but it would take too much time, and I cannot at the moment."

Several of the people who listened to me were saying to each other, "this man must be very learned, even though he hasn't told us anything yet, but he spoke of planets, and only scholars or the student of Nostradamus and Matthew Laensberg could presume to say such things. One of them said, "Bah! I had an uncle who knew a lot about that stuff, because he worked on almanacs." But as the rain continued to fall, I could not listen anymore, and I went home.

As I walked along, I calculated the number of planets that had been set into motion recently. I wondered if they were moved for pleasure, or only as often as a demon wished to seize some living soul without its knowledge? Or because these dreadful goblins are among the wealthy, with lands and properties that need watering more than any others do? With all these facts I am no longer surprised that people speak of another flood, as if they were allowed to send us one. I leave it all who wish to trust in them, but for my part, given the cruel tricks they played on me, I will denounce them to the whole world as the scoundrels and hellish creatures that they are: in short, as villains who deserve the most dreadful torments and the cruellest tortures.

I don't hide the fact that I enjoy writing dissertations on the planets, especially when rain or some other dark weather disrupts my walk. I conclude from my observations that what we experience is the work of magicians and goblins.

When I am alone with my thoughts, no one contradicts me. But when I share my reflections with unbelievers, some tell me that in the old days their grandfather or grandmother believed in such things, and it is this sort of belief that gives us the trite proverbial expression, "those are old wives tales." No one believes in them anymore. Others do not disagree with anything, but admit that since they don't understand, they want proof of what I'm saying, because it is hard to argue about things whose true cause is unknown.

All these controversies have contributed significantly to my decision to have my work printed. Since people want proof, I told myself, I must provide some to the unbelievers.

And you will see, despite my resolve, despite my perseverance in exposing the goblins, there will still be people on this earth who refuse to believe in their existence. Evil people will have their reasons: they themselves will wish to join their company and possess that magic coin I wish I could have avoided mentioning, since it would serve to tempt weak and greedy souls, who only see the present, seeking the pleasures and temptations of this world, no matter what the cost.

But my work would have been incomplete if I had not revealed all the resources of my enemies, as, moreover, God had inspired me to do. All the in-betweens must reveal themselves. There would be no merit in being good on earth if there was no temptation for the wicked. Certainly, we wouldn't see so many goblins in our apartments if maidens weren't obliged to come and rest their heads there. They wouldn't intrude into our wardrobes and desks if we didn't keep all our income and savings there, which they covet during the day and steal from us at night.

Chapter 44

The goblins are careful to keep some of their secrets. Metaphysical reflections.

My enemies have themselves provided me with much information about the powers of Beelzebub and their cursed race; but they have never told me everything I wished to know. For example, when I asked them where Beelzebub made his dwelling, they never wanted to tell me; their answer was that it was something only his chief officers knew. So I suspected them of being members of this infernal society, that their answer was a sign of loyalty to their sovereign master.

I have already spoke of the flood that God sent to punish the men who had sinned against him. When Our Lord Jesus Christ, his son, proclaimed the word of God and established the faith of the Church, he was asked how long the world would last. He said, "a thousand years and more." The result of this prophecy is that the number of years exceeding a thousand years has not been determined by our divine Redeemer. Even if the world were to last a hundred thousand years, the prophecy would still be true, and we should consider each passing century a blessing of divine power.

Here's my reasoning: Because God is unchanging in all things, he will never want to destroy His work. The earth, this globe illuminated by the sun, is too flourishing and full of life, its produce too beautiful and too abundant to be destroyed, especially by the hand of its divine creator. But it is not the same with humankind. It is possible that God, wishing to punish them for their bad faith, might rain down fire upon them, or show some other visible sign of his wrath.

God, the Father, punished the previous generations. Or rather, the first generations. Should we not fear that He will use the same means to make us repent and correct our sins? We are no more virtuous or industrious or praiseworthy than those who were celebrated at the time of the Flood. Is it because Our Lord Jesus Christ told us that there would not be another Flood that we should believe ourselves safe from all punishment, free to exercise our wickedness on all the things that displease us? Should we behave like outcasts who have neither faith nor law, and who mock divine power?

Alas! What absurdity! How foolish and wretched they are, who think thus! How they treble at the thought of suffering the fate of the atheist struck by lightning!

For my part, I ask God for a perfect punishment for the ones who sit on the sidelines. Since according to the word of his Son, we will never again have a flood, I wish that a volcano would rise from the earth that could engulf all the wicked goblins. It is true that if this were to happen the good would suffer the same fate as the fence-sitters, but they would be rewarded with the enjoyment of an eternal life.

Chapter 45

Something that happened in Spain, proving that sooner or later the devil's followers are punished

In Spain, a country where religion is observed very well, someone who died suddenly would not be granted the rites of burial if they were not wearing a crucifix, the most characteristic symbol of the dominant religion. Again in Spain, a young man from a good family, having indulged in all the vices that lead to corruption, had gone astray. The societies he frequented were all tainted by corrupting poison, and all his friendships were with Satan's henchmen. This young man, or rather this reprobate, having exhausted his father's kindness and purse, became such a base creature that every day he fought with his friends over the foolish things he did. Sometimes it was a large gambling debt that he couldn't pay, sometimes a young girl seduced and stolen from her parents, sometimes a married woman deceived, as Jupiter deceived the trusting wife of Amphitryon. All these shameful acts drew down upon him the wrath of heaven; his virtuous father warned him and gave him the best advice a son could have. This fool, or rather, this atheist, added deception to his scandal: he made his father believe he wished to repent of his crimes, to live as a good man, pay for his debts, and retire to a hermitage to atone for his sins. The father, happy to see his son finally on the right path, pledged to pay his debts and find a place for him where he would not suffer too harsh a fate. He embraced his son, tears in his eyes, congratulating him on choosing heaven instead of hell.

No sooner than the father had left, this unfortunate man, left to his own devices and having no true friend but one faithful servant, boasted to him that he had thoroughly deceived his father, flattering himself that he was an expert in falsehood, promising to commit many more. The servant, ashamed of such scandal, predicted that this sort of behavior could only bring him misfortune and lead him to the realm of the damned. This prediction, uttered from the heart and disregarded by the atheist, came true. At a magnificent feat, where everything was bathed in splendor but where vice reigned supreme, our atheist was struck down by a vengeful fire.

Remorse came too late to his aid; the abyss lay open beneath his feet. He descended to the dark abode, surrounded by goblins who danced around the prey they had desired for so long. As he died, he cried out that he felt himself burning. Such must be the torment of those who have no pity for anyone; there can be no suffering great enough for them, because of the suffering they make us endure.

His faithful servant, still hoping for his master's conversion, was utterly distraught to see him disappear from the ranks of the living. His greatest concern was to bring this sad news to his master's father, who, while mourning a son, consoled himself with the fact that his old age would no longer be poisoned by the conduct of a child who took a step toward his ruin every day. Fathers could do no better than to instill this striking lesson into their children's minds, for Our

Lord Jesus Christ, in announcing to us the words of His Father's heavenly goodness, did not tell us whether He would punish us some other way than a universal flood. But it seems to me that, in any case, out of love for the heavenly power we should not put ourselves in a position to be punished, but rather to be rewarded. But that's not how my enemies, the goblins, think.

Chapter

Chapter 46

Several highly regarded books prove the existence of goblins. Measures a prefect took against them.

Those unbelievers who refuse to believe what is presented in these chapters, whether through false principles or ideas entirely opposed to what is good, can consult the book *Les Quatre fins de l'homme*, which addresses everything a creature must do to achieve a meritorious end.

Throughout history, people have told stories of sorcerers and magicians. It is claimed that in earlier times, kings consulted sorcerers to find out if their reign would be a happy one, if they would be at peace with their neighbors, if their children would be born male or female. History tells us that many sorcerers were either skillful or fortunate enough to predict what was to come. But also, most of those who did not prophecy accurately were sacrificed as they deserved. Now the profession of sorcerer has become so commonplace that city-dwellers no longer pay them any attention. But these rogues torment the poor people of the countryside and sow discord and terror into their souls and spread division within families. These deceitful goblins appear in every possible form to deceive, seduce, and corrupt. They are sometimes tricksters, sometimes con artists, sometimes conjurers, and with the help of a silver tongue make people believe everything they say as if they spoke the Gospel. The simple country dweller, seduced by these things he's never seen, buys, takes, and uses their treacherous wares, all of them goblin spells, and finds himself, without any awareness of it, participating in the power of the devil and abandoning the Church, which expels him from its bosom. It is a terrible misfortune to see corrupt men multiplying throughout the earth without any fear of the punishment they deserve.

Not only does the church condemn them, but the laws also denounce them. This is clearly demonstrated by the ordinance issued by the Prefect of Lozère, in which directs the attention of our mayors to the abominable sorcerers roaming the departments, fooling the weak-minded with their predictions in order to extort—which is to say, practically steal—money from the poor peasants.

These goblins, who neither have faith nor laws, are so shameless that they laugh to themselves about the harm they've done. They're mostly fodder for the prison, or vagrants who roam the most deserted forests and woods, careful not to return to the places they've swindled before, except when they've been forgotten. Their impudence is so great that, not content with swaying

men with their words, they also seek to show their dominance through acts of violence, a victory they only relinquish when the strictest law forces them to do so.

The prefect that I mentioned, after considering all the trouble that could result if this rabble's audacity were not repressed, told the mayors of his department that public morality, the religion of the State, and even the interests of the individual made it their urgent duty to monitor all frauds of this kind, using against them every means of repression allowed by the law.

Then these scoundrels will not be able to escape the fate that awaits them, and when the villagers, like me, know the means of making these dreadful goblins suffer, they will not remain in their towns for long. I hope that after reading my memoirs, the people will be a little more informed and will not hesitate to put into practice the efficacious remedies I have provided for them.

If it is proven by ancient and modern books, and consistent with the decrees of these gentlemen...Prefects: since there are goblins on this earth who live by theft and plunder, why shouldn't I bring about a severe law against them? I know that a prefect has the right to have them arrested in the department he governs, but not every prefect is as zealous as the one in the department of Lozère. But if there such a repressive law in the general Penal Code, not only prefects, but also mayors, the King's prosecutors, judges, and administrators of every kind would be obliged to comply with it.

And so therefore, thanks to the prefect of Lozère, who has provided complete proof of the existence of evil spirits.

Thanks therefore be given to Mr. the prefect of Lozère, he has given complete proof of the existence of evil spirits.

My wishes must be clear and unmistakable. I must express them whenever the opportunity arises, for they tend to inspire the imitation of this worthy magistrate of the people.

My wishes must not be uncertain, I must express them whenever the opportunity presents itself, they tend to give imitators to a worthy magistrate of the people.

Happy must be the inhabitants of the province administered by such a worthy prefect, for, unlike elsewhere, they are not exposed to the annoyances of goblinkind!

But what will happen if the other prefects do not implement the same measures as the one in the department of Lozère? The inhabitants of the beautiful plains of the South will be forced to move to the mountains. If I were allowed at this moment to sound the trumpet, I would summon to me all the unfortunate souls who were victims of the goblins, and together, we would form a colony in the department of Lozère.

What cannot be accomplished in this moment may well be possible sometime in the future. When my work is printed, and every sovereign has read it, if every administrator does not follow the examples i have cited, I will cry out to every unfortunate who will listen to me: Let us go and settle in the department of Lozère! If it is not bountiful enough to feed all the refugees who go there, God will come to their aid. Who knows? He may approve of our plan, and make manna fall again, as it fell in the desert.

Chapter 47

All bad weather is goblin work. The newspapers regularly provide me with proof that the goblins wreak havoc in every corner of the world.

Storms are uncommon during the winter. And yet, last February, a terrible one broke out, which was felt throughout almost the entire department of Côte-d'Or, and particularly in Dijon. There can be no doubt that this was caused by goblin malice, who wanted to frighten the people, especially in a season where they wouldn't expect the clap of thunder.

But these wicked creatures, who have power over everything that breathes, have found no more dreadful way to do harm. For the crash of thunder sometimes brings such terror that many people, who unlike myself do not know the tricks and counter-tricks of sorcerers, have suddenly died of fright, or have been killed by lightening, which struck them when they least expect it.

What objection could be made to me against such a harsh remark? One must have lost all sense and reason to attribute crimes of this nature to causes other than the ones I assign to them. Those who maintain that these are the effects of vapors from the earth, drawn up by the sun or moon, are in a tragic state of error. And worse, nothing can make them turn from their confusion.

Well then! Let them persist in their absurd belief. It would be too much trouble persuading them. I prefer to practice my own remedy, for them and for myself, than to spend my time indoctrinating stubborn people. The good I do in this world will be counted in my favor when we all come to be judged for our actions, even when I do it for the ungrateful. It is then that we will see, with a calm facade, the punishments and tortures prepared for those who deserve them. I will see there, in part, all those on my list of proscribed names that I burned during my operations. I will recognize them by the guilt and perversion on their faces. Apparently these wretches advised me to suppress my anger so that they could persecute me more easily, and for committing this double crime, they will have to suffer.

I will see the treacherous Chaix there, whom I can no longer call my colleague, because of the reprehensible conduct he has shown me. I will see him extend his hands, pleading for a pardon, and I will say to him: "the moment of vengeance has arrived. I have suffered; everything must be weighed in the scales of justice. Suffer in your turn, like all your foul goblin race. For a little

pleasure in this world of suffering, you preferred to serve your masters, Pinel and Moreau, rather than help one of your fellow countryman. Burn in your eternal life, and remember that you refused to listen to the one you had the audacity to address so casually.

Chapter 48

Reflections on the visits Etienne Prieur paid me so familiarly every evening. New conversations with this young man.

When the name of Mr. Chaix comes to mind, I automatically recall that of Mr. Etienne Prieur: these two men occupy the same space in my mind, the only difference being that I'd never presumed to give advice to my compatriot, who is as old as I am, but to the other one, I'd say in a friendly, paternal tone, "where have you been, then?" "I'd just had supper with a friend!" "Well, then, when will you keep the promises you made me? I confess, I am somewhat worried, it has been a long time since you promised to restore me to freedom, that is, to give me peace, as I am free in my actions, but not in my rest, since I cannot go to bed or sleep when I want. Can you imagine the frustration for me? Sleep is half of health. I know every well that there are days when health is not so strong, but at least one sleeps. But I myself, a victim of the evil spells of these wicked people, do not sleep, and only eat but seldom, and with fear." "Do not worry, all things take time." "Ah, good sirs, so you say, '*all things take time!*' And meanwhile I'm inflamed by lack of sleep, incensed by the constant disturbances of the nocturnal visits you pay me so consistently. If you did not attack me, perhaps I might be able to sleep, but then, you would not have achieved your goal, that of tormenting your victim. And of course this amuses you, it's what you talk about at your sect's meetings. You can boast of being faithful to that promise. And if I knew all the members of your society, I would praise you in your diligence on that point, but since you keep your word so well with these other people, please, keep it with me. Either fulfill your promises, or tell me that you have no power, and I will turn to someone else, who, perhaps, will have more pity for me than you have shown me, until now."

And as for Madame Vandeval, I'm also reminded of her. She made me many promises, but they only led me to take on additional expenses. She forced me to keep a fire burning for nine days, throwing sulfur and salt and needles and pins into a large fire, and then repeat it often. Do you know what resulted? Nothing. Still I fell into the hands of Pinel and Moreau. Dear readers, do not ask me to stop speaking to you of these wretches. By wanting to deprive me of this consolation, you become as cruel as my enemies.

Chapter 49

One more word on my dear Coco

I have already spoken of my dear little Coco, that charming squirrel who was practically human, so gentle and expressive. Evil spirits took hold of this dear little beast, even as they attached themselves to me. They found a way to get into his fur to torment him, agitate him, make him unbearable, making him jump around and climb up and down my clothes, to the point of making me lose my temper and forcing me to strike the poor little animal, to the point of diminishing the affection we had for each other, and exposing me to being bitten, without any ill intent on his part, any more than on mine when I hit him.

This little creature, which I shall miss for a long time, believed he had found shelter from our enemies' attacks. He had taken to climbing onto my head and perched on my cotton cap, so that I seemed to be wearing an ancient helmet. The curse the infernal beings cast against him passed between the cap and my hair, I felt it keenly when I picked him up to move him.

I came up with an excellent idea for protecting my poor Coco from the goblins' pursuit, which I put immediately into action: I combed and brushed this dear little animal all over his body, so thoroughly that I forced the villains to quickly flee. This operation made him so soft, sensitive, loving, and manageable that he was no longer recognizable.

It could be said, if one stops to think, there are many ways to lessen one's own suffering, and that of the creatures our self-pride has led us to call beasts. If I wanted to, I would already have put an end to my suffering. But everyone has an ambition. Mine is to suffer for my god, and it is to him that I wish to sacrifice my existence. I owe it to him, not to the goblins, against whom I make a very sincere vow: to see them gathered together and hanged, as one should hang all the merchants and distributors of their doctrines and pernicious sophistries. And then, I would build a fire to thank God for having rid us of this infernal rabble, who have inspired enough horror in me to bring me to lose my temper, as my readers must already have noticed.

Chapter 50

New goblin crimes and cruel illnesses inflicted upon me

I would not fulfill the purpose I have set for myself if I were to omit the slightest detail of the suffering I have endured, and it is essential that I inform the honest people who are concerned about me of everything the goblins made me endure during the month of April 1819. These gentlemen, or rather these scoundrels, were quite happy to make me experience their evil spells, so they could appreciate my skill in discerning the methods they apply in their work, as well as the effects that are supposed to result.

Their first operation was to freeze my hands, so that my body was like a fountain composed of several branches that the cold had made solid when it was in full activity, except that a real jet of icy water would be a pretty enough sight, but my coagulated blood would be nothing so pleasant.

To make my situation even more miserable, they deprived me of all my mental facilities, reducing me to such a state of stupidity that I only existed to suffer. Compounding my misfortunes, they caused my right leg to swell, forcing me to stay in the room; then, one of these wicked beings pressed his infernal hand against my leg, but with such force that the pain caused by this deadly pressure was most unbearable. The imprint of his fingers, or rather, his claws, was a red and blue mark, pressed so deep in my swollen flesh that the skin seemed to touch the bone.

Not wanting to call a doctor, I did everything I thought necessary to cure myself of this illness. I drank tea to induce sweating, drinking it day and night. I applied elderflower water compresses to my leg. And would you believe the goblins were spying on my actions, anxious about the measures I was taking to cure myself, constantly at my side, always invisibly watching/

Among these malevolent enchanters, I recognized Pinel, not at all a surprise. I could identify him because, as I told you earlier, my discoveries have taught me how to identify the different ways these magicians announce themselves. Doctors invisibly infiltrate the homes of those who don't believe in their quackery. They spy, waiting for the moment the sick person treats themselves, observes the remedies they use instead of their prescriptions, and profit from them by appropriating them, proclaiming everywhere that they are the fruit of their long and profound studies, their endless research conducted for the benefit and relief of humanity.

The ailment I suffered from is called *erysipelas*, and it is said to come naturally. But this is false: it came to me through a curse. So, every time I bathed my leg, I would say to the traitorous Pinel, who I always saw by my side, and especially in the evening, "Mr. Goblin, what are you doing here? Since it is you who have given me this affliction, heal me rather than being still, like a statue, a motionless witness to my suffering. Come then, resume your former form, and do not remain invisible like all the other members of your infernal, diabolical sect. If you resume your natural appearance, we will both win. At last I will no longer be convinced that you come here to spy on my actions, and perhaps I will believe that you act in good faith enough to think that you come to lessen my suffering; whereas, not seeing you, my thoughts are lost in assumptions that are not very favorable to you.

This cursed goblin was trying his best not to answer me, laughing up his sleeve with all his heart. He was quite pleased to see me in this new predicament he had gotten me into. Fortunately, the wise and prudent regimen I followed, and the remedies I very skillfully administered to myself, put an end to my immediate suffering, though I still had a very sensitive pain in my left thigh and leg for a very long time.

But to what I have just written, let me add: if I had not decided to write and print my memoir, I would no longer be alive. Before carrying out my plan, I was wasting away every day. My complexion was pale and livid, my body covered in sores, my legs were swollen and I was nothing but skin and bones. My heirs would not have to wait long before they divvied up my carcass.

But what a difference, since I started making the press groan! I gain weight every day, to the point that my friends fear I'll become too stout. I walk without tiring. I walk without tiring. My complexion is fresh, I have a voracious appetite, I eat four meals a day, I drink good wine, I take walks, and I revel in the thought that my enemies will soon be confounded.

My greedy heirs, I have deceived your hopes! You will not yet enjoy the little property that belongs to me, you will not plead your case that I am not capable of making a will. I will not give you the satisfaction of filling the courts with your complaints and demands, as you did over the estate of my dear uncle. Besides, why would you plead? I have nothing to give you. The little money I leave behind when I leave this earth must go to the poor, rather than to greedy heirs, if I do not marry and have no children.

I know that your courier, Chaix, promised to have me imprisoned in Charenton so he can seize the little money I have left. But the magistrates will not want to be the accomplices of Mr. Chaix.

I know that your courier, Mr. Chaix, promised you to have me locked up in Charenton to be able to seize the little cash that remains to me. The magistrates will not want to be the accomplices of Mr. Chaix.

Chapter 51

I will not soon forget my dear Coco.

I will often talk about my dear Coco, of that charming squirrel who was my only companion and my consolation. Doubtless, it will seem surprising to see me living alone, withdrawn from the world, in the middle of Paris, with my faithful squirrel. Ah, but why not? Robinson lived quite alone on his island. It was true that he was forced there by the dreadful law of necessity. Well, I am compelled to live there by the hatred I have sworn toward anything that might appear to me in the guise of a goblin, and unfortunately, I see too many of these wretches. These wicked, impure demons, after exhausting all their evil resources against me, unleashed their full fury upon poor Coco. One morning, as this friendly and innocent creature was briskly running as he usually did, he was suddenly deprived of the use of his legs, which became so short that the whole animal seemed no bigger than a finger.

Poor little Coco! This crisis could be described as a nervous breakdown. He was so parched that I couldn't even give him enough to drink. Finally, with much care, my dear little friend returned to his natural state; but he had suffered for four whole days, not counting the nights,

since passed them as much for him as for myself. Imagine my rapturous joy at seeing this pretty little animal return to life! I had to exclaim, with a particular jubilation, "Yet another victory won over these cruel goblins, these agents of the master of infernal darkness! These monsters that conspire and spare neither men nor animals!" But they can be assured that I will not spare them.

Some of my critics will say, "what purpose could goblins possibly have in persecuting animals, such as squirrels? Beasts have no soul, and consequently, they have no hope of being able to make them suffer in the afterlife, if they have managed to resist their attacks in this life." This argument is strong, but I have an answer for it.

No one can deny that an animal has no soul. This divine favor has been granted only to the being that speaks and reasons. But goblins, malevolent beings by nature, do not consider whether their cruelties have a purpose or not. Doing harm is their pleasure, and they rejoice when they can deprive of happiness those they have chosen to be their victims. They deprive a hunter of his dog, a peasant of his donkey, a plowman of his ox or horse. The deprived me of my Coco, because they saw that he could sometimes make me forget my arrow. Now that's an argument...reply, if you dare.

Chapter 52

At the invitation of the owner of the H

At the invitation of the master of the Hôtel Mazarin where I was staying, I spent several evenings at his home, and there I met a medical student named Sabatier.

The master of the Hôtel Mazarin, where I was staying, found me to be good company, and often invited me to spend the evening at his place. The people who made up this group were not as knowledgeable as I was about the power of magicians and goblins, and even denied their existence, despite all the truths and proofs I could say on the subject.

A gentlemen named Sabatier, a student at the College of Medicine, was also staying at the same hotel, and was the one who feigned the most disbelief in what I said. But all the vulgar prejudices of which he declared himself could not dissuade me, for despite the approval of all those who listened to him, I knew that I was right, and he himself spoke as he did only because he was a member of the society of goblin monsters. Finally, following a very serious conversation, I cornered him and said, "Sir, everything I hear from you gives me a strong suspicion about your association with the infernal-diabolical society."

"Ah, sir, what do you think of me, and what reputation will you give to me, with the kind society that listens to us?"

"Your evasive answer only confirms my doubts."

"But sir, your insight is baffling. I will never confess."

"Speak, sir."

"You are being too insistent."

"That's enough sir, you are."

"What, sir?"

"Yes sir, you are. I win." And then, turning to the company, I said, "Ladies and gentlemen, you see how I can read their minds without them speaking."

Everyone agreed that my perspicacity was profound, and this gentleman, seeing himself pushed back to his last words, no longer knew what to say. It was then that I proved to those who listened to me, that when the weather was bad, Sabatier could well be responsible for some of the the mischief. "Don't believe that bad weather is the work of God, it's the work of goblins."

"Goblins?"

"Yes, goblins."

Since many of these people were no more familiar with the name than with the thing itself, I assured them that time would soon reveal these sad, harsh truths to them. And like all his colleagues, Mr. Sabatier knows how to read the hearts of those he prosecutes. He thought I was referring to my memoirs when I stated that soon all the atrocities of my enemies would be exposed. The glory I acquire far surpasses my sorrows when I triumph over one of my enemies.

Sabatier was a man of wit. My victory of him is far more glorious than when I confounded Mr. Chaix, who is not considered a genius by society.

Chapter 53

New events which befall me at Mr. Rigal's, at the Hotel Mazarin

Could you imagine that I received so much disbelief in the house where I lived? I have to say, to the shame of my critics, that ignorance more than sheer audacity served as their excuse for my games, and I could forgive them for not understanding or believing me.

On June 1, 1819, the hotel porter came, as usual, to clean my room, and told me that Mr. Papon Lomini was arriving to stay at the hotel again. "Are you quite sure of what you're saying, sir?" I asked him. "Yes, sir." When he had finished my room, I went down to Mr. Rigal's apartment to ask him to come up to me for a moment, which he did very graciously. Here is our conversation:

"Sir, your doorman, who cannot be tricked or seduced, that Mr. Papon Lomini is coming to take up residence in your house again."

"That is true, sir."

"Well, sir, I am informing you that I am leaving."

"Why is that?"

"Surely you realize that you are putting the wolf near the sheep, and the vulture near the dove?"

"What? Me?"

"Yes, sir. Understand, I will not allow myself to be face to face with this infernal fellow, who I have nothing but complaints about. Eighteen months ago, this thoughtless young man and Mr. Arloin left your house, much to your satisfaction. You were pleased with their leaving, and now you welcome them back! The difference in our principles should have guided you away from taking him back, but since that matter is settled and decided on your end, I think it would be best that I leave you. I don't want to see him or even meet him. I'll give you fifteen days to find another tenant."

"If I could have known this would happen, I would never have accepted this man."

I mentioned this event to several people in the house with whom I was friendly. They encouraged me to stay there. I was very touched by the interest they showed in me. I said to them, "You are proposing what I cannot accept. Do you want me to live with my enemies? Ask Mr. Rigal what I have just said to him on this topic. No, I want to avoid their bad practices as well as the unpleasant things that could result from them. I was told that I could not avoid them, and they could pursue me and find me wherever I could go."

But no matter. It would be torture for me to live under the same roof as my persecutors, to walk in the same places they have poisoned with their unclean breath. I know full well they can invisibly enter my home, but at least it's under the veil of invisibility, when they have nothing better to do. But to know they live here? My God! Their very appearance makes me shudder, and I recoil in horror at the mere name of one of them as at the sight of Medusa's head.

I spoke of what would happen to me to some several other people, and they were kind enough to help me find lodgings.

Admit it, my dear readers. It is impossible to be more brazen than Mr. Papon Lomini. He was not content to invisibly persecute me during the night; he also wanted to enjoy my suffering during the day.

Chapter 54

My move from the Hotel Mazarin to the Hotel de Limoges, 24 rue Guénégaud. The goblins are still tormenting me: they steal Coco and then return him

To avoid damaging my furniture by moving it too far, I decided to take lodgings at the Hôtel de Limoges, 24 rue Guénégaud. I moved in on June 10, 181-, after handing my keys over to Mr. Rigal.

My move did not diminish the enthusiasm of my infernal villains. They soon discovered my new abode and came to torment me as before. Fortunately, I had become accustomed to their vexations, but when I went to bed, no matter how hard I tried to sleep, it was impossible. It was as if they were having a housewarming party for their new apartment, so dreadful was their bacchanal.

Two days after I was moving in, it was Sunday, and I was getting ready to go to Mass. I left my dear little Coco all alone, and made sure he had eaten his lunch. When I returned, I was quite surprised when my little friend didn't jump on me to show me how excited he was for my return. I searched for him in every corner of my room, and I was saddened at not finding him. I no longer doubted that the magicians had taken him from me. While I was looking for him, Mrs. Gorand, the mistress of the house, came to visit me as a new tenant. I was very touched by her sincerity. During her visit, I left the door open, and when she left, I escorted her back to the stairs. Back home, I searched again for my dear squirrel, and my initial worries were confirmed. Having only recently moved to this new home, I didn't want to alarm all the other tenants about goblins just yet. I went down to Mrs. Gorand's and asked her to look for my little Coco; I thought perhaps he had gone into her room while mine was open. Seeing how distressed I was, the lady quickly joined me in my search, but my sorrow and alarm only increased when we couldn't find my dear pet. Finally, she put all her servants into action to try and get my faithful friend back. Alas! All our efforts were in vain. But no more could be done and, I thanked my new landlords and their company for their thoughtful gestures and extreme kindness, and went home, to see if anything had changed, and dispel my uncertainty.

After all the people in my new household, both stewards and servants, had gone through so much trouble, which I truly appreciated, I went back to the Hotel Mazarin to tell Mr. Rigal that I did not know what had become of my dear little squirrel after my move, and begged him to let me know if he'd heard anything about him. I could see his distress, and said to him, "Well, my friend, you can see that even if I went to the ends of the earth, those wretched scoundrels would

still be after me.” He couldn’t fault my complaints, and added to my sorrow by telling me that since my departure, his wife’s watch, almost always hung on the mantelpiece, had been stolen.

It was Sunday, and I spent it like all the others, which is to say, partly at church, and partly out for a walk. When I got home in the evening I was alone, feeling quite isolated. I never expected to see my Coco again, and felt a pang of loss for him, from need and from being accustomed to see him. Those wicked monsters were making me suffer from the loss of what was so pleasant to me.

I wanted to sit down to eat and distract myself from my grief, but scarcely had I been seated I heard a frightful banging on the furniture. I cried out, “Monsters! Scoundrels! Isn’t it enough for you to have reduced me to grieving for the loss of my beloved? You come here again, making a racket and disturbing my peace. I did not know if this frightful noise was to announce their arrival, but in fact, the noise gradually faded, and soon was silent.

But now I must admit that the goblins gave me a great happiness: they themselves skillfully placed my dear little Coco on my lap. This good, sweet little animal showed me his delight at seeing me again with a thousand caresses, each more enthusiastic than the last, not at all ungrateful. I rewarded him for his loyalty with expressions of the tenderest friendship. The goblins’ repentance had led them to return this dear, clever friend to me. They were likely intimidated, frightened, even contrite by the threats I had just made against them, to so quickly decide to do such a good deed. Perhaps they wanted me to admit that there are good and bad devils. But despite all the reparations they may try to make me, they will never hear me confess to anything other than what I’ve always said about them.

I will not kiss the hand that has just struck me, simply because it caresses me a moment later. My principles are unshakeable. The gospel tells us that when someone strikes you on your left cheek, turn the other to your enemy, but there is no rule without an exception, and in this case, the goblins are the exception. God does not include them among his creatures, and what he said concerning the forgiveness of our enemies cannot be applied to them.

The cruel children of Beelzebub wanted the power to rival that of the master of heaven and earth, but that crime was too severe to ever be forgiven. If my God does not forgive them, then why should I forgive them? My will must always be subordinate to my creator. He condemned the goblins to burn eternally in hell, and so my hatred must be as eternal as the flames that will consume them. There is no sin to confess, because it is not wrong to hate the goblin race.

Yes, foul goblins, I abhor you. I’ve said it, everyone knows it, I say it to anyone who will listen, and I wait eagerly for your punishment, because you have worked to fill my life with hardships.

Chapter 55

An occurrence in Normandy

It is said that long ago in Normandy a cursed litigant, seeking to ruin a wretched man, drove him to such despair that this unfortunate soul, deprived of every resource by his persecutor, who was rich as Croesus, and cried out in his grief: "Ah! By my faith, I give up, it's over! I give myself to the devil!"

Then, supposedly, a two-colored devil, pink and black, appeared to this poor man and said, "what do you want of me?" The unfortunate man, trembling all over and frightened to see such a strange character (although his appearance was not very frightening), told him that being utterly without resources, he wanted to give himself to the devil since his neighbor had ruined him, even though for a long time he'd been known only as "Old Man Misery." On this occasion, the devil wanted to play the good servant, in order to better deceive the people. He said, "It is not upon you that I wish to extend my power, it is not the poor whom we must punish. They suffer enough from the needs to which they are prey. It is upon the idle rich—the avaricious, the envious—that we must direct all our wrath. And so, despair has made you call upon me, and I want you to celebrate my coming. From this moment on, I will pursue your persecutor, reduce his holdings to nothing, his houses to huts, and make him repent for having tormented the poor."

And so, from that moment on, the miser could not enjoy a moment of rest; he accused everything around him of interfering and disturbing his peace. His hours felt like days. If he took a walk in the countryside, in the middle of summer, he'd see the trees and wheat as stunted as in the coldest month of winter. He was sick with the worry that everyone was stealing from him. Finally, one day when he was alone, his life empty and his heart filled with repentance, he wondered where all the sorrows and misfortunes he had suffered for so long had come from. A voice cried out to him: "From your avarice, and if you do not return what you have usurped, the fires of hell will consume you in a moment!" No one would be surprised to hear a devil talk in such a manner, particularly since he only spoke of the details of his time with his victim. The vile miser was so terrified that he promised to make amends. The devil wanted to force him to live in Old Man Misery's cottage, while the latter lived in the rich man's estate, but the old man was quite content to have his hut returned to him and be allowed to go and cut wood to provide for himself and his family.

The devil also banned compensation from the miser for the time the poor man had been deprived of his home. The old miser went to locked himself in a vault where all his gold was piled up in chests and sacks of all sizes. The vault was in a place known only to him, and the lock was made in such a way that it could be opened from the outside, but not from the inside. On entering, one had to release a certain spring to prevent it from closing. The usurer, who came to this palace seeking comfort from the unpleasantness he had just experienced, entered the vault in such a hurry that he didn't notice the door closing behind him. While he found some consolation in counting his gold, he tried to heave, but realized his error, and was forced to die among his riches.

Old Man Misery told anyone that would listen that there were good devils, but that they are rare. I, however, do not share his opinion, and it is only to explain my thoughts on this subject that I have recounted this well-known story. No, there is no such thing as a good devil.

The devils and the goblins are so adept at deception that, to achieve their ends, they adopt all sorts of disguises. They knew that Old Man Misery was a man who was well regarded by all his contemporaries, and that is why the goblins wanted to help him. By acting this way, they gained followers among the common people. Given the support he received, Old Man Misery himself was forced to proclaim that good devils existed. Hence, the tendency of the unfortunate to turn to those who can lessen their misery. Hence the increase in the number of goblins.

So, from my reasoning, we see that when goblins happen to do some good, it is only so they can do more harm later. The story of Old Man Misery has perhaps brought them more followers than they could have achieved than through simply acting against their nature.

Let us conclude further from this story that the devil truly does meddle in the affairs of poor humans, and therefore, I am not wrong in believing in goblins, and my decision to reveal these creatures to the entire world should be celebrated. Everything leads me back to this. It is urgent that we enlighten the unbelievers who populate the world; it is urgent that everyone know that goblins exist.

Woe to those who still resist this palpable truth: They will have their reasons for acting this way: they want to be a part of this evil company; the nocturnal visits, the magnetized goblin coins; these things have seduced them. Like a highway robber who doesn't consider that the scaffold is the inevitable result of the crime he is about to commit, they don't realize that eternal torment might replace a moment of pleasure. Oh, my God, my God! Hear the prayer of this mortal that adores you. Destroy, destroy, along with these mischievous goblins, the power of the evil spirit which is directed by their grandmaster.

Chapter 56

Another story that happened in Italy

I have yet another anecdote that supports the reasoning I have just presented, and which undeniably proves that all men, in all classes of society, are all capable of paying their debt to nature, but lust is a vice that comes to us from the devil. There is a goblin in Hell named Lust.

In Italy, there once lived a very lustful man; for the sake of his dignity I will omit his titles. He was rich and could easily satisfy all his desires, but still sometimes had challenges to overcome. One day, when he requested a private audience with a lady, he encountered such strong resistance that he resorted to a method that seemed most likely grant him success in his desire. Knowing

this lady to be very faithful, he suggested that she go on a pilgrimage, his apparently pious motives removing the difficulties that had almost arisen. The wicked man invoked the demon of lust to help him succeed in his quest, and the demon acquitted himself perfectly. He made the lady dream that she was in a church all lit up in honor of her pilgrimage, and during her dream, the demon carried her off to a place designated by the seducer. But on his way there, he encountered the demon of malice who, wishing to punish the lustful man for the strategies he had employed, fought with his comrade, was victorious, and brought the victim back to the place where she dared not leave. The demon of lust dared not show himself again after this defeat, but the demon of malice, believing himself useful, has not ceased to dwell among us. And since he had rendered a service to a lady, women in general take him as the governor of all their actions.

I admit that this story might still lead some people to believe that there are a few good devils in the infernal band, if they hadn't experienced the full wickedness of the devil like myself. I repeat: There are no good devils.

The demon of malice only opposed the demon of lust to provide poets with an allegory they could use to write a very good story about women. And goblin women are not lustful. On the contrary, they are full of malice, which is why the demon of malice prevailed over the demon of lust on this occasion.

Whenever my imagination provides me with ideas like the one I have just explained, I rejoice in being able to offer men more learned than myself material on which they can exercise their genius.

Chapter 57

Coco's kindness, after the goblins restored him to me

While I was trying to soften my aversion to the goblin race, my deer little Coco, driven by a perfectly natural feeling, that of hunger, jumped onto the table, helped himself, satisfying the need he must have felt since falling into the hands of the villains. But since he feared that in showing himself he might fall again into the clutches of these monsters, the poor little animal, still frightened from having been in the goblins' claws, was content with only a little food and quickly took refuge in the upper pocket of my coat.

The happiness the little creature felt at finding himself in this little place of comfort made me believe it was saying to its enemies, the followers of Beelzebub: "Wretched infernal creatures, I no longer fear you. I am in a strong bulwark against your diabolical attacks. My master is good and just, virtue and wisdom uphold him, while you only have the devil to aid you; but your power cannot be eternal. You will be overthrown, struck down by the master of masters."

And this is how my dear little Coco spoke to them, from the bosom of his protective retreat. Then I joined my voice to his, and added: "Monsters whom I abhor, receiving, or at least hearing, my just and heartfelt complaints, you were ashamed to keep my Coco; you feared that, having discovered you, I would force you to return him to me. But then why did these same fears not lead you to return the other things you took from me long ago?"

This scolding, delivered with the confidence of a heart strong in its conscience, halted their pursuit for a few moments, but they soon resumed it with renewed vigor.

Annoyed at my fruitless sermon, I decided to tell them, "I don't care what you do. Come, go, prowl, do as you please, I am going to bed, to prove my point." And the little monsters began to fuss. They didn't leave me all night, and approached me so closely I was obliged to visit every point of my bed to give them the pleasure of lying beside me.

Well then, you miserable people who criticize me, are you as kind as I am? No, no, you're only among those I myself criticize, who do not feel virtuous enough to imitate me. I would like to see you in the midst of a regiment of persecuting goblins. Only then could I judge your resignation by comparing it to my own. You are only at peace because you are not being persecuted.

Chapter 58

The goblins stole a 30-sous coin from me, which I was holding in my hand

One morning when I was on my way back from mass, around nine or ten o'clock, I remembered that my laundress was supposed to bring back my linens that day. I put my hands in my pockets to see if I had enough change to pay her, it would save me the trouble of going back downstairs in case I needed to break a gold or silver coin. I found two thirty-sous coins and a twenty-sous in my pocket, some small change, and a hundred-sous *écu*. After this inventory, I put my hand back in my pocket to put my money away, but before I let go of them, I glanced at them again so I wouldn't have to go back downstairs. I was surprised when, certain that I hadn't opened the hand that held the coins, I saw that a thirty-sous coin was missing! This led me to think, "what does this mean? I'm neither crazy nor drunk, no one is with me, and I'm on solid ground. Where did this disappearance come from? Who can I accuse of this blatant theft? Who? Well, by Jove, those rascal goblins who invisibly surround me, who constantly pester me! If only among those in this wicked band of scoundrels, there were some to whom I owed money, I wouldn't say a thing, except to accuse them of not knowing how to behave, since it's never right to pay one's self. But on the contrary, I have paid them all very well, even helping them as much as I could, and still the wretches play these jokes on me. This is the most convincing proof that there is nothing good to be found in the devil's accomplices, their pernicious offspring is spewed upon

the earth for the misfortune of the world, for they make an innocent person bear the brunt of the evil they commit. Their protector knows how to shield them from perception, while the innocents are the victims of their wickedness.

I refer my readers to the chapter I wrote after seeing “The Thieving Magpie” performed. They will see that what I assert could be supported by incontrovertible facts. I could still provide further evidence for my assertions if I chose to account every infamous goblin deed, which are recorded in so many famous cases, but my book is not meant to be a compilation. Everything contained herein must be personal to me, or at least must serve to prove the existence of goblins.

This is the sole purpose for which I composed my preliminary discourse, that I have cited and will continue to cite throughout my work: anecdotes that support my arguments.

Chapter 59

Let us reflect philosophically on corruption. The son disowns the father.

Corruption is advancing by leaps and bounds, especially in large cities. And so we see young people sent by their families from the countryside to pursue a profession or perfect their skills in Paris, falling into the hands of libertines who make them eat or spend in one day what their parents had spent so much effort to obtain by hard work.

These young people, fearing the serious life of their parents, allow themselves to be led astray by the temptation of pleasure, the promise of a supposedly happy life in their new social circles. Any strategy to obtain money looks good to them: baseness, flattery, trickery, even crime. If it helps them achieve their ends, it’s worth doing. “Honest but average” is disdained by them, they only gamble on the extreme. In immorality they find their strongest calling: they buy pleasures at the price of their very existence. While millionaires distinguish themselves by their arrogant pride, selfishness, and shameless ostentation, they must grovel or put on a brave face to bear the looks of those who judge them.

And so fathers and mothers are greatly mistaken if they sacrifice a part of their fortunes to send their children away from the city where they were born. Through this fatal ambition, they more often increase their child’s self-pride than his abilities, and the result may be that the father, who would only speak enthusiastically about his son, is himself disowned by the child for whom he has sacrificed so much. I could cite a thousand examples of this, but one should suffice. In a court city, a well-placed domestic servant had only one son, and didn’t know what profession to choose for him. He planned to provide him a small fortune, the fruits of his faithful service. His son was not suited to any academic pursuit, but thought that music, frequently found in all the courts, would be a suitable profession for him. Through much effort and many gifts, the father found him a back-up role, and soon, a permanent place as an orchestral musician.

The son considered himself, as the saying goes, the pope's high mustard-maker, and though he never had the honor of sharing a music stand with the orchestra, his delusional self-conceit made him forget his duties. If anyone asked about his father, or even his maternal grandfather, he wouldn't hesitate to say, with a kind of contempt, "Oh, they're just servants!"

His arrogance and incompetence led him to all sorts of humiliations, and he was even forced to leave the position his parents had sacrificed so much for, and which had brought him so little honor.

And so we have here a true and useful example to consider in order to curb the weaknesses of fathers and mothers who try to raise their children above their station, without first considering whether their abilities will allow them to assume a role that will only lead to them parroting the fall of foolhardy Icarus.

And it is then, when one's hopes are dashed, and one is desperate to avoid being the laughingstock of one's fellow citizens, one must enlist in the dreadful company of the goblins.

(264)

Chapter 60

Meeting several people I knew from the Hotel Mazarin

I walk very often, and usually alone, which is why occasionally I meet people who were staying at the Hotel Mazarin, from when I had left because of Papon Lomini. These people ask me how I am, and how I like my new accommodations. I tell them that the apartment itself is quite an improvement, but I gained nothing in terms of peace and quiet, and remind them of the truth of my life...even if I went to an unknown country, I would still be pursued by my enemies. "That may be true," they say to me, "but we would never have believed it if you hadn't told us yourself."

Toward the end of June I was met at Voltaire Quay by a friend of Mr. Sabatier. This gentleman asked me how I was, and I gave my usual reply, "I am still very troubled."

"But now, you must be much less so, because Mr. Sabatier is ill, and can no longer harass you."

"I am very sorry to hear that he is ill, but, yes, I'm pleased for myself, it's one less enemy to fear." I reminded him of the conversations we had had with him and his friend, and the well-founded suspicions I had toward Mr. Sabatier. When I had railed against the accursed goblins, he had laughed, and agreed that what I was saying was entirely true.

As my well-being was of interest to many people, I sometimes received visitors. One day, I received a visit from a gentleman I had met at the Hotel Mazarin, who also asked me how I was doing, and if I was more at peace in my new apartment. I told him that on the contrary, it

seemed that these scoundrels found my new dwelling to be an attraction for them, they came in such large numbers that it seemed as if all the powers of the infernal society were gathered to attempt my conquest and steal my jewels. He began to laugh, and agreed that it wasn't fair to gang up on just one person.

"Nothing could be truer," I said, "yet I will defy the power these villains have over me, for I would rather perish than yield to them. They have pursued me despite the distance of over 600 miles I thought I had put between them and me. But no matter what they do, they will not defeat me. When I die, I want to return to God a pure soul, as pure as when he gave it to me, and it will never be sullied by the thought of belonging to that vile race."

"Take courage," he said. "The force that has oppressed you for so long cannot last forever. Believe that it will be overthrown in its time."

"I hope so, sir, and that is why I do not want to give in, and why I want to live despite them. Besides, you know my principles and feelings on this matter."

"I remember them very well, and I sincerely sympathize with you, and wholeheartedly wish for you to take courage."

"Believe me, sir, I do not lack courage, thank God, and it sustains me in my ordeal, for it is indeed a terrible trial to be exposed to the brutality and rage of these infernal villains." Then this gentleman took his leave of me, and according to the laws of etiquette and propriety, I escorted him to the bottom of the stairs.

And yes, here we have another conversation, one that closely resembles other conversations I have had with my enemies. This is true, but nevertheless I must include it in my memoir, just as if it had contained some new detail. This is how I will proceed until my book is finished. I do not want to abridge the answers I gave to those who questioned me, simply because I might be accused of responding in the same way. I must sacrifice the style of my work to the need I have to tell my readers only the exact truth.

As my condition interested many people, I sometimes received a few visits. One day, I received one from a gentleman I had known at the Hôtel Mazarin, who also asked me how I found myself, and if I was more peaceful in my new apartment. On the contrary, it seems to these rogues that a new lodging is an attraction for them; they come there in such great numbers, that one would say that all the powers of the infernal sect are united to attempt my conquest and take away my jewels. This gentleman began to laugh, and agreed that it was not brave to put oneself so much against a single one. - Nothing is more true, however; but I will defy the power that these rogues have over me, for I would rather perish than yield to them. They pursued me in spite of the space of one hundred and eighty leagues, which I believed to put between them and me; but they do what they want, they will not overcome me. I want, in dying, to return a pure soul, such as God has given me, and it will never be sullied by the thought of having belonged to this villainous race. — Take courage, the force that has oppressed you for a long time cannot

Chapter 61

An educated man should be convinced of my misfortunes when he reads my work. The doorman of the Hotel Mazarin points out to me the machinations of one of my persecutors.

During my stay at the Mazarin Hotel, I had frequent conversations with a gentleman who enjoyed great respect, both in the hotel and in society, and who seemed to take an interest in me. I spoke to him quite often, always about my dreadful goblins. This gentleman, a very honest, highly educated man, would never be convinced even by the clearest reasons and demonstrations I gave him. He attributed all the wind, rain, hail, and storms that afflicted us to the variability of the weather and seasons. Finally, after exhausting every means of persuasion, I could only obtain the hope of convincing him with the memoir I promised to write against the magicians, which I must submit to him so that I may triumph over my persecutors.

Another day, as I was leaving my hotel to attend to some business, I saw Mr. Laporte, the doorman of the Hotel Mazarin, talking with Mr. Joseet, the wigmaker. The doorman greeted me and asked if my new lodgings were comfortable. I said that lacked nothing for comfort, but the goblins had quickly discovered my new address, and I had no idea who had given them the information. He assured me that he hadn't, and at the same time, pointed out Papon Lomini, who was walking down the street. "How can you expect to find any peace?" he said. "It's not possible. Look over there, see one of your goblins hoping to learn the location and number of your house. As soon as he saw you, he started walking faster, hoping perhaps you wouldn't understand his intent."

"Ah, friend doorman, how can you expect me to be at peace now?"

"I agree, you are most unfortunate."

"Since I must be safe wherever I live, it would be just as well if I lived in a hotel guarded by an honest doorman like yourself."

"If at least they could only get in by asking for you to pull the cord for the door, we could refuse them."

"I can think of a cord that would serve them quite well."

"Which one?"

"The one the Grand Turk provided for all his subjects who refused to carry out his wishes. Ah! That's how I wish every sovereign would treat these scoundrels. Great thinkers may tell me that this way of governing is pure despotism, but I am nevertheless convinced that only through despotism can we oppose the evil that these goblins do every day. I'm sure that in Turkey there

must be far fewer of these wretches than in all the countries that philosophers say are free, but which are really only the refuge of evildoers. Ah, Mr. Doorman, if only the cords of all the doors in Paris could be used to strangle the goblins who plague the earth. I know there wouldn't be enough, but then we could requisition all the lace-makers to manufacture them. They would work day and night, and their fortunes would be made."

"In that case, I would like to be a lace-maker."

"I wish you luck."

Chapter 62

Confronting one of my enemies on the Pont-Neuf

Since everyone reveals themselves despite themselves, it is impossible to hide from clear-sighted eyes. And here is proof of this.

I was crossing the Pont-Neuf when I heard the voice of Mr. Sabatier, uttering that phrase so pleasing to his kind of people, and so often heard in this world: "The devil!"

This word is quite fatal to my peace of mind, and so I turned around. I saw the utterly hypocritical face of the goblin as he hid it behind his handkerchief. I was indignant, and I did not hesitate to accost him in front of everyone: "Ah! You monster! Disciple of Beelzebub, destroyer of mankind...*there* you are!" The passers-by, surprised by my outburst and not understanding my meaning, turned around and asked me what I meant by these insults. I replied tersely: "The fullness of time will teach you what you do not yet know."

Although this response was quite clear, it did not seem to satisfy those around us, who, astonished by the short impromptu scene they had witnessed, withdrew in amazement. I did not want to tell them any more, I had my reasons for that. And these same reasons have led me to avoid repeating the scene I have just described to my other enemies.

If I was content with just this, all my remonstrances would only be heard by those whom chance brought to the places where I would accost my enemies. But by having my memoirs printed, all those who can read would then learn, and in turn, instruct those who cannot read.

Besides, scenes like the one I just mentioned should not be repeated too often. My enemies would take advantage of them to make me look crazy, and that is precisely what they wish to achieve. I've already seen through them, and won't give them the opportunity to persecute me as they did my dear uncle.

And so, I therefore decided that I will remain calm, and only attack my enemies in my writing. That is how I will more easily defeat them, and avoid providing them with the weapons to attack me.

If when I met Mr. Sabatier on the Pont-Neuf I acted out of character, it was because I thought I perceived him mocking me when he covered his face with his handkerchief. Though I am good-natured, I do not appreciate being made fun of.

On several occasions, I have shown the greatest patience, as I did during the two meetings I had with Mr. Chaix at my cousin Commaille's. But it was necessary to prove to my enemies once and for all that when I allow myself to be mocked, it is only out of resignation to the orders of the sovereign master of heaven and earth.

And so, it is decided: I must no longer lose my temper with these imps. I must content myself with exposing them, so that they may soon go to hell, and receive the reward for their wickedness and the pact they made with the devil, whom Sabatier called upon for aid.

Chapter 63

It is impossible for me to escape the fury of the goblins, whether I change my address or move from town to town. Some believe what is happening to me, others refuse to believe it.

I can truthfully say that, of all the people who know me, there is not a one who, seeing my condition, does not take some kind of interest in my situation. Some tell me to change neighborhoods and lodging more often, and that I would get some kind of improvement in my peace of mind. Others advise me to travel. I tell them that this would be entirely useless, and I only need to remind them that my troubles did not begin or were limited to Paris, since it was through the workings of the sorcerers of Provence that those in Paris began tormenting me. Therefore, changing cities and residences would only intensify the anger of the goblins. Their plan is well-coordinated, their hatred deeply ingrained; the more I change cities and lodgings, the more I will experience the effects of their infernal fury. My only recourse is to accept the war they have declared against me, and this guides how I must behave.

Other people, when I give them some of the details of my situation, tell me they believe the effects I have reported from my torments are impossible. After some deep consideration, they think that my ills, physical and mental, come from a significant alteration in the brain, a mental disease that is sometimes called *monomania*; that there are certainly people as unhappy as I am, but it cannot be supposed that there are any so foolish as to give themselves to the devil and follow his unnatural laws. The idea is absurd, and I should dismiss it as strange and mad for my own peace of mind.

Other people, to whom I give some details of my position, tell me that they believe the effects to which I attribute my torments to be impossible: they think, after a deep examination, that my ills,

both physical and moral, come from a great alteration in the brain, caused by a disease that one could call monomania; that it is quite possible to believe that there are people as unhappy as I am, but that one cannot suppose that there are any so mad as to give themselves to the devil and follow laws that one does not know; that this is completely absurd; that for my peace I should distance myself from all these baroque and mad ideas.

I see the merit and virtue in the people who speak to me in this way. I do not want to contradict them, and only concern myself with proving to them that I am right, though they would never believe this. However, what I tell them is obvious and plausible; only those who think of themselves as intellectually superior could doubt it, which confirms my belief that educated people are very dangerous, and the governments should shut down all those schools which, while claiming to initiate students into the sciences, they only succeed in making them arrogant without giving them any more mental fortitude, which so easily leads to corruption.

People think they know everything when they've read a few classical authors, whether in literature or law, while in reality they have only learned to babble and fill their heads with Greek, Latin, and other living and dead languages. All that was needed to make mortals perfectly perverse was to allow the establishment of goblin-serving schools. In these institutions, one loses all sense of justice and humility, the thirst for knowledge leads us astray and narrows our perspective to only let us see goals shaped by our self-love, and we abandon the true path of goodness. We go from error to error, creating needs for ourselves from which the seeds of destructive desire spring. And the same is true of fashion, changing every two or three months. Let us dress decently, and house ourselves appropriately, protecting ourselves from the scorching sun and harsh cold. But above all, let our reasoning be richer in justice and good faith than in words. Let our guiding principles be the strongest love of God and the greatest fear of displeasing him. I only make these reflections in passing because they seem relevant to my subject; let the so-called scholars comment on them.

(276)

Chapter 64

My remedy was my introduction into a house, and I cured the son of the house.

Last summer, I found myself in a social gathering where the conversation turned to my condition. After some small talk, someone said to me, "Mr. Berbiguier, you think you are the only one suffering from an affliction that torments you. Please rid yourself of that notion. There is a young man, married for three years, who is just as tormented as you are. He is nothing but skin and bones, and he is so distressed at night that he is constantly on the verge of throwing himself out the window. His young, sensitive wife is deeply distressed by this, as are his dear parents."

This story touched me, and I said to those who had told it to me: "If this is truly the case, introduce me to this young man, and I will take care of everything." This proposition was accepted, and it was agreed that I would be taken to the house in a few days.

I went there with the person who introduced me, and we found the family still at the table. At the end of the meal, the conversation turned to the reasons that had brought me, a person unknown, to the house. While speaking, I chose my words carefully out of politeness, so as not to say anything inappropriate in front of people who were strangers to me, though they were related to each other. The master and mistress of the house invited me to speak frankly, and told me there was no one present who shouldn't hear what I had to say. I began to question their son and his young wife.

"Do you sleep at night?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good! Do you see and hear anything?"

"No sir, I am only troubled by the anxiety and discomfort that my husband experiences, but I neither see nor hear anything of all the things, real or imagined, physical or metaphysical, that the ferocity of this illness makes my husband endure."

"Ah! Madam, madam, what a mistake you are making! What prejudice! Beware of doubting what your dear husband confesses to you. You don't believe him? Understand that I can speak to you about this with some personal knowledge. For twenty-three years I have experienced the same torment and the same unpleasantness."

During the conversation, the company listened to me with the greatest surprise, and seemed to recognize that this sort of conversation was entirely new to them. I finally agreed with the mother of the young man to meet at a friend's house for a more thoughtful discussion that would aim to save her son, whom she adored.

I took my leave of the family and returned home, thinking on how to save this young man. The next day, the agreed-upon day, I went to the designated place; the lady soon arrived as well. I thought I saw tears in her eyes, and she was in a deplorable state. She told me that her son had had a terrible night. I saw she was clearly distressed, and I invited her to calm down a little, not to be frightened any further.

"I am going to give you a sovereign remedy against the dreadful evil that is afflicting your son."

"Ah! Sir, if you speak truthfully, we will all be eternally indebted to you and have boundless gratitude."

“Madam, I ask neither for gratitude nor obligation. My reward will be in the happy effect of my remedy.”

My remedy has already been described in the course of this memoir; I explained it in detail to the afflicted mother, adding: “This, madam, is what you must do to bring about the cure of your son. In a few days, give me news of him.” She thanked me profusely, and told me she would use the remedy that very evening, whose infallibility I had guaranteed. The next day, the mother, who had put into practice this simple but effective method I had suggested, came to me to tell me of their success, but learned that I wouldn’t be found there until the following day. Indeed, when I arrived, she came a few moments later, and said to me, joy mingled with tears, “Oh, sir, how much I have to thank you for! My son has had two wonderful nights!”

“Madam, I congratulate you,” I said. “Have faith in God. He alone, and time, will do the rest.”

Some time later, I wanted to see the young man’s condition for myself. I went to see him and found him perfectly recovered. His mother, wife, and sister didn’t know how to express their gratitude. I expressed to them that my conduct was that of a sensitive heart, which finds pleasure in helping a suffering humanity; I saw that this scene was becoming too emotional for me, and I withdrew to avoid exaggerated praise that would have offended my modesty. As I left, I carried with me the satisfaction of a pure soul, which had rendered, with no interest other than that provided by the memory of a good deed, the service owed to one’s fellow man, transforming his sadness into lasting joy.

Shortly afterward, I returned to the same house. I complained very bitterly about the mischievous goblins. A lady, an acquaintance of the owners of the house, said something on this subject that easily led me to believe that she was suffering from the effects of these spirits. Without pressing her too hard, I asked her to explain herself; she excused herself, letting me understand that the details she would have to go into in this regard were repugnant to her modesty. I respected her delicacy, and I asked her to confide in her friends the causes of her condition, which seemed to be afflicting her. “When they have conveyed them to me,” I said, “I will hasten to give her all the means capable of dispelling anything that might disturb your peace and hinder you in your interests and your affections.”

The lady thanked me, and made me understand, with the modesty that characterizes so well the fair sex, that she would confide in her neighbor, the mistress of the house, and I had reason to promise myself once again the cure of a new victim of the goblins.

Admit it, dear readers: if I experience terrible torments, I have managed to find a way to compensate for them with great pleasures. To come to the aid of my persecuted fellow citizens, is that not paying homage to the God who placed them on this earth where I am, to the misfortune of the goblins?

Chapter 65

Another cure brought by my remedy. The entire family of an engraver has happily tried it.

The next day I went to the house of one of my friends. His wife was very pleased with my arrival, as the day before she had had a conversation with her neighbor, who was in the deepest distress because her husband was wasting away before her eyes. His work as an engraver, which he had formerly practiced with pleasure and ease, was now exhausting him. The line he wanted or needed to execute was never as he tried to make it. He would fly into a terrible rage at the slightest remark; there had been complete discord in their household for six months; the duties permitted and ordained by the marriage bond, even scorned to the point where neither spouse could obtain anything from the other. Things went on like this every day, and to crown their misfortune, their child, the fruit of a much-desired union, had been ill for quite some time.

“Ah, madam,” I said to her, “I see in your account many things that have a strong connection with what I have experienced, and everything I experience each day for a very long time now; distractions, boredom, anger, impatience, and what’s more, impotence, a most distressing state. This is what the cruelty of diabolical goblins produces when they attach themselves to the human race. I would like to speak with this lady to give her a sure treatment for the attacks and persecutions of these beings, for there is no doubt that they are the cruel emissaries of Beelzebug, who have disturbed her charming household, as they have disturbed and are still disturbing so many others that they should have respected.”

The engraver’s wife was informed of my arrival. She came, and after urging her to be patient and sincerely sympathizing with her over the troubles that afflicted her, I gave her the recipe for my remedy, which I can call a true cure against magicians, sorcerers, goblins, and all the other members of the infernal-diabolical society. This new victim of the cruelty of the demon’s slaves thanked me profusely and promised to follow my advice to the letter. My consultation finished, I left.

The next day I was eager to go to my friends’ house to learn the results of my meeting with the engraver’s wife; I was impatient to know if my remedy would once again produce a successful cure. They told me it had produced a marvelous effect, and that the entire family had slept perfectly. Moreover, to assure me of the truth of the matter, they were going to ask their neighbor to kindly confirm their good fortune. This the lady did very precisely, adding that the husband was already working with much greater ease, and they hoped that by destroying the evil at its root, they would revive day by day their former conjugal happiness, a source of blessings a hundred times more preferable than all the riches of the earth. I shared the joy this lady felt, as much from the pleasure that a sensitive heart experiences when it has rendered a service, as from the pure joys of an honest and noble self-esteem.

When everything had been said on this subject, the conversation took another turn, and as I cannot be universally knowledgeable, I left the company when I saw they were talking about things that were foreign to me.

A few days later I had the pleasure of seeing my friends again. The engraver, his wife, and their child came to visit me and express all their gratitude for the happiness they were enjoying thanks to the remedy I had given them, and they wished me an equally happy result for my own peace of mind. I thanked them, thinking that this was only right, especially considering how long I had been working against this accursed disease, while those to whom I give the recipe for the remedy are cured in a single treatment. But it seems that this remedy, so effective for others, has no effect on me. In this I resemble all doctors, who, it is said, have the privilege of curing others, but to cure themselves, must resort to the remedies of their colleagues.

In case of a relapse, I invited the engraver and his family to use the remedies they had already found so effective, and I returned home, congratulating myself on the good I do every day for a suffering humanity. "There," I said to myself as I left, for I often talk to myself, "There is a family to whom I have restored peace of mind. The husband can devote himself to his work, the wife enjoys the affection of her husband which she had so long been deprived of, and their young child will not suffer from having his education neglected."

Oh, my God! Source of all happiness, how fortunate I am to have been found worthy of being one of your faithful and incorruptible servants! My happiness is indescribable! What are the sufferings I have endured and that I endure daily compared to the mission you have given me? It is you, O my God, who revealed to me the salutary remedy that my fellow men use so effectively against the goblins; you made me privy to the recipe, so true is it that what is good can only come from you.

But also, with how many acts of thanksgiving do your temples resound since I have had the satisfaction of bringing to persecuted families!

Hear the songs of joy sung by the mortals I have delivered from the persecutions of the goblins. See the two families I have just mentioned, exalting your power from dawn until sunset. Their gratitude is entirely for you, O my God! I am only your agent; I desire no other reward than the one you deserve for me. I never cease to tell this to those who believe they are in my debt.

I was very unhappy before I had made all these reflections, but since I had been dwelling on them, I no longer suffer as much. The goblins still come to persecute me night and day, I am still the target of their malice as before; but my resignation to what you deem useful to humankind must prevail over all other feelings.

I know that I suffer for you, O my God! And this single thought should be enough to make me bless my sufferings.

Goblins! Goblins! Continue to cling to my footsteps. God wills it, and I will it too.

Chapter 66

A conversation with my lawyer's secretaries; I gave them a cure for a lady persecuted by goblins.

I could not begin to name all the people who have successfully tried my marvelous remedy.

One day, I was obliged to go to my lawyer's office on business. The clerks were busy discussing all sorts of things unrelated to their station and profession. They steered the conversation toward magicians: the first clerk said she knew a lady who was tormented by goblin maleficence, to the point that everyone feared she might throw herself out of the window at any moment. Those around her, she added, said there was nothing to be done about this terrible illness, but that time may perhaps cure her.

These followers of Bartholomew were so far off the mark that I spoke up to inform them that the people who tell her there is no cure are perhaps the very ones persecuting her. "Be very careful! They undoubtedly intend to deprive her of the means to effect her own cure. Would it be possible to meet this lady?"

"Sir, she is in the countryside for a change of air; as soon as she returns, I will take great pleasure to speak to her about you. In fact, I will consider it my duty, provided your intentions are pure, and you are not merely trying to get her to change masters."

"Who you take me for, please? Have the goodness, I beg you, not to put me in the same category as sorcerers. Know that my intentions are commendable, I only aim to rescue her from the hands of these cursed goblins and return her to her family."

"That is very honorable. I feel she will be cured through your efforts, for, besides being an extremely wise and reserved man, without vice, even incapable of having any, especially the most fatal one, a passion for women, for it is alone worth all the others...we know that you are an excellent Christian, and consequently, with all these qualities, you cannot fail to inspire our confidence."

My interlocutor finished by asking me to write a memoir against harmful and malevolent creatures. As I did not want to give an account of my intentions to anyone, I contented myself with telling them that time would decide whether I should concern myself with that, or whether I should let my adventures fall into oblivion, as some unbelievers seem to be advising me to do.

That's what the clerks of lawyers and solicitors are like today; they meddle in everything. They think they know as much as those who could be their fathers or even their grandfathers. I would not have given such great satisfaction to those who were questioning me if they hadn't promised to introduce me to an unfortunate man for whom my remedy was becoming more and more necessary every day.

(289)

NOTE: 20 pages are missing here between 288 and 305!

<https://play.google.com/books/reader?id=iOBxiydZqcgC&pg=GBS.PA300&hl=en>

Google book version

Chapter 67

Persecutions and reflections following my meeting with my lawyers' secretaries

When I returned home, the goblins besieged me more than ever before. Judging by their appearance and the racket they were making, they were more hungry for victims than ever. When I found myself overwhelmed by these rascals, my thoughts turned to the suffering of the lady I had been told about must be enduring. What a state that unfortunate victim must be in! It must be even more painful for her than for me, as one who doesn't know the causes of this affliction or the means of protecting herself from it. I absolutely must cure her, my honor is strongly bound to it. If this lady is of a distinguished class, it will bring me great honor; people will talk about it, everyone will want to know the methods I used, and this will give me a great reputation, in addition to the one my memoir will earn me among honest people, who must be numerous, if we are to believe the wise man who told us there are more pure souls on earth than there are goblins.

However, how many women and girls are victims of these scoundrels! And what is most unfortunate is that they are unaware of the causes of their suffering. I have experienced time and again that when the cause of the evil they are experiencing is revealed to them, and I have the kindness to instruct them, they have so little faith that they laugh in the face of the one who has acquired the knowledge needed to cure this diabolical-infernal goblinish affliction.

Furthermore, for the good I wish to do for humanity, despite the unpleasantness I might have to endure--though nothing discourages me!--I declare, I would like all the suffering people in France and throughout the world to submit to me so I might have the satisfaction of curing them.

The ailment from which they suffer becomes far more dangerous later on, owing to their refusal to consult the physician who has thoroughly investigated all its causes, studied all its effects, and who is taking the trouble to write a book that will be extremely useful to humanity.

When my memoirs are finally published, I will no longer encounter skeptics. Men, women, girls, and children will do me justice, compelled to do so by this single point: no other motive than his love for humanity could have lead Berbiguier to take on all the expenses he does; there can be no ulterior motive for his actions. If he had been a libertine during his life one might imagine this was an act of contrition, but he has no need to atone when he has committed no offense. And this is what will ensure that my remedy is judged as it should be, by those who need to use it.

Chapter 68

Goblins impregnate girls without their victims even realizing it.

I have already said that goblins can make women pregnant; but since I am very keen to convince the skeptics, I want to cite all the facts that can support my claims, so that all the husbands and fathers of young women can join forces with me against these clandestine seducers who ruin the reputation of innocent women and girls, who, without their wicked deeds, would have been held up as examples to be imitated.

So therefore, I will say that during the year 1818, a very well-bred young woman complained to her parents of pains she felt inside her body. Doctors were called in, and after subjecting this unfortunate young woman to a very long examination, they wisely decided she was suffering from an obstruction, without specifying the nature of this obstruction. Consequently, they treated her for this ailment, convinced as all doctors are that their diagnostic skills cannot be mistaken. But imagine their surprise when, at the beginning of 1819, the young woman experienced a recurrence of the pains, following which she gave birth to the fruits of the maleficence of angry goblins!

The doctors saw very clearly that the obstruction was completely gone, and retracted their initial diagnosis, apologizing and explaining that this was not the first time medicine had been mistaken. The father and mother, astonished that the illness had ended in this way, did not know what to think of their dear daughter, whom they had raised in the best principles of religion and morality. They believed that this victim of the spirit of evil's maleficence had deceived their vigilance and abused their trust, when she should not have been so cruelly judged.

This poor girl insisted she was innocent, saying she had not expected her painful situation to end this way. Never having suffered from an illness of this nature, it was to her a completely inexplicable puzzle. She had not engaged in any activity that could have led to this unfortunate condition: her honorable parents overwhelmed her with lectures which they believed she justly deserved. They wanted to know what could be the cause of their daughter's shame, and their own; how and where the event had taken place; what reasons had led their daughter, until then so virtuous, to so fundamentally betray her morals; but this unfortunate girl merely protested her innocence, she was entirely ignorant of what could exist between a man and a woman, and had distinguished them only by the difference in clothing between the two sexes. Her answers, stemming from her innocence, revealed the purity of heart of the one who spoke them, but did not satisfy her father and mother, who only saw her as cunning. These parents, indoctrinated by old prejudice, could not accept the idea that evil spirits were responsible for the general misfortune of humanity, and refused to believe that this sad circumstance was their doing; they had never wanted to admit to the innocence of their dear daughter.

However, while it was known that the child she gave birth to was the fruit of an act in which she had not participated, this young woman nevertheless lost the esteem of her parents and all the honest people who knew her.

The unfortunate girl's father and mother wanted to have her confined to a convent. The parents of the young women she associated with told their daughters to avoid the company of the one they themselves thought to be guilty. All the neighbors spoke of the event as if it were something incomprehensible. "She was always so reserved, she was so plain and simple!" And none could understand how she had managed to bring her seducer into her room, which could only be entered through her father's apartment.

Ah! If only I could have witnessed so many injustices myself, I could have used my eloquence to disillusion all the parents and neighbors of this unfortunate woman! But I cannot be everywhere. And this confirms the necessity of my work. It will open the eyes of these overly-suspicious fathers, who claim their daughter's misconduct led to the misfortunes she suffered, though she was innocent of them.

The cruel public will no longer be able to indulge in its sarcasm and libel, and virtuous women will recognize me for the justice I want to see given to their sex when it has not deserved to be slandered.

Ah, woman! How much will you owe to the *Scourge of the Goblins!* Through his memoirs, he provides you with the means to prove yourself when you are unjustly accused.

Criminal women could never profit from my discoveries. If they tried to use them to conceal a crime they had actually committed, they would betray themselves with their own false allegations. Lies can never successfully borrow the language that truth uses to make itself known. Those who watch the courts will be more than convinced of the accuracy of my observations.

Chapter 69

Other events of a similar nature to those in the previous chapter

At the beginning of July 1819, an acquaintance of mine said to me, with conviction: "It has been a very long time, sir, since you told me about the power of the chief of the goblins. I confess, until today, I could neither believe, nor convince myself, that there was any recognized power other than God. But today I have to recognize the truth of your assertions. The letter I just received provides me with proof: One of my relatives informs me that his daughter, who is infirm and mentally challenged, is pregnant, even though she was always accompanied by someone, and her ugliness was the best protection one could give her against a potential seducer. Everyone is racking their brains trying to guess the cause of this phenomenon. And this is why I am coming to believe what you have told me for so long, so many times, about the power of magicians and sorcerers may have some foundation."

"I am taking advantage of this moment when we are alone to talk to you about this, so as not to give ammunition to those who might say we are gullible, or throw doubt on the broad knowledge

you have acquired through your valuable discoveries about the workings of the magical-diabolical society. And I'm happy to make this confession to you, to do you justice, and to find some relief for the discomfort this strange news brings me."

"Ah, my friend," I replied to him, "I am quite convinced that men, in general, are under the domination of the goblins, but out of pride they will not be cured, they prefer to remain blind rather than admit it and acknowledge the care and effort that has been taken to enlighten them. There is a peculiarity unique to the human species, she happily complains about everything that grieves or annoys her, yet she does not forgive anyone who tries to cure or enlighten her."

"I admit that I was mistaken, like so many others," he said. "I was suffering, I dared not speak, and I feared the life-saving remedies you administer with such wisdom, grounded in the discoveries and commentaries you have made on infernal magic and its workings. But today, I see that it is only right to give you the honor due to a man as enlightened as yourself."

This conversation took place with a citizen whose personal qualities would be confirmed by any who knew him. Therefore, I have no reason to doubt what he came to tell me, unbidden, solely in the interest of truth.

Chapter 70

The aiguillette, a new means used by the leprechauns to bind humans

My readers will forgive my memoirs for lacking the regularity and order they should have. My anger and frustration with these wretched goblins makes me forget to include a fact, or mention one after the other. But they always inform the truths that I have imposed upon myself as I compose my work.

Many people have never heard of the aiguillette. The word has several meanings, but here is the one I give it: When goblins want to capture someone and bind them to their power, they equip themselves with a rare talisman, one more reliable because it is only known to magic. They take a wolf's member and a piece of raw thread, and then knock on your door, knowing that you wouldn't suspect a thing, and when you open the door, they wrap the thread around the wolf's rod and the talisman binds you to them unwillingly.

Fortunately, to free yourself, you can quickly use the ox heart remedy, with the instructions you already have. It will always be effective in these circumstances.

The goblins themselves gave this spell the name, "aiguillette," which is a sound reason for saying that the word has a variety of meanings. By my revealing this fact, the guards and soldiers attached to the king's household will no longer call what they wear in the place of an epaulette by that name, but this is no consideration to me to revealing a useful truth. If they

must speak of this decoration, which is a part of their uniform, they will have to refer to it by some new adjective, because the public, now informed of the harm the goblins inflict by means of their aiguillette, may mistake anyone wearing this decoration for a goblin.

Clearly, this explanation was necessary to protect from unwitting danger the men who have dedicated themselves to the defense of the King whom all Frenchman revere, and who must avoid, as much as possible, having goblins among those who guard his inviolable and sacred person, so essential to the happiness of France.

Chapter 71

I have a thousand proofs that lead me to believe my anti-goblin operations are weakening the power of the sorcerers. Here are some characteristic traits of these wretches.

I have every reason to believe that my threats and operations against the influence of the planets the goblins place us under at their whims have served to moderate the effects of their wickedness. Without this, the unfortunate farmers would have gained nothing for their labors, the countryside would have been ravaged and flooded, as it was in 1816 and 1817, years which are still remembered with sorrow. But let's leave suppositions aside and return to facts. Several magicians, very well-known to me, wished dissuade me from writing my memoir, saying that I was talking too much about them and their society. Time, I told them, will teach you so much more, if you live long enough.

That the infernal society is composed of goblins of both sexes is a certainty. I have too much proof of what I assert to doubt it. The goblins are of all ages and all conditions, they are merchants and traders of goods of every kind, who after diverting some of the products they were trading, have hidden them under the pretext of making their own private provisions, so that they would not be suspected of being the cause of the famine that might occur.

These are facts. And here are more. I am inspired by my God when I reveal to my readers the persecutions I have been the victim of for twenty-three consecutive years. These sufferings have lasted long enough for me to be justified in making them public, both to the victims of my enemies and to those whom they may have spared. Anyone who would take the trouble to reflect on everything I put forward in my work will see that nothing I have asserted is false, since I cite the days and even the names of the individuals who have contributed to my misfortune. I know full well that my sincerity has angered these tormentors of mankind, and in order to avoid and deflect the blows their misdeeds oblige me to inflict upon them, are trying to turn honest people against me, the very people for whom I am working. This only makes me more resolute; I will continue the course of my revelations.

These villainous goblins use every means possible...all methods are fine for them when they want to ruin someone. Calumny, for example, is the weapon they wield most often and most successfully, and with inimitable skill. This method is the cruellest one can imagine for ruining

someone, since it even attacks people's morality. It is a method with much merit in their eyes. I must expect that when they appear visibly before those who wish to learn from my writings, they will say with an air of contempt or disdain, "What, are you reading this nonsense? How embarrassing! It's not even worth looking at with pity. Don't you see from the first sentences that it's a madman speaking?" But none of this should surprise my admirers, to whom I must explain that as soon as these goblins learned I was going to write a work against them, they were most eager to portray me a fool and an imbecile, so that no one would be tempted to read what I wrote against their society.

All their remarks should only encourage my readers to distrust these wretches. They will have the audacity to deny the existence of their infernal-diabolical society, whose membership therein they never acknowledge; the moment they have exercised their power invisibly, they cleverly resume their human forms, return to our midst, and pretend to sympathize with us for the torments they have just inflicted on us.

When they catch someone writing the book that exposes them, they will have the audacity to deny the suffering they have just caused, and will only then leave them to inflict even more. These are the traits that fully characterise them. I repeat, for the benefit of my readers, one can never be too wary of this goblin coterie.

The people who I am dear to have convinced me that nothing my enemies do should surprise me. They want to make me out to be mad. I allow them to spread their slander. They may say that I am mad, it won't make me so. I shall be as calm as I have been to this point.

If anyone goes mad, it will be the one who sees his hopes dashed. Perhaps the cabal that says they want to have me sent to Charenton will see the rage and despair of those who have failed in their undertakings.

I hear that Mr. Chaix is going back to Carpentras, no doubt to avoid being confined to Charenton himself, but his departure will not save him from the fate that awaits him. If I don't manage to send him to Charenton, he will, I hope, reside in the asylum established in Avignon, where a room can be reserved for him. *A corsaire corsaire et demi*. Do you understand me, Mr. Chaix? Do you hear, emissary and messenger of Beelzebub?

Chapter 72

Goblins often take the form of a cat

I have already mentioned the goblin that fell down from the roof when I was staying at the Mazarin Hotel, to support my assertion that sorcerers and magicians disguise themselves as cats. I must cite an anecdote concerning an old woman who would caress every wicked spirit that appeared to her in the form of this animal.

This old woman, whose horrid presence annoyed and inconvenienced everyone who lived in the same building as her, had so completely alienated her neighbors that no one could bear her presence or her company.

However, a good man, an enemy of goblins, warned the old woman if he were bothered by her goblin cat, he would resort to drastic measures to get rid of his enemy. The witch sided with the devil, saying that she would inform the authorities of the attack he was planning, and, indeed, she told the neighborhood magistrate about what she had just experienced. The magistrate summoned the person who had sworn to kill the disguised goblin, and the honorable man did not deny what he had promised to do, and thus, the goblin was forced to stop bothering good people.

The old witch, ashamed of having failed in her plans, moved away to avoid succumbing to the attacks of the courageous man who had the strength to resist her. This is how all decent people should behave toward those who love cats, hateful animals whose only dubious advantages is that they hunt rats, who have the unfortunate ability to see so well at night that they are not afraid to come in and lie down next to us when we least expect it, and annoy us in many other ways as well.

May this chapter, and the chapter concerning cats already published in my first volume, end the love of the ladies of Paris for these goblinish creatures! I never experience a greater pain than when I see pretty lips pressed against the muzzle of a beast from the tiger race.

But my pain is no less when I hear a pretty woman call her husband “my cat” instead of “my dear.” To my mind, calling him “cat” is inviting him to behave like a mischievous creature, and this is all the more true since I have heard that Pinel, Moreau, and their kind have no greater pleasure than when their wives call them “my cat.”

When I marry a virtuous woman, I shall never be her cat. One point of my marriage contract will forbid the woman who joins her destiny to mine from giving me any title other than ones that flatter decent people. I much prefer to be called “my friend” rather than names that repel love and nature. “My cat,” “my rat,” “my chicken,” “my duck...” The women of Paris think they are being charming when they utter these words. Well, I think I can safely say the women who use such words are the ones who love their husbands the least. A word to the wise, ladies.

Chapter 73

Some particulars relating to the succession of the late Mr. Berbiguier, my uncle.

It is useful to me to return to the topic of the estate of the late Mr. Berbiguier. When I mentioned this before I omitted some particulars that should be known. One is always inclined to talk about

the facts that interest us, and certainly, my reasons are compelling enough that I should not need to fear my readers complaining of my reminiscences.

So, let it be known, then: while I was my uncle's principal heir, I settled with his widow, Mrs. Berbiguier, as did the other co-heirs. The lady has died since I began writing this work, and one should not attack the dead. God has judged her, and it is no longer for man to examine her conduct or complain about what she should have done or did not do before dying. May she rest in peace. And that is what every good Christian should say when speaking of her, woe to those who do not know how to forgive mortals whom God has called to His judgment. They themselves are unworthy of the forgiveness they may call for in their final hour. I am the one member of the Berbiguier family who has the most reason to complain about the deceased, but I shall remain silent.

But to return to my uncle. Here is what he said to me in his last moments: "My dear nephew, I find no fault in your conduct; you are the only one in my family who I can speak highly of. You shared in my troubles, you took every step to oppose the persecution and malice of my other nephews and nieces, who were using terrible pretexts to try to seize my property. Your friendship for me will be rewarded. I declare you, Alexis-Vincent-Charles Berbiguier, my sole and only heir. I want you alone to uphold the name and house of my ancestors and yours; I acknowledge you as worthy of it. The property I possess belongs entirely to me; it is the fruit of my labor, and I can dispose of it as I see fit; it is yours."

I thanked my uncle profusely for his kindness to me, and told him I would respect his wishes, but if he did not approve, I would wish that the poor behavior of our relatives would not deprive them of an inheritance that they had as much right to as I did. He replied that my observations and courtesy went too far, and at the moment, they were not welcome: he intended to make me his sole heir. All of these statements he made in the presence of his wife Mrs. Berbiguier, and as well several other people who frequented my uncle's house at the time. And this was not the only time he said this in their presence. Mrs. Berbiguier was not yet dead when I took that earlier chapter to the printer, in which I spoke in my first volume of my uncle's estate. Her death prevents me from relating here some particulars that still weigh heavily on my heart. I must content myself with saying, in my sadness, that all possible reflections on this subject have been exhausted, encompassed by the thoughts of a famous writer: "Fortune plays with all mortals."

When death took our uncles for us, all the heirs came forward to fight over his estate, but the most relentless were those who had hounded him during his lifetime: to see and hear them, it was as if they were delighted that their prey could no longer escape them. They wanted to contest the will with those who, out of generosity or love, had benefitted from the kindness of the deceased. I will not go into all the other details, I recorded them in my first volume.

Chapter 74

Continuing the previous chapter, concerning businessmen, and what I saw on the bas-relief of the *Palais de Justice*, in Aix-en-Provence

My uncle's succession was a great windfall for the men in black coats. Their meetings were very numerous and frequent. Every time the family and their lawyers assembled, it seemed to me I was seeing a company of the National Guard at a roll call vote, and the National Guard was not accustomed to such a proceeding. The conversations always seemed to go "Is Mr. So-and-So here?" "Yes, I Am." "And is Mr. Thus-and-Such Here?" "No." "And how about Mr. Whats-his-Name?" "Not yet, but he should be here soon." It only served to delay the proceedings, some arriving late, some not at all, and there were many wasted sessions, although the lawyers never lost their fees. The payments always went through smoothly.

Finally, as they got to know each other better, the deliberations began to follow one another. The heirs, lawyers, and proxies who arrived a little late, even at the end of the session, signed in as if they had been present for everything that had been done in their absence.

The delays and postponements caused by this or that person didn't bother the lawyers, who knew how to best use the time to talk about hunting parties, theatrical performances, even their mistresses, whatever amused or concerned them personally, which had nothing to do with the purpose of the meeting. All these different conversations put me in a bad mood and made me say, justifiably, that even if they talked for twenty years about whatever interested them, it wouldn't bring our arrangements to a conclusion any sooner.

One evening, when they were apparently discussing everything but our business, I said, in a jovial tone, so as not to violate the rules of propriety, "Gentlemen, I believe I remember seeing a bas-relief at the top of the Palais de Justice in the old parliament, showing two men, one wearing a shirt, the other completely naked. I knew the allegory, but I happened to see a lawyer there as I was looking at it and asked him what the bas-relief meant. 'I am a stranger to the city, and I don't know any of the monuments it contains. Could you explain the subject of this one?' 'It is the emblem of two litigants whose case has just been judged. One still has his shirt, and is fortunate enough to hold onto this last remaining possession, and the other one, completely naked, has lost the case, with nothing left but eyes to weep over his complete ruin.' The four 'P's which complete the image, signify and serve as this warning: 'Poor pleader, please be patient.' I did not fail to thank this gentleman for his time in explaining to me something I had known for a long time, but which in a playful mood, I had enjoyed having explained by someone who, by profession, would be annoyed by it."

The black coats to whom I had recounted this amusing story burst out laughing, asking me if it was true, and if I'd really remembered it. "What? Why would you doubt it? Do you think I travelled without being curious enough to learn about all the remarkable little things I encountered everywhere I stopped? I've remembered many amusing moments of this kind, and I'm glad I hadn't yet forgotten the fable of the oyster and the Litigants, who called in a lawyer to

settle their disputes. To end their dispute he ate the oyster and gave each of them one of the shells. Isn't that just another version of the poor litigant being told, 'be patient?'"

"You're a man of wit, Mr. Berbiguier."

"At least I don't have the wit to appropriate what doesn't belong to me."

"Then you're too honest."

I could have drawn out the conversation, but the outcome might have been more stormy, I might have had to speak without allegory, and the public prosecutors get angry when someone has the courage to tell them the truth. Besides, our family arrangements had not yet been finalized, and I had an interest in sparing the pride of those who were to conclude them.

Fortunately, since that conversation, all the matters concerning my uncle's inheritance have been settled. I could explain how, but I want to leave my readers something to guess. To facilitate their understanding, I will include among my supporting documents the statement of expenses we had incurred to amicably settle our disputes. This alone will suffice, a word to the wise is enough.

My friends and my enemies will judge, based on this statement, whether it was appropriate to publish the explanation of the initials carved on the facade of the Palace of justice in Aix-en-Provence, and whether I should be permitted to memorize the fable of the *Litigants and the Oyster* by the good La Fontaine, who, like me, must have been persecuted by goblins. If he wasn't, he wouldn't have written so many fables, the morality of which must be attributed to the persecutions he was certainly subjected to.

Be as good as La Fontaine and I am, and you are certain to be attacked by the emissaries of the devil. My remedy is there for you, and as I have said a hundred times before, is bound to cure all those who will have faith in it.

Chapter 75

You are a goldsmith, Mr. Josse; you are a lawyer, Mr. Grippesous.

After they had concluded their meetings, the men of law asked the inheritors what they desired and if they agreed. Those who were satisfied with the articles of the will said they wanted to uphold it, the others were not inclined to do so. For the same reasons they thought they could request an interdiction of my uncle, they believed they had the grounds to overturn his will.

The men in black coats, who had made a pact with discord, encouraged the relatives to sue each other. Almost all of them exclaimed, "yes, we will sue!" They agreed on the days when they would meet together and begin the proceedings.

As I could see no advantage in these embarrassing disputes, and told them "Gentlemen, since you want to sue, I will withdraw and settle." They began to litigate, but ultimately had to settle. Mr. Jousselin, the executor of the will, only had to give us an account of what was due to us according to the will, but he did not do so. This was certainly blatant injustice. Every day we demanded what was rightfully ours, but in vain; he always had reasons for refusing to provide his accounts. The man is a lawyer, and his colleagues, who perhaps wished to be treated leniently in the future, did not want to attack him. All this seems to justify that well-known proverb: "wolves do not eat each other." And besides, isn't it said among lawyers, "the robe always does its job?" If Jousselin had been a simple private citizen, the whole pack of bailiffs, attorneys, and so on, would have made him incur enough costs to condemn him to debt. But he was a lawyer, a colleague with the well-being of others in his hands. He was very respectable, and one had to be quite careful not to upset him.

As for myself, idle and observant, nothing is more amusing than strolling through the great hall of the Palais de Justice, where the lawyers, all dressed in black robes and square caps, stride back and forth like people with the most important business to attend to, though most of the time they talk only of trivial matters, quite the opposite of the cases that bring them to the Palais. And I have been told that it is not the lure of wealth that makes them take on several contradictory cases. I see them running from one chamber to another, saying in one what they have just denounced in the other, pleading with just as much zeal for injustice as justice, always hoping to receive their fee whether they pleaded for the good or bad cause.

One would think, hearing the fervor they put into their speeches, that the worst cause inflames them as much as the best, and their manner of speaking is often so captivating that their logic and eloquence would make us believe that the bad cause *is* the good one, while in their hearts and consciences they know perfectly well, they are only working for money.

The legislators who dedicated our laws have left so many loopholes and so many opportunities for misinterpretation for those who claim to be their interpreters, they can use and interpret them in favor of whoever pays them. And if they do not succeed, they never lack for an excuse. They have the art of deceiving their clients, just as they would have liked to have deceived the judges.

This reminds me of a comedy I saw performed in which a lawyer gives advice to a shepherd who had stolen from his master. As a result of the lawyer's advice, the master, who had been robbed, was forced to pay the fine, and the thief was acquitted, and dismissed from the court. But due to circumstances I have never been able to understand, the advisor had not demanded his payment in advance. When he finally asked for his fee, the thief paid him with the same money he'd been told to give to the judges. He kept saying "bay!"

I get a big laugh whenever I see this comedy played, it's very old, and by its age, proves to me that the lawyers of long ago were, and should be, as they are today.

God help me, as long as I live, I will have nothing more to do with lawyers, the goblins make my life hard enough. Good riddance to all the men who wear the robes of the prosecutor and lawyer! All the goblins have a taste for the legal profession. I wouldn't be surprised if I learned that to avoid my needles, pins, sulfur, and beef-hearts, the children of Satan have found refuge under a prosecutor's robe.

I twitch whenever I hear laymen, talking of a priest's habit, call it a "robe." No, priests do not wear robes, they were *cassocks*. They clearly had no desire to wear a costume bearing the same name as that of a prosecutor. A priest dressed in a robe! Good heavens! There is nothing in common between a man of the church and a man of the court. The former are apostles of the truth. The latter grow strong only through lies.

Dark-coated men, lawyers, prosecutors, bailiffs, constables, I defy you, because I have nothing to fear from your fury. I owe nothing to anyone, I have money that will not pass through your clutches. So since the name of your costume can have a number of meanings, If I were a member of the Academy, I would propose that it henceforth be known only by the words, "nest of goblins." You are a goldsmith, Mr. Josse. You are a lawyer, Mr. Grippesous.

Chapter 76

I have always been my uncle's friend, and was well rewarded for it; the death of my uncle.

I never would have moved to Paris if my uncle hadn't lived in that great capital, where it is so easy for goblins to conceal their vile character. Look at Mr. Chaix, the most impertinent of them all.

When I arrived in Paris I learned about the lawsuit that had been brought against this good old fellow. Convinced of the injustice of his persecutors, I boldly declared myself to be his defender. He asked me to write all his relatives and urge them to remain calm, and I obeyed. Most did not reply, and the ones who did showed that they would have done better to remain silent than to reply so poorly.

Seeing my uncle dreadfully and shamefully abandoned by those who should have supported him, I wrote a memorandum addressed to the court, which I sent before the pleading. Then I pleaded my uncle's case, and if I could not completely confound his adversaries, I at least proved that this brave man was not what his wicked relatives had accused him of being. The Attorney General of the court, in his conclusion, praised him so highly that he said he should be

left in possession of his property, as he had always been. He merely offered some advice to him in his old age regarding the organization of his general and private affairs.

I did not miss a single hearing. Every day I reported to my uncle everything that was said and done in his favor. He was delighted to learn from me that the court was guided solely by justice. He assented to the judgement rendered, which he would have to, the judgment contained nothing offensive to him or to his memory.

And each day we talked of other things of interest to both him and me. I cannot dwell enough on the confidence he confided in me when he said to me, with that kindness that had always characterized his relationship to me, "My dear nephew, I don't need to tell you about the deplorable conduct of all my relatives. You know it as well as I do; and you undoubtedly know that I owe them nothing of my fortune, since it was the fruit of my labor, and it is not fitting for me to leave tokens of affection to ungrateful people. I wish to give everything to you, because I believe you alone are capable of upholding the name and family of Berbiguier. Those who persecuted me are unworthy of my kindness, and those who did not join me have thereby declared themselves incompetent."

"Ah, my uncle, I am overwhelmed by so much kindness. But if I may express my true feelings, I will say again what I have already told you in their favor: I would rather see you reunited with your family through a generous pardon that you can grant to those who have wronged you, than to possess all the wealth to which they lay claim."

"I will, out of consent for you, consent to forgive them," he said, "but I declare to you that I will never make them a part of my fortune of my own free will. So my dear nephew, I invite you to take advantage of what I offer you, and remember that these are days of grace that God is granting me for this good deed."

At this moment, he made me promise to come the next day to carry out his plan. I promised him I would, but I still had some reluctance to submit to his wishes. I don't know why, but I encountered almost impossible obstacles that kept me at home until noon. Perhaps he wouldn't have died if I had obeyed him. Such was undoubtedly the decree of the Sovereign of the world, and I had to submit to it, but not without shedding a flood of tears. I might have persuaded him to revoke the decree of disinheritance against his misguided family, but I arrived a little too late.

The doctor couldn't tell me whether he died of apoplexy or paralysis. He was very discrete, and he had to be for fear of being mistaken. The followers of Aesculapius quite readily follow the maxim that prudent doctors should never talk too much, from which I draw the unavoidable conclusion that if they treated the patient for a disease he didn't have, they are exempt from blame.

The care I gave my uncle day and night during his illness brought no change to his condition. Filled with the devotion of a good Christian, I did not wait until the last moment for him to receive his last rights. I went out to find a priest, and would not return without bringing one. This worthy

and respectable clergyman's efforts to get my poor uncle to speak were in vain; he administered the sacrament to him because of the dangerous state he was in. Finally, after fourteen days and as many nights spent at his side, I had the sadness of closing his eyes. This alone was my consolation for all the other losses I may have suffered.

All I could obtain from him in those cruel moments were a few nods of the head in approval of the care I had the good fortune to give him to lessen his suffering.

"I have lost him, death has snatched him from me," I said to myself, "and now I am prey to all the misfortunes, all the sorrows that can afflict the heart of a faithful man. I have lost him, and this loss deprived me of a protector, a father, and the fortune that was destined for me. But after all, what do twelve or fifteen hundred thousand francs more or less matter to me? They will not prevent me from being admitted to the feet of the divine, from obtaining the grace to be counted among the elect who enjoy the presence of their Creator. It is not the money I regret, it is with the greatest pleasure I make this sacrifice, as long as it can be used for the good of humanity and to obtain the favor of the Almighty. It is only my dear uncle who I truly mourn, with all the more reason since death was a bolt from the blue for me, just as it was an enigma for the doctor who could never tell us the cause.

All I can affirm is that I contributed more than any of those around him to relieving his pain in those last moments. I leave it to God and His divine wisdom to understand the true cause of his sudden death; I lay at the foot of the holy cross of Our Lord the sorrows and tribulations that every Christian must suffer for him, to which I am resigned.

I ask my reader's forgiveness that I have found it necessary to return once again to the details of my uncle's last moments. He was not only my relative, he was my best friend. And why should I be reproached for recalling more than once these facts of the most virtuous of men? Is it perhaps that they would want to make a crime of my friendship and gratitude?

If those who read my memoirs were goblins, there is no doubt they would try to criticize me for the smallest mistakes that slipped into my work. But honest people easily forgive faults that do not come from the heart. No one, I think, will come and tell me that I am not a man of virtue. I have done nothing in my life that could earn me such a reproach.

But they will say, "if Mr. Chaix or anyone else tries to bring you before the correctional tribunal, you must be a failure of some sort, because someone who is blameless would never appear before this court." The answer to this is not difficult, I anticipated it, imagining that some trouble-making goblin would raise it. My reply:

"It is a well-known fact that an honest man is never seen making a false accusation for the pleasure of bringing an unfortunate, innocent man before the courts. But do these goblins have any sense of decency? Is there anything that will stop them when it comes to doing evil? Is it not the case that persecuting by all means anyone who resists their temptations one of their fundamental principles? 'Destroy everything before we fail!' is their rallying cry. So then. They

will believe they have won a clear victory over me when they have made me appear before a court, and then perhaps they would like me to entrust myself to a lawyer to defend me. As if they don't know that I feel strong enough to defend myself. Shouldn't the language of truth always be the one most pleasing to justice?"

<https://play.google.com/books/reader?id=iOBxiydZqcgC&pg=GBS.PA328&hl=en>

Chapter 77

The death of my uncle inspires me with reflections on the perversity of men.

Before my arrival in Paris, my uncle had made three wills in favor of his relatives who had not pleaded against him, and who had not shown themselves insensitive to what was closest to his heart. As I was not among those who had cowardly persecuted him, eighteen thousand francs and a sixth of the remaining sum were granted to me in his last will; but by the slowness with which the gentlemen of the law conducted our affair, I had to fear that what was allocated to me would not be enough to meet the expenses, and that I would be obliged to put in some of my own to complete what the lawyers would claim from the inheritance.

If all the nephews and nieces of this good uncle had behaved as I did, they would all have received more honor and more profit. The fortune, which has passed into foreign and greedy hands, would have been shared with us by our relative.

Does not remorse command those who have some reproach to make to themselves, to confess what should oppress them? In this case, let them confess their guilt, there is always time to amend. It is only when repentance is sincere that we succeed in immediately replacing ourselves in the class of beings pleasing to the Lord. But, if, in the circumstance of which I have just spoken, someone of our relatives has followed perfidious advice to prevent the execution of a projected thing, there is no remorse that can elucidate the odiousness of such an action; nothing can ever justify such a condemnable oversight.

I have always noticed that great and profound criminals never repent, so much does crime seem to be their element. Have we not often seen people who were known to be very healthy in body and mind, suddenly find themselves attacked by a disease that medicine cannot define? Well, this disease is that which the criminal experiences when he is pursued by remorse; he becomes gloomy and taciturn; he is hypochondriac, and he would like people to believe that he is mischievous; everyone misunderstands his illness, and confuses it, without wanting to, with that which an honest man experiences when he is devoured by a disease of languor. That is how unjust the world is!

With regard to consumptive people, could we not say to the rash ones who pronounce without having first thought carefully: You are very bold to give diseases to those you barely know? Is it appropriate for you to decide and pronounce on them? What do you know if they are attacked

by the illness that you suppose they have? evil and thoughtless spirits, consider that you can do much harm by your temerity, and submit yourselves to the decrees of divine Providence. Are you unaware that at all times spells have been cast or given to such and such an individual who did not suspect it? That this is where the word sorcerers and bewitched come from, which we consider to belong to the devil? That it also follows from this that he who belongs to the devil must be its victim, and that, although his actions are not his, he must be reprehensible for them, according to all the laws of justice?

If the one on whom a spell has been cast is an honest man, a good Christian, the only course you have to take is to pity him and not to offend him. Do you not know that the elves have a thousand ways to temporarily deprive us of all our intellectual faculties? that if someone has the misfortune to open their snuffbox, they pretend to accept a pinch of snuff that is offered to them, in order to be able to throw into the box the farfaderized powder that causes so much pain to those who have the misfortune to use it? Do you not know that when this powder has reached the brain, it is then that our faculties weaken, that our memory becomes uncertain, even unfaithful, that we fix ourselves on ideas that flatter our imagination, that we take an aversion to one thing rather than another, that we talk often, and that in spite of this we are incapable of distinguishing any other object than that which strikes us? Will you say for that reason that this man is mad? Beware of it, and say only with me that it is very unfortunate that this good man offered tobacco to a leprechaun, for without his civility he would not have suddenly fallen into a leprechaun fate. Yet that is what it is to have habits! The best always brings with it some unpleasantness.

Aristotle, you will tell me, who was a wise man, did not take tobacco. I have nothing to reply to those who will give me this proof of their erudition, since I myself take this powder, and that whatever this wise man of ancient history may say, I find it divine.

It is true that I now take the precaution of opening my snuffbox only to those I know so as not to be among the leprechauns. May all tobacco takers imitate my example; and as all those who take tobacco do not have the art of recognizing the elves as well as I do, it is necessary, even if they were to piss for dishonest, that they open their boxes to no one, for fear of making a mistake in their act of civility.

Besides, what is the use of asking the people who are with us: Do you take any? This request is at the very least indiscreet.

Chapter 78

Goblins can lead us into bad habits. Bohemians and goblins are wicked, deceitful, and corrupting.

A gentleman from a good family, in the sense of “guided by moral virtue, rather than prejudiced by vanity,” had an unfortunate habit: whenever he was invited to any table where there was

silverware, he felt the urge to put it in his pocket. His family, recognizing that this was not a vice of his heart, and since the servant always found these objects in his master's pockets when he took off his clothes in the evening, took the precaution of informing all the people from whom such items had been stolen that they would return the goods that had disappeared due to the maniac's unfortunate habit.

Whenever his master went out to dinner or spent the day in company, the servant would fill his pockets with silver cutlery, watches, snuffboxes, and other items, so that he could immediately replace anything the bewitched man might have taken in his idleness. He sometimes took the precaution of placing one of the pieces of cutlery he had brought with him in the place where his master was to sit, so the household servants wouldn't notice the theft, which was merely the effect of a spell. It is important to know that this unfortunate habit stemmed from a curse the gentleman had received from a Bohemian whom he had consulted about his fortune, and who had bestowed this rather unpleasant gift on him.

And it is true, the Bohemians are renowned for all sorts of trickery. As soon as a good-hearted man appears in their sight, they rush towards him and do not leave their prey until they have obtained what they desire. France is fortunate, there are not many Bohemians there, but nevertheless, there are still quite a large number.

It is only too well established that they have trained disciples in the wicked arts of witchcraft and sorcery, and that especially the women are the most terrible witches ever seen; they roam the countryside and the highways, stopping at the doors of houses, forcing the inhabitants to give them shelter. They approach travellers, whether on foot or in carriages or in stagecoaches, and do not leave them until they are satisfied with finding some victim or gaining the confidence of the men they have sworn to bring to Beelzebub, their master, to make them enter into a pact with the devil and join the infernal-diabolical society. The physical appearance of the Bohemian women is frightful: their bodies almost naked, their head-dress nothing more than a small, shabby, round black hat that does not cover half their heads and leaves their greasy hair scattered over their visible shoulders, which their emaciation has made them more than gaunt. Their eyes are large, black, and hollow, their arms withered and blackened, and they resemble one of the three Fates, particularly the claws of the one who cuts the thread of mortal destiny. Their feet are bare and elongated, seeming to belong to a monkey's body, and their language recalls the croaking of a raven.

It's no surprise that with such an appearance, these women, or monsters, belong more to infernal authority than to divine power. They are the goblin's principal acolytes.

While describing them, I imagined I was painting a portrait of my enemies; it's true that goblins in their work must be even uglier than the Bohemians. The goblins, in their caravans, must have nothing human about them: it is only when they resume their human appearance that they momentarily belong to our species. The goblins are the leaders of the Bohemians: the latter must obey them and serve them in all their workings.

I learned with great pleasure that Mademoiselle Lenormand, who was going to Bohemia to find pupils, had been arrested while passing through Belgium. The Belgians are good Christians, and don't trifle with the disciples of the devil. They may be threatened with Satan's vengeance, but still they do their duty. May they understand this well, and keep this famous sibyl, who calls herself Lenormand, known to the goblin world only as the great and famous Bohemian woman, in their dungeons for a long time.

This is what it means to be just: to be inexorable toward all men and women who make a pact with the devil.

Mademoiselle Lenormand has never done me any harm, but I hate her as I hate Mancot, Jeanneton Lavalette, Vandeval, and all the necromancers who have persecuted me. Where does my hatred come from? It was born of my disgust with all those who practice magic.

Why am I angry with them? Why can I not hear the titles sibyl, soothsayer, sorcerer, goblin, Bohemian, without feeling a despair that chills my senses? It is because sibyls, soothsayers, sorcerers, goblins, and Bohemians are disciples of the great master of the underworld, and that quality alone should be enough to prove that they are wicked, deceitful, and corrupting.

their Mademoiselle Lenormand has never done me any harm, and yet I hate her as I hate Mançot, Jeanneton Lavalette, Vandeval and all the necromancers who have expos'secreted me. Where can my hatred come from? It was born of my indignation against all those who make a profession of magic.

Why am I angry with them? Why can I not hear the name of sibyl, soothsayer, wizard, elves, gypsies, without feeling a sense of uneasiness that freezes my senses? It is because sibyls, soothsayers, sorcerers, elves, gypsies, gypsies, are the disciples of the grand master of the underworld, and that this quality alone should suffice to prove that they are wicked, deceitful, and corrupt.

Chapter 79

Goblins employ all sorts of methods on the people they want to bewitch.

I have taught my readers how goblins act when, to cast a spell on us, they ask us for a pinch of snuff. I must now reveal to them that they have the same power when they ask us what time it is. Trusting people that we are, we take out our watch when they ask us this question, and we become the prey or the victim of a malevolent being who questions us and who takes cruel pleasure in overturning our ideas, confusing everything in our brains, and making us see stars in broad daylight; they bewitch the workings of our memory, which acts on our senses in the same way that the mainspring acts on a watch, and thus, they disrupt our understanding. The repairs to my watch have cost me more than it's worth.

Goblins make us experience many other misfortunes. . They prevent us from communicating with women, no matter our desire to fulfill the duties of a good husband.

Let me cite a story to support this allegation. A young man had just married a woman he had been courting for two or three years. And soon it is the wished-for moment, the all the relatives are gone, the couple is alone. They ask each other if their love is truly sincere. The husband says to his wife, "may the devil take me if anyone loves more sincerely than I do." The devil, who believes that no husband's love can match the love he feels for Proserpine, secretly declared to the young man that he would not be able to give anything to his wife until he kept his promise. The young man resisted, but then felt completely paralyzed. The wife chaste waited for her husband, for the first kiss of their marriage. But the husband, who just a moment before had been in an inexpressible delirium, remained motionless, answering all his wife's requests with only these words: "Blow out the flame."

Soon the virtuous young woman gave herself in turn to the devil in order to solve this problem, and it was then that Pluto decided it was time to reveal himself. He appeared to the two thoughtless youths, saying "you have both given yourself to the devil, and you will achieve nothing if you do not make a pact with him."

Without consulting with each other, the two refused to formalize the agreement they had made without intent, and the devil kept his word. They remained all their lives in an incapacitated state, which could only be ended if they had truly given themselves over to the devil.

Several people have told me this little story, and it proves to me that I am not the only one who has been able to resist diabolical temptation. It illustrates the title of this chapter: goblins employ all sorts of means to bewitch the people they want to control, and it will serve as a warning to men who thoughtlessly allow themselves to say, "if it is not true, let the devil take me." All oaths are forbidden by the church. "May the devil take me" should be forbidden by law.

Chapter 80

The goblins are writing to me, I recognized them. Without being a philosopher, I too have my aphorisms. My pleasures.

A philosopher said and wrote that nothing on earth was as wicked as the human species. For my part, I say something similar: I maintain that man is a sublime and dreadful thing. In all his physical and moral aspects, he is sublime when his faculties lead him to do good, and dreadful when they lead him toward evil.

Based on this truth, which is not a subtle one, I will add, I do not believe there is a more wicked and dangerous race than the diabolical goblin species, and here is my proof. Until now, I had only been tormented by invisible beings, similar to those phantom shadows that escape us the

moment we think we have grasped them. I had only experienced purely phantasmagorical infernal trials. But since I have decided to print my memoirs, the goblins have increased their cruel attacks. Who would believe that these monsters, who had learned of my project from some of their confidants, decided to write me a letter? One that I should not have received, since it did not bear my real name on its address, but which was clearly for me, there was no mistaking its contents. Never was there a greater horror, never a more wicked act! How can they deny the existence of their shameful society, since they dated their letter from the place where they hold their vile meetings? So the mask has fallen! Now I can say to them, "*Habemus confitentem reum*," the culprit has confessed. They themselves revealed the extent of their wickedness. They are threatening me, they accuse me of being their persecutor. Yes, I am, and I have resolved to be so until God takes away the means from me.

I was about to denounce them to the secret tribunal in the sacristy of Saint Roch, if prudent counsel had not dissuaded me.

I know who wrote to me, it's Moreau and Vandeval. It is true that in all my actions, I have never forgotten them. Therefore, they accuse me of having lacerated them with deadly pins. So much the better, that's precisely what I'm glad to hear. If I hadn't obtained this confession I might have gone on to doubt the efficacy of my remedy, which is the result of anger and rage.

Their letter is full of lies, I have proof of it, since they cite facts and names that are unknown to me. Clearly, then, they do not know that lying is the most hideous vice, but what can one expect from a criminal society where the most depraved orgies are, for those who compose them, nothing more than a banquet of honor?

I do not wish to soil my pen or the eyes of a reader with a story that would turn criminal. The expressions they use are so vile that they would have not used them if they hadn't truly been evil spirits.

Here are my aphorisms: *God is good, evil spirits are wicked. Berbiguier is patient, Moreau is cruel. The Scourge of Goblins does not believe in medicine, Pinel prescribes remedies indiscriminately. Berbiguier almost always walks, Chaix formerly only travelled by carriage or on horseback. Women are usually good; Mancot, Lavalette, and Vandeval are abominable goblins. Berbiguier's parents refused to follow his advice, Etienne Prieur's family encouraged him in his eccentricities and goblinish blundering.*

I could go on and list all the aphorisms I use daily, but that would only be repeating what is already found several times in my work. My subjects inspire them in me, and it is when they adorn my chapters that I may say, *Est hic locus*. This is the place.

Everyone experiences pleasure in their own way. One person likes to cultivate flowers, another spends his money on building; another enjoys the theater or fine dining. A fool finds pleasure in getting drunk. None of these things can tempt me. I like flowers when a flower seller shows them to me. I only want to stay in hotels that have been built a long time ago. The theater

doesn't hold much appeal for me. I eat to live, and don't live to eat. Wine sometimes comforts me, and has never done me any harm.

My greatest pleasure consists of thwarting the infernal cunning of the goblins, destroying them, and describing the means to achieve their complete destruction.

But my greatest happiness is writing and taking to the printer the chapters that will form the body of my work. When I write of the sufferings of Pinel, Moreau, Prieur, and Chaix, I experience a joy I cannot describe. When I expose the depravities of all my other enemies, I feel a soothing balm calm my agitated blood, which then flows more easily through my veins.

What a wonderful idea it was for me to write down and make known everything that has happened to me for more than twenty-three years! It has made my life bearable. It has no longer been a burden to me since the moment I decided to count myself among the authors. And what has increased my happiness further is the thought that I am among the authors who only have good intentions, rather than those among them who, to be witty, have flouted all the rules of morality, disregarded our holy religion, and contested the revealed truths...truths which have had detractors, as will all those I reveal today to the entire universe.

Thinking of all this, my persecutors made me glorious!...No, I no longer desire death!...No, I do not want to cease being the protégé of this good and just God, who judged me worthy of enduring, for his sake, these cruellest of trials!...

Chapter 81

New curses and advice for my enemies

But this picture of my momentary happiness cannot make me renounce my implacable hatred for my cruel enemies. No, monsters of hell, minions of the devil, it is you who not only cut off the tail of my poor, unfortunate Coco, but also who murdered him. If you had not, out of malice, placed him in the very spot where you knew I would sit down when getting into bed, this charming animal, my only consolation, would not have died. I have lost him, and because nothing evil happens in this world except through your infernal intervention, I must blame you.

After striking my heart in its most sensitive spot, they offer me war or peace. Certainly they are sure of the choice I will make. After so long fighting against them, their vain and cunning threats, their false and deceitful promises, will not make me abandon an unshakable resolution, taken with the most mature and wise reflection.

All the insults they sent in their vile letter, sent without a date but corrected by the post office, only strengthen me further in the hatred they inspire in me. They dare to claim that at the age of twenty-five, I tried to seduce a sixteen-year-old girl. Ah! Great God! What an abomination!

Fortunately those who have deigned to read my work will know what to think of such an accusation. They will have known the purity of my morals, the delicacy of my feelings, and most importantly, he will have read the confession of the impotence these villains have cursed me with since they claimed me. If he believes everything I've written about the goblins, he must also believe the state these thieving goblins have reduced me to; they didn't hesitate to steal a paper form under the glass covering my poor Coco, a theft for which I name them evil and slanderous, since it was on this paper they wrote me that dreadful letter which shows all too clearly spirit that animates them.

They propose to me, after having struck my heart in the most sensitive place, they propose war or peace. Certainly they are sure of the choice that I will make; for, since I have been engaged in a sustained struggle with them for so long, it will not be vain and cunning threats, nor false and lying promises, which will make me abandon a resolution which I have taken irrevocably and with the most mature and wisest reflections.

I do not believe I am offending the celestial deity by saying that there is nothing more wicked than the goblin race, as I call them, because the men who have made a pact with the devil are no longer men, but monsters, spewed forth by hell in its frenzy to lay waste to the earth.

These torturers, who complain when they feel the stings my holy anger inflicts upon them...have they not employed every means to torment me, seduce me, and subdue me, wear away my patience and courage, so that I might finally embrace their despicable coalition? Ah! I cannot remain silent about the contents of another document placed in my keyhole, this one in the form of a diploma, covered in diabolical characters, issued in the name of all the infernal powers. But their last letter has made me abandon restraint. I must say and write everything. I am too enraged.

What dreadful fate have you reserved for me, then, harsh and terrible executioners? What crime have I committed, that you should make me experience torments that the greatest criminals are not made to endure! Torture, humiliation, the whip, keel-hauling, the rack, even impalement; all are mild punishments compared to those you make me endure. The foul Damiens, now an atrocious memory, said that the greatest of his torments was not being able to get an hour of sleep. Well then! You have taken it upon yourselves to inflict the same punishment on me, without my having deserved it. You act like an executioner paid to be the avenger of an enormous crime. But I have done nothing to bring your tortures upon myself. If you had not ignited my anger with the thousand and one sufferings you have made me endure, I would still be unaware of the existence of goblins. I have never desired to make such an abominable acquaintance as yours. Why, infernal creatures, did you come to find me? Why didn't you stay in the depths of hell? And you complain that I curse you? You accuse me of working against you? Yes, I work against you, and I will always work against you. Me? Submit to your infernal power? It is for you to come and atone for your crimes and misdeeds, to suffer the punishment, since you, and only you, are the criminals.

And even if the grandmaster of your monstrous society had given you the power to torment mortals, then inflict yourselves on those who deserve the punishment you've taken it upon yourselves to serve, and do not seek victims among the apostles of the Christian faith. Go press yourselves upon the evildoers of every class of society. Unfortunately, you will find enough of them in the human race. But this way, the victims will be no better than the executioners, you will have found recruits worthy of you, companions who are fit to increase your miserable diabolical legions. They will not be rebellious against the laws from which they hope to gain their happiness. This is the only society on earth you could reasonably recruit companions for your vile orgies from. May Beelzebub, Satan, Lucifer, and all the other denizens of hell understand that the advice they receive from me would be truly beneficial to them. By following it, they would leave honest people in peace, and find pleasure and satisfaction with those who are most like them on earth.

A sophist who I had confided the advice I wanted to give to the goblins asked me, "Don't you fear compromising yourself by giving advice to your enemies?" No, certain not, since I do it in the interest of humanity. If I were the only one on earth, among all mortals, who was persecuted by the diabolical race, I would be guilty of advising them to find followers among the wicked, because they could not do any harm while they were occupied with me alone; but not all honest people have as firm and devoted a character as mine. There are many good people who would rather end their suffering by submitting to the devil's wishes than draw out their suffering any longer."

This reasoning silenced my casuist, who admitted that, in this hypothesis, I was right to give advice to the grandmasters of the diabolical sect, the directors of the goblins, visible and invisible.

Well then! I will continue to give them advice. May it be useful to all the unfortunate souls who lack my strength and courage.

Satan, Beelzebub, Rhotomago, and all of you in hell who occupy the highest positions, learn from the *Scourge of Goblins* that if your goal is to increase the number of unfortunate souls under your control, every day and every night, you must follow this other piece of advice.

Address yourself to the lawyers and attorneys. You only need to make them aware of the properties of your magic silver coin to enlist them. Present yourself to doctors, and you will have them among you if you can prove to them that you know how to cause death. Find the students of law and medicine; tell them you have the power to enter the apartments of those virtuous young ladies who have resisted their seductions. Go to a wine merchant, and convince him you have the power to give Seine river water the taste of wine. Go to an aging coquette, and tell her you can give her a drink from the fountain of youth. Travel through the city and countryside, and no matter what disguise they wear, you will always be certain to enlist all the necromancers and fortune-tellers and bohemians, all those who believe in magnetism and the art of lulling to sleep those they wish to deceive. In short, all those who do not practice the holy religion whose sublimity has been revealed to us.

You see that with so many people willing to follow you, you will not need to waste your time on me and harass those who profess my principles and who take pride in resisting you night and day.

I wish my sophist could read this chapter, and its conclusion with the new advice I've just given the rulers of hell. Perhaps he would admit that no one understands the dogmas and obligations of our holy faith than I do; this religion which has its apostles, its martyrs, its persecutors and its antagonists, and now has its popes, its priests and its admirers, because then, as now, it was admirable.

Chapter 82

The goblins have a diabolical organization

How is it that the inhabitants of hell, who should be ashamed at being condemned to spend eternal life in the most dreadful of places, can say they have a sovereign, princes, and ambassadors? Truly, it is horrible. Fortunately for them they exercise their power only by virtue of their invisibility. Otherwise, they would likely be arrested and criminally punished.

It is said that the sovereign of the infernal power has ambassadors in every part of the world I do not know the names of those who are sent to countries unknown to me, but the one who exercises infernal diplomacy in France is Prince Belphegor, and I cannot reproach him for incompetence. As a minister of hell, he had me cruelly tormented by his agents, to force me to take a place among his most devoted servants. But my refusal must have shown him that I knew his execrable empire would be destroyed by the sovereign master of the worlds before he could succeed in obtaining anything from me. God alone created everything, God alone can protect and destroy everything. The good and the just have the privilege of hope: the wicked will be confounded.

I must believe that, when I appear before the judge of judges, I will be able to present myself to him with the confidence that one who possesses a blameless conscience should always have. "Almighty god," I will say to him, if it is permitted to speak before him, "judge the most submissive of your creatures. If she has sinned in the world she has just left, she has the strength to claim your indulgence, in consideration of the of the suffering she has endured to make herself worthy of your infinite grace."

"The demons persecuted her for almost her entire life. The punishment for her sins was undoubtedly foretold, but strike her without mercy if you believe she has not been punished enough."

Resignation to everything that is willed by the Almighty God is the noblest attribute of a devout soul.

I had to submit to the torment that was the work of the diabolical court; I was forced to do so, while I carried out the orders of my Creator God with the greatest promptness. He was my master and my support during my life; may He continue to be both after my death!

<https://play.google.com/books/reader?id=iOBxiydZqcgC&pg=GBS.PA354&hl=en>

Chapter 83

If only the goblins were merely pranksters, wanting to amuse themselves at the expense of my credulity.

Nature has not been a distant stepmother to me. She has bestowed upon me many gifts, particularly that of careful reflection before making a final judgment. My reflections should therefore benefit my fellow human beings; my sole ambition is to be useful to others without becoming self-important in what I do.

The other day, I was reflecting on all the torments I've endured, and I said to myself: The wickedness of the infernal race is so great that it is quite possible their letters and threats were nothing more than impish tricks to make me give myself to the devil. Perhaps nothing that I've imagined is true, since we see so many wicked people whose creativity and genius almost always inclines to evil, delighting in tormenting people under the pretext of amusing themselves and others, by recounting the cruel tricks they have devised, praying on those who are too trusting and too honest. I leave it to my readers to judge whether my reflections were sound and just.

If that were the case, I would agree that, though the prank had been taken a bit too far, it should at least be forgiven, because no-one would have attached as much importance to it as I have myself. So let me say that if some of my tormenters were to come to me in a friendly manner and tell me that the broad intention of those I accuse was not to harm me or make me spend my time and money in order to act against them, I would be kind and generous enough to forget the past and remember nothing. I would be able to say to all those to whom I have confided my suffering, "Now I will live a happy life. I no longer fear the goblins, they have confessed that their visits, their letters, their malicious tricks were merely a simple amusement, because I had the weakness to believe in magic, and nothing of what I believed was true." And I know then that I would regain complete control of my reason, I would be reborn to freedom and happiness; I would give thanks to God, the sole author of this confession of their part and of the favorable change of heart He would bring about in me after twenty-three years and more of suffering.

And so, then, I ask You, oh my God! Bring about such a positive change in my sad situation; grant that I may forgive all my enemies, as I desire that they may likewise forgive me. I have promised myself, my God, to invoke your holy justice as I write about my misfortunes. Forgive me if I have dared to use Your holy name as a great and powerful shield against the wicked, but I am so filled with Your divine greatness and the all-powerful splendor of Your Majesty, that You are, for me, a bulwark against the wickedness of my treacherous enemies.

This invocation, straight from my heart, completely restores me to myself. If I could have thought for a moment that it might be possible that the goblins did not actually exist, that some mortals had amused themselves by making me believe in them just to mock me, forgive me, oh my God! Forgive this involuntary error, it was out of kindness of heart that I wanted to reaffirm my unwavering belief.

But it is only too true that goblins exist, that they are the children of the devil, the disciples of Beelzebub, emissaries of all that is dreadful in Hell.

If the goblins did not exist, Mr. Pinel would have confused it to me, and would not have tried to bring me under his power.

If the goblins did not exist, Moreau would not have told me that the sorcerers of Avignon had lent their powers to him.

If the goblins did not exist, Bouge and Nicolas would never have been able to bring me under the influence of the Great Bear.

If goblins did not exist, the Prieur family would never have done as much harm to me as they did.

If the goblins did not exist, Papon Lomini would never have confessed his membership in their society.

If the goblins did not exist, Chaix would not have declared himself the defender of Pinel and Moreau. He would not have threatened me with the wrath of his grand master; he would not have confessed that he is the paid representative of that cruel, diabolical brood.

If the goblins did not exist, Jeanneton Lavalette, Mancot, Vandeval, Lenormand, and all the sorcerers and witches would have long since ceased to exist.

If goblins did not exist, my Coco wouldn't have died, I would still have him by my side, comforter of my sorrows.

If goblins did not exist, I wouldn't have found enough material to publish three octavos filled with their misdeeds and all the abominable acts they have dared to perpetrate against our wretched humanity.

Ah, my god! I am now more convinced than ever that goblins exist; goblins that are the enemies of Divine power; goblins sworn to the annihilation of humankind; goblins that have declared themselves the enemies of the holy faith.

Forgive me, my God, if, out of kindness of heart, I may have at the beginning of this chapter doubted for a moment the truth of all the facts I have already presented.

The best penitence is that I will continue to make my revelations and enlighten the world about the perverse wickedness of my cruel enemies.

Chapter 84

If the goblins' plan was to make me persevere in the love of God, they have succeeded.
"Monomania."

All those who have read my memoirs kindly will certainly not think me mad, especially when they learn of the passions that inspire me toward the divine.

But if, through the workings of the cruellest sorcery, the wicked vassals of Beelzebub's power had wanted to find a victim in me, and as it is said sometimes happens, they cast a spell on me, either to drive me mad, making me think constantly on the same object, depriving me of any capacity other than to focus my attention incessantly on this object that they wanted me to either love or hate, I would say that they have succeeded quite well in their plans, for they have given me a great hatred of them, and a great love for God. I know perfectly well nothing can distract me from these two sentiments, which, truly, are but one in my soul.

All the wise and pious people I have spoken with have always urged me to be patient. But this language, which could rightly be called the language of wisdom, cannot persuade me; for if a spell has indeed been cast upon me, why and for what purpose did the goblins choose me as their victim? Couldn't they have addressed themselves to someone who is not afraid to say "I'll give myself to the devil if I cannot succeed in this matter?" These are the steadfast people who would have been perfectly suited to their infernal society, rather than a simple, trusting man like me.

These reflections I just made were suggested to me by a confession made to me by one of my friends, who believed me to be afflicted by the disease identified in medical books by the word "*monomania*."

Monomania: this nonsensical word must surely be useful to Mr. Pinel in his consultations, making them even more unintelligible. It means, apparently, to have a mind occupied with only one object.

It is true I find enjoyment only when I can fight and attack my enemies, the goblins, and no other object is as dear to me as that of being able to destroy the infernal race. But if for that reason alone I am a *monomaniac*, then the world is populated solely by people afflicted with the same disease as myself.

The miser who thinks only of his gold and silver, day and night, and who would sacrifice his entire family to his greed, is a *monomaniac*.

The young man who dreams only of his mistress, sees only her perfection, who wishes to be beside her day and night, is a *monomaniac*.

The rich man who wants to see his wealth continually increasing, who cares little about the unfortunate people around him, is a *monomaniac*.

The prince who is not content with his lot, and wishes to rise to the throne occupied by a king, is a *monomaniac*.

The warrior who finds pleasure only in handling his weapons and preparing them to kill his fellow man, is a *monomaniac*.

The shopkeeper who thinks only of selling his merchandise, caring little whether it is of good or bad quality, is a *monomaniac*.

The owner of a country or city house, who sees no other day on his calendar than the one when his tenants or renters come to pay his rent, is a *monomaniac*.

The aging woman who rushes into every perfume shop to ask about a powder that erases wrinkles and softens the skin, is a *monomaniac*.

The young shepherdess who finds pleasure in tending her flock only when the shepherd from the neighboring castle tends his flock beside her, is a *monomaniac*.

The young lady who adorns herself morning and evening only to please whoever might present himself as a suitor, is a *monomaniac*.

Children who prefer playing to going to school, are *monomaniacs*.

Old men who love food and good wine, are *monomaniacs*.

Gamblers who find no other pleasure than gathering around a table covered with a green cloth, are *monomaniacs*.

The married woman who finds pleasure only in spending every moment of her life with the husband who shares her destiny, is a *monomaniac*.

The traveler who journeys across land and sea to make discoveries, is a *monomaniac*.

The chemist who seeks the means to make gold, is a *monomaniac*.

The so-called philosopher who would like to make his fellow men good and virtuous, but does not himself know what goodness and virtue are, is a *monomaniac*.

The astronomer who seeks to penetrate the secrets of the divinity that created the heavens, the earth, and the stars, is a *monomaniac*.

The envious man who would like to possess for himself everything his neighbors have earned through their hard work, is a *monomaniac*.

The young child who would like to grow up in twenty-four hours, and who at ten years old already wants to have a beard on his chin, is a *monomaniac*.

Scholars and writers who believe that God created them to instruct their fellow men and show them the path they should follow, are *monomaniacs*.

And since the world is populated only by *monomaniacs*, why should I fear being given that label?

Mr. Chaix, I've been told, intends to accuse me of *monomania* in order to have me prosecuted as a madman. My defense against this accusation is entirely contained in this chapter. I would give it to the judge who wished to question me on Mr. Chaix's denunciation, and this reading alone would convince him of the soundness of my ideas and principles.

Chaix! Chaix! Wicked Chaix! You will be sorely disappointed when you read my memoirs. You will not be able to deny that I have managed to guess your most secret thoughts. You are the *monomaniac*, and I am not.

Chapter 85

An event that occurred in Brabant. Goblins are everywhere.

One cannot imagine the torments that goblins, agents of the devil, inflict upon the unfortunate souls who fall into their power. In Louvain, in the province of Brabant, a young man whose parents wanted to see ordained to the priesthood was studying with all possible diligence. But nature had not endowed him with a quick mind or exceptional intelligence, and this young man, poorly suited to the difficulties he encountered, was called unflattering names by his classmates. He was distressed to find himself the involuntary victim of his own weaknesses, and although he

could not do any better, he did not want to suffer insults for a natural defect he would have liked to overcome through his diligent studies and his sincere love of work.

One day, as he was despairing of his misfortune, the devil appeared to him and told him that if he would worship him and pay him all the homage due to the master of masters, he would instantly make him as knowledgeable and learned as all his classmates and professors combined. This good young man, indignant at this proposition that would, yes, grant him the talents he wished to acquire, but make him despicable in his own eyes, and certainly those of his classmates, told Satan that he would never accept such an offer, and would never pay homage to a master like him.

The devil, seeing the noble resistance of this student whose faith he wanted to corrupt, no longer tried to impose his wishes on the young man, who he seemed to be taking a liking to. But as he departed, he slipped a small stone into the student's hand, telling him it was a talisman guaranteed to help him acquire knowledge of all the sciences he wished to pursue. And after this diabolical act, he disappeared.

Left to himself, the young man examined the stone, considered it, pressed it in his hand, and felt like a completely different man. When the time for class arrived, he entered with confidence. His classmates, all with that mocking, mischievous spirit that typifies students, prepared to laugh when they saw him. They said to each other, "here's the idiot, the butt of our jokes, the instrument of our amusement."

But although the young man's appearance was unchanged, by a spell he tried to resist, he had certainly changed his demeanor. He confidently took his place on the benches, ignoring the sneers of his classmates. He participated in all the important discussions, responding to questions with accuracy and precision that astounded them all. His progress continued to increase for several weeks, no-one able to guess how he could have learned so much, how nature could have made such an intelligent man out of someone who had always been seen as ignorant.

But ill-gotten gains do not last long, and bring neither honor nor profit to those who are foolish enough to take advantage of them. Besides, how can one enjoy a gift from a poisoned, malevolent source, without deceiving themselves? The devil who had offered this fatal talisman knew well that, far from being beneficial, the gift would make him shine for a moment, only to make him more unhappy. The poisoned intelligence he received from the demon was so great that his physical strength could not sustain the work of his intellectual faculties. He fell very seriously ill, and the doctors who were called in judged his illness to be fatal.

The unfortunate man, feeling his last hour approaching, did not want to appear before the Last Judgment bearing the shame of having succumbed to the power of the devil. He summoned a confessor and confided in him how he had received a magical stone from the devil.

The priest, alarmed at such an affront to the Christian faith, declared that if he did not publicly renounce the devil's power, he would never grant him absolution. The poor dying man, terrified by these threats condemning him to both death and damnation, threw away the fatal stone that he had constantly held in his hand throughout his illness. In that moment he became as foolish and stupid as he had been before meeting the devil, but he died sanctified, for it has been said throughout eternity: *Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven*. Those who are truly simple-minded will find no obstacles in entering holy paradise, for unlike certain philosophers, they will have never encountered any difficulty in understanding the mysteries of our holy religion.

This unfortunate man, having died, was placed in a coffin, positioned in the middle of the church. His comrades, surprised by the extraordinary circumstances of his death, nevertheless paid their respects to their fellow student, who had been both ignorant and learned in turn. While priests and students chanted psalms around the deceased, the devil, disappointed by the young man's repentance and still wanting to play a trick on him for having escaped his clutches. He set imps around the coffin to snatch up his soul at the moment when, repentant, it would rise toward the celestial vault, abode of the blessed. They carried it away to the deep, dark, dreadful valley, filled with sulfur, smoke, and flames. These pestilent, foul odors are the natural element of these monsters, which we see depicted as black, ugly, thin, and deformed.

When they arrived in this foul valley, they separated into two groups, as people do when they divide themselves up to play tag or handball, and there they began to play ball with the soul of the unfortunate student; they made it fly from one to the other, tossing it back and forth with their sharp claws, causing unparalleled pain to the unfortunate soul, for the nails of these infernal beings was sharper than the finest needles from the factories of France and England, even if a patent had been obtained to make them even sharper.

After this, God willed the young man's soul to return to his body to teach mortals, who neither knew nor believed that such torment could exist, about the suffering he had endured as the devils tossed his soul into the air, throwing it as far as the eye could see and catching it on the tips of their claws. And this is how this miracle came about: the lord took pity on a repentant sinner, sending him an angel like the one who drove our first parents from earthly paradise, or like the one who announced to the Virgin the mysteries of the Incarnation, said to be the most beautiful of the angels.

To help him completely rid himself of the goblins who treated him so cruelly, the angel inspired him with the following prayer: "Monsters, inhabitants of hell, listen to what the Most High commands you, whose supreme will I am charged with communicating to you; leave my soul in peace, which was only in your hands because of your deceit."

After these words, which seemed to the demons to have been uttered by a repentant sinner, the goblins released the soul to go wherever it wished. And since it still possessed feeling, it did not delay in rejoining the body from which it had been separated, and which could no longer be called a soulless body. As soon as the soul was back in its place, the body of the unfortunate

fool, not yet buried, moved in its coffin like a devil in a holy water font. It thrashed around so violently that it rose from its coffin, to the great astonishment of the onlookers, who all fled at the sight of this unexpected revenant. The poor young man, who had frightened them unintentionally, found himself alone in the church, and as he came to his senses he returned to the room where he had died, recognizing it perfectly well, death had not caused him to lose his memory.

When the onlookers learned of the young man's resurrection, they sang the praises of God for a miracle that restored to them a comrade just as he had been given to them. They all went to his house and listened, trembling, to the account the previously ensorcelled man gave of the suffering he endured. He told them that the moment he had suffered most was when the goblins were playing ball with his soul; he himself saw it in the form of a polished, gleaming, brilliant glass globe, covered with eyes, like a dazzling prism that seemed to show something miraculous to him.

Everyone was amazed by the divine power that had rescued this young man from hell, which, fortunately, he had only remained for a short time, but long enough to become acquainted with that diabolical realm, which he painted a picture of that inspired virtue in all who contemplated it.

When the repentant sinner's mission was fulfilled, his soul left his body again, this time forever, departing to enjoy the presence of God, which it had earned through its sincere repentance.

Let no one tell me, then, that God does not sometimes reveal himself to mortals through instructive miracles.

Now, since this story I recounted has come down to us through tradition, why do men not fear surrendering themselves to the spirit of evil? Why do we see so many goblins and malevolent spirits on the earth?

Chapter 86

There are no more good devils on earth than there are in hell.

One is always surprised to hear reasonable people mention the evil spirit and say, when speaking of their friend, "he's a good devil." You wouldn't believe the pain this saying causes me, when it's used in my presence.

I don't believe in fairy tales that try to convince us there have been good devils; I stick to my opinion, and won't budge. I say that if there is a force for good, it is God, and that the force of evil is the Devil; it is this demon who inspired and still inspires evil beings. Are we not angered when this terrible monster attacks men and women, depriving them of their ability to have offspring in marriage? How does he carry out such a wicked act? He goes to his assembly, which he has convened in advance to bestow upon him the honors due to him; he enters accompanied by his high-ranking officers, his grand master of ceremonies, preceding him,

opening the palace door, announcing in a stentorian voice: "Beelzebub." At this name, the entire assembly rises and celebrates its infamous master, who takes his place, and, after coughing and spitting, delivers a diabolical speech, expressing his fears that the world empire might become too large, too populated, becoming too troublesome to lead to the point where he wants it to be.

Then he asks the crowd of villains around him for a way to prevent the population from increasing on earth.

The minister of war takes the floor, proposing to stir up conflicts between the kings above; but Beelzebub does not find this method effective enough. It's only temporary, and besides, this calamity does not prevent the population from increasing, especially since, from one end of the earth to the other, all married couples are determined to increase their families.

The Minister of Justice wanted to speak, but Beelzebub silences His Excellency with these words: "There is no need to discuss your proposals, I require no act of justice. This is what I want done: Since the people above—" for these are the terms he uses when speaking of us, due to the geographical location of his gloomy subterranean kingdom, "Since the people above, I say, are multiplying far more than I would like, I have concocted a plan to send them a legion of imps and goblins, who will spread out and infiltrate their world, in every possible form to cause impotence in both sexes by all the means they deem appropriate for the protection of my empire and the prosperity of my subjects." And this is why there are now so many barren women and so many childless marriages, proving that there are no good devils.

Chapter 87

A few more words on women's sterility.

Goblins medal in all the secrets of amorous acts; it is in this respect, above all others, that they are a threat to the propagation of the human species, and it is to thwart this that they slip into the nuptial chamber to strike men and women with the most absolute sterility.

We must believe that, since this order was given to them by Beelzebub, the goblins have carried out their mission well, for since that time some countries have been seen to produce only two-thirds of the population they previously produced each year. And finally, the curse is so powerful that it even reached the marriage bed of a queen who died of love for her dear husband. This unfortunate princess, married under the happiest auspices, ascended to the her husband's throne and believed she would be able to give an heir to the crown of her beloved husband, but despite the most diligent care and greatest precautions, she could not achieve fertility.

Travel, walking, food, and exercises that promoted fertility were useless and fruitless. Despairing of having a child, she went on a pilgrimage, bathing in water said to aid in procreation, and returned to the same state as when she left. Shall I reveal the cause? Here it is, accurate and true:

To lessen her domestic sorrow, she always travelled with the physician who, in her childhood, had taken care to shape her constitution, and who, for this purpose, had administered medicines of unknown purpose. This physician was none other than a goblin in the shape of an Aesculapius, who had created the curse, causing the king and queen the sorrow of having no heir. Finally, after six years of sorrow spent among grandeur, an unforeseen event brought the unfortunate sovereigns down from their throne, and the physician abandoned them in their adversity. No sooner had he left their home than the unhappy princess became pregnant and gave birth to a very beautiful little boy, who made her happier than all the fleeting and transient glories that power can grant.

It is clear from this short account that Beelzebub's orders were faithfully executed, and no class of society escapes his decree that condemns men and women to the affliction of impotence.

But by what fatal coincidence is it that almost all physicians are mischievous imps? I have already explained the reason; I will add to what I have already said on the subject. Physicians, it is said, do not believe in the immortality of the soul. In dissecting corpses, they have never been able to discover the place where the soul resides during our lives. But let them learn from me that everything that comes to us from God is beyond their comprehension, and that is why they have never known how to cure their patients.

Chapter 88

<https://play.google.com/books/reader?id=iOBxiydZqcgC&pg=GBS.PA378&hl=en>

The goblins make us experience all kinds of ailments.

The entire universe must know that nothing is easier for a goblin than to make us experience cramps and twitches, if that is what they wish to come invisibly to do.

For example: if we happen to lie down on a chair or in our bed, we are immediately seized by a cramp, either in the leg or the lower back, and we're forced to remain still, from lack of breath or because of the intensity of the pain we experience.

And when we lie down, we are especially likely to be affected. As soon as we get into bed, the goblins enter from the far side, and pull our fingers and toes. Then they climb onto our calves, from where we can only chase them away by quickly jumping out of bed, or vigorously rubbing our legs to make them let go. And if we persevere and force them to leave, we inflame their stubbornness, and they return a little later and wake us up by making us utter terrible cries.

I can win over the opinions of those good people who might have some doubts about my facts with what has happened to me personally on several occasions.

Many times, when I wanted to go to bed, as soon as I got under the sheets I felt someone take a place next to me. Someone who was less accustomed to the atrocities of the goblin race than I am might have been afraid, imagining that some assassin, or at least a thief, had entered their home. But I felt a pleasure in realizing that the goblins themselves were taking care to teach me their ways. They began by stroking my chin, then they scratched the soles of my feet, and then, stretching out like a caterpillar, they crawled all across almost my entire body.

“Go on, go on with your awful caresses,” I said to them. “You’ll certainly give me craps and temporarily paralyze my limbs, but you will never tame me with them.” I only finally jumped out of bed when they pushed their games to the point of committing an indecent act. Oh! Then I could tolerate them no longer. I threw myself out of bed to drag them down with me, and though I could have hurt myself, I had to laugh and celebrate making them share my danger.

A friend only as far as the coin goes. That’s a proverb that perfectly describes a selfish person. *Patient only until an indecency is committed.* That’s what will be said of the *scourge of goblins*, when it’s known that there is no pretext I will cohabit with a goblin who calls himself the spirit of desire.

Chapter 89

The many crimes committed by a troop of sorcerers and devils in Franche-Comté

It is said that in Franche-Comté there was a troop of devils who roamed the countryside seeking victims, and they employed every possible wickedness to make the unfortunate fall into their infernal clutches. They drove them mad, and caused them to experience such violent spasms and nervous attacks that people could say nothing other than, “that person is possessed by the devil.”

Fortunately, religion came to the aid of these unfortunate people. They recognized that they were affected by a spell, and a very solemn procession was held in which the image of our Redeemer was carried, covered with the Holy Shroud of sacred legend. The poor souls hoping for healing from their ailments walked in front of the procession, wracked by all the contortions forced on them by their curse. Once the procession arrived at its destination they were drenched in sweat. They were wiped with the Holy Shroud, and suddenly felt the benefits of this health-giving remedy. Each year the procession occurs again at the same time, and many possessed people join the procession and obtain a complete cure.

So now, is it not perfectly clear that when one turns to religion, one is assured of being cured of the evils that torment us?

Sinners, you who delight in evil, listen to the advice I give: When the goblins visit you to tempt you, address your prayers to Divine Providence, which will not refuse you its universally effective help.

Judge for yourselves: if the inhabitants of Franche-Comté had not held a procession, they might, all of them, have been afflicted with madness. Their faith saved them; imitate them. Devote yourself to a saint, and you will no longer be exposed to the temptations of the devil.

Haven't all the cities that invoked Saint Roch been spared from the plague? And is it not true that in my hometown of Carpentras, the constant prayers of its inhabitants protected the city from the epidemics that devastated the surrounding towns?

Let us conclude from this chapter, then: there are no goblins except for those who willingly belong to the society; that if there are people possessed by the devil, it is only among the great or the humble who have given themselves to the devil; if one is not cured of madness or goblinism, it is the fault of those who are afflicted by these two scourges, because, if the evil is present, one must not be afraid to recognize it, speak up, and seek out the remedy, always at hand. The remedy is religion, and it inspires only the good in us.

<https://play.google.com/books/reader?id=iOBxiydZqcgC&pg=GBS.PA382&hl=en>

Chapter 90

The insects we call fleas are frequently goblins.

Man is naturally lazy; once he has formed habits, or adopted a particular belief, he becomes so satisfied with it that he won't bother learning anything more. And so, how much ignorance, credulity, laziness, and apathy have created prejudices!

Everyone knows that there are magicians, goblins, and sorcerers, who are nothing less than emanations of the devil, and if I take up my pen to denounce these creatures and warn against the dangers of their presence, I am called a dreamer, a visionary, a fantasist. But it is for the good of humanity that I have taken the trouble to write down my more useful discoveries.

I have noticed that when a goblin wants to surprise a young woman in a public place, they approach her with the most honest demeanor, to receive the best first impression, and only leave her when they have learned everything that their impertinence has allowed them to uncover. If the young lady or woman does not answer their questions, they make sure that she will regret her refusal. When the night falls, they disguise themselves and invisibly enter the most secret paces to await their victim, to sacrifice her, to burn her before their vengeance and

wickedness. But since to hide their evil deeds they are forced to transform themselves into small animals, their happiness cannot be real happiness, and we can boldly theorize that it is an artificial happiness proportional to the size or capacity of their transformation. If, however, we were to attribute to each being a character of goodness or wickedness, we could not assume that fleas, which survive only on the blood they draw from us, are included among the common transformations that man is too often unwillingly treated so badly by? Will anyone dare to contradict me when I say that the bites and stings these living insects inflict on us, and against which we rightly wage an endless war, are not acts of revenge and malice on the part of the goblins? I would tell these detractors, I have such an aversion to animals of this nature, which exist only on human blood, that despite my love of religion and my Christian duties, I would never say, like Molière has Tartuffe confess, that he still reproaches himself every day for his anger in catching a flea while he was praying and killing that bloodthirsty creature.

It could be said that the number of fleas on earth is as great, and even greater, than the human population of the globe. If the goblins find pleasure in transforming themselves into fleas, how many women are the victims of their transformation? Each woman could constitute an entire city of them. What I say about the flea can, also, apply to other animals of a bloodthirsty nature like it. Hence, I maintain that these animals only inflict themselves on us through the influence of the devil. Men, women, girls, widows, inhabitants of the earth, when you are bothered by fleas and other biting “insects”, by day or night, do not hesitate to place them between the nails of your two thumbs and crush them, saying, “one less little goblin!”

Chapter 91

The powerful, who give themselves to the devil, often do so only to satisfy their passions.

Enough talk about these little creatures. The powerful are no less bloodthirsty. Like fleas, they belong to the goblin race, and like them, they are possessed by the devil, with the only difference being that they are more able to execute the whims, caprices, and wickednesses of the devil, since they have far more opportunity to become cruel. This assertion can be supported with the following fact:

An ancient prince, having conceived a passion for the daughter of one of his high-ranking officers, very cleverly gave the father of the object of his conquest an honorable mission. During the unfortunate father’s absence, he arranged things so nicely that the devil, a protector of clandestine loves, blessed him such that he could obtain the favors of the woman, who would never have otherwise consented to such a sacrifice. Unfortunately for the wicked, evil does not always remain hidden. The father of the victim of this most debased brutality learns of his daughter’s dishonor, and swears that he will avenge his injury and his honor.

He writes to the prince that the army was prepared to lend him his support to march against him who had just sullied his power with such a villainous act. The prince refused to believe in such audacity from one of his soldiers, though he had not hesitated to provoke him. However, he

made efforts to gather some new troops, but he had already made such an investment in the army he had entrusted to the unfortunate woman's father that it was impossible for him to gather any new soldiers. Only fortune could procure them for him.

He was told that an ancient building, abandoned for centuries, contained treasure, but that no one until this day had dared to find out if this was true. But because of his situation, and his wounded pride, he risked this undertaking, never before attempted. He entered the old metal castle, passing through the numerous metal doors that secured it, at last finding one made of wrought iron, locked from the inside by more than a thousand bolts. Nevertheless he managed to open it, and he read several writings that covered the other side of the door, which prophesied his shame and defeat. The audacity and necessity that had driven him so far failed him, and he lost his courage and left that place of horror, more affected by the prediction of the fate that awaited him than by the shame of his crimes. Finally, he found a way to carry out his plan, despite the small number of soldiers he could muster. He went out to meet the man who was approaching his land, but the victor was not long in doubt: fate and valor favored the just cause, and the virtuous subordinate triumphed over the treacherous prince, who, in the thick of the battle, vanished without a trace.

A rumor spread that the devil had seized him, since only a few traces of his earlier power remained. This theory was confirmed by several venerable hermits, who claimed to have seen several demons in a bright light carrying away a man they recognized as their prince, particularly by the way the demons treated him. The old hermits went on to witness a woman descending from heaven. They believed they recognized her as the prince's mother; she came to beg for her son's life, but it was in vain, the demons refusing to release their prey. A heavenly voice made this unfortunate mother understand that her son had exhausted the measure of mercy that God grants to the guilty when he sees within their soul some glimmer of repentance; this voice was that of the unfortunate princess, victim of the cruelty of the monster for whom God's mercy was being sought. She said to her mother, "Your son has committed too many crimes to ever be allowed into holy Paradise; his presence would defile that glorious sanctuary. He has brought me dishonor and caused my father despair—are these grounds for Divine clemency?"

The mother still insisted that the demons let him go, saying it was the only way that he could make his penance. But another heavenly voice put an end to these arguments, ordering the earth to swallow up the demons and their prey. Immediately the earth opened, the demons disappeared, carrying the one who had richly deserved his punishment for his crimes into an abyss of sulfur and smoke, crimes committed in the shadow of a great name and great power, but by one who, no matter how great his blindness made him believe himself to be, was still subordinate to a power far greater than himself, and against which one can never fight.

So this is what comes of trusting the word and power of the devil, or any of the members of his kingdom of goblins and demons. If I were fortunate enough I would form regiments, whose banners would bear the motto: *Fight to the death against the goblins!* I am quite sure that I

would soon have an army that, like me, would be driven by this sentiment, that would not lay down its banner until it had annihilated that villainous rabble.

It is well known, unfortunately all too well known, that the goblin society has existed since the most remote times, for the patriarch to whom we owe the discovery of the nectar that daily revives us, sustains us, and sometimes makes us stumble and fall, counted a sorcerer among his children. So it can be said that magic was known before the flood, and the connection between a sorcerer and an inhabitant of the infernal depths is so great that it is said that all magic comes from the devil.

I would very much like to be able to descend for a moment into hell to learn all its secrets, if I could do so without committing a crime. I am certain that on one side one would see all the demons who have stolen their power, such as Beelzebub, Satan, Rhotomago, and other infernal kings; and on the other, one would see all their subordinates, the lesser beings who have given themselves to the devil for a moment of pleasure, who are called in hell, as they are on earth, by the hideous, villainous, cruel, and execrable name of *goblin*.

Chapter 92

The passion for gambling leads us into pitfalls.

Throughout history, vices have ruined those who indulged in them, and this is truly a source of satisfaction for good souls; for if vice always led to happiness, most honest people, out of weakness, might cease to be so. In general, all vices are dreadful, but among them gambling has always been the most disastrous. Although the examples of the depravity this fatal passion exposes us to are well known, it is nonetheless true that new instances occur every day. I will cite one that will show the extremes of irreverence gamblers can go to, and the consequences they can expect.

One devotee of every game of chance, finding himself in a run of bad luck, began to shout, blaspheming and scandalizing even the most hardened sinners. All the excesses he indulged in did not bring back his fortune, which seemed to have abandoned him forever. Individually, everyone advised him to calm down, pointing out that his cursing would not remedy the misfortune he was experiencing, and which he shared with many other gamblers. But he was beside himself, refusing to listen to anything, and continued with his imprecations. In vain they tried to appease him, he would not relent, and said with the rage of a madman that if, on the next hand he was to play, he did not win, he would throw his sword at the crucifix that was in the room they had gathered in, adding that—if it was possible for a gambler, and one who frequented houses of ill repute—he would swear on his honor. And finally, he blasphemed.

But the insults did not frighten fortune. The fate that pursued him did not relent. He lost everything, and was left penniless. Seeing himself ruined, he carried out what he had sworn to do a few minutes earlier. His sword, hurled with all the force he could muster in his rage, disappeared before reaching the sacred object he had threatened. This first miracle was followed by a second; he did not even have time to reflect on his folly before he found himself carried away by a legion of devils, who accomplished this abduction as quick as a thunderclap, frightening the onlookers as much as the eruption of Vesuvius would have. Then and there, the impious man was erased from the ranks of the living, and no one asked the devils to restore their prey to life. This proves that this was a just punishment from divine might, delivering his vile and depraved soul to the infernal power, making him experience all the suffering that his crimes deserved.

Those who shared in all his debauchery were delighted to see him suffer this dreadful fate, and it is even said that several converted. Truly it is said that God's justice manifests itself sooner or later, to the benefit of those who wish to submit to His holy laws and those of His church.

And so I cannot believe that to obtain forgiveness from the Divine, it is sufficient for a sinner to believe in the saying, "for every sin, there is mercy." No, God will not be merciful to the wicked. Those who make a pact with the devil, by the very act of this pact, deprive themselves of the possibility of forgiveness. For if the goblins were capable of reforming themselves, they would have taken pity on me long ago, and they would not have waited until I had published a work exposing all their crimes and infamous deeds they commit day and night before returning to virtue.

Chapter 93

Hypocrites are like goblins, hidden beneath deceptive appearances.

If we see corrupt men, creatures who would perhaps deny the existence of a just and good God, this is a cause for sorrow, since true happiness lies only in the love of this God; but when we see hypocrites who, after preaching religion, did not hesitate to cover themselves with shame by betraying a religion whose beauties they had studied and known...then what must we think!

How guilty and dangerous these deceptive creatures are on earth, who abjure a faith that is the delight of those who truly understand it after burning pure incense on the altar of the Almighty God; a religion which offers us its greatest gift, the prospect of a blessed eternity at the end of a life spent in peace and innocence?

This blessing, for which we should all make vows and sacrifices, should be all the more desired by those who teach us to aspire to it. Falsehood is such a terrible vice that it has always been

said that it is better to have an honest enemy than a false friend, and for the same reason, it is better not to be religious than to be a hypocrite. And better not to enter the ecclesiastical state than to be an evil priest.

How much have we wept when we see, in our times of trouble, men who have until then seemed very honest people, sow themselves

That blessedness for which we should all make vows and sacrifices, could be even more desired by those who teach us to aspire to it. Falsehood is so great a vice, that at all times it has been said: that it was better to have a declared enemy than a friend, and, for the same reason, that it is better not to be religious, rather than to be a hypocrite: as it is better not to take the ecclesiastical state, than to be a bad priest.

No, there would be no revolutions on earth if the devil did not have the power to make proselytes among men. It was after recruiting among the French that Beelzebub organized a revolt in this country, surely the most beautiful in the world.

When we saw the son disown his father, the father neglect his son's education, the brother arm himself and stab his brother, the mother lose all sense of shame before her daughter, and the daughter confide her depravities to her mother, we attribute this complete demoralization to the revolution. Undoubtedly, all the evil we witness can be attributed to the revolution, but the revolution was nothing more than the work of the goblins.

The goblins were the agents of all the factions that have stained our beautiful homeland with blood. Sometimes they disguised themselves as Sardanapaluses, sometimes they wore the mask of hypocrisy to deceive us more effectively.

So therefore, let us not designate the authors of all our misfortunes by the name of "revolutionary." Let us denounce them to the entire world as goblins, and then there will be a tide of interest in waging a goblin war, defending ourselves from the political upheavals, which, throughout history have been the work of the infernal-diabolical race.

Our enemies will always speak and act under the pretext of doing us good. Therefore, let us beware of those who flatter us: flatterers are also goblins, and from a flatterer to a hypocrite there is only one step, just as there is only a subtle difference between libertinism and goblinism.

Chapter 94

The goblins rob a good Christian while attending the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

I sincerely hope that, with all the evidence I have already given and will yet give concerning the crimes of the goblins, no one will doubt their dreadful power. It is now known that they hide

everywhere, that they stop us, rob us, and surprise us when they least expect it. Here's another incident:

A man was passing by a church where the Holy Sacrament was being blessed. Seeing there were many people at the door and the church was full, but still wishing to attend the blessing that the other faithful were participating in, this good and worthy Christian was forced to remain outside. The weather was dreadful, and he had to keep his umbrella open, and several people took shelter under it. His awkward situation did not prevent him from removing his hat. Both his hands were occupied, and he was standing like the other faithful, as uncomfortable as he was. He was paying close attention to the prayer, and could not concern himself with what was happening around him; so he did not see the goblins and sorcerers who were lurking there to carry out their wicked deeds. Finally, when he least expected it, a wicked goblin slipped so skillfully beside him that he stole his watch and his gold snuffbox.

When the prayer was finished, everyone went home. The good man who had attended the blessing with such devotion wanted to compensate himself for the deprivation he had experienced of not being able to take snuff during the prayer. But imagine his surprise when his snuffbox was no longer in his pocket! This unfortunate discovery led him to check on his watch. His grief was immeasurable when he saw that it, too, had been taken. The goblins had stolen everything from him while he was praying to God.

What more conclusive evidence can be offered against these accursed goblins? Can there be a more foul race? To come even into a holy place to commit such wicked deeds! To prey upon the most zealous of the faithful in their religious duties! What punishment should such a crime deserve? He who has the audacity to defile a holy place deserves an exemplary punishment. All the torments of hell combined cannot atone for this unforgivable crime.

How many times would my wicked enemies have stolen my watch and gold snuffbox if I didn't watch them as closely as I do? They have no shame. The male goblins are libertines, thieves, wicked, cruel, and heartless; the female goblins are immodest, perjurers, and adulteresses. In short, the union of the two sexes of this infernal, diabolical race forms an assembly of all that is criminal, all that is evil. This is the being God so clearly described to us when He revealed the misdeeds of the spirit of evil.

<https://archive.org/details/lesfarfadetsouto00berb2/page/399/mode/1up>

Chapter 95

A trait of Joan of Arc, supporting the belief in goblinism.

Even a man of the slightest education knows that every nation has had its weaknesses in its own turn; we must attribute these to the customs of the times in which the people live. It is also to these customs that we owe our inclination and habits, and in this respect, it is most

unfortunate that we see ourselves so often influenced by those who govern us, or who by their rank and title are likely to serve as examples and models for us. The whole of history provides us with examples that prove that happy are the nations that, like the French, have had kings who were friends of the blessed religion.

The history of France is rich with excellent examples. Let me recall that of Joan of Arc, who by divine power was inspired by a celestial apparition, and succeeded in covering her country and her king with glory. What reward did she receive for her exploits, other than the punishment that would have been inflicted on the vilest of mortals? Was it not witchcraft, magic, that sacrificed her out of jealousy? What men had she led to victory, and what men caused her death? On which side was the blindness, the error, the fanaticism? Ah! No doubt, it was much more on the side of those who would do evil than on the side of those who believe in religious ideals and in all that the spirit of good can reveal to us. But to get an idea of the power of the goblins, we must go back to those remote times, and see the enemies of Joan of Arc employing magicians and sorcerers, consulting their knowledge in order to gain an advantage against the heroine who had defeated them. I know that some goblinish people have tried to take advantage of all that is unusual in the story of Joan of Arc to ridicule the maiden, but the sarcasm and jokes of the wicked should only serve to further highlight the virtues of the privileged beings of God whom they attack.

And I, too, was speaking of Joan of Arc in front of one of those cynics who delight in trying to strip her of the most beautiful title a young woman could aspire to. "How could Joan of Arc, if she were inspired by divinity, not overcome the power of the spirit of evil? Why did she not escape the stake that consumed her?" The reason is simple: God had chosen her to protect her king and lead her country. He had distinguished her among maidens, because among the many who possessed virtue, she was the most virtuous. The divine mission she had fulfilled would procure for her an eternal reward. If God did not wish for her to remain on earth any longer, it was because, after her exploits, He found her worthy to come to heaven to enjoy His presence. What would she have done on earth after she had brought glory to her country? As I am now, she would have continued to be persecuted by the goblin race, her true opposition.

And so, it is clear to all who have read the history of Joan of Arc, these cruel goblins were her enemies, just as they are mine. May the *Scourge* of these wretches one day be rewarded like the heroine of Orleans was!

Chapter 96

A powerful man turns to the goblins, and is punished for it.

A powerful man, some centuries ago, having squandered his fortune through countless wasteful extravagances and wanting to recoup some of his losses, searched in vain for the secret of making gold. And for this purpose, he sought an audience with the devil.

His folly became known, and through magic a goblin was made to appear before him as an emissary of the devil, to take advantage of his foolishness. This goblin, accompanied by two particularly base fellows, his accomplices, led him to sign a pact by which he pledged to give whatever was asked of him, surely the least he could do for these villains who promised him a glorious fortune.

The desperate man was weak enough to make these offerings, and some considerable sacrifices, to the demons. But his trust was betrayed. Nothing he desired or had been promised came to fruition. On the day of his audience, he saw nothing of what he had been led to expect, and withdrew, utterly ashamed.

That's not all; it seems that the noble's excessive ambition had angered Beelzebub to such an extent that the princeling became cruel, even to the point of causing the death of innocent victims who could not defend themselves against his fury. And this is what one exposes oneself to when one gives into the desire to see things that should rightly be banished from one's thoughts.

What should this wretch have expected from a meeting with the devil? Evil, and nothing more. Shouldn't he have feared that his entire life would be poisoned by the encounter? With a guide like this, one can only do evil, and become a disgrace to humanity. One only needs to open the pages of history to learn that those who succumbed to such criminal temptation always ended up becoming victims of the devil.

Finally, this ambitious man, after committing all sorts of horrors, was exposed. He possessed the greatest of vices: hypocrisy. One day he was seen with priests, talking about the trip to the Holy Land he planned to make, while the next moment he was indulging in the most shameful orgies.

So many crimes could not go unpunished. He was arrested, and put on trial. And of course the most corrupt beings are also the most cowardly and pusillanimous, and this infamous man, who had made a pact with the devil, was terrified not only of the death he deserved, but also the preliminary torments he was to endure as he was forced to confess his crimes.

Though throughout his interrogation he refused to confess anything, he was so frightened by the preparations for *la question extraordinaire* that he ended up confessing everything before it was applied to him. His sentence condemned him to atone for his sins on a pyre, in the middle of a very pretty plain, where everyone could see him die in pain that he more than deserved. Thus, a creature who wanted to warm himself by the fires of hell and associate with the infernal goblin sect was consumed by earthly fire.

I wanted to cite this example after that of the heroine of Orleans, to prove to all the so-called intellectuals who comment on the power of God, that if this divine master sometimes allows innocent people to perish on the scaffold, more often he inspires earthly judges to pronounce terrible and much-deserved punishments.

Yes, Joan of Arc perished on a pyre, but it was , as I have said, so that she might sooner enjoy eternal life, while the villain whose story I just recounted only saw his soul separated from his body so that whatever is immortal might burn in hell, forever and ever, world without end, amen, amen, amen.

These are irrefutable arguments. Voltaire, Rousseau, and all those who called themselves philosophers, cannot fault them, and no one will ever be able to.

So let us draw the consequences that follow from them.

God's power cannot always be made known by the same means. The master of the universe sometimes calls virtuous souls to Him before the time that had been fixed for their reward, but almost always He guides the thread of our destiny. If sometimes He also allows goblins to call lightning, melt the clouds, form the hail and snow that are to destroy our harvests, it is to warn us that alongside His mercy he always exercises His justice. He must warn us that misdeeds never go unpunished.

I would say much more, if I were not afraid of giving my opponents the satisfaction of calling my style "metaphysical." I must be clear for everyone, and I believe that up to this point I have fulfilled this purpose.

I do not write only for scholars; I write for ordinary people, and I want them to understand me. I have already proven to the intellectuals that I do not fear their arguments, and I am able to answer them whenever they wish to challenge me. But I must not stray from the path I have set for myself. I will return to the facts that justify my assertions and my work. It's good to engage in scientific reasoning from time to time, but the facts serve my plans much better. I'll return to that.

Chapter 97

Men cling too tightly to their prejudices, and they call those who believe in goblins mad. An anecdote.

All peoples have their prejudices and errors, but that which is founded on facts that belief cannot call into question ceases to be a prejudice. The existence of goblins is a material fact. Listen:

A young and beautiful woman, who a mischievous goblin had undoubtedly ceased through a diabolical and criminal spell, was led step by step into the arms of a monarch, who eventually cherished and loved her to the point that she became convinced she would become his wife. But there are laws governing the marriages of princes, which were made to avoid the misalliances that a philosophical mind might want to encourage.

The king was warned by a celestial apparition to keep to the path that wisdom had prescribed for sovereigns, for the happiness of their people. This voice, in agreement with that of the scholars who have given the educated world treatises on morality, told him in a few words not to yield to the wishes of a woman he might love, but could not marry. This marriage would compromise the glory of his realm and the happiness of his subjects, for it was well known that an evil spirit was pushing him toward committing this guilty act.

In spite of his usual valor and courage, the prince was frightened by this apparition, and was so struck by it that he spoke to no one about what he intended to do in his circumstance. His mistress, who believed in her lover's commitment, lived in hope. But we rarely escape what we deserve, when Providence sees the necessity of punishing or rewarding good or bad actions. It happened that this beautiful young woman, preoccupied with her plans and walking in the garden of the castle where she lived by the consent of her lover, was struck as if by a dreadful bolt of lightning, and from that moment, she lost both speech and sight. She carried within her the pledge of a love that could not be reasonably recognized by the laws governing ranks, titles, and fortunes. Her situation was so cruel that it was the greatest pain she was returned to her parents' home, where she died, as did the fruit of a love that she should have considered only a crime, and not a source of happiness that was never meant to be hers.

This lesson from the hand of God should be sufficient to correct or restrain the naive girls whom an evil spirit tempts and strives to lead to their ruin, for in the end, nothing good can come from what the devil makes us do. There are so many paths that lead to good that it is hard to conceive how there are minds weak enough to allow themselves to be tempted to take the path of evil, from which one can never escape without bearing the punishment it has brought upon us.

Here, undoubtedly, is a very sad example of the influence the spirit of evil exerts on us. If one could enter every house to seek out the ties that bind this or that person to him, one would soon understand the causes of such and such an illness or sudden death, which could only be brought about by witchcraft; one would clearly see the very real effects of magic, for the numbers of sorcerers and goblins among us are very great. Throughout history, efforts have been made to drive them from the earth, but as according to the words of the Gospel, it is impossible to uproot the weeds that poison the good plants, since weeds always grow far too abundantly. The result is that there have always been goblins, and there always will be.

Many people tell me, "Arm yourself with philosophy and don't believe in goblinish spirits." But philosophy is not a comforting weapon. On the contrary, it only serves to increase the worst misfortunes, since without shame or modesty it does not hesitate to set itself in opposition to those privileged beings who possess faith and sensitivity. Ah! If the word "philosophy" referred to the man of virtue, philosophers would not seek to divert from the path of righteousness those who, from their tenderest childhood, have made it their duty to follow.

But no, today's so-called philosophers have made it their mission to destroy the very concept of truth. If you speak to them about religion, they want to put it in contradiction with itself. If you mention god to them, most of them dare not deny His existence out of a sense of propriety, but they speak of Him with such irony that it would perhaps be better for them to persist in their ingrained materialism than to say what they don't think..

And besides, aren't the philosophers the cruellest antagonists of those who are persecuted by goblins? Mr. Pinel is a philosopher; he is a doctor, he searches the human body, looking for the location of the immortal soul. Mr. Moreau is a philosopher; he seeks in playing cards what he should only look for in the holy scriptures. Mr. Chaix is a philosopher; he belongs to the society of Freemasons, condemned by true religion. Mr. Prieur is a philosopher; he is presumptuous, dissolute, and libertine, as almost all law and medical students are today. La Mançot, La Jeanneton, La Valette, and La Vandeval are philosophers in the manner of Mr. Moreau.

Thus, it is clear that that the word "philosopher" can no longer designate a mortal with virtues; there can be no virtuous beings on earth except for pure men who believe in goblinism and do not accuse those who fight goblins of madness.

And I am so filled with the sort of logic I have just outlined, I could go on indefinitely. But for now, I will simply say that the word "philosopher" is almost as odious to me as the word "goblin," to the point that, from now on, when I want to show contempt for someone, I shall say, "shut up, philosopher! Shut up, foul and cruel goblin!"

Chapter 98

I am not as unhappy as people think.

Isn't it better to have only two well-marked roads, rather than wandering from path to path in the labyrinths of philosophy? Our only law must be to reward the good and punish the wicked. It is God's law, and I desire no other, this alone is my consolation, my refuge, my sovereign hope, and it suffices me. I am not driven to demand advance payment for the ills I will have suffered throughout my life until the end God has marked for my frail existence; I am content to receive the blessings his Goodness bestows upon me at the end of my exemplary life. I will continue to follow these same principles, and I can already consider myself favored by the Creator, because of the noble firmness He grants me to fend off all the attacks of the enemies of the ferocious Satan.

Yes, though I live among men, I can consider myself already placed in the celestial realm, occupied each day in singing the praises of the Master of masters, in enjoying in a sweet and salutary life all the rewards of this divine abode, the home of the blessed.

Dear reader, based on this reasoning, perhaps you will agree that I am not as unhappy as you might think. Can the torments of these wicked spirits really be considered a great misfortune? It

is through them that we become worthy of divine mercy. What joy for me, when i am in the clutches of my enemies, to think of the happiness that awaits me! I will spend eternal life in paradise; I will be able to prostrate myself from morning till night at the feet of my Creator, I will see the Mother of God, that holy virgin who was found worthy to carry in her womb for nine months the Redeemer of mankind. I will see Saint Joseph, the husband of Mary, Saint Alexis, Saint Charles, Saint Vincent, my patrons and protectors; I will see the martyrs of the Christian faith; I will see Saint Louis, who sanctified the entire Bourbon family; I will see Saint Nicholas, the protector of travellers at sea; I will see all the angels and all the virgins who have been deemed worthy of a place among the elect.

What joy will be mine! Just thinking about it makes me happy in advance; I contemplate my future, and I sing hymns of thanksgiving!

Oh no, I am not as unhappy as some would believe. I consider the goblins to be the cause of my future happiness. It is true, however, that they do not persecute me in order to bring about this happiness: my compatriots and colleagues know their intentions. But I am nevertheless certain of my future, and all the sufferings to which I am resigned strengthen my hope, more and more.

Chapter 99

Here are two more facts that prove how vile the goblins are.

I begin this chapter with a fact that will prove how infernal malice is opposed to everything that is pure and worthy of the Most High.

A man who was pious, and therefore quite sane and of sound mind, was entirely devoted to his salvation. One day of each week, I believe on Saturday, he would shut himself away, and completely absorbed in the subject that animated him, he imagined himself to be among the elect whom God admits into His presence, and there he would prostrate himself, speak, and sing, all in the praise of the Almighty. His elevated imagination allowed him to perform allegorical ceremonies, such as the embrace he gave to all those of the elect who came to meet one of their worthy friends; speeches, prayers, orations, hymns, canticles, nothing was ignored on this day, which was for him very solemn. Completely absorbed in his pursuit, he refused to see or speak to anyone who came to question him, and did not even take food until he had finished his pious exercises.

Since he repeated this ceremony at regular intervals, his family easily noticed his preoccupation; they questioned him about the nature of his retreat, and he replied with a heart full of holy fervor, that his time was consecrated to conversations with celestial beings. This answer did not satisfy his family, who reasoned that one could not give such an answer without being mentally deranged. They waited a little longer to see if he was devoted to this course of

action, still setting aside fixed days for an imaginary conversation, which, however wise it might be, seemed incomprehensible to them.

Such is the domination of good over evil, especially when corrupt souls guided by the spirit of evil judge the actions of men inspired by divinity, and when this man always gave the same answers concerning his practices. Would you believe that such wise answers led him to being declared afflicted with madness or a mental impairment, and that his family felt no compunction in holding a council to declare him insane, liable to be confined in a madhouse for the rest of his life?

This unfortunate man, in no way a disturbance to society, was deprived of his rights for the sole reason that he was, more than anyone else, inspired by the graces we receive from the Most High, to which we should all aspire for our happiness. And so a virtuous being was removed from the society of man, deprived of natural liberty, the only charm of life. And why? Because some holy ideas had taken hold of him, and he embraced them more strongly than the others who, clearly, did not appreciate them. They did, however, have the courtesy to visit him in his prison sometimes to see if he complained about his fate, for they did not delude themselves that his confinement was an injustice. But he never complained, he only requested that they not disturb him on the day when he was to be presented before the Lord God Almighty.

He always lived with the same sentiments, and it can be said that his resignation earned him a place among the martyrs we read about in the holy texts from the highest antiquity, which we should consider monuments to the glory that Christians have acquired for the love of God, through whom we all breathe.

Here is a second anecdote, corroborating the first, proving that sorcerers and goblins have always been, and will always be, pursued by reason, and that their kind is begotten by the devil. We will see, from the fate of the deceiver I will soon describe, what should be done with the devil's disciples.

One of these infamous goblins, coming from who knows where, arrived in a city in France, where he spread the rumor that he possessed two or three saints, celebrated in the annals of Christianity, to better win over the hearts of the faithful. The rumor spread and reached the holy prelate who presided over the episcopal see of that city. He summoned the goblin into his presence, but this wretch, who possessed none of what he claimed to have, was banished, with orders never to return to the places he had defiled with his presence and his lies. Forced to withdraw, he obeyed only by spewing forth a torrent of insults against the one who had preserved the salvation of the souls of his flock through his wise decree.

The charlatan left these parts and sought another stage for his diabolical operations. He arrived in another city, where people were engaged in processions which are regularly held in all well-governed places to obtain from God the blessing of an abundant harvest. He presented himself as one of the leaders of the clergy, possessing things of great value to the church, and promised a spiritual and temporal reward to anyone who would be willing to adorn the Christian

temple with them. The villain! He used this only to deceive, for when he saw that he could not fulfill the promises he had made, he thought he could absolve himself of his atrocious lies with terrible oaths, which only served to get him arrested.

Everything he possessed was searched, and nothing was found but the bones of venomous beasts, dangerous drugs made from roots and fat and other poisonous ingredients, more dangerous than useful. Since what they found had been created with criminal intentions against humanity, they rushed to throw it into the river, in order to protect the people from the contagion that would have resulted.

It was thought that this first punishment would convince the goblin to cease his wicked deeds and deceptions, and he was set free. But this leniency was in its own way blameworthy, for no sooner he was released than he resumed his despicable practices, and truly, a spirit inclined to evil will rarely make a positive change. Then, no longer showing any restraint, he was taken to prison and put into close confinement, but not close enough, as he managed to escape and take refuge in a church, which he filled with such a terrible stink that the dirtiest of places could not compare to it. It was so bad that no one dared to approach to save the holy place from the monster that had infected it. The servants of the faith, animated by the holy zeal that divinity always bestows upon those who wear the signs of the priesthood, resolved to brave these foul obstacles to drive out of the church the one who had worse than profaned it. They took great precautions to cover their noses, and succeeded in purifying the church by banding together, four of them, to expel the villain who never should have approached it.

The goblin, covered in his crimes, was brought before a tribunal, which, after fulfilling all the formalities of such a case, presenting all the evidence of his abominable and audacious misdeeds, condemned him to the most dreadful torments, which, cruel as they were, were still not enough to punish so many crimes and atrocities. For isn't it goblinism that leads men to pursue every vice, and then leads them to commit crimes by hiding from them the line between virtue and wickedness? Isn't it goblinism that makes them more criminal than one can imagine by preventing them from listening to the voice of God, which would keep them from becoming enslaved by the devil by entering into the company of Satan, Lucifer, and all the other outcasts of heaven and earth? Isn't it goblinism that guides the hands of every murderer?

These two anecdotes I have just cited present a striking contrast. In the first, goblins manage to thwart the resolve of a holy man. On the contrary, in the second it is the men of God who ultimately thwart the efforts of an associate of the devil.

The two anecdotes that I have just cited form a very striking contrast. In the first, it is the goblins who succeed in thwarting the resolution of a holy man. In the second, it is, on the contrary, the men of God who end up paralyzing the efforts of an associate of the devil.

Who among my readers will fail to see in this contrast the purpose I have set for myself? Through these examples, I wanted to prove that goblins seize every opportunity to persecute virtuous souls. They saw in an inspired man an enemy of their doctrines, and they had him

persecuted. On the other hand, they wanted to prevent the faithful from fulfilling the duties of their faith by fouling the holy place where they always gathered with renewed zeal.

And haven't you already read in my first volume what the goblins did to me while I was saying my prayers in the Church of Saint Roch, wafting the most unpleasant odors under my nose? Didn't they formulate the plan of making me appear insane?

Now it is clear that the two anecdotes I have just cited prove that goblins are wicked creatures, since on two different occasions they used the same methods they have employed or intend to employ against me.

Chapter 100

The devil plays a trick, and a gentleman becomes his victim.

Though many people doubt the existence of the devil, as they have never seen him, they cannot deny that he is the principal agent of the evil we experience, whether through the effects of our passions or the consequences of their violence and excesses.

About two hundred years ago, the devil, or one of his agents, disguised himself as a young lady and positioned himself at the door of a gentleman, distinguished by his love and gallantry towards women. One evening, upon returning home, he found this supposed young lady, who, she said, was worried because her footman had not come to fetch her. The gallant knight should have been suspicious of such a confession, but he was taken in by the disguise and honestly believed that her fear alone was the cause of her complaints.

It was a good opportunity for the gallant man. He was able to show kindness to a person who seemed to him to be of good birth. He invited her into his house. The devil did cause some difficulties, but after all the usual formalities, he accepted on the condition that he would be alone in his apartment.

One could imagine that such a restriction was in place merely for appearances. If the alleged young lady was truly a virtuous person, she would not have accepted; instead, she would have asked the gentleman to have her escorted to her family, or escort her himself.

Supper time arrived, and the gentleman treated her as well as he could, engaged in gallant conversation, and seriously courted her; then he retired, and left his supposed young lady to her rest. He, in his own turn, went to bed, but the idea of having a charming young woman in his domicile prevented him from sleeping all night. He tossed, he turned, he could not get a single moment of rest. Finally, after struggling for a long time against his desires, he ventured to go to the apartment where his beautiful lady was resting, and with a cunning that only love can inspire, he entered under the pretext of asking if she needed anything. Little by little he became bolder, and while chatting with her with increasing interest, he acted accordingly. He took a

few liberties, and they were found to be acceptable, and finally, after a few more direct attempts, he obtained everything he desired, so much so that he considered himself the happiest of men.

After this encounter, which he considered the greatest delight, our gentleman returned to his apartment and spent the rest of his night in the most pleasant dreams.

The next morning, his first concern was to send someone to inquire about his conquest. He was told that his lovely companion was tired and wanted to sleep all morning. He was flattered by the reply, and was sure that he would possess this young woman for quite some time, the loss of whose favors would have much saddened him. He prepared to leave the town for a walk.

Upon his return, he learned that his young acquaintance was not yet awake. When he returned, making a little noise to announce his presence, he was astonished to find, when approaching the bed in which he had enjoyed infinite pleasures, he saw only an inanimate body. He summoned doctors to find the cause of such an extraordinary event. They gave him an astonishing answer, saying the corpse was none other than that of a woman who had died the day before, and that it must have been the devil, who through his customary sorcery brought it into his house, giving it enough animation to deceive an unfortunate knight whose heart was naturally inclined toward the passion of love, and to make him repent of having courted a being who deserved only contempt. This event served as a useful lesson for a young man who had surrendered too easily to the passions that ruled him and gave too little thought to actions upon which the fate of an honest man might depend.

Thus, the devil was the author of this young gentleman's transgression, and the young nobleman's shame of his actions conceived in him a sorrow that grew greater each day, soon leading him to his grave...another innocent victim of the endless malevolence of a diabolical goblin!

May this example serve to warn all young men against the snares the goblins lay for them at every turn! Let them know that most of the prostitutes who stand on street corners or in the galleries of the Palais-Royal every evening are nothing more than goblins in disguise, laying seductive traps for them.

If I need more proof of what I am saying, I would only need to cite the scandalous scenes that play out every moment of the day in the apartments these Messalinas have chosen to witness their debauchery

To prove what I am saying, I would only have to cite the scandalous scenes that are repeated every moment of the day in the apartments that these Messalinas have chosen to play out their debauchery; but since my book is intended to instruct both maidens and married women, I do not wish to sully it with accounts unworthy of those for whom it is intended. Let it be known that all these public women belong to the goblin race. The misfortunes they cause and the diseases they spread were engendered by Beelzebub, their master. These girls' mannerisms may

sometimes seem seductive to young men fresh out of school, but they are disgusting to men enlightened by experience.

Like the sorceress Armida, they have no desire than to find new Rinaldos who will allow themselves to be lulled to sleep by their diabolical magics.

but as my book must serve as an instruction to the virgin as well as to the married woman, I do not want to sully it with stories unworthy of those for whom I intend it. Let it be known only that public women all belong to the race of leprechauns; that the misfortunes of which they are the cause, the illnesses that they cause, were engendered by Beizebuth their master.

The girls have manners that, sometimes, can seem attractive to young men who have just left college, but they are disgusting to men who are enlightened by experience.

Like the sorceress Armide, they have no other desire than to find new Kenauds who let themselves be lulled to sleep by their diabolical magic. And the proof that they are only after money is that they have established their dreadful residences in the same place where men possessed by a passion for gambling go to lose their honor, their health, and their fortunes. There they covet a loving glance from those whom fate has, for the moment, found favor. And there also, they insult the misfortune of the man who has just ruined himself, and they reject him because he no longer has the means to pay for their practiced, deceptive caresses.

Ah! If only these last reflections could make our legislators realize society's need to see all these places that fall outside morality closed down, I would consider myself blessed to have written a chapter included solely to harm, by every means I can imagine, this infernal society that persecutes me and will likely go on to persecute those honest men who refuse to make a pact with it!

And besides, haven't I already proven, with a thousand and one arguments, that all gamblers and prostitutes are goblins to be wary of. My intentions are fulfilled. I should consider myself fortunate when I manage to expose these goblinish creatures wherever they may find refuge. Gambling dens and houses of debauchery are their main haunts.

The diseases that prostitutes carry could not have been brought from America by Christopher Columbus. It was a goblin who brought them from hell for the misfortune of humanity.

<https://archive.org/details/lesfarfadetsouto00berb2/page/428/mode/1up>

Chapter 101

Whatever our social rank at birth, virtue must be our guide.

Regardless of our rank in society, our existence is harmful to humanity if our vices outweigh the virtues we should possess throughout our lives. Even the virtue of being an honest man cannot be counted among true virtues; it is merely a duty that we have elevated to a virtue because we are so lacking in piety that we make far more of it than we should. A man born to high rank must necessarily practice every virtue, because only by mastering himself can he serve as a model for those below him. But the more admiration he would have won had his qualities matched his rank, the more he is loaded down with hatred and contempt if he is found lacking in them.

I have made it a point to support all my observations with an anecdote. Therefore, to justify the points I have just made, I will mention a princess who believed that her royal blood alone as sufficient for her to renounce goodness and make a pact with sorcerers and magicians, who persuaded her that she could reign with impunity. She married a king, who in turn believed that because she was the daughter of a sovereign, she would bring happiness to his subjects. But, alas! It would have been better for his people if perhaps the king had sought his concert from the good and beautiful girls who know how to enhance their charms by the practice of all the virtues and the good example they set for those around them.

On the contrary, the new queen had as her intimates magicians, sorcerers, and poisoners. As long as her husband reigned, her conduct was not widely known because the king made it his duty to conceal this from his subjects. But when she became a widow and sovereign queen, she indulged in every horror she was capable of, driven by the malevolent influence of the goblins who encouraged and incited her to evil by furthering her own designs.

The sorceress-queen was so intoxicated with sovereign power that she allowed, even encouraged, her children to engage in every imaginable excess, and forbade them from pursuing the studies that would have prepared them for the future, and kept them from rising to the highest rank without having the qualities required for the position.

The reign of the sorceress was horrific for humankind, but fortunately, it would not last long. She had such faith in magic that, even though she was surrounded by a band of goblins who never left her side, her trusted consultants day and night, she still carried with her persuasive evidence of her cruelty, such as the skins of dead children adorned with figures, letters, and glyphs, to protect herself, she said, from any attempt that might be made against her power.

Finally, after filling her reign with terror and countless atrocities, her disordered imagination supplying her with excuses for them, she finally died, to the great joy and satisfaction over the people she should never have been called to rule. No one mourned her. On the contrary, everyone celebrated the day that delivered them from this goblin monster. To commemorate the end of such a dreadful reign, a medal was struck in the form of a pagan deity, surrounded by the magical symbols the queen had used so frequently.

Now, who could say that virtue is not one of the most beautiful attributes of a great power? Kings, like their subjects, must therefore be virtuous!

Chapter 102

Of the Magicians, Sorcerers, and Goblins of yesteryear. A lady of high standing falls victim to their advice.

Sorcerers and magicians must have been more numerous in the past than they are today. It is certain that among their ranks were kings, queens, princes, and potentates, who shared in their work or protected them. And so households were almost always troubled and disturbed by the approach of these rogues, who travelled alone or in groups. They sought to seize the weakest of minds, and since such minds exist in every class of society, they found it was easiest to find victims among the common people. However, they also sought them among the nobility, and as proof, let me give this example:

These wretches had captured the mind of a woman of high station, persuading her that she would find much pleasure and passion in curing her husband of his passion for hunting, which had caused him to spend entire days away from her. They put it into her head to take the form of a wolf and to attack the hunter when she saw him go into the woods, where she was to lie in wait for him.

The gullible wife told her husband she had a visit to make to a lady in the neighborhood, and with the help of the magical means provided her, she took the form of a wolf and went to the woods to wait.

As the hunter approached the woods, he was attacked by a large wolf. He fired a shot at it, which did not wound the animal. But as it approached him, he grabbed it by the ears, knocked it down, and cut off one of its paws, which he put in his hunting bag. When he finished hunting he returned to his friends house and took the wolf's paw out of the bag. To their great astonishment, instead he found there a woman's hand adorned with a gold ring, which was recognized as belonging to the wife of the husband who refused to go hunting. Terrible suspicions arose against her. They finally found her near the kitchen fire, warming herself and carefully hiding her missing hand. Her husband presented it to her. She was shaken, and could not deny what she had just done. She confessed that she had indeed attacked the hunter, believing him to be her husband. This affair caused a great stir in the country. The authorities seized the woman, put her on trial, and the court determined that she had been bewitched by goblins and acted on their advice. For having yielded to such means, which proved both her ferocity and complicity, she was condemned to be burned for the crimes of witchcraft and premeditated murder.

So let us agree, without equivocation, that if there were more sorcerers in the past, there was also more vigilance regarding them. They were punished more swiftly, while today, we do not understand any of what motivates these villains, whose number increases every day and who act with impunity when they should be delivered to the flames. We could imagine that this would

at least intimidate those who were tempted to imitate and follow them. It would be a benefit to all people, for if we do not soon suppress the ambition of this race of imps and devils, we will be just as infested as the mountains of Bohemia are with hordes of ruffians and vagabonds, whom nothing can restrain or even oppose, because of the convenient refuges they have in their enchanted caves.

As I write, relief washes over me, I am providing good people with sound consolation! They did not know before what to attribute their sorrows to, and now they understand that the source of our troubles springs from the infernal lair of goblinism.

<https://archive.org/details/lesfarfadetsouto00berb2/page/435/mode/1up>

Chapter 103

Today's goblins become invisible when they wish, and enter the bodies of humans.

The goblins' resources are vast, since they possess the power of invisibility, and can torment us without being seen, or more importantly, caught. This causes despair for the unfortunate souls who suffer; therefore, goblin-induced suffering must be considered a moral evil, far more dangerous than a physical ailment, whose cause can be identified and treated. It's often said that the devil is everywhere; this means that he may carry out the malevolent acts he prepares and inflicts on us in all places of the earth.

He slips in taking whatever form he pleases, imitates whomever he wants, and passes himself off as honest. This undoubtedly explains the frequent proverb, *Nothing resembles an honest man more than a scoundrel*.

For example, the devil entered the body of a beggar woman who was constantly at the door of a church. The priests, who were watching her, saw what she was experiencing and obtained their superior's permission to exorcise her. This attracted a prodigious crowd of people to the church. During the exorcism prayers, the devil began to sing a hymn in honor of the Virgin Mary. The monks, for their part, to satisfy the desires of the faithful, began singing hymns in polyphony. When the singing ceased and the poor possessed woman was questioned, she made such contortions that they had to hold her feet to prevent her from falling to the ground.

These convulsions proved that the evil spirits were departing her, and several came out of her body. This brought praise to the prelate who led the local church, and at the same time to the Virgin Mary, the mother of God. As a result of this exorcism, the poor woman agreed to acknowledge the miraculous nature of the relics of the Holy Innocents. Satan's power and control was paralyzed simply because the broom of penance had been used to cleanse the possessed woman's body.

The unbelievers were confounded by this marvelous cure. The most flattering tributes were paid to the worthy priest who had the glory of suggesting and effecting this change, restoring to God a soul that the spirit of evil wanted to seize. The evil spirits had escaped from her body like a swarm of bees from a hive. It is said that the Saints witnessed the flight of the spirits with such pleasure, they descended to earth to destroy the influence of the goblins and deliver the community from them, as they were polluting it daily with their corruption and crimes. But the power of evil still retained some of its dominion: Beelzebub, angered by the triumph of this holy prelate, wanted to strangle the exorcist. But fortunately his power was diminished, and he only suffered the shame of having attempted this new crime, and had just enough time to escape with his wicked accomplices, who since then have not ceased to multiply and poison the earth with their invisible presence. For it is only through the torrents they inflict on their unfortunate victims that their actions can be recognized.

And so the exorcism produced its full effect. What joy for the head of the convent to see her flock, momentarily led astray, all return to the path of virtue through the most beneficial remedies of our holy religion!

From this, one can argue that there is nothing that is so useful, so persuasive, as the word of God; whoever deviates from the path He has traced for us, and which has been taught to us by His apostles, is unworthy to live and should be forever rejected from society, unless they confess their weaknesses at the foot of the holy altar and obtain the remission of their sins. He would then enjoy the inestimable advantage of being counted among the children of the Church, which, like God, adopts us into its fold, on the condition of fulfilling the duties it has imposed upon us under the penalties prescribed by its divine laws, which are explained in this single law: *Outside the church there is no salvation.*

But let us pause for a moment from all these quotations that have no relation to me, *scourge of goblins*, to return to what concerns me personally.

I am going to speak of a young goblin whom I catechized, who revealed to me many atrocities of which I was previously unaware. Some of his confessions contradict what I have already said in my work, but I must nevertheless present them to my readers. They will judge, as I myself have done, what points should be disregarded in his revelations. Perhaps he will still being influenced by the devil to deceive and mislead me when he confided in me, but I am not as trusting as one might think. I listen to what everyone says, and I make use of it. *He says that goblins do not steal.*

I am not so easy to deceive that I believe what is unbelievable. I know that some would like to make me contradict myself, that's certainly the hope of my enemies. But they will not succeed.

My work may appear to be off the cuff, thrown together. But it is no less useful for that; it is composed solely to harm these troublesome goblins, and I do them harm every time I expose some of their misdeeds.

Now, whether the young imp I am about to discuss was still a disciple of Satan when he made his revelations to me, or whether he was truly repentant, he nevertheless spoke about his society. I have recorded everything he told me, and I should not keep it a secret from those who are interested in my work.

But I prefer to believe he was sincere when he presented himself before me, rather than to assume he had malicious intentions. If the latter was true, he would become, as he grew older, a truly wretched scoundrel. You will be able to judge for yourselves, my dear readers, by considering the chapter that follows the one I will now conclude, without further preamble.

Chapter 104

I receive revelations from a young goblin.

I have revealed to the sovereigns of the earth, I have revealed to the unfortunate inhabitants of this world subjected to the furies of the goblins, I have revealed to the women, to the girls, the dangers to which we are exposed; I have done my duty, I have fulfilled the task of a good Christian, I have torn away the veil that concealed from the eyes of men the crimes of our common enemies.

I have prepared the fall of an empire stolen from what truly belongs to the Divine; I have diminished the power of Satan, Beelzebub, and the entire infernal host; I fear nothing now, I even commend myself, if necessary, to all kinds of torments, since they are the guarantee of the happiness I will enjoy in heaven. But the picture of the sufferings I have endured is not enough to provide proof to the unbelievers, I had to look elsewhere for something to convince them, I had to anticipate the Christian who would argue against my proofs. Therefore, I resorted to means that will silence even the most incredulous. I have thwarted the efforts of my enemies, and brought back to the path of virtue a young creature who had already been led to the cliff's edge. I stopped her steps at the moment she was about to fall into the abyss. Alas! Unfortunate young woman, you have undoubtedly perceived, with the help of the God who watches over your destiny, that the lure of gold cannot lead us astray from the path of virtue! That cursed thirty-sou coin with which they had already succeeded in seducing you has been taken away from you; bless your Creator for having brought me to you, you will no longer burn in the flames of hell. You will be obliged to work to live, but at least the bread you eat will not be the food of crime.

You will be able to present yourself repentant before Him who gave you life; He will forgive you a moment of error. It is He who brought you back to the path of salvation; it is by His will that I appeared before you; I have only been His faithful messenger, and I want you to acknowledge His omnipresence. He was good enough to want to turn you away from the path that overly ambitious parents had traced for you. Rejoice, we will see together Him who created heaven and earth! Perhaps he intended you to find a new beginning for your family; it is reserved for you to bring them back to the path of honor; they will step away from the whirlwind that was about to sweep them away with you. Nothing equals my joy; come, monsters, threaten me again

with all your horrors. I fear nothing now, I know all your secrets, I received the key to them from the mouth of innocence. She has revealed you, she has shown you as you are. Tremble! You are beyond the reach of remorse; he with whom you have made a pact already covets your sinful souls; soon they will experience the torments you are condemned to. Pinel, Moreau, Prieur, Chaix, you are known: the jewels with which you now adorn yourselves will soon be changed to biting, devouring insects. Your body will no longer be invulnerable, you will serve as food for carnivorous animals, you will be reduced to nothingness, only your souls will retain the breath that must preserve in them the sensitivity necessary for the dreadful torments to which you are irrevocably condemned. And how could you be forgiven? Listen to the innocence that has unveiled you! Listen to this child whom you too soon initiated into your foul mysteries! I won't recount here all the requests I made to him to get him to speak, I will only transcribe all the revelations he made to me. Tremble! Tremble! Your prudence has betrayed you...God may allow the triumph of crime for a moment, only then to reveal virtue in all its splendor.

This digression was necessary before I transcribe here in letters of blood everything this child told me in the presence of witnesses. He is going to speak, forgive him for contradicting me:

"The goblins use a goat to ascend into the clouds. This goat, inflated by means of an infernal bellows, possesses such power that it can lift those who jump onto it to a height of ten thousand fathoms; it is with its help that the infernal troop rises to the clouds, sometimes even to the moon, but in this case the monsters must transform themselves into donkeys, tigers, wolves, fleas, and lice; they then mount a broom, which serves as their support and is a talisman protecting them from human attacks. This seemingly ordinary broomstick is actually a bar of sulfur that can only be ignited by electrical fire; that is why they rise above the region of thunder. It is through their influence that the hail that devastates our crops forms in the clouds.

To cause the thunder to rumble and the water to freeze into hail, Satan maintains a laboratory above the clouds for them, composed of electrical machines and all the physical instruments necessary for their operations. All these instruments were tempered in a great infernal cauldron, and can only be disassembled after the word *Mahin-Kan* has been pronounced over a hundred times. The lightning flashes we see are the electrical sparks that radiate from the machine suspended in the air, which is attached to an iron bar so enormous that the Cyclopes worked on it for three hundred years, and when the machine is raised a little too high, the storms that cause shipwrecks at sea are born. All ships whose captain had not uttered a mystical word before embarking are exposed to shipwreck. To prevent their cargo from being swallowed by the waters, the great Beelzebub of the sea demands that the shipowner give him a gift before setting sail."

"When the earthly goblins, of whom Mr. Moreau is the Commander in Chief, want to torment their victims in their apartments, their souls leave their bodies. To be able to effect this operation, the great Lemahin, who they regard as their high priest, makes an invocation to the master of hell. This invocation is as follows: 'Great master below, allow our souls to leave our bodies momentarily., It is for your greater glory, it is to inflict terrible torments on all those who refuse to surrender to your infernal omnipotence.'" Then their bodies become inanimate and

invulnerable. If any honest man were to find them at that moment, it would be impossible for him to stop their magic. If the goblin were stabbed, no blood would flow; if he were shot with a pistol, the bullet would stop in the outer layer of the skin and would never penetrate the body.

“A goblin who allows himself to be condemned to death for a crime he commits on earth truly suffers his punishment; the executioner’s instruments work on him as on any other criminal. The reason for this is that the supreme leader of Beelzebub’s society has decided that anyone who is clumsy enough to be discovered while committing a crime is not worthy of being a goblin, because goblinhood denotes skill, subtlety, the art of sorcery...in short, everything that constitutes the man who has separated himself from his kind to make a pact with demons.

“Goblins who have been baptized must, before their admission into the society, renounce the effect of purifying water; they must consent, when they are buried in consecrated ground, to be on the very night after their burial removed from the cemetery by their Company No. 3, which is called the *Company of Carnivores*.

“It should not come as a surprise that the disciples of Beelzebub can enter a house even when the doors and windows are sealed. By the power granted through the great Belphegor, they can enter the pores of the walls, or even more easily through keyholes and cracks in doors and windows. Their bodies stretch as if they were passed through a rolling mill with an invisibly thin opening. If they do not steal everything in the cupboards, it is because theft is forbidden to them. Their magic coin is sufficient for them to obtain everything they need. Anyone among them convicted of theft is struck off the rolls. However, we could enrich ourselves if we wished, since we have the power to open every lock. If their magic coin is taken away they are condemned to die of a slow fever. All those who die of this disease do not have a chest ailment, as it is usually believed; they perish as a result of the condemnation of their infernal tribunal.

The disciples of the master of hell transform themselves in all sorts of ways, so they can make use of every means of terror. A flea can whistle like a bat, a louse can bite while howling like a wolf. Even if they were to transform themselves into elephants, they would remain invisible and as light as a breeze; they are only allowed to make a little noise when those they persecute are about to fall asleep. In this way, they always have the satisfaction of seeing their victims suffer. Their invisibility and lightness are granted to them by the great *Lehamin*, who himself made a pact with *Atropos*, whom they regard as a deity of death.

“When you want to prevent them from untying the knots made in a rope or any other object, after tying it, those who tied the knot must then use it to make the sign of the cross three times.

“By a newly issued decree made in Hell, they are now forbidden to kill a victim. Violent methods like suffocating a man or woman under a mattress are now prohibited, under penalty of forfeiture of their rights and of themselves dying of a slow fever. It is since your memoirs have been in print that several of these decisions have been made, at the request of Pinel, Moreau, and Chaix, who asked their grand master for permission to contradict you in your own writings.

Believe me, Mr. Berbiguier, I deeply regret having belonged to the goblin sect; they took advantage of my age, my inexperience, and my weakness.”

<https://archive.org/details/lesfarfadetsouto00berb2/page/449/mode/1up>

Chapter 105

Some preliminary details about my bottles. Conclusions.

In spite of the efforts of these gentlemen goblins, we have reached the second volume of their exploits. They don't seem very happy about it; they are beginning to fall silent and leave the Christians in peace for a moment. And that's already something, but it's not enough. I don't intend to leave them in peace now. It's my turn! They wanted to subject the enemies of their sorcery to sarcasm and ridicule. Mockery has been the weapon they have used against me for so long, surely they won't begrudge me using it against them. It's the only thing I would claim to have learned from their merry academy I'm sure when they feel the pins, nails, and spikes pierced through them each moment, the fumigations that do far much more than tickle their sense of smell, and finally, when they are kept in my bottles, in the dark, just as the poor lame devil was kept even despite his crutches...I'm sure they won't be as complacent then. What can you do? These gentlemen are so very clairvoyant; and on the other hand, they like to fish in troubled waters. By depriving them of the consolation of the first quality through the thick, dark walls of the bottle, I have left them the enjoyment of the second, thickening the baths they will continue to swim in for a long time, with tobacco, peppers, and other spices for which these ungrateful creatures will not thank me.

Be that as it may, my prison-bottles will soon turn my room into a *Bercy* and a *Rapee*. My esteemed solitaires sometimes ferment, either from boredom or anger; and then it sounds as if all the bells of the Tower of Nanjing are ringing in my room. It's safe to say they're having a fine time. What can be done to console the poor devils! I see only one way: wrap each of their bottle-prisons in a printed sheet from my book, which will serve as their newspaper. As for the toothpicks, they're riddled with them, they even have some to spare. Their fellow prisoners might relieve them of a hundred or so each, that will still leave some in return for more guests.

[NOTE: Is there any picture of his bottles? They seem to have made it into the 20th century]

I won't stop there. I want to donate my prisoners to the Natural History Museum, so they can be classified there by genus and species, between the snakes and the toads, whose appearance they often resemble. I'll take care to provide them names. It's true these gentlemen are quite small in my bottles. In time, they will grow larger, when the devil has reclaimed their souls. This position must be very tiring, one would have to be a goblin to withstand it. That's when their internal structures can be examined, especially their hearts, which are certainly harder than the beef hearts I'm preparing in their honor. It shouldn't be necessary to explain to the anatomists that their hearts are full of pins, and they should be careful not to confuse them with the inner

tissue of the two ventricles. Indeed, a great many pins, Y-shaped ones at that, have passed through my hands. If anyone wants to know how I managed to put them there, I can tell them in strict confidence, for fear of these gentlemen's ears..ears that are quite long, as the painters know. I could also say a few more words that I cannot entrust to the pen.

Look! Look how they pretend to laugh with contempt, how they clutch their sides, how they tickle each other, the better to burst out laughing. But, my goblin gentlemen, be careful that you do not suffocate, for when you sneeze, you shower us with a downpour, and your outbursts and antics are like thunder for the poor wretches you didn't plan for in your schemes. Out of pity for our weakness, watch yourselves. We're listening to you. I've taught men to listen to you. I still have a word to say to you yet, and that word will be the subject of an entire volume, which you will not be pleased with.

Certainly, you can't please everyone, and we are good people, as you know, and you are horned beasts, as everyone knows. Perhaps one day we will find agreement, but that will be when you cease to be what you are, and it seems there is still a long time to go, thank God, who doesn't like you very much.

Not so much noise, gentlemen! Don't stomp your feet so much, you're giving me a headache with your racket! And watch out for my bottles. Choose, let me play with you with words and amuse you with language, or I'll play tricks on you that are just as clever as yours, but not so costly. I don't need to set billions of cubic feet of clouds, sleet, and hailstones in motion, or overturn houses and cities, just to torment a wretched mortal lying on his dung heap. All I need is a pot a half a foot in diameter, a few empty bottles, a few dozen needles and sharp pins, and with that, I can throw hell into disarray. So, I ask you, allow me to tease you for one moment in this large volume. A page in a folio is but a fleeting moment compared to your invisibility, which I have not found to be a blessing.

After this volume, I'll let you poke your nose in the breeze, provided you don't abuse the fresh air or my bottles. Gentlemen demons, demon gentlemen, not so much noise! This will end badly for you.

Hush, peace, I say to you. Ah, at last, calm is restored; my dear readers, be more patient than this infernal rabble, and kindly peruse with dignity the third volume that will follow. I believe neither of us will have anything to complain about.

Don't let yourselves be intimidated by their noise. They are in their death throes. For some time now, I have clipped their claws and blunted their teeth, and left them only their horns, the honor of their brow, and the cockade of hell.

Take my book and ignore their grimaces. Farewell, my dear readers, I shall let you go, and send the goblins to the devil.

End of Volume Two